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 satisfied by such person residing
 with the father or mother.
 (3) If the settler has his perma-
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The Waters of Trembling.

(Georgina Pell Curtis, in Rosary Magazine.)

(Concluded.)

It was one spring morning like that day when I first saw the senior, when all Nature was awakening with renewed and unconquered life. Inside the cabana the master still slept; but I was up early, and having made the fire and put the kettle on to boil, I went out in the garden to pick some early spring flowers to put on the breakfast table, and as I bent over the flower-bed I heard a sound that made me turn my head.

The eastern sun had not yet appeared over the cliff, but its beams sent a golden glow all across the sky, and there, standing above the cabana on the extreme edge of the cliff, silhouetted against the warm radiance of the eastern horizon, was the tall figure of a boy of about fifteen, and as I looked my wonder grew, for indeed he was fair and beautiful. Even as I turned and was about to speak, he seemed to catch sight of the steps in the rock that led down to the plateau; for, swift and sure-footed as a young deer, he began flying down the steep descent. Was he of mortal ken, or was this the winged Mercury, or, perchance, Eryndym, the youthful hunter from Mount Latmos?

In a moment he was by my side. No spirit, this, no hero of mythology, but pure flesh and blood, instinct with health and life. The laughing blue eyes were smiling into mine and a voice like a flute greeted me. "Upon my word," he said, "this is the most wonderful place. I left W— this morning at five o'clock, and took the trail over the mountain to F—; but just below here my burro went lame, and I had to lead him up the rest of the way. What to do was a problem when, lo! I beheld smoke ascending from below the cliff, and walking forward to investigate, I found this enchanted spot—this Garden of Allah! I'm not sure even now but that I am dreaming!"

"No dream, senior," I answered. "My master took this poor adobe, and made it look as you see, and I, Santos, work for him."
 The boy's clear eyes moved quickly from one spot to another, and I saw that the charm of our little corner of the great world had laid hold of him, as it had enthralled me. "It's glorious," he said, "and your master, Santos—where is he?"
 As if in answer to the question, the house door opened and the master emerged, a cool figure—all in white. Quickly, and with simple grace the boy stepped forward.

"I claim your hospitality, sir," he said. "Your man, Santos, has just heard my tale. And then he proceeded to repeat what he had just told me. So strange it was! For the master seemed turned to stone. He neither moved nor spoke; but gazed at the frank, open face of the boy almost with horror.
 The warm air seemed to grow chill; the youth paled in his speech—hesitated and drew back—then half turned to me.
 "If you can lend me a fresh burro—" he began. Then, with a mighty effort, the senior seemed to recover himself and stepped forward.
 "Pardon me," he said—and now he was smiling, his most winning and fascinating smile—"I was so taken by surprise, but you are welcome, most welcome. Santos is skilled in doctoring all live stock; he will take care of your burro, and you must stay with us a few days before you proceed on your way.
 I remember that morning meal, senior; the master was the gayest of the gay; so witty he was, so brilliant; as to the boy, I soon found he had a rare mind, and that he had travelled and seen the world. His sensibilities were fine and delicate, not like the clods of boys I had known whose minds soared but a little way above the earth, and for whom cock fights and craps made a world.
 "If you had a piano," said the boy, "I would play for you."
 "You love music?" asked the master.
 And then I moved into the kitchen and lost the answer, but presently when they went out on the gallery, I heard the youth singing in a way that left no doubt of his musical gifts.
 The three days passed into a week. The young senior's burro had been quite seriously lamed; but he seemed well contented to stay, and meanwhile our quiet life was completely metamorphosed. The master came out of solitude and rode over the mountain and through the canyon with his guest, the boy mounted on my own burro; and then the day came when his own animal was well, and on the morrow he would depart, for his mother, he said, was waiting for him in San Antonio. He must ride to T—, where he would take the train southward.
 That night I had retired early, and I must have slept for four or five hours when I awoke with a start, conscious of some oppressive stillness in the air—some whispering, as if the blessed saints had spoken to me in my sleep of coming evil.
 Hastily I arose and slipped on my clothes, and so out of the kitchen door I walked and around the side of the low, wide cabana, and some- how it was no surprise to see the master walking up and down the plateau, and there was that in the carriage of his proud head, the quick, impatient swing of his walk, that told me I saw before me a man fighting one of the decisive battles of life. I hesitated—should I advance or retreat? Before I could decide the master had seen me, and

