

two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court."*

"*I'm not a mile high,*" said Alice.

"*Nearly two miles high,*" said the Queen.

"*Well, I sha'n't go, at any rate,*" said Alice.

The King turned pale and shut his note-book hastily. "*Consider your verdict,*" he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"*There's more evidence to come yet, please Your Majesty,*" said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry. "*This paper has just been picked up. It seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to—to somebody.*" He unfolded the paper as he spoke and added, "*It isn't a letter, after all; it's a set of verses.*"

"*Please, Your Majesty,*" said the Knave, "*I didn't write it and they can't prove that I did; there's no name signed at the end.*"

"*You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man,*" said the King. There was a general clapping of hands at this.

