

THE  
WORKS  
OF

CHARLES DICKENS

HOUSEHOLD EDITION



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

LONDON  
CHAPMAN & HALL  
193  
PICCADILLY







"LIZZIE, LOOKING FOR HER FATHER, SAW HIM COMING AND STOPPED UPON THE QUAYWAY THAT HE MIGHT SEE HER."—P. 37

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# OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

BY

CHARLES DICKENS



WITH FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. MAHONEY



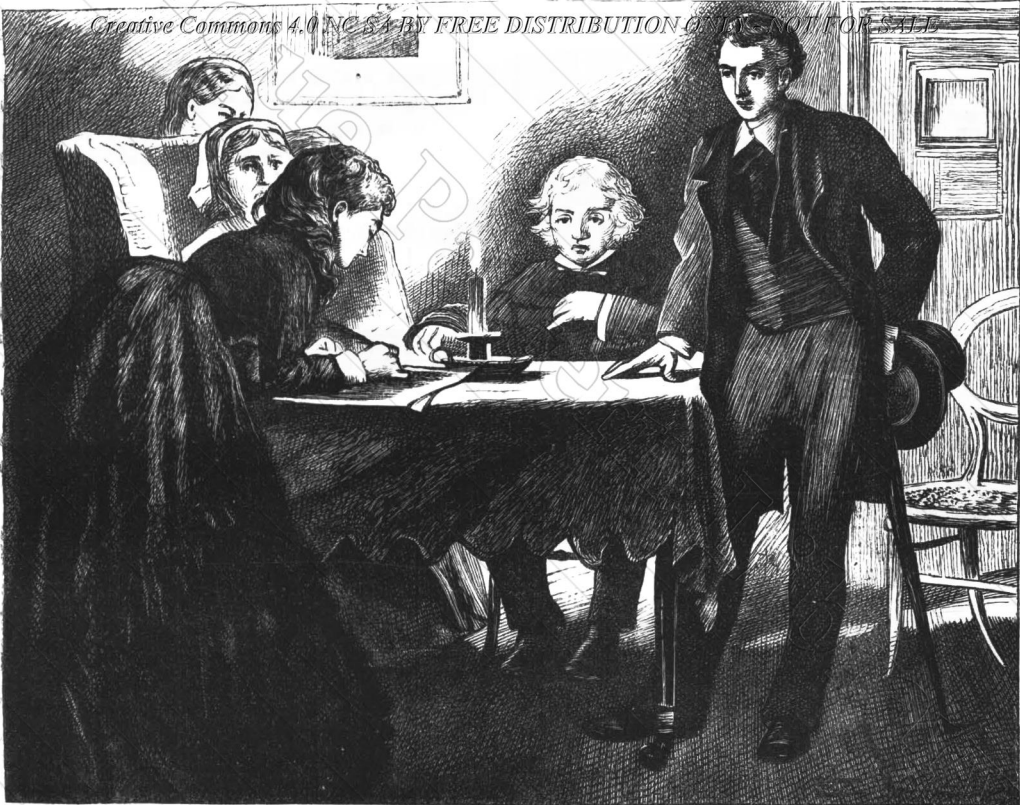
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

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IN FOUR BOOKS.





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"SHOW US A PICTURE," SAID THE BOY. "TELL US WHERE TO LOOK."



“WHEN IT CAME TO BELLA’S TURN TO SIGN HER NAME, MR. ROBERTS, WHO WAS STANDING, AS HE HAD SAT, WITH A HESITATING HAND UPON THE TABLE, LOOKED AT HER STEALTHILY, BUT NARROWLY.”





P. W. H. H. H.

“HERE YOU ARE AGAIN,” REPEATED MR. WEGG, MUSING AND “WHAT ARE YOU NOW?”



"AFTER HOLDING HER TO HIS BREAST WITH HIS BUNDLE, HE TOOK UP HIS BUNDLE AND DARTED OUT AT THE DOOR, WITH AN ARM ACROSS HIS EYES."



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“YOU’RE CASTING YOUR EYE ROUND THE SHOP, MR. WEGG. LET ME SHOW YOU A LIGHT.”



"NODDY!" SAID MRS. BOFFIN, AS SHE SAT ON THE PLAIN SETTLE, ON HIS SIDE, AND HOOKING HER COMFORTABLE ARM THROUGH HIS.



