

THE SUNBEAM

[ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

No. 24.

STILTS.

THREE of the jolly little chaps in our picture were very anxious to be taller than they were and to see how it would feel "to be away up in the world," so they made themselves stilts in which Jack and Tom have learned to walk very well. You can see how well they are walking and how high the stilts are made. Ted, who leans against the wall for support, is having a rather hard time trying to make a start, and hardly knows how to balance himself on the stilts. Ted, with his hoop in his hand, is enjoying Ted's discomfort, and Willis you see, stands smiling with admiration at the way in which Tom, his brother, can walk, for he is ahead while Jack follows in the rear. Let us hope that poor Ted will not have a fall, but that he will be able to walk away from the fence all right and surprise Ted.



STILTS.

RAY'S BANK.

It was under a plank of the great barn floor, a place just large enough to hold the three bushels of hazel-nuts which Ray had picked and carefully hoarded there—and this was the bank.

"If folks save only a little every year, they'll have money to spend when they are old, papa says. So I'll just not eat all my nuts right up, and keep some for the next winter," said Ray, sagely.

So he and the squirrels worked together through the brilliant autumn weather. He was as busy as they, and hoarded his winter store as carefully, so that when the crimson gold leaves turned to brown, his bank was full.

Every day he went to peep into it until he went with mamma to visit at grandpa's.

all, papa, I don't believe banks are a sure solid thing, do you? Some men are as bad as chipmunks, you know. I believe the best way is to try to do joy things as you go along, and make folk happy as you can, instead of putting lots of money in the bank to lose or be quarrelled over when you die."

Wise little Ray.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

They staid two weeks, and what a long time it was to the boy, with a bank to look after! Grandpa's sweet apples, and grandma's brown, twisted doughnuts, didn't taste half so good as they generally did. Grandpa and grandma wondered, and said he surely was sick, but then they didn't know about the loose plank in the great barn floor, and the store of wealth under it, and what a care it was!

It was the first thing Ray thought of when he got home, you may be sure. And this was what he found there—empty husks. As if some one had filled his bank with counterfeit money while he was away. His bank had failed.

"A family of chipmunks have been very busy here for a week," said papa. "I should not wonder if they were the thieves, and I think that their bank is under that old pine-tree that I'm going to cut to-day"

And there it was. Under the roots he found another bank filled with the wealth of his. So he was more successful than some officers; but he said gravely: "After