

ZENOBIA.

BY LUCY HICKOX.

Queen of Palmyra, living as you do  
In old Rome's history, a tragic poem, true—  
You seem a being destined now, as then,  
To take the reverence, scorn the hearts of men,  
See you now, as you were seen of old—  
Wild in the chase, a hunting ever bold—  
See the swift tempest light your flashing eyes—  
As from your bow the unerring arrow flies.

Again I see you as a woman fair,  
With quiet eyes and soft inquisitive hair;  
Teach your boy's whicker soul might  
Bedevil them, the sons of such a queen—  
With them for hours, conversing all the while  
In every tongue from Rome unto the Nile.

Again I see you as a woman fair,  
Waiting for him whose love to you is given;  
And see, her ears are dry, your vengeance rise  
And offer up a human sacrifice.

Once more I see you, and can clearly trace  
A strange ambition in your aged face—  
As at the van of legions of your hosts—  
You have them to victory and their graves.

You go and conquer, then at home again  
You call another legion of braves—  
Who vanquish them, till they die,  
Giving to you the assailant victory.

Then comes to you a mauling keen desire—  
As conqueror, ever to be made a master no longer—  
You leave to leave Palmyra, your proud home,  
And with imperial purple drap your throne—  
At Rome's rich capitol, your thought is heard,  
Lip speaks to lip, till Rome's great heart is  
Even emperor's tremble at Zenobia's name,  
Knowing full well what power has given you  
fame.

The Roman soldiers gather, and they go  
Left by Aurelian tow'rd his warring ice;  
You hear the r'ring, and with trembled feet,  
Push on with dauntless valor to the strife—  
A few hours' hard work on your bean cons face  
As you advance to take your a'com'nt place;  
Ten thousand hearts a strange, new courage  
feel.

And those impassioned 'neath the gleaming  
steel.

American meets you and with Roman state  
Fatuates the woman who never hate;  
You scorn his wish for peace, with quick drawn  
bright—

You rule the Roman Empire, else meet  
death."

Again I see your proud face leaden white,  
As your swift camel skims the ground in flight;  
I see the Roman in you hot pur'le;  
And see you courage fail, your pale lips mute;  
I see you taken in that frenzied heat—  
A few hours' hard work on your bean cons face  
As you advance to take your a'com'nt place;  
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WARRANT FOR ALFORD'S ARREST,

repaired to his house, about two miles from town. When arrested, Alford was greatly confused, and stated that he had shot a man the night before as he was coming home, who had followed him, he supposed, for the purpose of killing and robbing him. He stated that he thought the man was Kidder, a prominent merchant of Great Bend; said he lost his valise and pocket-book in running. When Marshall appeared in his presence he said he was the man who had traveled with him, and whom he left asleep in the cars when he got off. His story was very disjointed and unreasonable, and served to strengthen the conviction of his guilt. In the afternoon, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Moses made a search for the satchel which the stranger said he lost, and found it hidden in the hay-stack between where the shooting took place and the house of Alford. The guilty wretch was taken, yesterday afternoon, before Magistrate Steele and D. D. Day, for a preliminary examination. The state was represented by Judge Clayton and Judge Townsley, and the prisoner by S. J. Day. The following testimony was adduced by the state:

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE MARSHALL.

I live in Indiana; left there last Monday; am not acquainted with Wm. F. Alford, except an acquaintance formed with him on the train last Monday night; don't know the name of the railroad; saw him from time to time on the train; had a talk with him, when he said he was coming here, and conversed with him generally about this country; traveled together until reaching this place, had much conversation with him about the country; told me he was going to Kansas; when he told me this was a good country, and encouraged me to come, I replied that I would come and look at it, and if it did not like it I would not stay; he told me he had his farm and store; that he had bought a large building in the town; had sold meat in company with a partner; said he had a farm away from town and that he had moved upon it; said he had been gone from home four months, and proposed that if I would come here he would hitch up his buggy and show me the country; arrived in Great Bend this morning after midnight; he went out of the car door and said he would get off here; we got off on the south side of the train together before the train had entirely stopped; I got off because he was to show me the country, and was going directly to his place to stay all night;

## DECoyED TO DEATH,

## Sad Fate of an Indiana Man.

MISLED AND MURDERED.