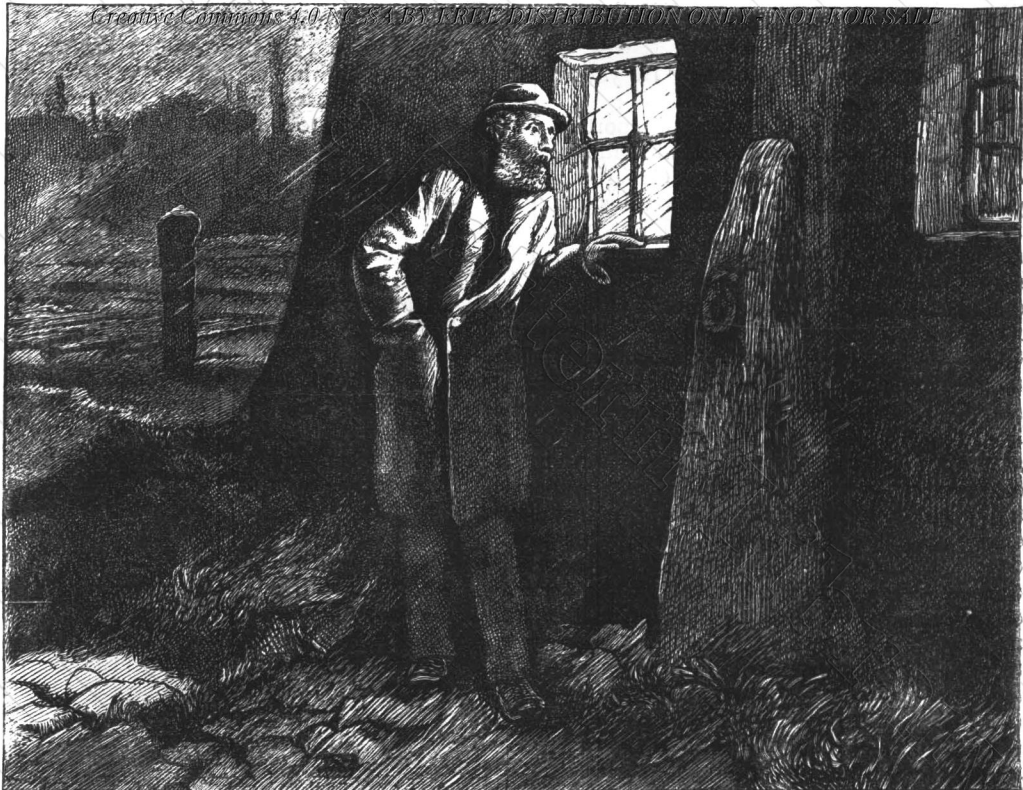


“THAT HE KNEW IT AS WELL AS WE DO.” SHE SAID, AND THEY WERE LEFT TOGETHER  
STANDING ON THE PATH BY THE GARDEN-GATE.”



"APPARENTLY ONE OF THE GHOSTS HAS LOST ITS WAY AND DROPPED IN TO BE DIRECTED. LOOK AT THIS PHANTOM!"





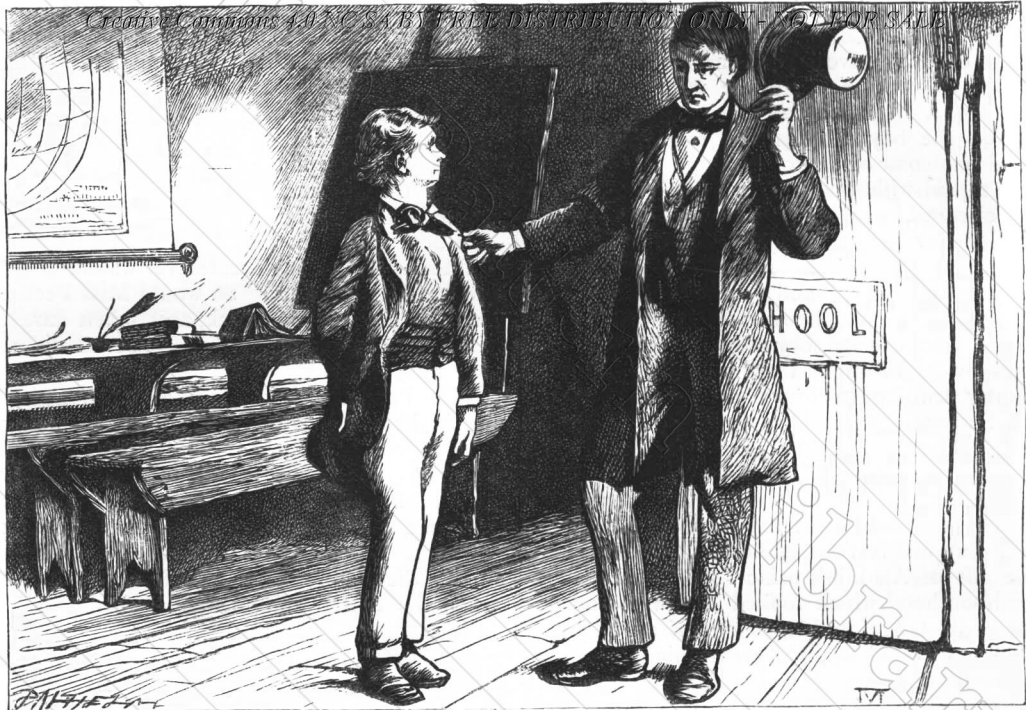
"IT WAS A LITTLE WINDOW, CURTAINED; HE CHOSE IT BECAUSE THE LARGER WINDOW NEAR IT WAS."



