

In another minute Marie's fuse was lighted and boom went her gun.

"It's the first we've given 'em," cried Alick; "let us try another."

Marie's blood was stirred. She waited impatiently for the charge. Then she fired again. As there was no moon, the flashes from the powder gave the only light.

For half an hour or more the battle raged. Then a change came. The *Transit*, taking aim at the Eyrie, riddled it with shell, and the flames darting from its roof, proclaimed that the castle was doomed. Then MacAlpine forsook it and fell back to the woods, fighting every inch of his way. As the flames shot heavenward, every object became visible and every man a target.

"Nothing like shooting a man decently," cried Harry, as he brought down a fellow who was lunging at Marie while she was applying her fuse. "If I hadn't he would have killed you, Marie. It isn't safe for you here; run for Janet's cottage—back in the woods there's less danger."

"Not so fast, Harry. I'm a man now, and shall fight till it's over. Here goes again."

"What's the use? To die in your tracks! arrant foolishness!"

"By the Lord, the Commodore's hurt," cried old Andrew; "see, he's falling."

With a bound Marie was beside him.

"It's only my leg!" he exclaimed; "smashed by a bullet. But never mind me—fight on! They shall never make MacAlpine a prisoner—before they touch my body I'll be a dead man."