Chapter 4  
  
The Rabbit Sends in a Little  
Bill  
  
Tt was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously  
abont as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering  
to itself ‘The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and  
whiskers! She'll got me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where CAN I  
have dropped them, I wonder?’ Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking  
for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly  
began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen-everything  
seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with  
the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.  
  
Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting abont, and called  
out to her in an angry tone, ‘Why, Mary Ann, what ARE you doing out here?  
Rim home this moment, and fotch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!”  
And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it  
pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.  
  
‘He took me for his housemaid,’ she said to herself as she ran. ‘How  
surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his  
fan and gloves-that is, if I can find them.’ As she said this, she came upon  
a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the  
name ‘W, RABBIT’ engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and  
hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and  
be tured ont of the honse before she had found the fan and gloves.  
  
‘How queer it seems,’ Alice said to herself, ‘to be going messages for a  
‘Fabbit! I suppose Dinahll be sending me on messages next!’ And she began  
  
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