pausing in his rapid walk, called me. His voice was strained, but not unkind. I had had many proofs of his growing attachment for me, and I knew I could venture on a freedom of speech with him that others might not make.
 "Have you come out to enjoy the moon, Santos?" he said. "It is full moon, and your poetical soul can well revel in such a scene."
 I had no mind to talk of moonlight and starlight with a human soul before me wrestling with I knew not what, so I walked up to him.
 "You are in trouble, senior?"
 There was no veiling it. It was in his eyes and had been in his voice. He laid a hand on my shoulder.
 "For a week I have lived a hell on earth, Santos," he said. "That boy! he has twisted himself round and round my heart. I love him as I never thought I could love again. I look in his clear eyes and see my own lost innocent youth. He knows the world, and yet he is singularly pure."
 I bowed my head but did not speak.
 "I told you I had a dark and mysterious past, Santos," continued the master; "that the spirit of evil and the spirit of light warred within me. To-night all the legions of hell are let loose; for that boy recalls a part of myself I would fain forget—a part that the spirit of light tells me must be trampled on now and forever."
 I looked at the senior's pale face and bowed head. Oh, the anguish and despair in his voice!
 "God is good, senior," was all I could say.
 "It is a stray to a drowning man, Santos," he said. "Flesh and blood are strong, and then when we seem about to yield to temptations, He sends an angel of deliverance. Stay here with me, Santos."

Back and forth we walked, master and man. I, the poor Mexican scrawled, and he with his mighty intellect, fit to sit down with the great ones of earth, but in sorrow it is the heart and not the mind that the heart in me was out to meet this mysterious unknown anguish in the senior.
 The moon sank to rest, and the stars paled. A chill breeze sprang up, and for a moment I went within, and came back with a warm blanket to wrap around the master. He was shivering then like a child.
 Presently intense darkness descended on us; but still I did not propose going indoors. Some instinct told me that that was not his wish.
 And then—all along the horizon behind the cabana came a faint glimmer of light, brighter and brighter it grew, and what was first a delicate pearl became a rosy flush and then deep crimson. A sweet, fresh breeze blew over the land; so must sin and sorrow flee before the Eternal Light. The master's pale face was drawn and haggard, his eyes were sunk in his head. But as he turned to me I knew he had lost forever that reckless, daredevil spirit which had so often looked out on me from his dark eyes, marring their otherwise clear depths.
 "I am very weary," he said. "I would fain rest for a while."
 Together we went in the house, passing softly through the living-room, where slept the boy on the lounge. One arm was flung back above his head, the other hung carelessly over the side of his bed. I have said he was beautiful, with a fair, radiant, boyish beauty in which was such strength; and as I glanced at him in passing and marked the serene purity of his brow, the warm flush of sleep on his cheeks, I thought I had never seen a more lovable face in one so young.
 One look the master gave—a grave, sad look—then he entered his own room and closed and locked the door.
 As for me, I had no desire to sleep. Leaving the door between the living-room and the kitchen open I busied myself at my morning tasks and when, three hours later, the master emerged from his room, our guest had no suspicion of that all-night conflict on the plateau that now shone so fair under a cloudless sky.

The master's farewell was quiet and marly, that of the youth was touched with the magic of a dawning hero-worship for the senior. "I will come again," he said. The boyish voice was as music to my old ears, and long I watched him down the left slope of the canyon, till just at the bend in the mountain trail, he turned and waved his cap in one last farewell.
 III.
 I wish my story could come to an end now, senior, but, alas! my tale is not yet told.
 As I turned down the rocky descent that led to the plateau below, the sun went behind a heavy cloud, and simultaneously a chill wind blew across the canyon. I glanced at the sky. Yes, undoubtedly, a storm was coming; but it might blow for two days before the rain came. I was used to the spring rains and freshets of our Southern climate; they usually lasted three days, during which the river would become very much swollen, and often overflow its banks. Once, ten years earlier, there had been a tremendous storm that turned into a flood, when the Padre Paul, and his ward, little Conchita, had nearly lost their lives; but storms of such magnitude were rare.
 The master was very quiet that day and kept indoors, as the weather was too chill and bleak to sit on the gallery or plateau. As for me, I busied myself with my usual tasks.
 It was about five o'clock, and I had commenced my preparations for the evening meal, and was thinking how silent the house was without a sound of the boyish voice that had enlivened it for over a week, when a sudden exclamation from the living-room startled me. Something in the tone of the senior's voice showed that there was trouble, so I was in the room in an instant. What had happened?
 He stood near the lounge, which he had pulled partly away from the wall, in his hand a book, on his face an expression that held me rooted to the spot.
 "Santos," he said slowly, "and every word was an effort, "this book must belong to the boy."
 I drew nearer. Only a book! Then I found my tongue.
 "Yes," I said. "It is the young senior's book. He was reading it one afternoon when you were asleep. He told me it belonged to his mother and that he was so fond of it he had brought it with him on his journey to W—. He told me his mother loved it as much as he did."
 I was not prepared for the effect of these words on the senior; the book fell from his hands.
 "His mother!" he said. "His mother! Oh, my boy—my son!"
 His voice was harsh, as of one who controlled himself with a mighty effort. In utter bewilderment I picked up the book. On the fly-leaf was written: "Mary from Philip," and the date sixteen years ago. I turned the leaves to the title-page, but here was no solution. The book was "Green Fire," by Fiona Macleod, a name I had never heard.