"THEY HAD OPENED THE DOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE GIVING ON THE YARD, AND THEY STOOD IN THE SUN-LIGHT, LOOKING AT THE SCRAWL OF THE TWO UNSTEADY CHILDISH HANDS TWO OR THREE STEPS UP THE STAIRCASE."







"MR. BRADLEY HEADSTONE, HIGHLY CERTIFICATED STIPENDIARY SCHOOLMASTER, DREW HIS RIGHT FORE-FINGER THROUGH ONE OF THE BUTTON-HOLES OF THE BOY'S COAT, AND LOOKED AT IT ATTENTIVELY."





"ONE THING, HOWEVER, I CAN DO FOR YOU" SAYS TWEMLOW: "AND THAT IS, WORK FOR YOU."

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EVERETT BLESSES HIM AGAIN.





"AH! HERE WAS ALFRED. HE HAD LEANED ON THE BACK OF SOPHRONIA'S CHAIR."



“PERCHED ON THE STOOL, WITH HIS HAT COCKED ON HIS HEAD, AND ONE OF HIS LEGS DANGLING, THE YOUTH OF FLEDGEBY HAD NOW, www.gutenberg.org WITH A PAGE OF THE JEWISH MAN AS HE STOOD WITH HIS BARE HEAD BOWED.”



“CUM VIDERENTUR HEC OMNIA LIBERARI ANTE OCULOS!”







"YOU NEVER CHARGE ME, MISS WILFER," SAID THE SECRETARY, ENCOUNTERING HER BY CHANCE ALONE IN THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM, "WITH COMMISSIONS FOR HOME. I SHALL ALWAYS BE HAPPY TO EXECUTE ANY COMMANDS YOU MAY HAVE IN THAT DIRECTION."





"MEANING," RETURNED THE LITTLE CREATURE "EVERY ONE OF YOU BUT YOU. HAH! NOW LOOK THIS LADY IN THE FACE. THIS IS MRS. TRUTH. THE HONOURABLE. FULL-DRESSED."





"AND NOW, AS THE MAN HAD WANTED TO SEE THE KNIFE, HE STOOD UP, LEANED OVER THE TABLE TO LOOK CLOSER AT THE KNIFE, AND STARED FROM IT TO HIM."



“YET THE COLD WAS MERCIFUL, FOR IT WAS THE RAIN THAT RESTORED ME FROM A SWOON ON THE STONES ON THE CAUSEWAY.”



“THE DARK LOOK OF HATRED AND REVENGE WITH WHICH THE WORDS BROKE FROM HIS LIVID LIPS, AND WITH WHICH HE STOOD HOLDING OUT HIS SMEARED HAND AS IF IT HELD SOME WEAPON, AND HAD JUST STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW, MADE HER SO AFRAID OF HIM THAT SHE TURNED TO RUN AWAY. BUT HE CAUGHT HER BY THE ARM.”

