

"No, that isn't a bird look," said Chummy. "T-check, t-chack, Thomas, what is the matter with you?"

Thomas strolled to our tree and stretching himself in the sunlight, said proudly, "I caught a burglar last night."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Vox Clamanti who had been listening, "Thomas has reformed. He's going to catch men instead of mice and birds."

All the birds came flying up, Black Gorget and ever so many other sparrows with Sister Susie who had just flown out for an airing. Slow-Boy and Susan, Bronze-Wing, and even Chickari, the good squirrel, and his little mate came running along the branches overhead.

Thomas rolled his eyes at them as they assembled, and when they had calmed down, he began his tale.

"Last night," he said, "when dinner was over, cook and the maids cleaned up in the kitchen and dining-room and went upstairs to their rooms. There was no one in the back of the house but me. I alone saw a strange man come along the lane by the garden, get over the fence, and come up to one of the dining-room windows which had been left open to air the