

McCook Weekly Tribune.

VOLUME 2.

McCOOK, RED WILLOW COUNTY, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1884.

NUMBER 36.

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company of good, honest English words, until as you discover that you are carrying on your part of the conversation without swearing, you feel easier and your intellectual stature is increased by a foot. Just observe this, my boy, and see if I am not right. But you will rip out some time. Oh, yes, in some way you will. I knew some good men, some of the best in the world, who will confound it, and even dog-gone it; and in New England even a deacon has been known, under a terrible strain, to "condemn it." But as a rule, my son, don't do it. Don't swear. It isn't an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear, and a great many fools do. I, my son? Ah, if I could only gather up all the useless, uncalled for, ineffective swears I have dropped along the pathway of life, I know I would remove stumbling-blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my own heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to-day. But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, oh, my son, my son, what an awful, what a colossal, what a hopeless fool you will be.

In playing a game of seven-up with a young lady from St. Paul, a wicked Bismarcker told her that every time she held a jack of trumps it was a sure sign that her lover was thinking of her. Then the impenitent fiend watched her face at each deal, and every time she blushed and looked pleased led out and caught her jack.—Bismarck Tribune.

A KANSAS jury gave the following verdict in a case where a man died in a state of intoxication: "Death by hanging—around a rum shop."

An Indiana jury recently returned a written verdict of "Blode to peeces bi the biler bustin."

THE engineer of a train on the Kankakee line having suddenly become very ill at Lafayette, M. E. Ingalls, President of the road, who was a passenger on the train, climbed into the cab and ran the train to Indianapolis on time.

It is related of a Chicago young woman and a Chinese lady that on being introduced they looked at each other's feet and then both fainted dead away, the former from mortification, and the latter from fright.—Philadelphia Call.

BILL NYE says although a \$10 bill looks as large to him as the Star Spangled Banner, sometimes, yet he would sooner ride a buzz saw at \$2 per day, and found, than ride a wild Texan steer for a golden eagle.

ABOUT \$6,000,000 worth of property has already been acquired by the B. & M. for right of way into Grand Island. The property condemned is all on the east side of Plum street, along which the railroad is expected to run.

At an inquest held over the dead body of a man who had been shot in Colorado, the jury returned a verdict that "he came to his death by calling a man a liar at the wrong time."

ELLA WHEELER, it is claimed, is going to be married, and in Wisconsin, too. The weather prophet foretells a warm summer for the Babgers.

CRAZY quilts have a square exactly in the center bearing the name of the lunatic maker.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

My son, did you ever think what a fool you are for swearing? That profanity isn't an ornament to any speech? That the story that has to be pointed with a dash lasts only so long as it is being told? That the brightest gems in English poetry and the most eloquent passages in all oratory live through centuries of admiration and criticism, and thrill the souls of people to-day, as they thrilled the now pulseless hearts that caught their inspiration hundreds of years ago, with never a "damn" in the line? Did you ever stop to think why you swear in a ball-room, but never in a parlor? You can't improve Shakespeare by mixing in the lines a little cow-boy profanity. If Bryant had written,

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her dashed visible forms
She speaks a blank blanked varied language,"

the poem would have been ruined. And it ruins the force and beauty of your conversation, just the same. Moreover, indulgence in the habit ruins the force of your profanity. Nobody cares for the swearing of a habitual swearer. His volleys of profanity have no terror in them. They mean nothing. It is the man who never swears who scares you out of your boots, if once in a lifetime he does swear. So far as we can learn, Washington only swore once during all the eight years of the Revolutionary War. But that one time counted. It turned back the tide of retreat, changed a rout into a victory and made things hum. But the fellow who swears on all occasions, and swears hot and cold with the same mouth, the intellectual pauper who ekes out his barren supply of ideas with an abundant crop of profanity, whose conversation is a long chain of mill privileges and who talks as a beaver works, his swearing is weak, rapid, tiresome, disgusting. So, if you want to swear with any effect, my boy, be very seldom about it. Be exclusive in your profanity. If you can't get along without it, bring it out occasionally, like rare old family diamonds; don't keep it running six or eight hours a day, like the kitchen hydrant. And—you won't be offended, my son—but if you will observe closely, you will perceive that young men, boys, fledglings of about your age, swear more than men. More frequently; more awkwardly; with less point and direction. A man becomes ashamed of it. It belongs to the cigarette and matinee period of life, my boy. It is a habit that flourishes in the bread and butter days along somewhere between the high school and the college and while the blue ribbon on the diploma is bright. It belongs to what Puck so aptly calls the "unsalted generation;" the fresh young men. So put it away and put on manly things.

And just one word more. Suppose you are given to a habit of profanity. You enter into conversation with a man who never swears; in other words, a gentleman. By and by you begin to perceive that he is the superior man. Your remarks have a tame, flat, feeble sound to your own ears. Your cheeks begin to burn with a sense of your friend's excellence. Your pert little damns sound rough and coarse and vulgar, as they are. They begin to drop out of your sentences, ashamed to remain in the