

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Wonders of Babylon."

TEXT: "In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."—Daniel V., 3.

After the sight of Babylon had been selected, two million of men were employed for the construction of the wall and principal works. The walls of the city were sixty miles in circumference. They were surrounded by a trench, out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city. There were twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side of the square city. Between every two gates a great tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty-five gates on either side a street ran straight through to the gate on the other side, and these fifty streets, each of them a mile long, gave to the city an appearance of wonderful regularity.

The houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrubberies. From housetop to housetop bridges swung over the city. The inhabitants were accustomed to pass. A branch of the Euphrates went through the city, over which a bridge of marvelous structure was thrown, and under which a tunnel ran. To keep the river from overflowing the city in time of freshet, a canal was dug, and the surplus, in which the water was kept as in a reservoir until times of drought, when it was sent streaming down over the thirsty land. A palace stood at each end of the Euphrates bridge; one palace a mile and three-quarters in length, and the other a palace seven and a half miles in circumference. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been brought up among the mountains of Media, could not stand it in this flat country of Babylon, and so to please her Nebuchadnezzar had a mountain of five hundred feet high built in the midst of the city.

This mountain was surrounded by terraces, for the support of which great arches were built. On the top of these arches flat stones were laid; then a layer of reeds and bitumen, then two rows of bricks, closely cemented; then thick sheets of lead, upon which the soil was placed. The earth here deposited was so deep that the largest trees had room to anchor their roots. All the glory of the flowery tropics was spread out before the eyes of the king, until it must have seemed to one below that through the clouds were all in blossom, and the very sky leaned on the shoulder of the cedar. At the top an engine was constructed which drew the water from the Euphrates, far below, and made it spout up amid this garden of the skies. All this to please his wife! I think she must have been pleased!

In the midst of this city stood also the temple of Belus. One of its towers was one eighth of a mile high, and on the top of it an observatory which gave the astronomers great advantage in being able to gaze down on Babylon. The shadows of her towers, a hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the Bery splendours of the setting sun, and gates of brass bristled and glittering, opened amid that like darts of flame. The hazy gardens of Babylon, with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and splendour of the rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassal were mingled in every street; goddess mirth, and outrages excess, and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast was given at the king's palace. Rushing up to the gates are chariots, bolstered with precious cloths from Dedan and drawn by fire eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women dressed in all the splendour of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Syrian purple, and the princely embroideries brought from afar by caravans across the desert, and by ships from Tarsus across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the robes, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation; and let the Babylonian tongue be palsied that will not say, "Oh, King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great lords and ladies of the earth had sent their richest vassals that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. The maid with emerald and rigid with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were thrashed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassis and fragrances wafting their sweet odors from wafers and tables. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, belted with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work, standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries drooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of coral, and drifting on floor matting with costly and weird designs. Mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall, and breathing among the garlands, and pointing down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banquets.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim. Hold every one a cup, and drink to the sentiment, "Oh, King Belshazzar, live forever!" Battered headband and carment of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! The royal dignity to tatters! Four out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume. Lord shouts to lord, captain orders to captain. Goblets clash, decanters rattle. There comes in the vision, and the drunken hicough, and the slavering lip, and the cut face of idiotic laughter, hurrying from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear: "Ruzzaz! Ruzzaz! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it the ghost of the black steers? The darkness a sign of fiery terror tremble through the

air and comes to the wall, circling about as though it would write and then, with sharp tip of flame, engraves on the plastering the doom of the king. The music stops. The goblet falls from the nervous grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shriek of horror. He comes in. He reads it, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Assyrians, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the brass stairs. Assassins rushed in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death burst upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banquet hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the stupa of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn that when God writes any thing that did befall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret the signs of the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolhardiness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach a people things that the people like or the people choose. Young men, what is the message, to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson, "Accept of Christ and be saved!" It is a message to a great many other things, but that is the message, and so I declare it.

Jesus never flattered those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in His sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchurs! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always come to the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for his being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to the man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James I., 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

Hugh Latimer offered the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer preached at Whitehall, before the king, saying: "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crime.

Another sermon he preached to us. There is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young men, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had invited there, and could have said to the king, "Oh, the banquet of Belshazzar! Oh, the feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. "The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music; the souls of the dead are the guests; it has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has broken, and the floor and the walls are stained with blood. And yet how often is that banquet broken up, and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knocked together. God's angels swoop, and the banquet is upon the banquet, and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better; I can rest better; I can do more. Why should they make such a prejudice against it?" A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out: "Oh, Lord God, help me! I can do nothing. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out: "Oh, Lord God, help me! I can do nothing. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out: "Oh, Lord God, help me! I can do nothing. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it."

Here is a man who begins to read a corrupt letter which is so charming, says he, "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. When it is a shadowy figure in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, you feel that your wrong doing is in, and there is a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then they would find that out an echo of the words of the text, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Hear the invitation of the Gospel! There may be some one in this house to whom I shall never speak again, and therefore let it be in the words of the Gospel, and not in my own, with which I close. Come ye, every one, and let him that hath no money come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! the way Lord Jesus would lead you, that you cannot resist Him; and that, if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you were a child, you might pray saying:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter, "Lord, save me, or I perish." Or if that be too long a prayer, you need not utter a word. Just look and live!

