SPRING SONG.

DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have a short time to stay as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing;
We die,
As your hours do; and
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Never to be found again.
[Robert Herrick.

WHEN FLOWER TIME COMES.

When flower time comes and all the woods are gay,
When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,
Adown the winding river I will row,
And watch the merry maidens toss ng hay.
And troops of children shouting in their play,
And with my thin oars flout the fallen snow
Of heavy hawthorn blossoms as I go,
And shall I see my love at fall of day
When flower time comes?

Oh, yes! for by the border of the stream
She binds red roses to a trim alcove
And I shall fade into her summer dream
Of musing upon love,—nay, even seem
To be sayre "he very god of love,
When the flow . time comes!—[E. W. Gosse.

A THOUGHT OF SADNESS.

Sweet spring has cast her mantle round
In tints of varied shadow;
The flowering hawthorn scents the vale,
The primrose decks the meadow,
Ye gentle gales and leafy trees
No pleasure ye can bring me,
Unless away to her I love
In fancy ye can wing me.

The mavis from the shady wood
Tells me that evening closes,
The gowans fold their pinky heads,
And nature 'round reposes,
Through dewy fields where pleasure lives,
I go—nor feel its gladness;
The birds may sing, the flowers may spring,
But all my thoughts are sadness.
[R B., in Glasgow Herald.

BIRD'S JOYS.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God—(for he is God of birds as well as men):
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labors,
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet and the wren.
As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and wild beast
Keep no rent, but jest;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joys increased,
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.—Edward Youl.

AN ALGERIAN LION STORY.

How I came to be sitting, in very good company, one glorious Semtember evening, in the little moonlighted garden of the hotel at Algiers is neither here nor there.

My companions about the round table which was garnished with slim bottles, glasses and piles of cigarettes, were all Frenchmen—three old Algerian colonists, the fourth an ex-lieutenant of the navy, who had exchanged a life on the ocean wave for that of a hunter in three-quarters of the globe.

Before dinner I had picked up in the salon Du Chaillu's gorilla-book, which I had never seen before, and my saying something about this turned the conversation in the garden upon wild beasts and the hunting of them.

Some wonderful stories were told, especially by the ex-sailor, though not a bit more wonderful than many one hears from old Indian sportsmen.

For the matter of that the most extraordinary sporting story I ever heard was told by—of all the men in the world—a hare-hunter, who capped therewith a snake-and-elephnt narrative, quite unique of its kind.

Presently, a short silence, caused by the uncorking and tasting of a new bottle of Hermitage, was broken by the eldest of the party, who had not said much before. He was a good-looking man of fifty, with beard grayer than his head, and a merry twinkle in his eye. What he said I shall repeat, for the sake of clearness, in the first person, just as he told the story himself.

"The adventure of which I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened to me a good many years ago. It was my first serious interview with a lion. Like most serious things it had a comic side to it.

"I was a young man then, and had been some half-dozen years in Constantine farming in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I had made on board ship, coming out from Marsailles.

"Our business was corn and cattle raising, and we did very well together until my partner died of a fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my ground into this province, Algiers, push toward the frontier and get a grant of government land and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition.

"I say I, but I should say we, for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

"First, there was your humble servant; secondly, there was my horse Marengo, and a better never looked through a bridle. He was bred between a Barb sire and an English mare belonging to the colonel of the Chassears, of whom I bought him in town, when his regiment was going home. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of his body was all bone and muscle. His temper was as good as his courage was high; me he would follow about like a dog, but he had one failing, and that was an insuperable objection to the close proximity of anything, except one thing, that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipeds were all very well, but multiply the legs by two, and he let fly immediately, and never missed his aim.

"Such was Marengo.

"Thirdly, there was Cognac, the faithfullest, the most honest, the oddest and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was more like a terrier than anything else, with a short yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears and a very short tail. The shrilliness of his bark pierced your ears like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if left alone—baffles description. During the fourteen years I had him, he seldom left me day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and, when tired, get up and sit in my wallet. The greatest pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity, he and Marengo were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

"Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground, I thought I had decided on a location, and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas eastward to Constantine.

