



Love on The Mexican Border

Sweetly she smiled into the eyes of both, kisses she took from both—the ruddy American and the dark-skinned Mexican. And in the strong arms of the man from the North, was it any wonder that for the moment she forgot that Pedro would soon be there? Her punishment? Men of the North laugh coldly and pass on, but the Southern brother below the Rio Grande loves, as he hates, with a singleness that knows no mercy. On this erring woman, going so gayly to her fate, O. Henry could look with excuse and pity, as he did on the weaknesses of women, always, everywhere, for he knew their small shoulders bear burdens that would break the backs of men.

giving plants and herbs accidentally discovered by Ta-qualla, the beautiful wife of the chief of the Choctaw Nation, while gathering truck to garnish a platter of boiled dog for an annual corn dance. . . .”

In the capacity of Dr. Waugh-hoo, Mr. Peters “struck Fisher Hill.” He went to a druggist and got credit for half a gross of eight-ounce bottles and corks, and with the help of the running water from the tap in the hotel room, he spent a long evening manufacturing Resurrection Bitters. The next evening the sales began. The bitters at fifty cents a bottle “started off like sweetbreads on toast at a vegetarian dinner.” Then there intervenes a constable with a German silver badge. “Have you got a city license?” he asks, and Mr. Peters’ medicinal activity comes to a full stop. The threat of prosecution under the law for practising medicine without a license puts Mr. Peters for the moment out of business.

He returns sadly to his hotel, pondering on his next move. Here by good fortune he meets a former acquaintance, a certain Andy Tucker, who has just finished a tour in the Southern States, working the Great Cupid Combination Package on the chivalrous and unsuspecting South.

“Andy,” says Jeff, in speaking of his friend’s credentials, “was a good street man: and he was more than that—he respected his profession and was satisfied with 300 per cent. profit. He had