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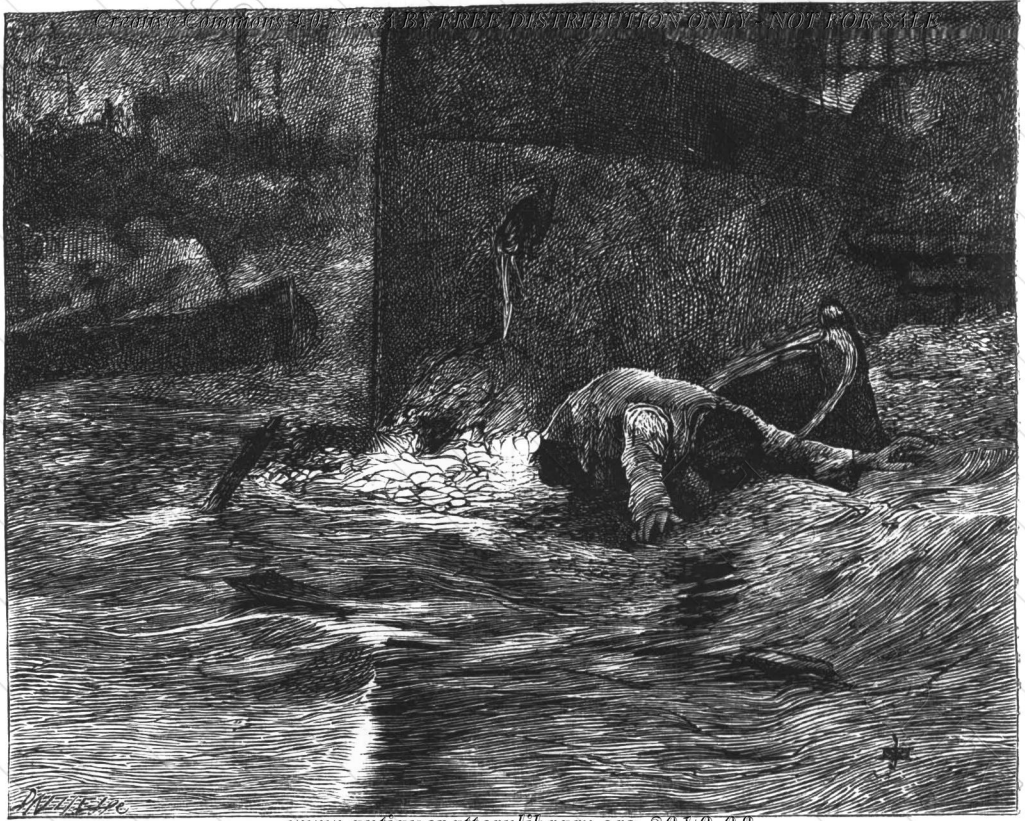




"JENNY TWISTED HER VENERABLE FRIEND ASIDE TO A BRILLIANTLY-LIGHTED TOY-SHOP WINDOW, AND SAID: 'NOW LOOK AT 'EM! ALL MY WORK!'"—P. 223.



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*W. H. R. 1898*

WATER BY ANTIQUE PATTERN LIBRARY.ORG 2019.08  
"IT'S SUMMER RUN DOWN IN THE FOG."



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"OH, INDEED, SIR! I FANCY I CAN GUESS WHOM YOU THINK THAT'S LIKE."



“FEIGNING TO BE INTENT ON HER PROCEEDINGS WITH HER NEEDLE UNTIL HER BUSY HAND WAS STOPPED BY MRS. BOFFIN'S HAND BEING EIGHTLY LAID UPON IT.”



“HE CAN NEVER BE GOING TO ANY OTHER PLACE.” THEY DROPPED LOW AND KEPT CLOSE.

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"THERE'LL SHORTLY BE AN ~~AND ANOTHER~~ <sup>AND ANOTHER</sup> WITH THE HAT-BOX. "YOUR VARNISH IS FADING."





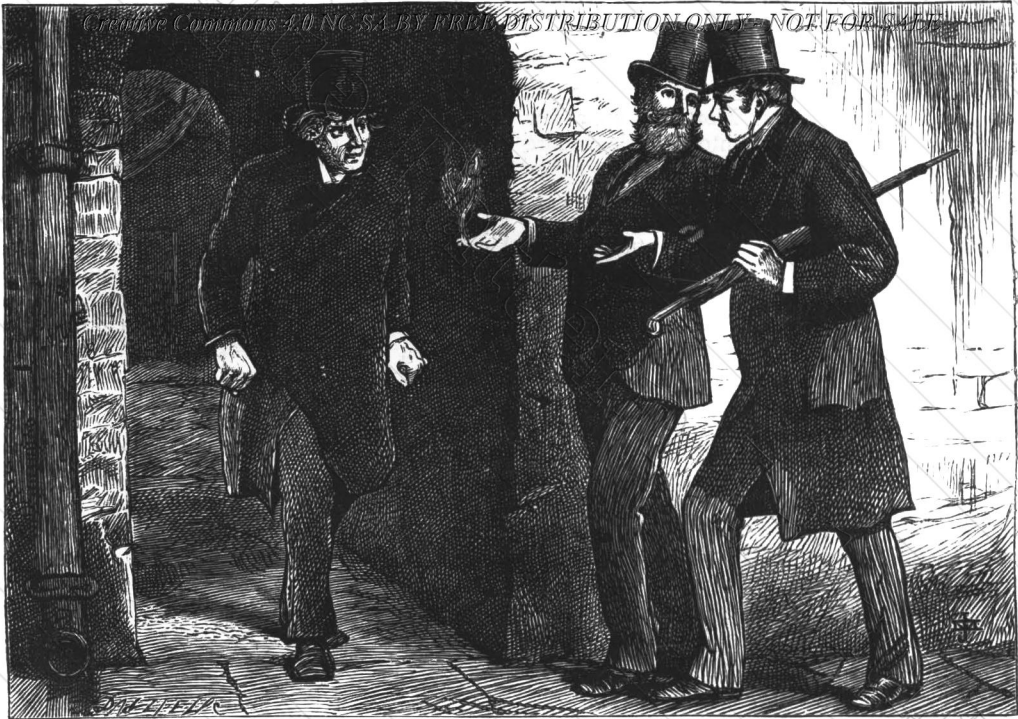
"LIZZIE HEXAM VERY SOFTLY RAISED HER UP AND SET HER FEET ON THE GROUND AND LIFTED HER AS HIGH AS HEAVEN."



