“LIZZIE, LOOKING FOR HER FATHER, SAW ONLY DOWNS AND "ZOD" UPON THE GATEWAY THAT HE MIGHT SEE HER.” — P. 37
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

BY

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WITH FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. MAHONEY
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

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IN FOUR BOOKS.
“SHOW US A PICTURE,” SAID THE BOY. “TELL US WHERE TO LOOK.”
“WHEN IT CAME TO BELLA’S TURN TO SIGN HER NAME, MR. ROE Smith, WHO WAS STANDING, AS HE HAD SAT, WITH A HESITATING HAND UPON THE TABLE, LOOKED AT HER STEALTHILY, BUT NARROWLY.”
“HERE YOU ARE AGAIN,” REPLIED MR. WEGO, MUSING. “AND WHAT ARE YOU NOW?”
“AFTER HOLDING HER TO HIS BREAST WITH A PASSIONATE 
GRIP, HE TOOK UP HIS BUNDLE AND 
DARTED OUT AT THE DOOR, WITH AN ARM ACROSS HIS EYES.”
"You're casting your eye round the shop, Mr. Wegg. Let me show you a light."
“NODDY!” said Mrs. Boffin, coming from her wave in the fire to his side on the plain settle; and hooking her comfortable arm through his.
"THAT HE KNEW IT AS WELL AS YOU, MOTHER, AND THAT 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 WE CAME TO THE HOUSE, AND IT WAS 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 SUPERINTENDANT SCHOOLMASTER, DREW HIS RIGHT FORE-FINGER THROUGH ONE OF THE BUTTON-HOLES OF THE BOY’S COAT, AND LOOKED AT IT ATTENTIVELY.”
"HE STOOD LEANING BY THE DOOR AT LIZZIE'S SIDE."
"ONE THING, HOWEVER, I CAN DO FOR YOU," SAYS TWEMLOW: "AND THAT IS, WORK FOR YOU."

VERDELLING BLESSES HIM AGAIN.
“AH! HERE WAS ALFRED. HAVING切れ at the table, he playfully 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 hardlyCompare to the ninety years of the age of the Jewish man as he stood with his bare head bowed."
“GOOD EVENING, MR. WEGG. THE YARD GATE LOCK SHOULDN’T BE LOCKED TO, IF YOU PLEASE; IT DON’T CATCH.”
“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.”
Now you may give me a kiss, Mr. A.
"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 HELD OUT THE BOTTLE TO PULL THE ROUND, RIDERHOOD 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 last night, and 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.”
“IT WAS AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE, THE YOUNG MAN, IN HIS EASY-CHAIR TAKING HIS COFFEE, AND THE OLD MAN, WITH HIS APPARENT SATISFACTION, AMONG HIS PLEASURE.”
"Jenny twisted her venerable friend aside to a brilliantly-lighted toy-shop window, and said: 'Now look at 'em! All my work!"—p. 223.
"IT'S SUMMAT RUN DOWN IN THE FOG."
"OH, INDEED, SIR! I FANCY I CAN GUESS WHOM YOU THINK THAT'S LIKE."
“FEIGNING TO BE INTENT ON HER EMBROIDERY, SHE SAT FLYING HER NEEDLE UNTIL HER BUSY HAND WAS STOPPED BY MRS. BOFFIN'S HAND BEING LIGHTLY LAID UPON IT.”
"HE CAN NEVER BE GOING TO MIG. HE'S A SLOW UNCEPTIBLE WENCH AS THEY DROPPED LOW AND KEPT CLOSE."
"There'll shortly be an end of those days, by the look of it, with the hat-box. Your varnish is fading."
“LIZZIE HENAM VERY SOFTLY RAISED THE WEATHER-GLIDED FERRY-HELMS AND LIFTED HER AS HIGH AS HEAVEN.”
"SO, THEY WALKED, SPEAKING OF THE NEWLY-FILLED-UP GRAVE, AND OF JOHNNY, AND OF MANY THINGS."
“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 TORMENTS.”
"SHE SHOOK THAT EMPHATIC LITTLE PAPER WITH HER IN HIS FACE AT 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 CHAIR LATELY OCCUPIED BY MR. BOFFIN, AND LOOKED IT OVER.”
“YOU HAVE BEEN A PLEASANT ROOM TO ME, DEAR ROOM; WHEN 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 RECENTLY BEEN CONSIDERABLY REMOVED, WITH HIS EYES DILATED TO THEIR UTMOST."
"NOW, WHO'S 'EEN IT?"
"MIST WRAYBURN? DIRECTION! 'FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!"
“THERE WERE ACTUALLY TEARS IN THE BOLD WOMAN’S EYES AS THE SOFT-HEADED AND SOFT-HEARTED GIRL TWIRLED HER ARMS ABOUT HER NECK.”
"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 GENTEEL BOY! PUT YOUR JACKET ON, AND COME AND HAVE YOUR SUPPER.”
“HE HAD SAUNTERED FAR ENOUGH, BEFORE TURNING TO RETRACT 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 TIPPED THE BUCKET UP AND POURING IT IN 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 STUPOR, CARRYING A TURKISH TROUSERS AND 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 POVER MADE BY HER BRIGHT HAIR, WEPT HEARTILY, THOUGH NOISELESSLY.”
“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.”
“RIDERHOOD WENT OVER INTO THE CREEK, AND NEVER CAME TO THE TOP, AND HEADING HEADSTONE UPON HIM.” — P. 410.
“THERE, THERE, THERE!” SAID MISS WILCE. “SOME VIGOUR, SAYS, SIR; GIANT, OR I SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP ALIVE BEFORE I KNOW IT.”