JUDGE FRANK FOSTER, a possible candidate for United States Senator in Kansas, served in an Indian cavalry regiment during the war. He has a pale, hairless face, with marked and distinctive features, something like Robespierre's. He believed in no God and is strongly inclined to Socialism.

SENATOR WALCOTT is a handsome man with blonde hair parted in the middle and a silky mustache.

great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The light of thought and mirth and ocean are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation has been sitting at a national banquet—north, south, east and west. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills. What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuntle. What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Arctic. What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets. What music but it must sing in our halls. What eloquence but it must speak in our senates. Ho! to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain, and from sea to sea. To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds, and the arables of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire; the soldiers from the fields of Maine; and the Carolinian from the rice fields, and the western emigrant from the pines of Oregon; and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended.

What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain fields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers were sure to be those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall. The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! darkness! Woe to the north! Woe to the south! Woe to the west! Woe to the east! Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The ways of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the angels of justice broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright, that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea. The waves came over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? It was a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls; and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great hosts of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals, and blow the trumpets of victory. They will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The shooting of the war horses in vain for the shore! The steaming of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the waves on the beach—a battered, bruised and lost and woe! Suddenly destruction came. One-half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.

Am I just setting forth a fable, which you have accepted as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "It was a lie; and quick as that she was dead. God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly." The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that an angel was taking it to the heart of the king? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they do not start. They are a sportsman, and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God and without Christ? I tell you to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe, the heart will stop, and the body will be left by Death and Judgment and Eternity. Oh! flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and accept of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by an angel, and slumbered in the arms of the Lord. Good night, and well! But oh! thou art a despoiler of God! Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there are shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, you feel that your wrong doing is in, and there is a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then they would find that out an echo of the words of the text, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

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MR. WINDOM IS DEAD.

The Secretary of the Treasury Stricken at a Banquet.

SCENE AT DELMONICO'S.

New York Board of Trade Dinner Inexpressibly Saddened.

HEART DISEASE EXPELS LIFE.

Mr. Windom Had Just Concluded a Speech on Finance.

NO PREMONITION OF THE ATTACK.

The Secretary Left Washington for New York in the Morning Apparently in Perfect Health.

Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, died at 10:05 o'clock P. M., in the banquet hall at Delmonico's, where he was a guest of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

His had been the first toast of the evening. He had finished his response, had sent himself, swooned at once and died almost immediately. Every effort to restore him was made, but in vain.

The news of Secretary Windom's death was first communicated to the President by the Associated Press, and he was so shocked and overcome by the sudden announcement that he was unable to say anything with respect to the loss he has suffered.

The announcement of the sudden death of Secretary Windom in New York, gave almost as great a shock to his official friends and associates as did the shooting of President Garfield to the members of his official household. It was so terribly sudden and unexpected that all who heard the news were profoundly shocked and so overcome as to be unable to express the grief they felt. As soon as the telegram bearing the sad intelligence was received by the Associated Press its contents were immediately communicated to President Harrison at the White House. He was in the Library at the time talking with Mrs. Harrison, and when the message was read to him he was greatly distressed and almost completely overcome. He immediately ordered his carriage and went at once to the house of Postmaster-General, but a few blocks away, where a Cabinet dinner had been in progress, and from which he had returned but a few minutes before. A reception had followed the dinner, so the guests had not all dispersed. Mr. Windom and her two daughters and Mrs. Colgate, of New York, who is visiting them, were among the guests at the reception. As soon as the President arrived he had a hurried conversation with Secretaries Blaine and Proctor and the Postmaster-General, and told them of the grief that had befallen them. They then privately informed Mrs. Colgate of Mr. Windom's death, and she, without exciting the suspicions of Mrs. Windom and her daughters, succeeded in getting them to their carriage and home.

The President and the members of the Cabinet who were present extended their sympathies to the stricken family and offered their services to them.

Official information of the death came in a telegram from Secretary Tracy and Attorney-General Miller, who were present at the banquet. It said: "Secretary Windom, having concluded his speech, and while the next speaker was being announced, sank down with an attack of heart disease and died within 10 minutes. His death occurred at 10 o'clock. You will know how to convey the sad intelligence to his family." To this the President immediately replied, saying that he was greatly shocked, and asking them to take charge of the body and bring it to Washington as early as possible.

Probably no member of the President's official family was more highly esteemed than Secretary Windom, and the expressions of sorrow from the President and those of his Cabinet who were in Washington, indicate how highly they prized his friendship and the value of his counsels. As the bulletin announcing somewhat in detail the Secretary's death was read to the President while still at the Postmaster-General's house, he covered his eyes with his hands, and said with a sob, "He suttered a word, so greatly was he moved. He subsequently said that he regarded it as a great calamity, which afflicted him sorely."