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"SO, THEY WALKED, SPEAKING OF THE NEWLY-FILLED-UP GRAVES, AND OF JOHNNY, AND OF MANY THINGS."

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"AND YOU SEE, AS I WAS SAYING, MORTIMER," REMARKED EUGENE ALOUD WITH THE UTMOST COOLNESS, AS THOUGH THERE WERE NO ONE WITHIN HEARING BUT THEMSELVES: "AND YOU SEE, AS I WAS SAYING—UNDERGOING GRINDING FORMIDABLE."



"SHE SHOOK THAT EMPHATIC BATTLE-AXE OVER HER MILK-PAN IN HIS 20th YR. OF PARTING, AS EARNESTLY AND REPROACHFULLY AS SHE HAD EVER SHAKEN IT AT HER GRIM OLD CHILD AT HOME."

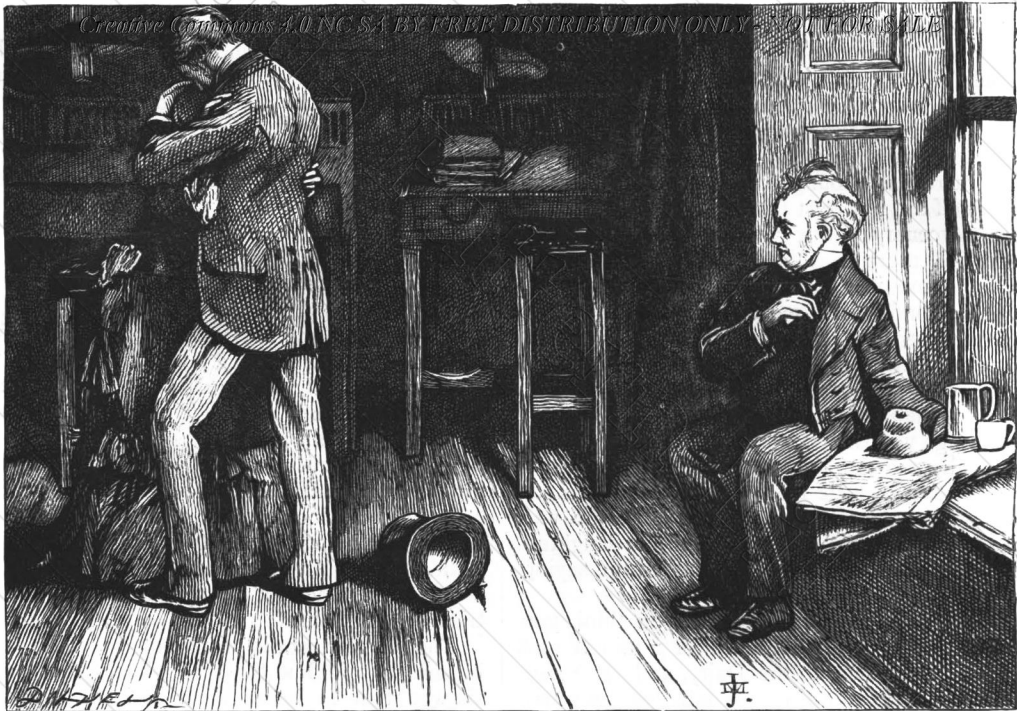


"MR. VENUS PRODUCED THE DOCUMENT, HOLDING ON BY HIS USUAL CORNER. MR. WEGG, HOLDING ON BY THE OPPOSITE CORNER, SAT DOWN ON THE SEAT IN FRONT OF MR. BOFFIN, AND LOOKED IT OVER."