Then the master came toward me. "Santos," he said, "it is time I explained myself. That night on the plateau I suspected this boy was my son. Something he had said the evening before made me feel almost certain of it. The conflict in my mind was, whether I should or should not follow the matter to a conclusion and make sure. My final decision that night was that I was not yet worthy to seek my wife again; but this book, and what you tell me, shows me I can go to her now without fear.
 "I found this book on the floor," he continued; "the boy must have dropped it and forgotten it. When I opened it, all the past came back to me—that past I can never forget."
 As he spoke he took the book from my hand, and opened it.
 "There are words here," he said, "that will tell you my past, and my inward thoughts as nothing else ever will."
 Turning the pages, he found what he wanted and began to read. His beautiful voice had regained its natural tone.
 "In heart and brain that old world lived anew. All that was fair and tragically beautiful was forever undergoing in his mind a marvellous transformation—a magical resurrection rather, wherein what was remote and bygone, and crowned with oblivious dust, became alive again with intense and beautiful life."
 And so it was, senior. The past to him was as real as the present. He lived it in his own happier days, and among the men and women of bygone centuries. That it was, I think, which kept him from ever feeling lonely in our isolated mountain fastness.

I remembered some words of his that I had heard him say one evening to the young senior, the boy whom I could hardly yet understand was his son, he said, "is a humor, chess board. Men and women come and go. But some of them become immortal, and some we learn to love excellently well. Out of the dim past there are figures that to me can never appear as dead and gone. I have read of them, and mused upon them, until I know and love each one."
 "Who are they?" the young senior asked, and the master smiled as he made answer.
 "A motley crew, my boy—Victoria Colonna and Michelangelo, Erasmus and Holbein, Blessed Thomas More and Queen Mary Tudor, Cardinal Newman and Savonarolo, Andreas Hofer and Richard Jeffries, and the most gorgeous Lady Blessington, and—oh, yes—Robert Browning, Walter Savage Landor and St. Philip Neri."
 The boy threw up his hands and laughed.
 "Oh!" he said, "what an uncon-

fortable time they would have if they were all to meet in one place!"
 And the master had laughed, too, but I wander from my subject, senior. Sometimes the events of that night all mix in my brain like a kaleidoscope.
 I am in the room again now with the master holding that fateful book in his hands, and outside the howling of the wind in the gathering dusk. With him thought and action were always simultaneous and rapid, and in a moment he spoke again.
 "Santos," he said, "I have work for you to do. To-morrow, early, I want you to go to F—and take the train to San Antonio. Go to that address I will give you, and take this ring and book to the boy and his mother. Ask them if I shall come to them." He drew a handsome signet ring from his finger as he spoke and handed it to me.
 "My wife will know that ring," he said, "and the boy? Well, I think he loves me already. It was no chance brought him here."
 We sat and talked some time longer. How proud I was that he had chosen me as his emissary. Soon there must be a happy ending to these years of sorrow.

