

THE PENTATHLON

Thus, through the shouting and the cheering, he was carried along in triumph, and in the midst of it all, one other thought still came to him—the best thought, perhaps, that can ever come to a boy's mind. Ropevale Oval had vanished, and in spirit he was a thousand miles away. "I wonder," he said to himself, with a sudden thrill of happiness, "I wonder what they'll say at home."

THE END