"It was about 8 o'clock one morning, when I had been two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road run, on a sandy plain dotted with bushes and scrub.

"I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck, when suddenly he gave a tremendous shy and pitched me clear off.

"The next minute, with a horrible roar, a lion sprang at his head.

"I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but, as Marengo wheeled short round like lightning on his hind legs, the streaming reins caught the brute's forepaw, and, as it were, tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, but the throat-lash broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away among a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse that he paid no attention to me lying defenseless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground, he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up for lost—for his chance against the little brute among the trees seemed hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across. In the center of this Marengo took his stand, with his tail toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulder, watching him.

"He stood quite still, except for the slight shifting of his hind feet and lifting of his quarters, which I knew meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so, too, for he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his game, and pivoting on his forelegs still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon, with a roar the lion made his spring, but Marengo lashed out both heels together which such excellent judgment of time and distance that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all of a heap to the ground, where he lay motionless. Then with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels, away he galloped through the grove out on the plain and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead, or at any rate quite hors de combat, and was just running to pick up the bridle and follow Marengo, when he sat op on his haunches. This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and mouth half open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eye and changed expression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The ou ermost tree was large and low-branched. To it I ran, and up it I scrambled, and had just perched in a fork about fifteen feet above terra firma as the lion arrived at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red-hot coals for eyes, his long nervous tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body turned to wire, and his great claws protruded, he chattered at me as a cat chatters at a bird out of reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering he stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, smelled it, patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket-pistol, double-barreled, and what in those days we called a breech-loader, that is, the barrels unscrewed to load, and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball; but for a lion! Besides, the beast was too far off.

"Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Cognac?

"I supposed he had ran away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him, it would, I knew, be soon all over with the poor little fellow.

"All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful and fearful yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking Cognac's voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long-drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the deuce was he?

"The lion appeared utterly astonished and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when from some hole among the roots of the trees there popped a small yellow head with long ears.

" 'Down, down, Cognac!' I cried in my agony, 'go back, sir!'

"A cry of delight, cut short by a piteous whine, was his reply, as he spied me, and then dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked defiantly.

"With a low growl and ruffled mane, the beast charged at the little dog.

"Back went Cognac into his cave as quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for Cognac!

"But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was plain he was either well round a corner or that the hole was deep enough for his safety.

"All the same to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that was more than I could stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as I looked up I fired at his blood-shot eye. He shook his head, and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded back.

"Cognac immediately shot forth his head and insulted him with jeering barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again, and after a bit he lay down further off and pretended to go to sleep. Cognac barked at him till he was tired, and then retired into his castle.

"Reloading, I found I had only three bullets left, and concluded to hold them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile the time, I smoked a pipe or two, sang a song, and cut my name, Cognac's, and Marengo's on the tree, leaving a space for the lion's, which I determined should be Wellington. I wished he would go away. Having some milk in my bottle, I took a drink, and should have liked to give some to Cognac. The lion began to pant, with his red thorny tongue hanging a foot out of his mouth. He was as mangy and disreputable looking brute as I ever saw. By-and-by he got up and and snuffed the air all round him, and then without as much as looking at me, walked off and went deliberately down the road.

"I slipped to the ground. I caught up Cognac, who had crept out directly, and, after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. The light green foliage—willows, water? Had the cunning brute sniffed it out?

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a branch. The lion disappeared round the bushes. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave Cognac a drink of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of course it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only two hundred yards start in any number of miles. The tree was better than that.

"All the same, he was a long time; perhaps he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head round the corner again, and making straight for us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed Cognac, and threw a bit of cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch. Cognac retired growling into his fortress and the beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before.

"He looked quite cool and comfortable, and had evidently had a good drink.

"Another hour passed and he was still there.

