

to slide along from day to day without causing their parents much anxiety about them.

"I guess St. Michael squelched the prince of darkness for good and all, mother," said Jack one evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Keniston, coming in, found Jack on the floor, his arms under his head, looking at the picture on the wall. "I don't believe there was much left of him when the angel got through with him. He looks as though he meant business and no fooling."

"Don't be too sure," said Mrs. Keniston, drawing on her gloves. "The power of evil may assert itself when you least expect it, sonny. It is apt to take some very attractive forms; so be on the lookout, he may appear any day."

As they went out to take the car for the Symphony Concert, Mr. Keniston looked back to say, "Be good boys, stay in the house, and go to bed at nine, sharp."

Jack lay on the floor and kicked the carpet for some time, while Elmer and Maurice sat down to read by the library table.

"Awful stupid, staying in with nothing to do," said Jack at last, getting up and throwing himself into a chair by the window. "I wish something would happen, I am tired of everything."

"Better read the 'Loyal Little Red Coat,'" said Elmer. "First rate story, good as 'Lord Fauntleroy.'"

"Don't want to read stories about girls," said Jack disdainfully.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The fire alarm quickly rang out, while the boys counted the strokes.

"Eighty-six, that's the next box said Jack, peeping out of the window. "Here goes a fire engine," as one went rattling by at full speed.

Jack sat still three minutes by the clock. "Oh, come, let's go to the fire. What's the use of staying here gaping at nothing?" he cried, running into the hall and putting on his ulster.

"Father said not to go out," remonstrated Elmer, who was the oldest and wisest.

Jack paid no heed, but hurried out of the door, pulling Maurice after him by the sleeve. Finally Elmer, unwilling to be left alone, followed very reluctantly.

The streets were full of people hurrying to the fire, which was several blocks away.

The puffing engines were already playing upon the burning buildings, and long shaky lines of hose lay along the streets and across the sidewalks, blocking the way. The boys ran along through the crowd, dodging under horses' noses, and grazing the wheels of vehicles with the usual recklessness of boys on such occasions, finally getting near enough to see

the firemen on their ladders directing streams of water into the flames. Jack, always ahead in mischief, edged through the crowd just in time to see a thrilling rescue of a child from an upper window, and, in the excitement, he forgot his brothers, and forgot that he had run away from home against his father's orders. He only came to his senses when a policeman seized him by the collar as he was about to run right in front of a foaming engine horse, and remarked gruffly, "Get out of this youngster, or your pa'll make it hot for you if you ever get home alive," and then Jack awoke to the fact that he was in a dangerous neighborhood for small boys.

It was no use to try to go back by the way he had come, so Jack made a detour coming out into Washington street, which was as usual filled with people, and lined with brilliantly lighted shops. He strolled along, looking in at every window, blissfully unconscious that it was past nine o'clock, and that his father and mother had returned from the concert, finding Elmer and Maurice safe at home, but with no knowledge whatever of truant Jack. Presently he stopped before a café whose elegant interior quite dazzled his eyes. The glass door was slightly ajar, and naughty Jack, his bare hands in his ulster pockets, peeped in at the glittering mirrors, the fine pictures on the walls, and the elegantly appointed tables, at which groups of men were sitting. Some of them were sipping out of glasses, in which stood long slender glass sticks. At a table near the door sat two well dressed men, one of whom spied Jack Keniston.

"Hello young man, come in!" he said, rising and opening the door. Jack was chilled with cold, but he had a conscience, and hesitated. "Come in!" repeated the man, smiling pleasantly, "I will give you a glass of hot lemonade to warm you up, you look cold!"

So Jack, who had started out on the wrong tack, found it easy to pursue it to the bitter end. He sidled in, and sat down at the table, while his host who seemed to Jack as splendid as a prince, smiled again, and ordered of the white-aproned waiter fresh glasses of hot lemonade. Jack did not see a peculiar glance pass between his host and the waiter but soon found his tongue, and gave the two gentlemen an account of his adventures at the fire, while he sipped the hot liquor set before him. It was very sweet, Jack thought, and very nice, and he did not refuse another glass when it was offered him. His tongue began to run very fast, he hardly knew what he did say in his excitement. The men smiled, then laughed loudly at some of Jack's sallies. By and by, Jack began to feel a little light-headed, and the figures in the pictures on the walls seemed to move in the flashing lights that blazed above