

DOLLY AND DOT.



II.

One day, however, when Ralph and Ellen had let the little bird out of his cage, and he was on the floor, singing at times very sweetly, the cat all at once seized Dot in her mouth, and leaped up on the table.

“Oh, you wicked cat!” cried Ellen in great alarm. “Let him go, Dolly! Drop him this instant!”

“I have read in a book that all cats are treacherous,” said Ralph; “and Dolly, it seems, is no exception. You bad cat, drop that bird!”

The only reply Dolly made was to growl, and to crook her back as if in a great rage.

Strange to say, all this time Dot did not seem to be very much frightened. Dolly held him tenderly in her mouth; and all at once the children saw what was the matter. A strange cat had entered by the open door; and Dolly, afraid that this strange cat would harm the bird, had seized it, and sprung with it on to the table.