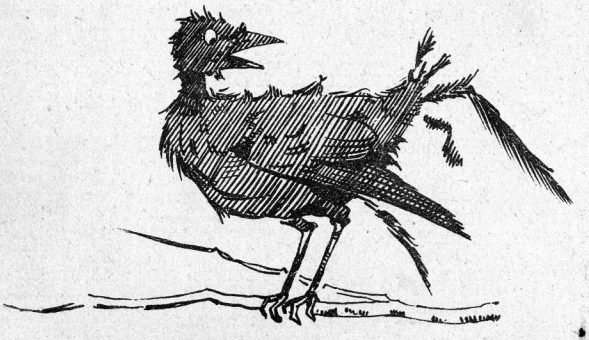Then they pasted these bills up all over the place, and ran home to hunt for their mittens again. They searched for them everywhere; they peeped in the saucepan, though, as that had been on a high shelf all day with the lid on, they could hardly have got into there, and then they felt in the pockets of their little trousers, though they could hardly have been there either as they only wore them on Sundays, and this was Thursday, afterwards they looked on the wall where they had been sitting and where they only now remembered that they had hung them, but no, they had gone and were nowhere to be found. But, at last, in the market, in