



she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice!

when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden

key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could

not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass,

and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it

was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying,

the poor little thing sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather

sharply. "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave

herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and

sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her

eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having

cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself,

for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.

"But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people!"

Why there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: