

portals that indicate the international boundary line, a Mexican, a good-natured farmer-like person, came out of the little wooden custom house door and greeted us with "Buena Diaz." Our guide tells him that we have nothing dutiable, so he waves us an amiable permission to proceed, and we alight in front of a row of wooden shacks devoted to the sale of Mexican curios. As the first duty of a tourist is to buy postal cards, which like the poor we have always with us, we buy liberally to address and mail them, finding with glad surprise that Mexican two cent stamps can be bought for one cent. To a bargain hunter this opens up at once that scheme of buying out all the stock of stamps, but wiser thoughts prevail. I refrained from buying many articles that I wanted to buy because of an hallucination that I would be there again in a short time and then buy, and this idiosyncrasy has haunted me through life. It is said that a fault once discovered and acknowledged is half corrected. Backed up and cheered by this comforting suggestion I shall go to work deliberately the next time I visit Tia Juana or any similar place, and load up with everything that appeals to my taste. Tethered to a tent was a venerable burro whose motheaten coat and gray muzzle showed him to be no longer young. His drooping head and general sardonic look hinted that many years of intercourse with hard-hearted Greasers had imbued him with a depressed, not to say skeptical view of mankind. On being addressed he deprecated all advances towards acquaintance. No Greasers for him. On the tent to which the burro was tethered was a notice that a bull fight would take place that afternoon. But the burro's skeptical attitude was catching, and we too harbored a suspicion that the bulls would not be fierce or gory enough to justify the expenditure of two pesos.

But like the late lamented Tam O'Shanter we discovered that "No man can tether time or tide" and like him we must set off for home. So it is good-bye