

CHAPTER IX.

THE BURNING OF THE EAGLE'S EYRIE.

MACALPINE'S fury remained unabated. To have been foiled in the burning of the *Bulldog* galled him; but to meet with a second defeat, and the death of his son Charlie from an enemy's bullet, was heart-breaking and exasperating beyond measure. Bitterly he cursed his fate; like a lion at bay, he lashed himself to increase his fury; and while he offered up prayers for the safety of his daughter, he poured maledictions indiscriminately upon his enemies.

With the MacAlpine days numbered, his sons dead, a price on his own head, dead or alive, what was there to live for but revenge? He, the "King of the Islands"; his sons, heirs in fief, chieftains of his clan; and his daughter, the fair Princess of Fingal; to have his hopes dashed to the ground, his plans dragged in the mud, and his domain spattered with the life-blood of his children, was more than heart could stand.

His mood varied. Sometimes he was taciturn and gloomy, and but for Marie's dependence upon him, he might have taken his own life. Then, again, his spirits would rise, buoyed up by any trifling advantage, and new plans would be formed for regaining control