

lowers still left to MacAlpine. The battle on the *Bulldog* was only a prelude to further disaster, for two of the barges had been captured after a brief but severe contest. And it was at the risk of his own life that MacAlpine had recovered the dead body of his son.

Maddened by grief and rage, the Chief could scarcely control himself. The loss of his remaining son, so quickly following that of his beloved Donald, was more than he could bear, and he tramped unceasingly in and out of the Eyrie and over the island, through the long hours until the Dominie had consigned Charlie's remains to the tomb.

Distracted though she was by her own grief, Marie did her best to soothe her father. But dire vengeance was all he asked for. Foiled in his efforts, defeated as never before, robbed of the lives of his sons, it was for another sight of his foes that he raved; and upon them he wildly declared he would show no mercy.

To divert his mind, even though it might strengthen his resolve, Marie at last showed him MacKenzie's letter.

"There's no use reading that!" he exclaimed, savagely. "They have slain my sons. They have driven us at bay, till the curse of all the devils is upon the MacAlpines. They are hedging us in, crowding us closer on every side to crush out our life. But I will fight to the last gasp—by heaven, I will—and, Marie, you'll be the only one left."

"Don't talk that way, father. Do read the letter. Mr. MacKenzie was always your friend. I read part of it, but not all. And