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The crash of a revolver, a muttered curse, screams of women, came from the "Gold Strike," the lowest dive in Malemute. Then lights and laughter again. Another body in a back alley where already a hundred corpses festered and fell apart.

Into this hell stepped MacHinery a smile on his handsome features while across the bar the bar keep's laughter froze upon his lips at the death he read in the R. N. W. M. P.'s eyes. "Come out of that! Jack Dalton, you hound of hell," he ground out through clenched teeth.

"Hooineell you callin' names, Mister Smarty?" came a sneering voice from his rear. MacHinery wheeled and beheld Dalton, two guns grasped in his hairy paws. Dalton was reputed to be the fastest man in Alaska on the draw.

MacHinery leaped sidewise. His hand, quicker than the eye, flashed to his ready guns. Came a crash and a blaze of light. Bang! Bang! Bang! etc., his revolver spoke and man after man went down with hot lead bursting in their vitals. Smoke filled the air. The hall was a stampede. Four bullets had found MacHinery, but luckily his wounds were only superficial. He looked through the wreaths of powder smoke that filled the putrid air and beheld Dalton swaying unsteadily, still upon his feet. "Curse you! Jack Dalton!" he bit out. "We'll fight this out, man to man!"

They both leaped the full length of the room and met like two great bull meecs in bloody battle. Twice MacHinery stumbled back blood on his mouth, and three chairs broken and hanging in festoons about his manly head, as hang the storm clouds about the peak of Old Baldy on a sultry day. Twice Dalton drove home the blade of his murderous Bowie into the policeman's vitals and thrice beat him about the head with a large bung starter which hung conveniently

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