

DICK RANDALL

grasp, he turned and made off across the field, swearing fluently under his breath.

McDonald hurried back to where the judges were standing, arriving just as Dick was making ready for his last try. "One minute, gentlemen," he called; "I wish to protest Mr. Ellis' throw, and the hammer it was made with. I don't believe the hammer is full weight."

The chief judge looked indignant. "Mr. McDonald," he said, "this is most unusual. The hammers were carefully weighed before the competition began. And were found correct. In fact, both of them were a trifle overweight."

"But you didn't weigh this one," McDonald insisted. "This one has been rung in on you. I must ask you to weigh it, please."

Somewhat grudgingly, the judge complied; then started in astonishment. He was a partisan of Hopevale, but he was an honest man,