"YOU HAVE BEEN A PLEASANT ROOM COMPANION, BUT WE SHALL NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN."

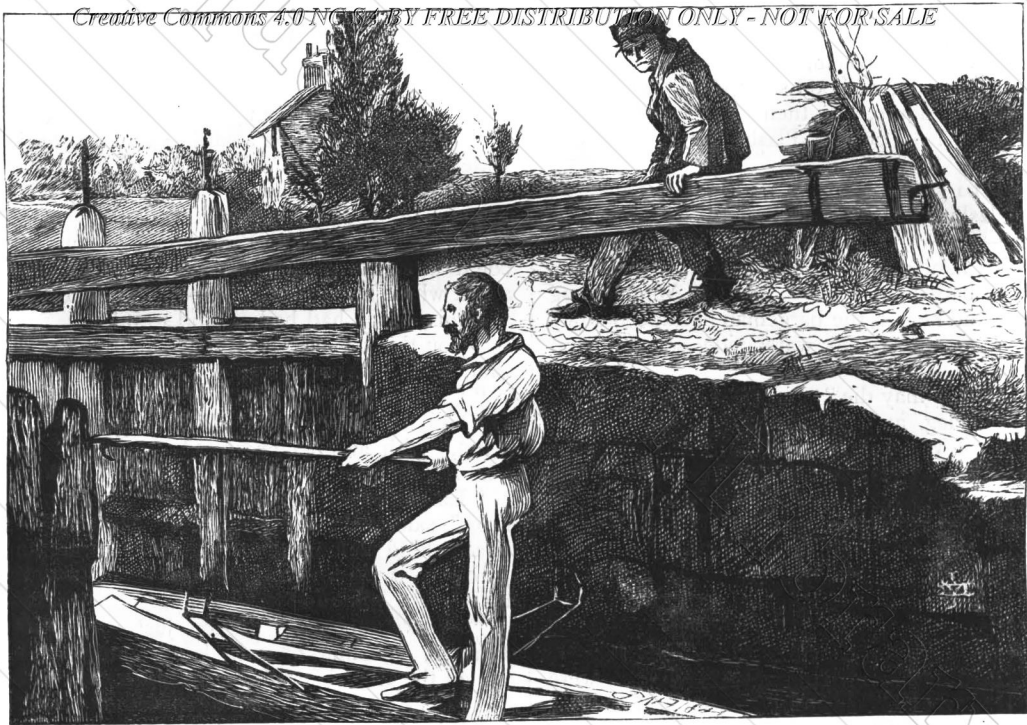


"THE CHERUB, WHOSE HAIR WOULD HAVE DONE FOR ITSELF, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS AMAZING SPECTACLE, WHAT BELLA HAD JUST NOW DONE FOR IT, STAGGERED BACK INTO THE WINDOW-SEAT FROM WHICH HE HAD RISEN. HIS PUPILS HAD DILATED TO THEIR UTMOST."

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“NOW, MIST WRAYBURN? DIRECTION! FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!”



“ROGUE RIDERHOOD” RECOGNIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT. JAN. 9, 1908. EUGENE WRAYBURN.

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"THERE WERE ACTUALLY TEARS IN THE BOLD WOMAN'S EYES AS THE SOFT-HEADED AND SOFT-HEARTED GIRL TWIRLED HER ARMS ABOUT HER NECK."

