

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE EYRIE CAVE.

THREE days had gone by. It was the fifth one after the battle, and MacAlpine, after a long struggle, followed by a potion given him by Marie, had dropped off to sleep. His room was a section of a grotto whose lofty, irregular roof was ornamented by the shields of his forebears, placed in position by the sons whose race was already run. Marie had truly said that the cave contained the heirlooms of the race; for on the walls hung poniards and daggers and pistols and broadswords, as well as bows and arrows of ancient days. A score of helmets decorated the walls, and gauntlets of the falconer hung side by side with claymores of the days of King James. Here and there bits of historic tapestry covered the rock and pictures of Stuart maidens and MacAlpine cavaliers, all debonair, were there.

The couch was a rich one of inlaid wood, decorated with the silver coat-of-arms of the clan, and the coverlet bore the motto translated from the Gaelic: "He who follows does it to the death."

Marie fanned her father gently, for even in the grotto the air was warm and his fever had not abated. Still careworn, her sombre dress only intensified the sad expression of her face.