

Corner for Junior Readers

SOME OF DENNY'S OUT-OF-SCHOOL DOINGS

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

CHAPTER III.

Unintentional, and Notes on Neighbors.

Bridget had a good memory, well stored with ballads and rhymes of many sorts which Kathleen and Denis liked to hear. When she was in a compliant mood Denny always asked for "Brian O'Linn" and he soon knew it by heart.

Here are a few of the verses he repeated the oftenest.

"Brian O'Linn had an old grey mare,
Her legs were long and her sides were bare.
They galloped along through thick and thin:—
'Sure she's fit for a Prince!' said Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
So he borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat.
He stuck up the horns right under the skin,—
'They'll answer for pistols,' said Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on,
So he got him a turnip to make him a one,
He put in a cricket just under the skin,
'They'll think she's a' tickin,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn and his wife and his mother,
They all went over a bridge together.
The bridge it broke—and they all fell in!
'We'll find ground at the bottom,' said Brian O'Linn.

It was with no intention of following Brian's example, as described in the last verse, that Denny set off by himself for a bicycle ride one day.

Not having yet arrived at a marriageable age, he had no wife to take with him, and his machine being a bicycle and not either a sociable tricycle or a tandem, he could not expect his mother to accompany him.

Brian therefore had the advantage in that HE had company.

A picture shows Mrs. O'Linn, Senior, on one side of a jaunting car, Mrs. O'Linn, Junior, on the other, both women of fine proportions. Brian himself occupied the dickey in front.

This illustration precedes the line "The bridge it broke."

By some means or other, at a period unknown or forgotten, one of the old bone-shaking high bicycles had come into the Donnelly family.

There were very few rules in that household, and no one thought of forbidding the use of it to Denny.

After many tumbles he had taught himself to mount and with care could ride on smooth roads with approximate comfort.

The towing path beside the Grand Canal was one of his favorite haunts when on foot. The roadway was a few feet above the path, and the slope between the two was rough with the gnarled and knotted roots of fine shade trees.

Well, as I said, Denis set out for a bicycle ride one day on the "bone-shaker."

He had kept to the roadway above the towing-path, and was feeling easy and confident, perhaps a little over-confident if the truth were known.

Suddenly his wheel skidded and before he could say "Jack Robinson" not to mention "Brian O'Linn," he found himself taking a header into the canal.

As in the case of the optimistic Brian, there was ground at the bottom, and the boy easily scrambled out again.

He waited just long enough to wash off the green weeds that clung to his face and garments before wheeling the

bicycle home. It was so badly twisted in the fall that it was never fit for riding afterwards.

As he came near the house, he slackened his pace to avoid overtaking Edmund and Alf. Flynn, lads who lived next door, and who were leading their grey pony around to its stable in the rear of their house.

It was a much finer specimen of horseflesh than the old grey mare aforesaid.

Denny reflected that "May," the pony, would not have played him the trick of tossing him into the canal if he had been on her back; but he also remembered that there were many rules in the Flynn family, and that Mr. Flynn had strictly forbidden Edmund and Alf. to ride the pony. Their duty was to feed and groom and generally care for it, and to have pony and trap ready for him when, as a relaxation from business cares he drove himself out into the country for an hour or two. His wife was an invalid at that time and could not go out, but sometimes Kathleen and Denis were invited to make up a party of four with Ethel Flynn and her father for these drives.

Although Mr. Flynn might appear to be a martinet in his own family, he knew how to be very entertaining, and he told many amusing stories on these occasions that kept Kathleen and Denis in ripples of laughter. Ethel was often in a state of indecision. If she spoke, her father might turn on her with some sarcasm. A favourite saying with him was:—

"Look, Kathleen! Ethel never opens her mouth but she puts her foot in it."

If she was silent he would ask her whether she was suffering from toothache.

His hobby was music. He had a good tenor voice, and he enjoyed having informal musical evenings when his friends visited him.

At this time he and Edmund were building a pipe-organ in the back drawing-room. It was being done with great accuracy from a treatise on the subject, and already many rows of pipes of different sizes were finished and ranged against the wall to be fitted into their respective positions when the framework was completely ready.

BLUE WINDS

(By Alice M. Winlow)

In opal-shadowed sunset
The dandelion seeds
(Their silken veils scarce spun yet)
Seem tipped with crystal beads;
And from the sea a blue wind softly calls,
And from the sky a rose-barred twilight falls.

The sea-gulls westward winging
Grow rosy in the light,
And all my heart goes singing
Following their flight,
Till all the sky is filled with plumes of fire
And azure winds pluck music from heaven's lyre.

The green, wind-sifted moonlight
Startles the cherry-tree,
And flowers tremble noon-bright;
While from the singing sea
The azure wind to keep a timeless tryst
Steals inland to the fragrant blossoming mist.

The sea-gulls winging till viewless,
Meadow and cherry-tree,
The winds trailing their blueness
Over a sunset sea—
My heart shall hold, though loveliness be gone,
And earth's blue winds shall fill the spirit's dawn.