

as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!

'Can't remember *what* things?' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, I've tried to say *'How doth the little busy bee,'* but it all came different!' Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

'Repeat, *'you are old, Father William,'* said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

*'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head--
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'*

*'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'*

*'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door--
Pray, what is the reason of that?'*

*'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment--one shilling the box--
Allow me to sell you a couple?'*