

THE PATROL.

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR GOUT.

Continued.

The head-cook instantly appeared, attended by a couple of foot-men each carrying a silver salver of a prodigious size, on which were cups containing sauces of every different flavor that could be devised. The gentleman, with the greatest solemnity, used to dip a bit of bread in each, and taste it; at the same time giving orders upon the subject with as much care as if he had been signing papers for the government of a Kingdom.

When this important affair was thus concluded, he would require a nap to refresh himself for the delightful hour of dinner which combined every variety of food, all of which he ate with voracity, using the highest spices and richest wines, till he was perfectly gorged. This life he pursued till he got so fat he could hardly move. His belly got big, his face bloated and his legs big and weak, and he was soon attacked with the gout, which at length deprived him of the use of his limbs.

In this state he determined to consult a physician that lived in the same town, and had the reputation of making many wonderful cures.—“Doctor, you see the miserable state to which I am reduced,” said the sick man.

“I do, indeed, and I suppose you have contributed to it by your intemperance,” answered the physician.—“As to intemperance, I believe few have less to answer for than myself. I, indeed, love a moderate dinner and supper; but I never was intoxicated in my life,” replied the gentleman.

[To be Continued.]

NOTICE!

Our next issue will be printed on a finer quality of paper. From inexperience we got “stuck” on the coarse and flimsy article which we have heretofore used.

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The Patriot.

VOL. 1. WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY '76 NO. 5

THE TONGUE.

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;
Of whom, to whom, and where.

A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

When Isaac Hopper, a member of the Society of Friends met a boy with a dirty face and hands, he would stop him and inquire if he ever had studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering look would answer, "No." "Well, then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That is a chemical experiment; I advise thee to try it."

THE YOUNG SCEPTIC.

A sceptical young Collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible.

The Quaker said to him, "Dose thee believe in France?"

Yes; for though I have not seen it I have seen others who have; besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country dose exist."

"Then thee dose not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't.

"Did thee ever see thy own brain?"

"No."

"Ever see any one that did?"

"No."

"Dose thee believe thee has any?"

Every day is a little bit.

THE POLAR STAR.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

DURING a beautiful summer's night, on one of the great lakes of North America, the master of a boat thought that he might take a few hours' rest, and entrusted the rudder into the hands of his boy, a somewhat simple-minded lad.

"You plainly see that star strait before us, do you not?" he said to him, pointing to the Polar star.

"Yes; plain enough, indeed."

"Well, you have nothing to do but to keep the boat straight in that direction."

"I quite understand."

The captain fell asleep. The boy did the same. The wind changed; the boat turned out of its course more and more, till at last it had made a complete semicircle. The boy awoke; he was astonished to see behind his back the star which just now had been straight before him, but did not the less continue with a firm hand steer the boat towards the south, from whence it had first come.

Two hours after, the master in his turn awoke. He cast a glance upon the sky, and one upon the boy.

"Well stupid! what are you doing?"

"I'm still keeping always straight before me, as you told me"

"Ah, indeed! and the Polar star?"

"Oh, the Polar star! why we have passed that long ago!"

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.

Every boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred of those who use it can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector of England, he caused the stamp of the Cap of Liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., when he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this paper was brought to him.

On looking at it he inquired the meaning of it; and on being told he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

This originated the term "FOOLSCAP," which has since been given to a size of writing-paper usually about 16 by 18 inches.

THE PATROL.

THE PATROL.

H. Stewart, } Editor,
 Publisher, and
 Proprietor.

J. H. McCann } Collector of ad-
 vertisements and
 assistant Pub'lr.

All communication should be ad-
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Advertising Rates.

1/2 inch one time	10 c
1 " " "	20 c
1 column one time	\$1.00
1 page " "	2.00

Subscription Rates.

One year	25 c
6 months	15 c

Editorial Notes

We have consolidated our paper with The Stamp Dealers Own, for this issue and perhaps the next, but not for altogether

Our paper is rather late this month and may be next but we will try in future to be more prompt.

After missing one month The Patrol has come out three times larger than before.

