

DICK RANDALL

nouncer called, "One hundred and fifty-two, five."

The cheering began again, yet the result was so close that every one waited breathlessly for the official posting of the score. A moment's delay, and then up it went.

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| RANDALL | 350 |
| ELLIS | 347 |
| JOHNSON | 334 |

And then came the avalanche of wildly cheering spectators. Putnam, Allen, Brewster and Lindsay were first at Dick's side, and it was on their shoulders that he was borne across the field, a little overcome, now that the strain was over, with everything appearing a trifle dream-like and unreal, yet with three thoughts mingling delightfully in his mind: that he had won, won in spite of obstacles, fair and clean; that the Pentathlon shield was his, and best and most glorious of all, that the challenge cup would come to Fenton—to stay.