THE ADVENTURES

OF

OLIVER TWIST

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. MAHONEY

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY
“LIBERAL TERMS, MR. SOWERBERRY, LIBERAL TERMS!”
OLIVER RATHER ASTONISHES NOAH.
"YOU ARE ON THE SCENT, ARE YOU, NANCY?"
"A BEADLE! A PARISH BEADLE, OR I'LL EAT MY HEAD."
"THE BOY WAS LYING, FAST ASLEEP, ON A RUBE BED UPON THE FLOOR."
“Sikes, with Oliver’s hand still in his, softly approached the low porch.”
“DIRECTLY I LEAVE TO OF YOU, BUY YOUR WRECK. HARK!”
"'DON'T SIGH, MRS. CORNEY,' SAID MR. BUMBLE."
“JUST SEND SOMEBODY OUT TO REMOVE MY SALK, WILL YOU, YOUNG MAN?”
“WHEN IT BECAME QUITE DARK, AND THEY RETURNED HOME, THE YOUNG LADY WOULD SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND PLAY SOME PLEASANT AIR.”
"LOOKING ROUND, HE SAW A PHAETON, WHICH WAS A PILOT CAR, DRIVEN AT GREAT SPEED."
“A FEW—A VERY FEW—WILL SUFFICE, ROSE,” SAID THE YOUNG MAN, DRAWING HIS CHAIR TOWARDS HER.
“WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME,” HE SAID, “WHEN YOU PEERED IN AT THE WINDOW?”
“Then, stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber’s lips.”
"Look there! Those are the lights of London."
"What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates. "A pick-pocketing case, Your Worship."
"When she was about the same distance in advance as she had been before, he slipped quietly down, and followed her again."
"He moved, backward, towards the door, dragging the dog with him."
“AND CREEPING OVER THE TILES, LOOKED OVER THE LOW PARAPET.”
DO YOU KNOW THIS YOUNG LADY, SIR?