

LIBERAL REPUBLICAN.

VOL. 3,

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1873.

NO. 43.

The Liberal Republican

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR POLK COUNTY.

Is Issued Every Saturday Morning, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

F. C. SULLIVAN PROPRIETOR.

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PIEBALD STAY.
OR
THE WILD HUNTER
OF DEER CREEK.

CHAPTER II.

The advice given our young hero by his friend the blacksmith made a deep impression on the mind of "Pie," and he departed homeward whistling the solemn notes of that familiar refrain "Shoo fly don't bodder me." Although he vainly tried to quiet the perturbed state of his feelings by a look of forced gaiety yet it was evident to everyone who met him that he had great wrestling of spirit, and that a new era was about to dawn for the hitherto wayward boy. O human heart what a strange mysterious enigma art thou! How often down in thy utmost depths springs up wells of genuine reformation that want but a fanning from the flames of conscience to radiate man's whole being. After an invigorating drive Irishman and em is one foot before the other, Pie found himself in front of the ancestral hall of the Stays. Stopping but a moment to shake the dust from nature's sandals, he took hold of the latch string and immediately found himself in the presence of father, mother, sister, sweetheart—all. Our young hero as the reader is aware was not reared in the lap of luxury. He had not been brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth (Ben Butler had been on a gobbling tour ere this) and therefore was not like those city hyflies who wish the services of Julius Caesar, Pompey, Sushar or some other colored citizen of African descent to wait on them, so he took off his own hat and hung it up on the floor without assistance from anybody. The family all gathered around the young neophyte.

The greeting was neither that of the happy household welcoming the returning prodigal, nor was it the impassioned worldling's cold shake of the hands and the meaningless "how are you" to the returned one.

Pie took in the situation immediately, and were it not there was one oasis in the desert, one winsome smile from the girl of his heart, that sent the blood coursing through his veins, he would have departed from the home of his youth in disgust. But in this case as in all other the potent charm of love held him spell bound. His affianced bride, his own Mary Ann from the classic regions of the Little Luckiamute turned her eyes full on him, and across his heart thereat there came a change as radical as it was instantaneous.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets up to the elbow, he addressed his "aged P." "Paternal parent for months past I've been an enquirer. I have wrestled, and wrestled and wrestled to know what I ought to do to benefit myself and the name of Stay. Like the coffin of the illustrious Mohammed I have for months been hanging between Heaven and earth, knowing nothing as to what my future would develop. 'Tis true, since reading the account of the hunting adventure of Holmes and Daly, and Richmond and Vineyard, I have had serious ideas of becoming a Nimrod but never until the present was a decided step taken. Henceforth behold in your son Piebald, a man who wages deep, deadly, incessant warfare against all four footed creation of the deer kind."

History, that true record of the past, will hand down to the most distant posterity the brilliant exploits of thy first born, thy own, and my Mary Ann will go into heroics over the thrilling escapades of Piebald Stay, or the wild hunter of Deer Creek. After uttering the foregoing eloquent lan-

guage, Piebald placed his arms akimbo, and paced the floor with that peculiar step of a grass widow at her first dance after a divorce while the party present look on half in wonder and half in awe. There was silence for a few minutes, which at length was broken by the bell like tones of Mary Ann, who thus addressed our hero. "Nobly spoken hyas close tillicum, your language strikes a respondent chord in my breast. Henceforth I am thine and thine only! Piebald, I have been a reader and an observer. Often when coming over the tear extracting exploits of Claude Duval and a host of other brilliant lights, who have shed their luster on this world's history, have wished for a lover who could fill the bill. I have prayed that you, my loved one, my own, would in some measure be my ideal, but until now I have watched and prayed in vain." Here words failed our heroine, and with a frantic rush she threw herself against the "wescot" of the youthful hunter, and fairly drenched him with tears. Gently the love struck swain raised his hands, and smoothing down the magenta curls of his dulcinea, he thus addressed the family party: "These words of love console me, and henceforth I live only for love, honor, and the fame of the Stays." Saying this he rose to his feet, and exclaiming:

"Fare thee well, my own Mary Ann!
Fare thee well for a day!
For my gun is ready and the dogs await,
And I'm off to the hills away."

he rushed frantically from the door, and humming his familiar psalm tune, strode hastily from the threshold.

