

THE PHANTOM FLOWER.

DR. Paul Bernard determined to take a well earned rest, in a trip to the West, so he left his practice in the hands of his classmate and friend, Dr. Raymond, a physician of acknowledged ability, also a botanist of good reputation, becoming recognized in the scientific world.

Paul hastily packed a valise, and started on the first train after his friend arrived, almost afraid something might happen yet to detain him.

Once off, he made an effort to throw off all care and forget that sickness existed in the busy world he had left.

He succeeded so well that he gave his fellow travelers an idea that he was extremely lazy, as he listlessly watched the varied scenery from his lounging position.

The fact is, he was very tired, and was physician enough to prescribe for himself just what he would for a patient in his condition.

So, as the "iron horse" carried him swiftly over miles of territory, he allowed his mind to become almost a blank. It might have become quite so, had it not been for the frequent interruption in the shape of a polite official who requested his "Ticket, sir!" He did not plan his trip farther than to decide to make his first stop at Denver, where he found himself in about five days after leaving home.

He underwent all of the experiences common to tourists in the Queen City, and after about two weeks' rest and sight seeing, he planned a little further.

He made a trip to Leadville and mining camps in its vicinity. He visited

Colorado Springs and Pike's peak, and several localities noted for scenery, and was undecided whether to go to California, or up into Montana, when a chance acquaintance led him to choose the latter route.

So it came to pass that after a visit to Butte City, where he enjoyed a sight of the largest mining camp in the world, he "took in" several smaller camps of rising note, and found himself spending the national holiday in Helena, the attractive little capital of the territory.

He had letters of introduction to a prominent editor, who met him very cordially, and took him home to dinner, making him acquainted with his family, one member of which proved a strong magnet to attract him that way very often thereafter.

Indeed, Miss Gertrude Fenton was an acknowledged belle in the most select circle of Helena society, and accordingly had a number of admirers, more or less unexceptionable.

It was apparent after Dr. Bernard's arrival, that he was a favorite escort in all the little excursions planned for his entertainment, to show off the pretty spots which nature especially designed for picnics, in Montana.

The delightful atmosphere charmed and intoxicated him—he almost forgot the past in the present, and grew young and light hearted.

He had now been in Helena about a month, and had made up his mind that Gertrude must be his, or he must go away before he became more hopelessly entangled in her charms.

He met her that evening and walked