"While I was still wondering how long he really meant to say, and if I was destined to spend all night on a bough like a monkey, and on very short commons, he got up, and walking quietly to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound sprang up at me with all his might.

"He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance.

"His coup having failed he lay down right down under the branch I was on, crouching his head on his paws as if to hide his mortification.

"Suddenly the thought came into my mind: Why not make a devil and drop it on his back? I dismissed the thought, but it came again. As we have all, including our English friend here, been boys, you know what I mean—not a fallen angel, but a gunpowder devil.

"Good! Well, it seemed feasible—I would try.

"I had plenty of power in my little flask, so putting some into my hand I moistened it well with spittle and kneaded away until it came out a tiny Vesuvius of black paste. Then I formed a little crater, which I filled with a few grains of dry powder, and set it carefully on the branch.

"My hand shook so with excitement I could hardly hold the flint and steel, but I struck and struck—the tinder ignited now, Vesuvius!

"Whiff, whiz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plump on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not seem to know what was the matter; then with an angry growl up he jumped and tore savagely at the big fiery flee on his back, which sent a shower of sparks into his mouth and nose.

"Again and agaid he tried, and then raved wildly about, using the most horrible leonine language, and no wonder, for the devil had worked well down in his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a dozen hornets. His back hair and main burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror.

"Then he went stark, staring mad, clapped his tail between his legs, laid his ears back and rushed out of the grove at 20 miles an hour and disappeared up the ravine.

"Almost as mad as the lion with joy, and feeling sure that he had gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran along the road as hard as I could, with Cognac barking at my heels. By-and-by I had to pull up for the sun was still very hot; but I walked as fast as I could looking out all the time for Marengo, who would not I knew, go very far from his master. Presently I spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and whining with delight, he trotted up and laid his nose on my shoulder.

"In my hurry I had forgotten my bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end around his nose, and catching up Cognag, mounted and gallopped away, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

"There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, but by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our suppers goes without saying. And that, gentlemen, is my story."

We all agreed it was wonderful.—All the Year Round.

Atmospheric Venomous Life.

The existence of multitudes of wonderful corpuscles in the air did not escape the observation of the ancients. Lucretius has described in elegant verse the curious spectacle produced by a ray of sunlight traversing a dimly lighted room; and, in effect, myriad grains of dust may be seen by any one in the path of such a ray of sunlight, flying in every direction, but always becoming invisible the instant the sunbeam is intercepted. But it remained for modern science to prove the presence of living organisms—both animal and vegetable, in such atmospheric dust.

It would still astonish many persons, no doubt, to inform them that even the purest country air is peopled with a host of microscopic corpuscles, animal and vegetable, and even with a multitude of living creatures which enter into our lungs together with the air which we breathe, and which come in time to take up their residence in our own bodies, as in a well furnished house all prepared to receive them. The surprise would be greater and even more disagreeable should we add that the number of these germs, thus held by the air in suspension, enormously increases in places thickly or even constantly inhabited—that there is not a bedroom, a saloon, even an attic, in which they do not swarm—that in great cities they multiply to fantastic proportions; and that in Paris the number of these germs within the circle of the fortifications is, according to the statistics of micrographers, not less than five thousand billions. Such is the "pure air" which we breathe.

It is needless to say that all the quarters of our modern Babylon are not equally "rich" in microscopic life. Those quarters most populous with human beings are also most populous with microbes. The air is ten times thicker with germs in the heart of Paris than in the neighborhood of the fortifications. The proportion also varies according to seasons; it is greatest in summer, lower in winter, diminishes in autumn. There are variations likewise corresponding to the state of dryness or dampness of the streets. The air is most infected during the periods of summer, when by reason of the scarcity of water, the streets are not sprinkled, and the dust flies everywhere. At such times not less than 5000 bacteria have been found to the cubic metre of air. But while at Paris, even in the rainy season, one must always reckon upon the germs up in the interior of dwellings, and daily scattered to the winds every time that rooms are cleaned; in the country, upon the other hand, once the atmosphere is well swept by rain, it remains pure until the winds again come to lift from the soil the fine light dust peopled with living microbes.

