

home with her, and as they sat on the piazza, enjoying the rosy sunset clouds, mountain zephyrs, and a glorious view, he mentioned his plan of starting for the Flathead reservation. If she seemed sorry for his departure, he would try his fate; if she was indifferent, he would go away at once—the sooner the better.

He could not discover her feelings thus easily, for she exclaimed at once—

“Going away—now, Dr. Bernard! Oh, no! You must go with us to Yellowstone park. No one should come to Montana and miss that. We are getting up a party to start in about two weeks. Do say you will go, Dr. Bernard!”

“I’ll go,” said he, promptly. “I am astonished that I had planned any other trip.”

Before he left, that evening, he had agreed to join them the day they were to leave home. Meanwhile, he would go, as he had planned, to Flathead lake. He wrote to Dr. Raymond that evening, informing him of his intended trip, and begged him to write at once.

Of the trip to Flathead lake, we have nothing to say.

Dr. Bernard found it very enjoyable, especially as he fell in with another tourist, from San Francisco.

He arrived in Helena the day before the Fenton party would start for the park, but did not see Miss Gertrude, as she was out when he called to announce his return.

The next morning the start was delayed long enough to get the early mail, and Paul received a letter addressed in Dr. Raymond’s handwriting. He did not stop to read it, but joined the others at the rendezvous, and did not think of it until they were several miles out on the road. He occupied a seat in the carriage with Gertrude and a young lady friend, and her cousin, Archie Grayson.

Another carriage held Mr. and Mrs.

Fenton, a gentleman friend, Mr. Atwood, and “the children,” as Grace and Harry Fenton were called.

Besides the carriages, there were two heavy wagons, one carrying the tents and bedding, the other the camp stove, food and cooks.

The road on which they started out was one over which they had often gone, on various little expeditions, and there was nothing new in the way of scenery to attract their attention, for the first day, so they chatted and joked incessantly—as merry a party as ever started out together.

In the midst of the fun, Gertrude suddenly remembered that an unread letter lay in her duster pocket, and drawing it out, was about to ask to be excused while she read it, when, to their great amusement, her three companions each produced letters to be read. Silence followed for about five minutes, broken only by the rustle of the letters and occasional exclamations.

“I have something here that will interest you all,” said Paul, as the others, having read their letters, returned them to their pockets.

“This letter is from Dr. Raymond,” he continued, “my friend who has my practice in charge this summer. I wrote him of my intended trip to the park, and this is what he says about it—”

Paul turned over the first page, found the place he wanted, and read.

* * * And so you are really going to Yellowstone park! I congratulate you. I spent some time amidst its wonders, two years ago, and I can truly say I never enjoyed so much in the same length of time. I want to ask a favor of you—one that will greatly aid me, and at the same time give zest to your trip. When I was at the falls, in the park, I was one day wandering around the grove in which we were camped, and stumbled on the loveliest little glen imaginable. Of course, interested as I am in botany, every plant attracts my notice, but in this glen I found one I had never seen before—in fact, I believe it was not described. In my