

Louis, preached the funeral sermon. Eloquent as Bishop Ryan was on all occasions, we can readily suppose that on the occasion of which we speak he surpassed even himself, since his subject was the good, the charitable, the devoted Peter J. De Smet.

*Kansas City Catholic.*

#### THE TWENTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS.

Washington first of the presidents stands,  
Next placid John Adams attention commands,  
Tom Jefferson's third on the glorious score  
And square Jimmy Madison counts number four.

Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe,  
And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't you know.  
Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren, true blue,  
And Harrison ninth, known as Tippecanoe.

Next Tyler, the first of the Vices to rise,  
Then Polk and then Taylor, the second who dies;  
Next Fillmore, a Vice, takes the President's place,  
And small Franklin Pierce is fourteenth in the race.

Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him  
The great name of Lincoln makes all others dim;  
Next to Johnson comes Grant, with the laurel and  
bays,

And next after Grant then comes Rutherford Hayes.

Next Garfield, then Arthur, then Cleveland, the fat,  
Next Harrison wearing his grandfather's hat;  
Adroit little Ben twenty-third in the train,  
And last on the list, behold Cleveland again.

#### DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

Whirlwind, the head chief of the Cheyenne nation of Indians, is dead. After years of war he died peacefully. A few days ago while out rounding up his ponies, at which work he exercised himself violently, a messenger ran to him and informed him of the death of a grandchild—his favorite papoose—and without uttering a word he fell dead on the ground.

Thus ended the life of the mightiest chief that ever presided over the destinies of the Cheyenne nation, the members of which followed his remains to the grave with lamentations of sorrow that could have been heard for miles around.

The man who has waded in blood to

his ankles during his time and escaped probably ten thousand bullets, was killed by the shock of hearing of a child's death. The heart that broke in that man's bosom for such a cause, certainly was not of a cold-blooded savage. The child was but two years old and the favorite child of his favorite daughter.

In the calm of his old days he would wander around to the tepee of his daughter, take the child on his knee and play with her for hours. The child was a little girl—a nice bright-faced little papoose—and the old man talked not to her of war or the traditions of the Indians, but played and talked with her as if he had been a child himself.

No tombstone now marks, and probably never will mark, the spot in which lie his remains, and yet he was a Napoleon and a Caesar and a Solomon combined in his sphere. No wiser man ever sat around the council fire of his people, or no braver warrior ever followed their fortunes in the field.

Whirlwind descended from a royal stock. His parental ancestors for generations before him had been chiefs in the tribes, while his mother's family had long and brilliant pedigrees. His mother's brother was the famous Black-kettle, he who fell by the sword of the gallant Custer at Washita in that memorable battle that was fought in the middle of the winter, twenty-seven years ago. Whirlwind, however, needed no pedigree to give him prominence. He carved out fame by his own deeds of daring and personal bravery; for it is conceded that with the single exception of Quanah Parker that not so brave an Indian lived in his time. And he had some of the greatest qualities of generalship. Napoleon in his system of warfare had two characteristics; first he was noted for his rapid movements; second, for cutting the enemy's ranks. Whirlwind had the same characteristics in his military life. In fact his name is derived from the former character-