

cave which held none but themselves, and there they stopped to take breath.

"Oh, Poppie," gasped Doris, "are we safe?"

"No," replied Poppie, "we are a long way off from safe, I can tell you. I thought that I could get you past the Witch without her seeing you, but she knows you, and something must be done, or you and I will perish in the pot."

"Why, oh, why, Poppie, did you bring me here?" Doris screamed.

Poppie looked her full in the face in a very curious way for a minute before she answered,

"If I were to tell you why, you would not believe me, and if you did believe it, you would be too much frightened to do anything but scream, so I will just tell you that you and I are pretty close to our fortunes just now, and to our parents whom we have never known. But we are close, also to the, danger of being thrown into Beldame Bleary's boiling pot; so what we have got to do is to get ahead of that Witch. Her pot is boiling fast, and her fire is brisk, but I shall bring the victims of her cruel plot together and make them move more quickly than either. It is a race, Doris; quit your crying and help me. You and I are running a race with the Witch's fire. We must get there before her fire is ready. She wants it to be many degrees hotter.

"Where are we racing to?" said Doris, as she tried to dry her eyes.

"Ah," answered Poppie sagely, "that I don't know; I have been puzzling over it ever since I can remember. I have only found out a few things. You are my sister, Doris, and that is why I have always loved you, and it is through this witch that we have been stolen away. She, by means of her wicked broth, works spells that harm all whom she hates. She took us away from our home when we