

into the seat, your legs over the side, your feet on the footboard, your hand on anything you can grab hold of, your trust fixed in Providence, and off you go. And what is more, you arrive at your destination before a ponderous four-wheeler would get fairly under way. The hansom is called the London gondola—the jaunting car is the Irish flea on wheels. When in Ireland, use it. It is good for both body and mind. Now for my own initial experience with one, and the singular outcome thereof.

On the railway which connects Belfast and Dublin, there is a little station called Tanderagee—accent on the last syllable, the “g” being pronounced hard. Tanderagee is one of those spots that seem somehow to have wandered off, like adventurous children, and never found their way back. One fine day last summer I had occasion to visit it on a matter of business, and having accomplished my errand, there remained three or four hours to kill before I could get a return train to Belfast.

What under the sun to do with myself was the question. The sight of three jaunting cars at the station, waiting for custom, solved it. I would have a ride.

“Where will I take you, sir?” inquired my charioteer.

“A few miles anywhere into the country and back. Choose the road yourself.”

“Then, sir, suppose I take you to see the girl they call the walking miracle, whose case was so much talked about all through the country?”

“All right,” said I: “go ahead.”

We started off at a rattling pace, up hill and down dale. There wasn’t a level rod anywhere. But the pony was fresh and frisky, and seemingly anxious to show what he could do. I hadn’t had so salutary a shaking up in a weary while. The weather was brilliant. The tanning I received on that ride is brown on my hands and face yet. On we went. Now under the damp shade of great trees, now under a half-mile of unmodified sun glare, now past a row of sad, tenantless houses, now alongside streams pure and crystalline as the river described in the Apocalypse, now past a group of wondering children who stared at the cavorting stranger from a hedge.

But enough is as good as a feast, and sometimes better. Half-way up a long hill I called a halt. The pony was dripping wet and had bellows to mend. It was his own fault; still he had earned the right to breathe, and should enjoy it. I lowered myself to the ground, and told the driver to wait, while I strolled up the road to a group of trees just beyond and rested. Then we would return.

I simply ached all over. It was good to walk to take the kinks out of one’s legs. What a beautiful day,

1st MONTH

DAY	MONTH	DAY	WEEK
1	MON.		
2	TUES.		
3	WED.		
4	THUR.		
5	FRI.		
6	SAT.		
7	SUN.		
8	MON.		
9	TUES.		
10	WED.		
11	THUR.		
12	FRI.		
13	SAT.		
14	SUN.		
15	MON.		
16	TUES.		
17	WED.		
18	THUR.		
19	FRI.		
20	SAT.		
21	SUN.		
22	MON.		
23	TUES.		
24	WED.		
25	THUR.		
26	FRI.		
27	SAT.		
28	SUN.		
29	MON.		
30	TUES.		
31	WED.		

MOON'S PHASE

New Moon
First Quarter...
Full Moon
Last Quarter ...
New Moon

what a delight
lonely region
visible or aud
people, and w

But you c
Once, in Egy
myself that w
me in all this
&c., &c.—and
of Cook’s tour
of a pyramid.