Secretary Blaine, in speaking of Mr. Windom, said he was a very valuable member of the Cabinet, and had worked with intense zeal since he had entered upon the duties of the office in connection with the finances. His death was a great loss to the administration. He was exceedingly popular with the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Blaine said, and he did not think that one of them had ever said "was a man of such a pleasant and amiable disposition that he endeared himself to all of us."

His Career.

William Windom was born in Belmont county, O., on May 10, 1827. He received an academic education, studied law at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in 1850.

In 1852 he became prosecuting attorney for Knox county, but in 1855 he removed to Minnesota, and soon afterward he was chosen to Congress from that State as a republican, serving two terms as chairman of the committee on Indian affairs, and also as the head of the special committee to visit the West coast in 1855 and of that on the conduct of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1867.

In 1870 he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Daniel S. Norton, deceased, and was subsequently chosen for the term that ended in 1877. He was re-elected for the one that closed in 1883, and resigned in 1881 to enter the Cabinet of President Garfield as Secretary of the Treasury, but retired on the accession of President Arthur in the same year, and was elected by the Minnesota Legislature to serve the remainder of his term in the Senate. In that body Mr. Windom acted as chairman of the committee on appropriations, foreign affairs and transportation.

He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Harrison, and has since served in that capacity. He last Washington apparently in perfect health, to attend the banquet

of the Board of Trade and Transportation at New York, where he was to make an address outlining the fiscal policy of the government.

HELD ON A HOT STOVE.

How a Field Treated His Four-Year-Old Son for a Trifling Offense.

Fiendish cruelty was perpetrated by John Meiser, an Ocean county farmer, living near New Egypt, N. J., upon his son, who is not yet 4 years of age.

The child was in the house at the time and committed some slight offense. The father flew into a rage, and seizing the child, placed it upon the top of a hot stove, burning its flesh in a terrible manner.

The screams of the child quickly brought its mother to the scene, and she carried to another room, where she drew its injuries as best she could. Meiser was ashamed to admit that he did the deed intentionally, and said he merely held the boy over the stove to frighten him, but that he accidentally dropped him.

Immediately after the affair Meiser fled to escape arrest. The child's condition is critical.

MANY REPORTED KILLED.

The Seventh Cavalry and the Wounded Knee Injured in a Collision.

An extra train of seven coaches and twenty-five stock cars, conveying the Seventh Cavalry and the men wounded at Wounded Knee and three batteries of artillery to Fort Riley from Pine Ridge came in collision with a passenger train bound north near Irving, Kan. It is reported that there was great loss of life, but that the passengers were not injured. The wreck was caused by a collision of the trains, but the exact details are not yet ascertained.

Physicians from Mayville, Fort Riley, Frankfort and Concordia, Kan., have been sent to the scene. It is said the engineer of the extra was running on the time of the passenger train.

ANOTHER INDIAN OUTBREAK.

Ghost Dances Said to Have Started on Red Lake Reservation.

A despatch from Crookston, Minn., says an outbreak is reported to have taken place among the Indians on Red Lake Reservation. A number of settlers near Thief River Falls arrived in the city and report having been driven out by the Indians, who they say, have caught the Messiah race and are indulging in ghost dances and threatening the white settlers near the reservation.

Many of the settlers have already left, but those who have remained are being driven out by the Indians.

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How a Field Treated His Four-Year-Old Son for a Trifling Offense.

Fiendish cruelty was perpetrated by John Meiser, an Ocean county farmer, living near New Egypt, N. J., upon his son, who is not yet 4 years of age.

The child was in the house at the time and committed some slight offense. The father flew into a rage, and seizing the child, placed it upon the top of a hot stove, burning its flesh in a terrible manner.

The screams of the child quickly brought its mother to the scene, and she carried to another room, where she drew its injuries as best she could. Meiser was ashamed to admit that he did the deed intentionally, and said he merely held the boy over the stove to frighten him, but that he accidentally dropped him.

Immediately after the affair Meiser fled to escape arrest. The child's condition is critical.

MANY REPORTED KILLED.

The Seventh Cavalry and the Wounded Knee Injured in a Collision.

An extra train of seven coaches and twenty-five stock cars, conveying the Seventh Cavalry and the men wounded at Wounded Knee and three batteries of artillery to Fort Riley from Pine Ridge came in collision with a passenger train bound north near Irving, Kan. It is reported that there was great loss of life, but that the passengers were not injured. The wreck was caused by a collision of the trains, but the exact details are not yet ascertained.

Physicians from Mayville, Fort Riley, Frankfort and Concordia, Kan., have been sent to the scene. It is said the engineer of the extra was running on the time of the passenger train.

ANOTHER INDIAN OUTBREAK.

Ghost Dances Said to Have Started on Red Lake Reservation.

A despatch from Crookston, Minn., says an outbreak is reported to have taken place among the Indians on Red Lake Reservation. A number of settlers near Thief River Falls arrived in the city and report having been driven out by the Indians, who they say, have caught the Messiah race and are indulging in ghost dances and threatening the white settlers near the reservation.

Many of the settlers have already left, but those who have remained are being driven out by the Indians.



WILLIAM WINDOM.