

THE GIANT'S STRENGTH

"I'm not only willing, papa, but I want to."

"Then, darling, you can't. You can't, because I'm going on a long journey."

As he spoke he turned them gently round, and began leading them towards the door.

"A long journey, papa?"

"Yes, dear—a journey that will take me all round, and round, and round the United States. I mean to go to New York when you go, after you've been married. Then I shall have to leave you."

"But where are you going, papa, dear?"

"I'm going first to a place called Turtonville, Wisconsin—"

"Not to see the old Miss Marshalls?" came from Paula, like a long-stifled cry.

Trafford started.

"Ah! What do you know about them?"

"I know all about them."

"Then I'm going to see them," he hurried on. "After that I'm going to see more people—then more—then more. When it's all over, I shall come back to you. Now kiss me—kiss me—and—go."

"Oh, papa, darling, how good you are!"

She kissed him, clinging to him, but he released her arms from about his neck.

"Now go—both of you," he insisted, opening the door.

"First let me say," Winship began, "that I beg your pardon for anything—"

"Oh, you needn't, Winship," he interrupted, with a