

Windy swarmed up the side of the wall, found the footholds and planted himself solidly. Grasping a bush above his head with his left hand, he measured the distance with his eye, steadied himself and swung the niblick with his powerful right arm. It was a wonderful shot, even if Windy Wilkins did make it; the ball went soaring skyward, far beyond all trouble.

"Some—out!" he panted, looking over his shoulder at Kitts. "I guess that'll clinch the match!"

For just a second Adolphus hesitated; then he must have thought of the cup. "I rather think it will," said he. "You're nicely out, Wilkins—in forty-seven strokes."

"Forty-seven devils!" shouted Windy. "I'm out in two!"

"In a hazard," quoted Kitts, "the club shall not touch the ground, nor shall anything be touched or moved before the player strikes at the ball." At this point Adolphus made a serious mistake; he reached for the book. "Under the rule," he continued, "I could claim the hole on you, but I won't do that. I'll only count the strokes you took in chapping a stance for yourself——"

That was where Windy dropped the niblick and jumped at him, and Cupid was correct about the coyote. Put him in a hole where he can't get out, attack him hard enough, and he will fight.

Adolphus dropped the book and nailed Windy