

The winds whistled on, and the witch who felt her power lessening, was boiling over in paroxysms of rage.

She seized her cat, placed it before her on a rock of the cave, and spoke in a voice that seemed to issue from the centre of the earth :

"Slave of my power, with all-seeing eyes, I command thee lead me to where the stolen young ones are hidden!"

The cat leaped wildly in the air when the witch had finished her command, and came to the ground with a deafening cry.

Again it leaped into the air, and again it came to the ground with the same dreadful shriek.

Soon after the witch set out with her green-eyed guide. Then the cat disappeared. The witch came to a babbling brook; the lightning hissed, and the thunder rolled anew. When the turmoil in the sky was over, the babbling brook ran along, and said in dismal tones :

"Follow me, follow me, follow me!"

On, on, over the rocks and shell wooden branches, and stumps of rotten trees—on over rugged roads the witch pursued her course along the babbling brook, while the birds of the air were darting around her in wild confusion. The cat was far in advance; whenever its feet touched the ground the earth seemed to glow and kindle. The witch hurried on. At last she saw her cat ahead. She rushed forth at a faster pace.

Soon they came to a dark, dark spot. Nothing save the green light sparkling from the cat's eyes was visible. The witch followed on. They approached a rough stone staircase. A caldron near the green-eyed cat immediately began to fume. The light coming from the fire in the heated caldron illuminated the scene. In a corner of this horrible place were the two children. The little girl had fallen asleep upon her brother's knees. As the boy saw the green eyes of the cat coming down the steps, and the witch's frame illumined by the caldron, following them, he clasped his little hands convulsively and prayed for mercy.

But there was no mercy. The good breeze that had borne the children from the witch's home had been con-

quered at the moment the witch reached the babbling brook, for the goblins to whom the witch had appealed exerted their power, and the lightning-flash dispelled the breeze and dropped the children into a cave, which was the witch's deserted home.

She now seized the boy and his apparently lifeless sister and took them home. The winds whistled on, and the air grew oppressive. Still, however, the witch proceeded, and finally reached her cave. She took the boy and laid him upon the fire, and danced in glee as she heard his bones crackle.

She next turned to the girl. But she was a corpse.

The witch and her cat seized the roasted body and began tearing it to pieces.

They had nearly finished it all when suddenly the green-eyed cat gave a woful moan and fell dead.

The witch dropped the uneaten bones and looked at her cat. In another moment she, too, uttered a scream and sank lifeless upon the floor of the cave.

The children had eaten the poisonous, slimy plants that grew in the cave where they had been left. The girl had died from the effects, and the poisoned flesh of the roasted boy proved fatal to the witch and her green-eyed cat.

The lifeless forms of the two evil ones sank deeper and deeper into the ground of the cave, and finally were lost sight of. In their place sprang up a number of deadly plants to mark the scenes of their wicked ways.

The little girl was wafted away by the good breeze, triumphant now, and hidden in a distant spot in some pleasant grove, where to this day delightful breezes play in calm and holy peacefulness.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott. So when Ben got to be twenty-one he expected to hear the governor say something of his future prospects and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage: "I suppose I am now