A REDICULOUS MISTAKE.

A young farmer, who lives not far from Hoopeston, went to Rossville the other day and partook very freely of the cup. It happened to be some of Scott's kill forty-roops, tangle-foot, snakes-in-the-boots, rot-gut, and the youthful yeoman was not in a very inviting condition to meet the lovely partner of his joys and couch. He arrived at home, however, and climbed into the window as he thought, but instead it was the pig-pen where the pet poker lay quietly snoozing.

He hung his clothes over the trough and laid down. After grumbling a while at Betsy for breathing so loud, he began to feel around for the covers. "Mighty curus. Kiver must'a fallen on er floor, prob'ly under beed. I say, ol' ooman how y'r got yer-self fixed? Bess feels offer! curus—brissels? Zis is are markable coincurence! Ol' gal 'as sadly changed zins slas' we met. Wunner where zer,ed (gets hold of the hog's tail.) He—ja—hic—I zay, Bess, how y'r got y'r hair fix'd? Beats all—twis'ed, squirled—hic—heathen Chinese. Le's nurap it, It's tighter'n 'ell—so'm I. Diagustin' way to wear hic—hair. Dont care a dog-dern if its style or not —'s got to come down. Say, where's y'r nose? Now, look y'r ol' ooman this dog derned foolishness perceeded far 'nuff. Perduce that nose or 'll kd—hic—you outer bed.' The man's young wife, appeared upon the scene at this critical moment and managed to get her inebriated lord into the house, he muttering the while: 'Ats not right Bess—hic—take 'vantage my feeble endishun to turn me out of house and home, Be sorry for zis, Bess, w'n y'r git—hic—sober!

Lamb said to a prominent whist player, whose hands were none of the cleanest, If dirt was trumps, what a hand you would hold!

Some People's superior smartness is always getting them into trouble. An Indiana paper tells of a man who undertook to show just the way to feed a threshing machine, and a minute or two after had to go around to the other end of the instrument to find out what had become of his left hand.

An officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. You see, said he, a man loses nothing by politeness. —, *

A CAPSIZE.—What size hat do you wear, Sir? blandly inquired the hatter. I think, said the customer, about—Just then, in backing toward the mirror, he stepped on a piece of orange peel and sat down suddenly—about a cap-size, I should think.

I suppose, said a quack while feeling the pulse of his patient that you think me a humbug. Sir replied the sick man. I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse.

THE PATROL.

No. 6. WASHINGTON, D. C. JUNE & JULY. Vol. 1.

AN UNPUBLISHED Anecdote of the War of 1812.

[BY STEWART.]

Gen. Harrison discovered that a British vessel was ascending the Washash River to attack one of his forts some distance above its mouth. The American commander determined to establish a water barrier at an advantageous point in the river some distance below the Fort, to force up the vessel and sink her if possible, by burning the float.

For this purpose a log, twenty feet long, was lowered into the river, and a part of the gun projecting over the stern and attached by a rope to the end of the float, a quantity of powder was laid out on the beam, and three or four barrels of the water-slags, and a couple of kegs of two old Indian flint-guns, and at the point selected, whether above or below the float, sent to throw up a column of white smoke.

The canoe floated gently down with the current bearing its great log perpendicular to its way the smoke of the pipe blowing to lee-ward, until it reached a narrow channel of the rapid on the point, and the puffing sails of the British vessel were inflated below slowly forging up the river and tide up the river.

All was now a puffing column of smoke and fire in the narrow channel.

The struggle was to get the gun landed and in position before the vessel rounded the bend below the fort.

Old Ben Starwood seized the pole and to the strength of his muscles to that of the current, while old Tom Chopson endeavored to increase the headway by an improvised paddle. As it became evident that the race was to be a close one, Tom exclaimed:

"Here goes as we've got the tools with us, had it we better hit into the old pursued—enjoying with his muzzle over the stern, a dose of sulphur combustibles, and a suitable amount of hardware, and give Johnnie Bull our equipment!"

"That I would for nothing mor'n polite—have you guns?"

And so they heaved back his old hat back to the gun with powder to Tom, who had got sight of the muzzle of the gun.