After his departure, mother Stay, throwing down the sock which she had been busily engaged healing for the firm of Bolter & Wortley, the Beaver Hosiery Company's agents, thus addressed her liege lord: "Why, old man, who'd a thunk it? To be sure I allus knowed our Pie would come to smuthin, but the like of him a goin forter be a hunter beats n'y time. Well, wall our family is goin to be pre-digious. Then the old lady took a pinch of snuff and resumed her knitting. The old man granted his assent to her remarks but said nothing, and even the fair Mary Ann had not a word to offer.

Meantime how fared it with our hero. After leaving his childhood's home, he realized that a new life had opened before him, and with buoyant spirits he prepared to tread its hidden mazes. 'Twas night when he started forth and Lady Luna, coquettish old jade beamed lovingly upon him, the stars shone forth their prettiest and Boreas enanted a small sized sonnet to cheer the hunter on his way.

Rejoicing at these good omens "Pie" mounted his cayuse, whistled to his shotgun and loaded his hounds, and with the frantic cry of "Off to Deer Creek" he went on his way. Ere he had gone many steps, a tall gaunt figure arrested him and wonder of wonders, his own Mary Ann enveloped in one of Lee and Son's \$7.50 shawls was before him.

To say that our young hero was pleased at seeing his lady love before him would faintly express his feelings. After gazing admiringly upon her lovely form for a few minutes he thusly addressed her. Do my eyes deceive me! Is it my heart smasher that stands before me! They do not, they can not, it must be my own, my Mary Ann, Angelle angel, when, how, and under what circumstances didst thou leave my aged parietus and the classic regions of the Little Luckiamute.

to be Continued.

Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN.

HORRIBLE MURDERS.

Two Children Slain by their Father.

Columbian, O. (Dec. 13). Despatch to the Cincinnati Commercial.

One of the most inhuman and brutal murders ever perpetrated in this part of the State was committed yesterday morning at seven o'clock, about three miles southwest of this place. Erben G. Porter, the perpetrator of this horrible deed, and his family, consisting of wife and two little daughters aged three and one year, resided in the same house with his father-in-law Mr. Henry F. Flickinger. At the time the murder was committed Mrs. Foster and her three brothers, Jacob, John and Solomon, and her sister Lydia, were in the house, and all except Mrs. Porter were engaged in cracking walnuts. Erben Porter after going stairs and putting on three shirts, came down with a hatchet, and seated himself with the other members of the family and commenced cracking the nuts, showing nothing unusual in his manner.

After a brief interval Mrs. Porter went up stairs to attend to some work. Porter quietly arose and walked into an adjoining room, where his oldest child was alone; after shutting the door he struck the child three blows with the edge of the sharp hatchet, cutting a terrible gash at each stroke on the top of the head, either of which would have produced almost instant death. He then opened the door leading into the room where the rest of the members were seated, and seized his youngest child, dragged it into the room, and struck it two blow on top of the head burying the hatchet deep into the brain at each stroke. He then walked into an adjoining room and threw the hatchet, all covered with blood and brains, in a wood-box, put on his hat, and started out of the house, passing, as he did so, his wife, who, on hearing the first child utter a pitiful cry as he struck it the first blow, and come down stairs to see what was wrong.

On seeing her husband throw down the hatchet, she asked him what he had done. His answer was that he had done what he ought to have done before, and he could not help it. She hurried to the room where the deed had been committed, and seeing her children lying in their own blood, ran out to the road gave the alarm to the neighbors, several of whom lived near, and were on hand in a few minutes.

