

on the chin with a right uppercut that jarred the whole Wilkins family.

"Keep out of it, everybody!" yelled Cupid with a sudden flash of inspiration. "It's an elimination contest! More power to both of 'em—and may they both lose!"

Inside of two seconds the whole floor of the Devil's Kitchen was littered up with fists and elbows and boots and knees. They fought into clinches and battered their way out of them; they tripped over roots and scrambled to their feet again; they tossed all rules to the winds except the rule of self-preservation. The air was full of heartfelt grunts and sounds as of some one beating a rag carpet, and the language which floated to us was—well, elemental, to say the least. And through it all the gallery looked down in decent silence; there was no favourite for whom any one cared to cheer.

When Windy came toiling up out of the pit alone, but one remark was addressed to him.

"Aren't you going to play it out?" asked Cupid.

"Huh?" said Windy, pausing. His coat was torn off his back, his soiled white trousers were out at the knees, his nose was bleeding freely, and his mouth was lopsided.

"Aren't you going to finish the match? You've only played 46. Kitts made a mistake in the count."

"Finish—hell!" snarled Windy. "You roosted up here like a lot of buzzards and let me