

an Irishman who was a British deserter and wore a red coat, all of whom were helping John Clarke make potato hills. Daniel McMillan and Duncan Currie had been at Piney Bottom and accomplices in the massacre and plunder of Colonel Wade's party. John Clarke and Daniel McMillan had married sisters of Duncan Currie.

All these were carried up, confined and pinioned, to old Kenneth Clarke's where they had left Alexander McLeod and his little brother, John McLeod, and there they were all kept under guard through the day while the rest were going and coming, apparently in search of others. They tortured the old man Black very much by beating him or slapping him with their swords and screwing his thumbs in a gun-lock until the blood gushed out on each side, for the purpose of making him tell where his other sons were, but they could get nothing out of him.

BLOODY RETRIBUTION

In the evening, a little before sunset, Captain Bogan and some more of his men, came over the creek and might have been a little intoxicated. At all events he appeared to be in a great rage and ordered the prisoners out from the side of the house to be put to death, and as that much lamented boy at the Piney Bottom had been killed with the sword, it was determined that these prisoners should be put to death, by having their heads split open in the same way. Alexander McLeod was first taken out and some one or more of the men, sitting on their horses and rising in their stirrups, struck him two or threetimes over the head with their swords, but by throwing up his arms, by having on a thick wool hat, and by dodging his head, he prevented a death blow. On seeing this the other prisoners jumped up and started to run, when the men on horseback shot McLeod, putting three musket balls into him, and he fell dead on the spot. Then they commenced running after and shooting down the others who were trying to escape. John Clarke, after having been shot, ran into the house and died immediately. Duncan Currie, in an effort to escape, had just got over a high fence, which was joined to the corner of the house, but was shot down on the outside. Daniel McMillan came into the house

begging for his life with the blood streaming from his side, his hunting shirt on fire where he had been shot in the shoulder, his wrist cut and broken by a sword, his arm shattered and torn by a musket ball, two or three balls having passed through his body, but revenge was not yet satisfied and another ball through his breast near the left shoulder soon put an end to his sufferings. Allan McSweene was sitting on the lid of a pot in the chimney corner, and his wife with a child in her arms was standing before him in the vain hope of being able to conceal him from his enemies, but as he was not perfectly concealed the boy, John McLeod, went up and stood close by her side. On seeing this one of the men jerked him away and cocked his gun at him, but another, more considerate, interceded for him, and saved his life. Someone also jerked the wife away prostrate on the floor, but gave no further harsh treatment.

MCSWEENE'S LAST HURDLE

A man will make any effort in his power, however desperate, to save his life, and so he ought for it is a law or instinct of nature. McSweene then jumped up and ran, first to one door and then out at the other, with his enemies in pursuit. His hands were tied before and his arms were pinioned behind, but even when thus confined and with a last desperate and almost preternatural effort to save his life he leaped a pretty high staked and ridered fence which was round he house. Two guns were fired at him as he made the leap still he ran about a quarter of a mile before they overtook him and shot him down, putting several balls into his body and then, having fallen on his face, they split his head open to the nose. Then charging old Mr. Clarke to have every corpse buried by the next evening or they would come back and put him to death, they went away and took the deserter with them riding barebacked with his hands tied, his arms pinioned and his feet tied under the horse. After going two or three miles to the eastward they encamped on a little creek and remained there until Sabbath morning. The deserter was never heard of again, but as some guns were heard on that morning and

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