

fort and in the beauty of its surroundings. Tall trees, which shaded deeply the ground beneath in summer, rose on every hand, while close by the waters of a spring bubbled up out of the ground and found their way at last into the great lake beyond. From the top of the ridge behind the cabin the lake of the Hurons was plainly visible through an avenue for the eye cut by Black John in his younger days when he lived alone. But Black John had long since ceased to live alone. He had married a woman of the Hurons, who died not long after, bequeathing to him an only child, Marcelle, who had at the time of the opening of our history but recently grown to womanhood. Above the medium height and of a finely-formed and well-rounded figure, Marcelle was chiefly distinguished, however, for her exquisite eyes—large, dark and lustrous—and for the purity of her olive-tinted complexion. From her mother she had inherited a litheness and grace of movement that had early earned her the name of "The Fawn" in Indian parlance. Her attractiveness of person and charm of manner had made her widely celebrated as "the beauty of the wilderness," but she remained indisposed to accept the attentions of any of her numerous admirers, and continued to enjoy the freedom of her existence and to be the despair alike of soldiers, traders, gentlemen, scouts, coureurs and the red chiefs of her mother's race.

At times the cabin took on the character of an inn. It was an inn in the sense that travellers might put up there if Black John invited them to do so, but it