THE ASSASSIN LODGED IN JAIL—HE COMMITS A SECOND MURDER WHILE IN CUSTODY—THE VILLAIN THEN ESCAPES BUT IS RECAPTURED.

The Great Bend, Kansas, correspondent of the Kansas City times gives the following full particulars of the tragedy in that community, where a Madison man figure with fearful results to himself: One of the most deliberate and diabolical attempts at murder ever attempted was perpetrated here, yesterday morning, by Wm. F. Alford, upon George Marshall, of Alexander, Madison county, Indiana. The circumstances of the cold-blooded attempt to take the life of an unsuspecting traveler, as gathered from the evidence, are as follows: Yesterday morning a stranger giving his name as George Marshall, came into town, and reported that he had shot a few hours previous (about 2 o'clock in the morning), and had laid out on the prairie until daylight. An examination of the body, by Dr. Bain, disclosed the fact that Mr. Marshall had received a wound from a pistol shot. The bullet entered about one inch back of the left eye, and passed through the brain to the spine, causing the man to drop dead. The assassin then took hold of the revolver and fired three shots at the Frenchman, one of them taking effect in the abdomen, passing through to the back. He is still alive at this time—10 P. M., but can hardly live until morning. Whilst the shooting was going on, others of the crowd crawled into the cell and overpowered the prisoner, and opened the door. They then tried his hands and feet.

A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK,

and started down street, towards the depot, he calling piteously at every step for help, and crying murder, some twenty-five men running with him, and others keeping back a part of the crowd. In some manner his hands got loose, and he slipped the rope over his head and started across the prairie in the dark, and made his escape from the crowd. He went up in the west part of the city and crawled into a barn belonging to G. W. Nimsack and laid there until 1 A. M., when Mr. Nimsack told the officers of his whereabouts, and they went and recaptured him. He is now in jail again, and guarded by some forty of our best citizens, and they propose to protect him until he can be tried by our court in February and receive his just sentence, which will be at least ten years in our state penitentiary. There is still strong excitement amongst the people, but, since their failure last night, they feel a little timid in making another such attempt at a business that is entirely new to them. The prisoner received some pretty rough handling, and is feeling very despondent. He says he is perfectly willing to die, and has hanged himself, and hung him as soon as they released him. A later account states that Alford is dead and that Alford was safe in jail.

Alford had been bound over and lodged in the jail, a party of men, some fifty in number, came this morning, went to the jail and took the key from the sheriff's wife, Mrs. William Leak, and unlocked the door; but the prisoner had the door bolted on the inside in such a manner that they could not open it. They then went to a window and pried open a couple of bars large enough to admit one man, and then one of the party, a Frenchman by the name of James Rando, crawled through into the cell to open the door. The prisoner, W. F. Alford, grappled him, and struck him on the head with a piece of wood. Rando called on the crowd for assistance, when one or the crowd handed a revolver through the opening to the Frenchman to defend himself when the prisoner did not hold the revolver and fired three shots at the Frenchman, one of them taking effect in the abdomen, passing through to the back. He is still alive at this time—10 P. M., but can hardly live until morning. Whilst the shooting was going on, others of the crowd crawled into the cell and overpowered the prisoner, and opened the door. They then tried his hands and feet.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

## The Dynamite Demon Charged with an Attempt at Other Crimes.

## THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

ONE OF THOMAS'S BOXES FOUND IN NEW YORK—HOW HE BROUGHT IT THERE, AND WHAT IT MEANT FOR.

The New York World of Wednesday gives the following particulars of the latest developments in the dynamite plot: The workings and plottings of the Bremer, haven closed yesterday in the discovery of the fact that a White Star steamer had been selected by him for destruction as far back as October last. This fact was brought out yesterday by the opening of one of Thomas's treasure-boxes at the White Star dock in this city. The working up of the case shows that Thomas left Liverpool in the steamer Celtic on October 14th, arrived here October 24th, and until the 23d was a guest at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The master is being further investigated to discover who his confederates were, if he had any.

WHAT A POLICEMAN FOUND OUT AND DID.

