

room. I, all by myself, watched him creep in and hide himself behind the big sideboard in the corner. I said nothing to him, and he said nothing to me, for he did not see me. I had been sleeping beside the radiator, for the night was chilly. At ten o'clock cook came downstairs to lock up. She opened the dining-room door, came in, and put the window down and locked it. I followed her out, and ran to my dear mistress' room.

"She was in bed, but I mewed and fussed till she got up, and said, 'What is the matter with Thomas?'

"I threw my whole hunting soul in my eyes, and turned my head from one side to another, like this—" and he moved his black head about, the way he does when he is stealing through the shrubbery looking for young birds.

"By my wings," said Chummy in my ear, "Thomas is becoming quite a fancy speaker."

Thomas was going on with his story: "I cried lustily and led her toward the dining room, but when she started to go there I got in front of her and acted in a frightened way.

"She understood me. She is a very clever