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on the bar close by; but clean living told and at last the R. N. W. M. P. drove home two lightning blows to the point of Dalton's chin that placed that bravo hors de combat.

Binding Dalton to the pommel and fastening himself to the saddle with rawhide he rode like mad, half fainting toward the north and reached at last the Constabulary of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police at Fils du Chien.

The Captain was taking very slowly his evening shellac—bay rum high ball during which time he amused himself by sticking long dangerous looking pins into the paunch of a drunken Indian brave who lay immersed in Bacchic slumber upon the hearth—indeed a touching picture. Slowly—ah! so very slowly MacHinery beat down the door with his great big feet and half fell, half staggered across the doorway, his burden of raw and bleeding manhood that had once been Jack Dalton slobbering in his arms.

Half dead he dragged himself to his full six feet ten or so inches and saluted crisply. Proudly, quite proudly he said: "Captain MacNutt, R. N. W. M. P. A. G. H. M."* With a crash he fell and when they rushed to pick him up he was dead. So he died, the light of victory transfiguring his fair countenance, while the south wind out in the great, broad, flexible spaces, where men are quite often men, crooned its haunting sadness through the pines.

*(A Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman always gets his man.)

(This was resurrected from the files of the University News of October 25, 1924, by the Great Mottern. As he recollects it, it was written in an evil hour, at an evil time, among foul companions. Such is life.)