Tom was stuffed in the powder, but not only followed by his own old peabuckler and ramsrod then down with the pole in decrease. Then he followed that by a single shot and a promiscuous lot of grape-shot, all of which rolled by gravity to the bottom of the canal.

The draw of rowing had now closed in, and the column had by this time arrived within a few rods of the landing, while the ship was coming into full view, rounded the bend

"Now's our time!" exclaimed Tom seizing the pole and with a few vigorous strokes forcing the bow of the canoe towards the water's edge, the British vessel by swing

...with the flick of the switch toward
the approaching vessel—“Now sight her
Ben” Exclaimed Tom “while I hold her
more fast with the pole.”

Ben’s eye was ranging along the top of
the long black tube of metal, and his pipe
was sucked into a bright coil of fire, as
the little boat slowly swung around into
range with the ship.

At the critical moment Ben exclaimed
“Yankee Doodle!” and knocking the fire
from the bowl of his pipe into the priming
of the cannon—an explosion followed
which shook the earth, and sent a terrible
shower of destruction into the strained rig-
ging and spars of the ship.

The tremendous recoil not only landed
both Ben and Tom unhurt, several rods
distant into the water but shot the little
craft far out of the water and up the bank
of the river close to the prepared redoubt,
where the willing and powerful arms of our
gallant boys on shore quickly seized the
mighty gun and in a few minutes had it se-
curely in position, blazing death and de-
struction into the already crippled ship,
which, finding this unexpected welcome too
warm for comfort quickly put about and re-
turned down the stream to repair damages,
and to report that a big “sawyer” had sud-
denly bursted in the river right ahead of
them, and the shore was lined with batter-
ies all the way above the head.

The lateness of this issue was
caused by a “typo” [types confusidly
mixed.] of the first and last pages
of our last issue.

SUBSCRIBE!!

BRAIN - WORK

All to this department should be
dressed this office.

No.1. Diamond Puzzle.

A consonant; A peculiar sound made
a drunkard; A tribe of Indians; A name
sometimes given to a domestic animal;
consonant; The whole is a powerful trait
of Indians.—O My.

No.2. Square.

A destroying element; Something that
strikes a person suddenly; Something that
a farmer does to cattle; An English noble-
man.—Well I, Never.

Answers to Puzzles in May No.

No.1.	A	B	C	5c	6c	3c
	10	30	50	1c	4c	7c
				10	30	50
	Ans.			10	10	10
	A	B	C			

No.2.

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in red but the ink would not work.

Terms &c.

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AGENTS— are allowed a cash commission of 25 per cent. on all ads and subscriptions.

Editorial.

With this number ends our first Volume. We have gone through some tight places, but we are still living on; to go through many more we hope.

Our paper is printed in small type and we are not ashamed of the smallness of our sheet. It is our dodge to get a good paper and not a large one.

A LETTER.

Editor of Patrol:

Dear Sir:

The Pastime published some months ago, an account of the "Voice" receiving \$42 from the District Ring. In the Daily Telegram, there appeared a list of various ring papers, among these we find the "Falling Voice," but not the "Voice."

Most of the amateur editors of this city know the Voice was edited by W. B. Patterson, and in justice to him we write this.

We think the editors of the Pastime had better get glasses in their spectacles or learn how to read before they comment on things they know nothing of.

Respectfully,

July 1876.

Chas. B. Waller.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Sunbeam, good but short the printing. The High School Gazette, is a first class sheet from Chicago. The Amat. Herald is at par. The Amateur Bulletin, has colored and is now a fine amateur paper. The Advertiser, Plainfield Ind., is so badly printed that one can hardly read it. The Boys and Girls Favorite is up top.

The Junction post is small but neat. The Amateur Friend from Warsaw Indiana, but the printing is good. The Amateur Press of this city, is a very fine sheet. The Boys Item, no colored. The Monthly Souvenir, is a fine one from Pittsburg, Success! The Crucible, of this city, and The Little Circle, Newburgh N. Y., are the best printed papers we receive. The Composing Stick, good but not very lively.

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