

# The Heroine of the Strait

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## CHAPTER FIRST

### A MEETING IN THE WILDERNESS

**I**T was the Indian summer of the year 1760. The Moon of Beavers, from a slender crescent, shining above the roseate sunset clouds, and the amber-tinted waters of Lake Erie, had, like the fabled bow of the heaven-born Huron hunter, waxed stronger, sending its silver arrows deep into the heart of the forest, and bidding the wilderness give up dark secrets as unto the light of day.

All too soon, however, this warrior's moon, sinking to the surface of the lake, became as a spirit canoe and, wafted by light sails of mist, disappeared beneath the horizon, leaving at the mercy of the swift currents and the night a little fleet of bateaux making their way along as near as might be to the southern shore.

As the darkness closed in, the venturesome craft, illumined by the light of some half a dozen pine knots, stood out plainly against the desolate background of sea and wilderness, and a sky wherein the flame of the stars seemed to have gone out, so quickly was it becoming overcast with clouds.

In those few minutes the glimmer of the torches showed the occupants of the skiffs as in a picture