

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said. "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion and by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, "call the next witness."

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list. Imagine her surprise when he read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

X—ALICE'S EVIDENCE

"**H**ERE!" cried Alice. She jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

The King then read from his book: "Rule forty-