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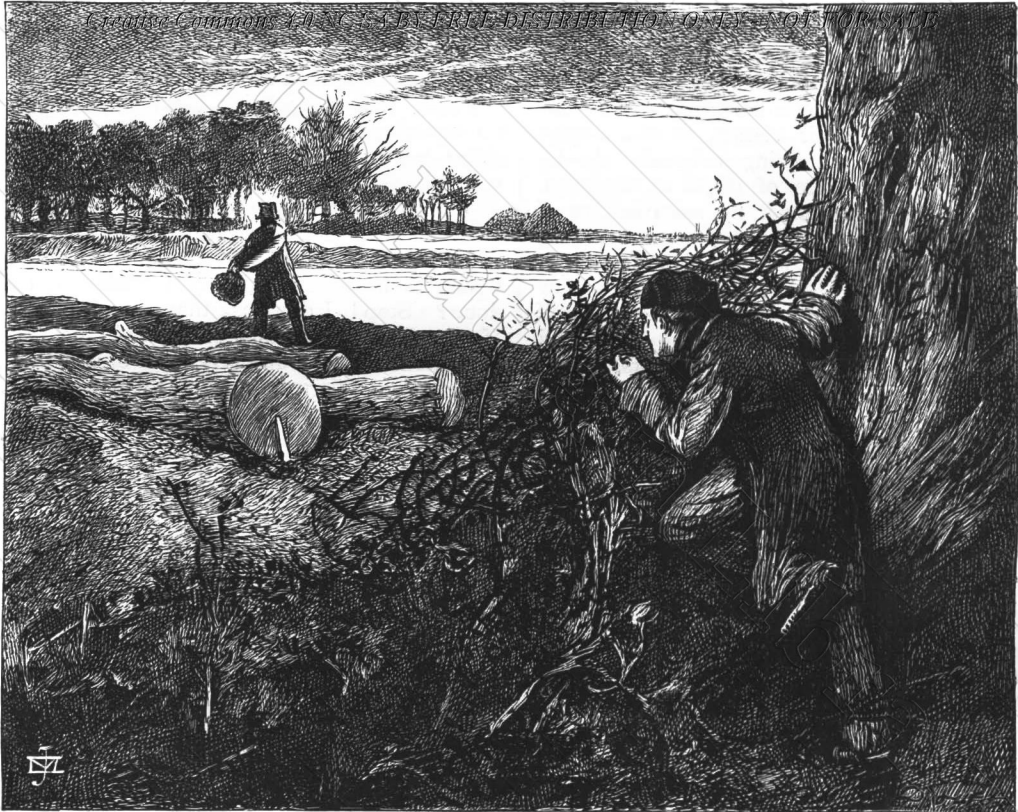
“IT WAS A PLEASANT SIGHT, IN THE MIDST OF THE GOLDEN BLOOM, TO SEE THIS SALT OLD GRUFF AND GLUM WAVING HIS SHOVEL HAT AT BELLA, WHILE HIS THIN WHITE HAIR FLOWED FREE, AS IF SHE HAD ONCE MORE LAUNCHED HIM INTO BLUE WATER AGAIN.”



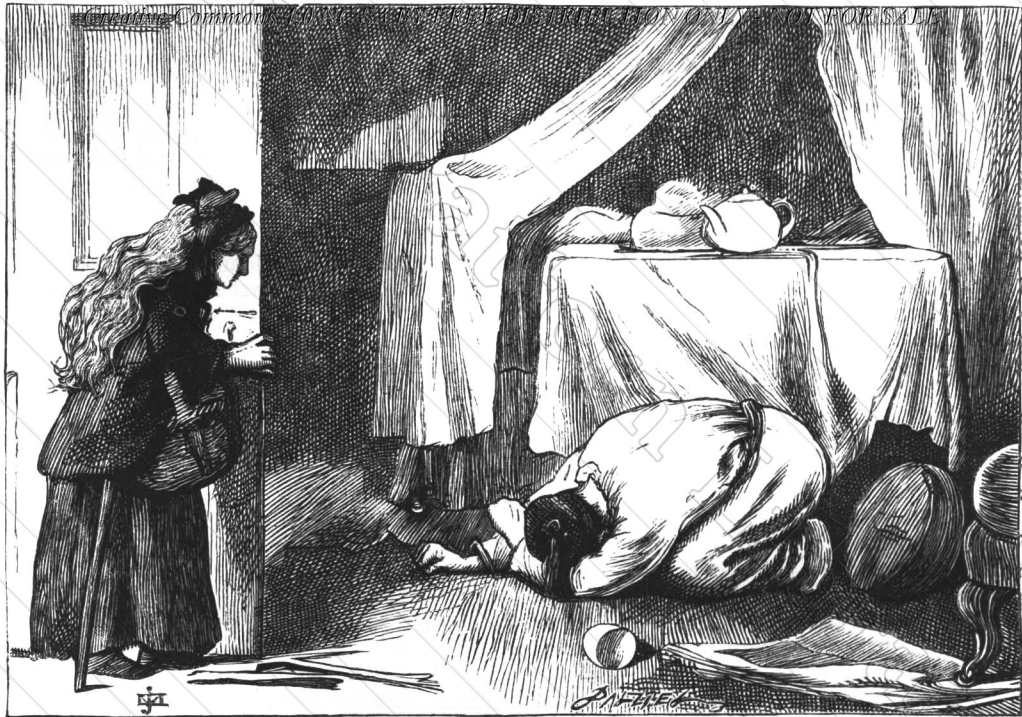
"THERE!" SAID BELLA WHEN SHE HAD AT LAST COMPLETED THE FINAL TOUCHES. "NOW YOU ARE SOMETHING LIKE A GENTLEEL BOY! PUT YOUR JACKET ON, AND COME AND HAVE YOUR SUPPER."



"HE HAD SAUNTERED FAR ENOUGH. BEFORE TURNING TO RETRACE HIS STEPS, HE STOPPED UPON THE MARGIN TO LOOK DOWN AT THE REFLECTED NIGHT."



"WHEN THE BATHER HAD FINISHED DRESSING, HE KNEELED ON THE GRASS, DOING SOMETHING WITH HIS HANDS, AND AGAIN STOOD UP WITH HIS BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM. LOOKING ALL AROUND HIM WITH GREAT ATTENTION, HE THEN WENT AWAY AS LIGHTLY AS HE COULD, AND YET AS FAR, AND YET AS LIGHTLY, AS HE COULD."



"SHE TOOK THE LIBERTY OF OPENING AN INNER DOOR, AND THEN BEHELD THE EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE OF MR. FLEDGEBY IN A TURKISH CAP, ROLLING OVER AND OVER ON HIS OWN CARPET, AND SPLUTTERING WONDERFULLY."





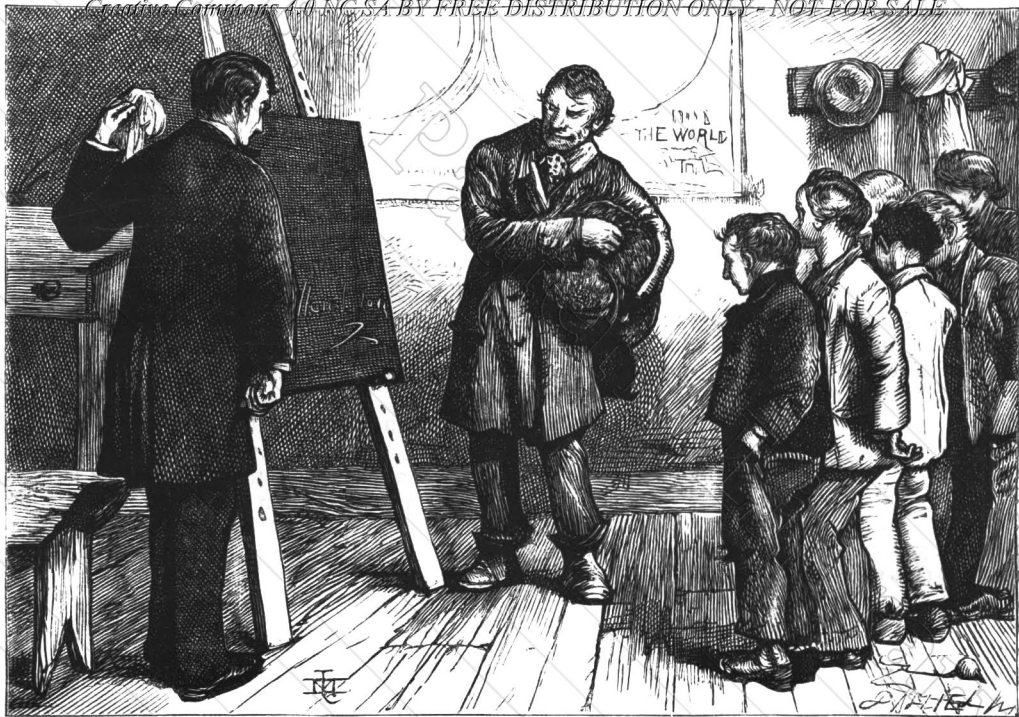
"MISS JENNY GAVE UP ALTOGETHER ON THIS PARTING TAKING PLACE BETWEEN THE FRIENDS, AND, SITTING WITH HER BACK TOWARDS THE BED IN THE HOLLOW MADE BY HER BRIGHT HAIR, WEPT HEARTILY, THOUGH NOISELESSLY."



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"BELLA'S HUSBAND STEPPED SOFTLY TO THE HALF-DOOR OF THE BAR, AND STOOD THERE."



“IT LOOKS AS IF THE OLD MAN’S SPIRIT HAD FOUND REST AT LAST; DON’T IT?” SAID MRS. BOFFIN.



"BRADLEY HESITATED FOR A MOMENT," BUT PLACED HIS USUAL SIGNATURE, ENLARGED, UPON THE BOARD."







"THERE, THERE, THERE!" SAID MISS PATTY, "I SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP ALIVE BEFORE I KNOW IT."