TRIED THRICE.

Four children stood in a group before the door of the village schoolhouse.

"The new schoolmaster's coming down that way, Jimmy Jones," said Cyril.

"I'm so glad! I was afraid it was old Jackson, Hoffman, with his spectacles and his black bonnet."

The Hoffman mentioned was not a schoolmistress, but a terrible dragon of a school-master, whose name was a bugbear to the children of the village.

"Hoffman, indeed!" said Jimmy.

And now Jimmy spoke and they turned their eyes, and walked toward the school-house. The master was looking out, the boy saw him as they came up, and he felt that he was to be sick and have a headache and have to go home, or he felt that something would happen to him, or that the school would be burned down, or something else would happen to keep him from being master. But the master was there, the master was there, and he was looking at them, and they had to go in and take their places, and then, Jimmy felt, the master would see that he had been crying, and he would be angry with him for being a baby, and he would be sarcastic with him, and he would make him feel small before the other boys and girls.

Jimmy was a little fellow, and he was very sensitive, and he was very fond of his mother, who was a widow, and he was very fond of his little sister, who was a cripple, and he was very fond of himself, and he was very sensitive about himself. He was very sensitive about himself because he was a little fellow, and because he was a cripple, and because he was fond of himself. He was very sensitive about himself because he was a little fellow, and because he was a cripple, and because he was fond of himself, and because he was a little fellow, and because he was a cripple, and because he was fond of himself, and because he was a little fellow, and because he was a cripple, and because he was fond of himself, and