Officer Thomas J. Laird, of the ninth precinct, who is now and has been for some time detailed as special officer on the White Star dock, foot of West Tenth street, tells the following story of the new discovery: The first I knew of this case was off in October last, on the 24th; a Sunday it was. The Celtic came to her berth about 11 o'clock and the passengers' baggage was taken out at once. There was among the passengers a man named Thomas, who had, besides his regular trunks, a small box which he said contained specie. It was brought out from the specie room of the vessel, where it had been placed at the request of Thomas when it was first brought on the steamer. It was heavy, and one of the porters had it on a hand-truck. I followed it down the pier to the door of the baggage-room. Custom House Officer Glassy was in charge of the man's baggage, and Toomes had it in his hands to put it in a box for a day or two, when he would be down for day. This Glassy promised to do, and told one of the porters to wheel it to the baggage room. Glassy mentioned to me as I was standing near what the box contained, and I walked after to see it put safely away. When we got to the baggage room door it was found locked, when Thomas told Glassy to never mind locking it up, as it only had in it cartridges which he intended using on a hunting excursion in the West. We rolled the box up the dock again and put it down before the custom house, near the middle of the pile. The rest of the baggage held by Thomas was passed, and he went off.

THE BOX STOWED AWAY.

The box lay where we dropped it until Saturday, the 30th, when Officer Banks, of the custom house, who had been in charge during the loading and unloading of the Celtic, wished to leave, as the vessel had again started back to Liverpool and his duties were over. Before going off he ordered one of the men to open the box a little, that he might see what was in it. I was there then. The box is about 20 inches long, 10 wide and 12 deep, but the outside was wrapped a sheet of black oil-cloth or table cloth stuff, lashed with small rope or heavy twine. This was taken off partly, when the box itself, of white pine, was found to be strapped with two broad bands of steel nailed on. These were loosened and the screws taken from the box lid. On raising it a sheet of metal only could be seen, appearing to be a box within a wooden one. It was not further looked into at that time, but was nailed and tied up by order of Officer Banks and put into the baggage room until called for. That was the last of it until last Sunday, when I read in the papers how Thomas had tried to insure a box on one of the White Star ships. I recollect the name of the man, and it struck me that this box was the one the papers were speaking of. I talked about it to the watchman and told him what I thought. This was on Sunday last.

NO HOPE OF SAVING THE REPUBLIC.

He did not think as much of Grant personally as he did of the chairman, but he knew he was the man the country needed. Another member told of the formation of a Grant Club of 15 persons in his district, and wanted to know whether they should send delegates to the Central Club, Col. Duganne—No. Every affiliated member can come to our meetings. If we want to do any business, we can select men of our own organization. We shall have clubs formed of men who support Grant, because he is in favor of free education and non-sectarianism, and if clubs of Quakers or greenbackers, or any other kind of men, should offer to join, we would accept them. A member took the gentlemen here do as I did—gather their friends at their houses and form clubs. My club took the ground that there was no great issue before the people, and that Grant was the best ruler we could have. Of the seventeen men in my club, five are democrats as to city issues, but they will vote for Grant. Subsequently this same member, who thus expanded his club from fifteen to seventeen, and gave his residence as the place of its formation, said that it was organized in a larger beer saloon. It was resolved that the members of the club be requested to report the names of third-term Grant men to the secretary, but one inquisitive member, who kept up a running cross-examination of the general topic, asked him what he wanted to know. "How about the organization of Grant clubs?"

"We don't want to dictate about that," said the colonel with an ex cathedra air. "Let them do as they please, and have four vice presidents if they want to. We don't want to know what we want to do."

THESE ARE OBSEQUIOUS OFFICE HOLDERS.

COLONEL BUGANNE AND THIRTEEN OFFICE HOLDERS AND OFFICE-SEEKERS READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN—AN INQUIRITIVE MEMBER—PERSPECTIVE CLUBS.

The New York Sun shuns for the third-termers as follows: The Central Grant Club was organized last evening at the Astor House by Col. A. J. H. Duganne and thirteen other enthusiastic advocates of the third term. Of these several were easily recognized as habitues of the custom house, and one gentleman wore a badge indicating him an inspector or something of that sort. Col. Duganne opened the proceedings with a short speech. He was sure, he said, that Grant would be elected it remained. Public feeling in his favor was widening and strengthening every day. Let us be their guide to aid in the work of making public opinion. The country could not have a better ruler, and all things were going, might easily have a worse. A pale sententious coincided with the views of the chair, and asserted that unless President Grant should be elected there would be

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