The Inevitable.
*(Suggested by a Summer incident.)*

HIGH

I stand above the village,
On the rocky top of Hayes,
While a scene of wondrous beauty
Stretches out before my gaze.

I can see the tranquil river,
Threading onward through the vale,
And the clouds, whose cool, dark shadows
Slowly drift o'er hill and dale.

Rising far above the pastures,
Dotted with the feeding kine,
Far above the rounded foot-hills
Clothed with bristling fir and pine,

Reach the rugged tops of mountains
On whose shoulders, bare and gray,
Deep ravines are cut, like furrows,
Shutting out the light of day.

Pain and toil of noonday climbing,
Loss of breath and heat of sun,
Vanish like the mist of morning,
Are forgotten, every one.

I am held in close communion
With our mother Nature now;
Down before her mighty altars
With a reverent air I bow.

All my thoughts I cannot fathom,
Nor what's deep within me utter;
When a harsh voice breaks the silence —
"Say! Please pass the bread and butter!"

By a Hair's Breadth.

My business is to superintend a mine which lies in Idaho Territory. The claim is far from any civilization, snugly stowed away in the lap of wide-sweeping forests. Our settlement straggles along, perched on the rough stumps of the trees which two years ago stood as thick as the spears of grass in a hay-field; now the clearing is like the stubble of some immense growth of grass, which we pygmy men were obliged to mow, spear by spear. The place is comfortable enough; there are two saloons, and half as many houses, not to speak of the clustered huts of the miners. The villagers are rough, uncouth, devilish, but good-natured, on the whole, and as respectable as could reasonably be expected.

A year ago next spring, for reasons of importance, I brought out my wife to Paradise, as we have named our city; and a few words are necessary in regard to the house I had made ready for her reception.

It was built of rough-hewn logs, fitted pretty closely together, and stopped with a clayey mud, which was plentiful in the vicinity. The walls enclosed two rooms of good size, an outer and an inner one. The outer one was somewhat the larger, and had been built for me when I first came to Paradise; the walls were solid and heavy and thick, and the roof was supported by a simple triangular truss. This room alone had sufficed for my solitary housekeeping, but when my wife came to Paradise I was obliged to add to the main building, as I may call it, another room, which should serve as our sitting-room and chamber. The roof of this was arranged as a lean-to, and was very heavy. The fearful winds which come tearing down the mountain intervals in this region at certain times of the year necessitated this great weight; or rather, to be more accurate, necessitated great strength in the building, and I thought that the weight of my roof would guarantee that.

Across, from side to side, I had laid untrimmed spruce logs, on many of which still remained the stumps of the lateral branches, sharp and stiff. On these, completely filling the interstices, were spread the close-needled boughs, then a layer of dry leaves, and then, the chief object of my construction, a layer of the sort of clay of which I have spoken as being used in the walls of the house. I relied on the heat of the sun during the summer to bake the clay to such hardness that it would not, to any great extent, swell by absorbing moisture. Of course, such a roof as this was of tremendous weight; and that was precisely the thing I aimed at; this it was which was to keep the roof in place during the high winds. Having hit upon this way of escaping the havoc repeatedly wrought by the winds, and at the same time the extreme discomfort, and even peril to the health incident upon life in a dug-out, I was