

# *The Shepherd of the Sea*

## CHAPTER I

### *THE DARK STRAIT*

A CEDAR slope ran down to a beach upon which short waves curled and seethed. Beyond the waves and the beach was the dark Strait that cleft through the Olympic Range. A western moon hung over the Pacific like a bronze ball of fire. The white light-points powdered an inverted dome of velvet gray.

Beneath this dome of night there was thrust a small wharf whose piles had been hewn from Washington pine. A motor-boat floated at the end of the wharf. Its cushions were silk. Its inner sheathing was mahogany. It seemed out of place in its rude surroundings.

Back from the wharf and through the tall stems of the trees shone a row of paper lanterns swinging