Everybody knows how easily dust penetrates into rooms, and that in any city, a few days neglect is sufficiently shown by the appearance of a fine layer of impalpable dust on a marble table, or other articles of furniture. Well, in one single gramme of such dust 1,300,000 bacteria have been found. Another experiment made in the Rue Monge revealed the presence of bacteria to the still more fantastic figure of 2,400,000 in one gramme of dust which had collected upon furniture.

These bacteria are invisible germs—eggs, spores. It would require 1,000,000 of them to form the thousandth part of a milligramme. Nevertheless they can be easily studied under the microscope. With a magnifying power of 1500 diameters they appear nearly a millimetre in thickness.

Little as they are, these beings are by no means inoffensive; for when we have absorbed hundreds and thousands by way of the respiratory mucous membrane, or the digestive organs, they give us typhoid fever, or scarlatina, or small-pox, or diphtheria, etc., etc., each according to its kind. It is in the wards of hospitals that those germs are found in the greatest quantity. While the atmosphere of a house in the most thickly settled portions of Paris contains from 3000 to 4000 germs to the cubic metre of air, the atmosphere of hospital wards contains fram 7000 to 8000 germs per metre. At the hospital of Da Pitie the average is 11,000 bacteria per metre. In the confined air of one room of the same hospital, M. Miquet found the sadly eloquent number of 28,900 bacteria per cubic metre.

Our water has been analyzed like our air. To every litre of rain water M. Miquet found 64,000 microbes, in Seine water at Bercy, 4,800,000 per litre; in Seine water at Asmiers, 12,800,000 per litre; and in sewer water at Clincy, 80,000,000 per litre.

After reading these figures it seems wonderful that we dare to breath, or drink, or eat. Pringle was right it must be confessed when he uttered the abhorism: "The air kills more people than the sword."

Concerning an Odor of Ants.

The tendency of thought during the few past years to look on every behavior of organized beings as for their own individual interest, rather than, in some mysterious way, for the general good of creation, seems to meet with growing objections. At a recent meeting of the academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Dr. Skinner called attention to the structure of the peculiar flesh-organs protruding from one of the anterior segments in the caterpillars of true butterflies. These tentacles are not solid, as they are generally supposed to be; but emit an offensive odor, and in this manner serve as organs of defense. In the discussion which followed, the point was made that there was no evidence that the odors emitted were objectionable to the insect's enemies. That one odor was objectionable to man is no reason that it should be objectionable to other creatures. There was, indeed, evidence that some creatures reveled in what man despised. Dr. Joseph Leidy remarked that the odors emitted by some insects, and, as it is argued, for their defense, are often very agreeable to man. He related that when recently going through the grounds of Mr. Meehan, in Germantown, he happened to notice a colony of ants (Lasius flavus) just swarming, and, wishing to examine them at leisure, swept some with his hand from a rock to a tin box. There was a very grateful odor of lemons emitted, instead of the peculiar odor of formic acid usual to ants. Mr. Meehan observed to him that it was precisely the odor of a species of Eucalyptus, and they examined numerous species growing about fifty yards from the nest, and found the ant odor to be so precisely that of Eucalyptus capitella'a that they returned to the heap of stone to see if a branch from the Eucalyptus might not have been by some accident broken from the plant and thrown there; but it was found that the fragrant odor really came from the insect. If an odor to man is to be regarded as affording protection to insects from their enemies, what are we to say of agreeable odors like these?—Independent.

NO LAMB.—An example has been set by Queen Victoria in ordering that no lamb shall be served this season in the royal household. The bitter March weather has been fatal to lambs and to breeding ewes to such an extent as seriously to reduce the stock of sheep. As a result of the queen's order, the price of spring lamb in the London market has fallen from 14d. to 9d. the pound.

