

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang and we hadn't a chance to show it to anybody else; but Dick said: "We'll put it on a stick and pass it around at recess. Won't Tom be mad?"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said—and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while another idea struck him and he whispered it to me: "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell all the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and, when he got a chance, dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it; for the minute recess came before we had a chance to tell anyone, Tom rushed up to us, with his face like a full sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my little sister, Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

And there he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of that joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads our-

selves just then, for we stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't —" began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

"We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first rate now; he's tip top when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandma how we came to get acquainted, though, and she laughed a little and said: "A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if we only took the trouble to be kind to them.—*Selected.*"

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