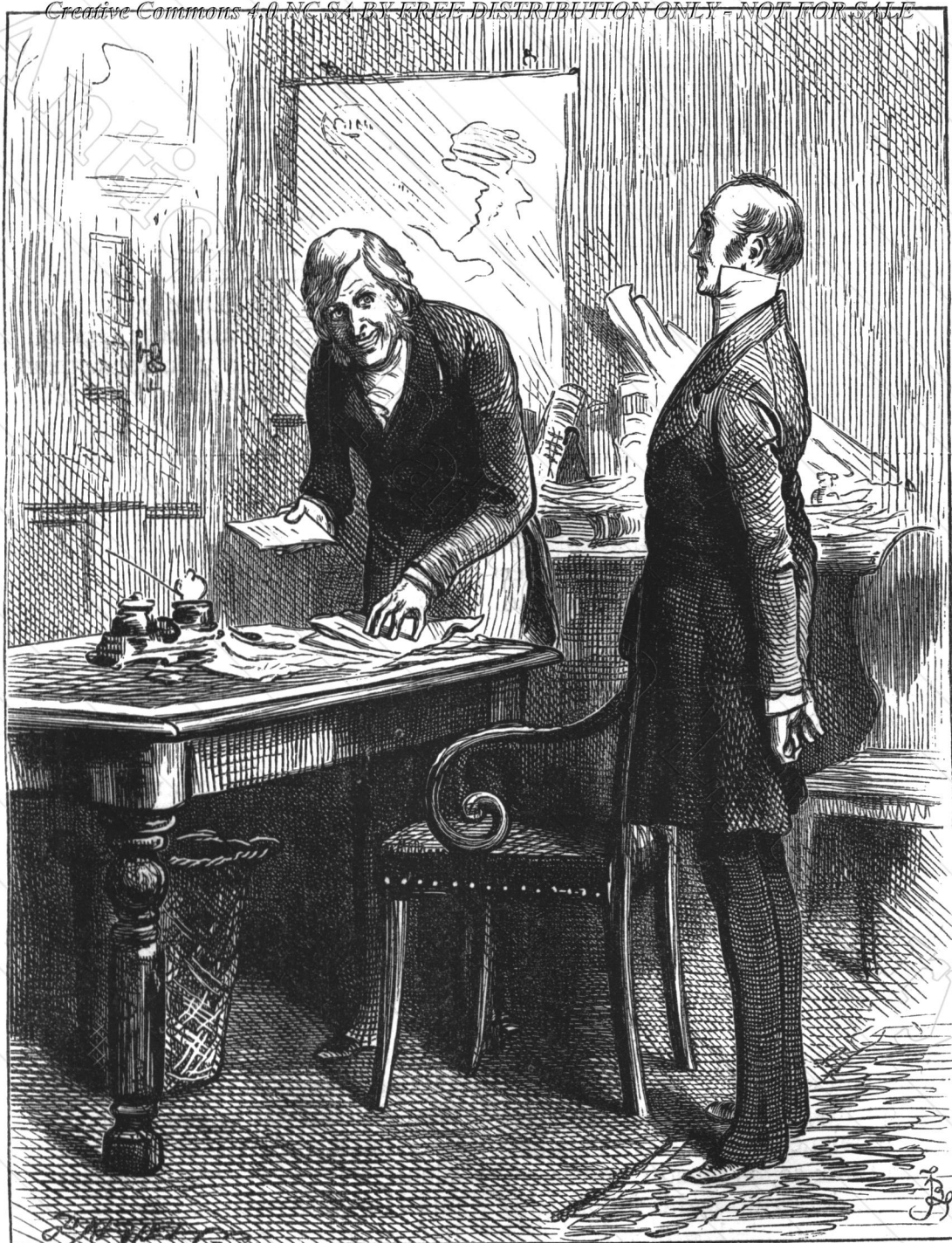




DOMBEY AND SON.
www.antiquepatternlibrary.org 2019.10



“WHEN THE DOCTOR SMILED AUSPICIOUSLY AT HIS AUTHOR, OR KNIT HIS BROWS, OR SHOOK HIS HEAD AND MADE WRY FACES AT HIS AUTHOR, HE SAID, ‘WELL, SIR; I KNOW BETTER,’ IT WAS TERRIFIC.”



"YOU RESPECT NOBODY, CARKER, I THINK," SAID MR. DOMBEY.
"NO?" INQUIRED CARKER, WITH ANOTHER WIDE AND MOST FELINE SHOW OF HIS TEETH.



"A CERTAIN SKILFUL ACTION, ON WHICH HE BEATS HIS BRONZE SON OF JERU, AND BEAT TIME ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM, SEEMED TO DENOTE THE MUSICIAN."



“ AND YOU’RE A-GOING TO DESERT YOUR COLOURS, ARE YOU, MY LAD?” SAID THE CAPTAIN, AFTER A LONG
www.antiquepatternlibrary.org 2019.10



“FLUNG IT DOWN, AND PROD UPON THE GETTING HEAP.”



"JOE HAD BEEN DECEIVED, SIR, TAKEN IN, HOODWINKED, BLINDFOLDED, BUT WAS BROAD AWAKE AGAIN,"



“YES, MRS. PIPCHIN, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET WHAT YOU WANT THEN, PRAY?”



"OH, MY ANTIQUE PATTERN LIBRARY! SO MUCH!"



“NO, NO!” CRIED FLORENCE, HOLDING UP HER HANDS TO KEEP HER OFF. “MAMMA!”