TAKE NOTICE.

A new feature of Portland is a homoepathic pharmacy, lately opened by Messrs. Paul J. A. Semler & Co, at 93 Morrison street. Their two-dollar medicine case should be in every family for emergencies. Sent free on receipt of price to any part of the country. Homoepathic cough and croup syrup is the remedy for coughs and colds. m1-1m

DON'T BUY BOSS BOOTS UNLESS YOU WANT THE BEST. SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON EVERY PAIR.
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REMOVAL.

ALBERT BARTSCH—Piano Maker and Organ Builder, and direct agent for Steinway & Son's pianos, has removed from 83 Yamhill to 131 Fourth street, near Alder, Portland.

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ATTORNEYS.

D. P. KENNEDY.—Attorney and Counselor at Law **Room 5 Dekum's building.** Legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for inventions, before the Patent Office, or in the Courts, a specialty.

JUST RECEIVED AT GARRISON'S SEWING Machine store, 167 Third street, Portland, Oregon, 160 cases of Household Sewing Machines. During two and one half years' use in Oregon the Household has forced its way to the front. Its superior merits are now well known to the public. Agents wanted to sell in every town in Oregon.

USE ROSE PILLS.

THEATRICAL.

The "Whims" theatrical company, that is now playing with so much success in Portland, will make an interior tour playing as follows: June 4, New Tacoma; 5-6, Seattle; 7-8-9, Victoria; 11, Port Townsend; 12, Port Gamble; 13, Port Blakely; 18, Vancouver; 19, Dalles; Pendleton, 21-22; Walla Walla, 23; Dayton, 25-26; Waitsburg, 27; Dalles, 30; Oregon City, July 3; Salem, 4; Eugene, 5; Corvallis, 6; Independence, 7; McMinnville, 9.

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste.

An aromatic combination for the preservation of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any preparation of its kind in the market. In large, handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

For the best photographs in Oregon, go to F. G. Abell's gallery, 167 First street, Portland. His work will bear the most searching tests, for it is made by genuine artists, who understand their business.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John B. Garrison, 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

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There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue. Again changing to a dark and turbid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal Weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genitor urinary organs.

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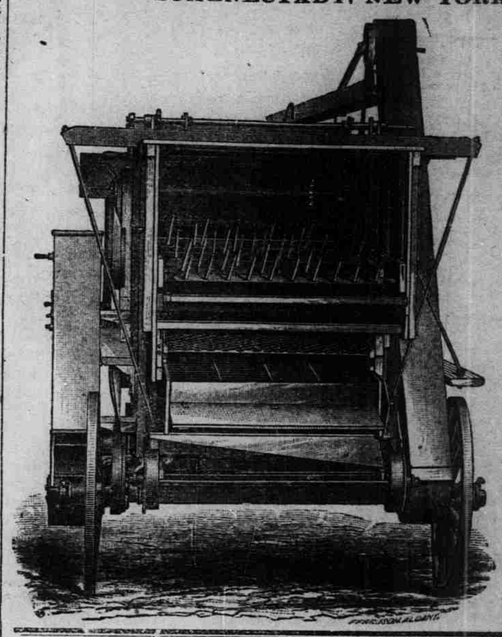

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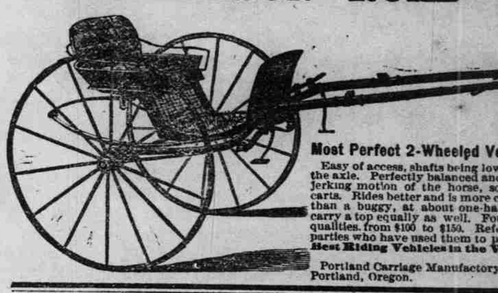

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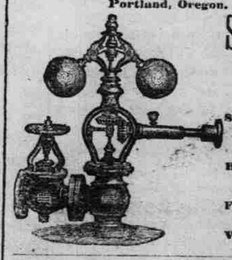

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