I was up at daybreak, and having prepared our morning meal, was ready to start by seven o'clock. The dear master walked with me a little way down the mountain trail, I on my burro, he on foot. "I trust you, Santos," he said, "I have had proof of your wisdom and good judgment, so I leave everything to you." Then he bade me adieu, and at the same spot on the slope of the canyon where the boy had waved farewell to me, I also turned. The master stood motionless as a statue, his head outlined against the northern sky. So must I ever remember him, senior—a strong soul who had won good out of infinite evil and pain.
 I reached San Antonio at two o'clock that afternoon and went at once to the hotel the master had named, only to be told that the young senior and his mother had left for the North that morning.
 What was to be done? In my disappointment and perplexity I considered—then my decision was made. They would reach St. Louis early the next morning, and I found it was their intention to stop there for two days and then proceed eastward. By starting for home at once I could reach the canyon at ten o'clock, and if the master said so, I could go on to W—and send a telegram that would intercept them.
 I hastened to the railroad station and caught a train for F—, which I reached at seven o'clock. Getting my burro from the hostelry, I started on my ride to the canyon.
 The storm, which had been threatening for days, was now breaking over the country in all its fury. I had not ridden for an hour when I saw that there was an unusual disturbance of the elements. The first part of my ride across the valley was comparatively easy, but at eight o'clock I turned out of the valley and entered on the long, narrow road that through the wind-swept canyon. This passage, bounded on each side by high cliffs, acted as a regular conduit for the wind, the rain also now began to fall in torrents, and it was all I could do to keep my seat and guide my burro. I had still two miles through the canyon before I struck the mountain trail. At all times a steep and difficult ascent, it would now be ten times more so.
 But reach the master I must. The mere thought of him alone on the narrow plateau overhanging the mountain precipice spurred me on to fresh effort.
 On we rode, senior, but with a slowness that nearly drove me mad. Oh, for wings to fly across the intervening space! The patient burro did its best, and now at last we were at the foot of the steep mountain trail. Resolutely I turned the animal's head that way; slowly, step by step and with every step a pause—we made our way up the mountainside, through darkness indescribable and in the face of wind and rain that was like a tornado and a flood. Then, far off, I heard the rumbling of thunder. Another hour and we were half-way up the mountain when a furious storm of thunder and lightning was added to the already overcharged elements. I had so far proceeded with extreme caution, but now, blinded by a flash, I swerved and pulled my burro's head the wrong way; in a second he was down and striking out wildly with the instinct of self-

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preservation. I grasped the friendly branch of a tree. Above the thunder of the elements I heard my burro go crashing down the mountain-side. Only a miracle had saved me from the same death, senior. For a moment I lay like one stunned, then I arose, strong in the determination to proceed; the rest of my journey must be made on foot. And so it was, senior. Most of the way groping on my knees, with torn garments that were drenched to the skin, and with bleeding hands and feet, I fought my way to the summit of the canyon. A flash of lightning showed me the straight, level path that led across from the spot where I was crouching on the ground to the edge of the cliff, one hundred feet distant, where was the path that led down to the cabana. To stand up in that wind was impossible, besides, the full force of it was behind me, and might blow me over the cliff, if I tried to walk. I must continue, therefore, to creep. For full fifty feet I felt my way along the ground—and then simultaneously there was a crash of thunder overhead and a deep rumbling under foot. The earth seemed to rock like a gigantic cradle, and there was a noise as if the whole mountain were crumbling to pieces.
 Was it some peculiar action of the earthquake that caused the lightning which followed to continue, flash after flash, for fully two minutes? Sometimes, senior, even sixty seconds can be an eternity of time. In that vivid and blinding light, which lit up the valley and canyon with an unearthly brightness, I beheld a marvellous sight. The Waters of Trembling had become the Waters of Destruction. In a vast column of dark water and silver spray they were thrown upward thirty feet in the air; and I knew by the sound that in their backward leap they were falling down the cliff on our cabana. All danger to myself was forgotten. With a cry I arose to my feet and dashed forward. The master was there, under that avalanche. Surely I heard his voice calling me above the storm.
 The next moment the wind had taken me like a ball and lifted me off my feet—then, I struck something. I know not what, and all was oblivion.

Did he escape, you ask, the master I loved so well, and would have died to save? Alas, no senior. That terrible descent of the Waters of Trembling swept down on our plateau, bearing house and all in it over the cliffs to the valley three hundred feet below. Thence its course led onward to the waters of the Guadalupe, which became a ranging torrent for days to come. When the storm was over the Waters of Trembling had vanished. Thirty years ago, senior, and they have never come back! If you climb the mountain you can look down in the empty crater that once held them.
 And the dear master? Five miles down the river we found all that was mortal of him. We brought him to the church and Padre Paul sang the Requiem Mass; then we buried him on the hillside where all the breezes blow.
 That is all, senior. I sent the ring and the book to his son, and his wife wrote me, and would have had me live with them, but I was too old to leave my own country that I love so well.

You think the title of the book strange, you say, and that both fire and water worked the master's destruction. Ah! senior, look not at it that way. I grant you he passed through them both—the fires of a sinful and worldly life—of temptations at last conquered; and after that the Waters of Trembling. But what says the sweet singer, David, in one of his psalms, senior?
 "We passed through fire and water, and then Thou didst bring us forth into a wealthy place."
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