Porter, after leaving the house, made his way at a rapid rate direct to this place, and thence to Leetonia. He was followed to this place by one of neighbors. Despatches were sent in every direction, and a large number of persons started in pursuit of him. Immediately on the receipt of the despatch at Leetonia, it was placed in Marshal Rollin's hands, who, in about twenty minutes, saw Porter crossing the railroad track, and started after him. On approaching him, Porter turned round and gave himself up, admitting that he had committed the deed, and asked the officer to protect him from those who were in pursuit of him.

The Marshal brought the prison to this place on the 9:55 p. m. train, and he was immediately arraigned before Josiah Rohrbaugh, Esq., for hearing, when he pleaded not guilty to the charge of wilful murder. After hearing the testimony in the case, the Justice committed him to trial at the next term of the Court of Commons Pleas, and sent him under a strong escort to New Lisbon.

The Justice then empanelled a jury add proceeded to the house where the deed had been committed to hold an inquest, when the following facts were elicited:

Mrs. Porter sworn, and disposed as follows: I am the wife of Erben G. Porter; saw Porter go up stairs sev-

eral times this morning; at one time I was up stairs; he asked me if he could get into his chest; I said he could by moving some things; he did so, and opened the chest and took out his hatchet; I went down stairs and in a short time returned up stairs to make up the beds; Porter was standing at the window; he went down stairs; did not see him have his hatchet; the next time I went up he must have had it under his clothes; in a short time I heard Minnie utter a pitiful cry; started down stairs to see what was the matter; met Porter coming out of the room with the hatchet, which he threw into the wood-box. I said, "Erben, what have you done?" He answered, "I have done what I ought to have done and could not help." I opened the door and saw my children lying on the floor dead; I ran out of the house and gave the alarm to the neighbors; did not know of his drinking or being intoxicated at the time; he left home about the 1st April last and did not return until about the middle of October; he said he had been Illinois; he threatened to take my life and the lives of my children about three months ago; Minnie was three years old on the 22d of November last and Adelaide one year old on the 22d of October last.

Several other witnesses were examined whose testimony was only corroborative of that given above.

Porter is thirty five years old, of powerful frame, about six feet high, weighing over two hundred pounds, of dark complexion, black beard and hair, and piercing black eyes; is well educated, has been living in this country about twelve years, a carpenter by trade, and served three years in the Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteers. He is naturally quarrelsome, and when under the influence of liquor, which he frequently was, he was savage, often turning his family out of the houses in the dead of night and in the severest weather. He was a terror to his family and feared by all his neighbors. His victims were smart and lovely children. Hundreds of people are visiting the scene, and as they behold the now bloodless faces of the dead, express themselves almost unanimously that summary punishment ought to have been dealt to him; and, in fact, excitement seems to be increasing as the people comprehend the enormity of the crime.

AROUND THE WORLD.

There arrived in Salt Lake a few days ago a party of tourists, eleven in number, who lately come over from England on a trip around the world. What is novel about this expedition is the manner in which it is being managed, the travelers all being put through by an agent for a price agreed upon before leaving England. They are traveling under a contract made with the firm of Thomas Cook, Son & Jenkins, a firm whose business is to contract with traveling parties to conduct them for a specific amount either around the world or to any point desired, parties so traveling being accompanied by a courier who pays all the hotel bills and traveling expenses of the party. Dr. Thos. Cook, of the firm above named, accompanies the present party for the purpose of extending his chain of tourist arrangements and instructing a courier who will conduct future pleasure seekers by this route. The price per head is \$2,000. This sum includes all traveling expenses, such as hotel bills, transportation, checking baggage, etc. By this means the tourists are spared all trouble and annoyance, and have nothing to do but to give themselves up to the enjoyment of the trip, leaving all the details to be looked after by the agent. They have already visited Niagara and other points of interest in America; w

Continued to fourth page.