THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

HOUSEHOLD EDITION

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

LONDON

CHAPMAN & HALL

193 PICCADILLY
"THE DOOR BEING OPENED, THE CHILD ADDRESSED HIM AS HER GRANDFATHER." — p. 3
"WHEN HE DID SIT DOWN, HE TUCKED UP HIS SLEEVES AND SQUARED HIS ELBOWS AND PUT HIS FACE CLOSE TO THE COPY-BOOK."
“Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore.”
"I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP, YOU DOGS."
"HE SOON CAST HIS EYES UPON A CHAIR, INTO WHICH HE SKIPPED WITH UNCOMMON AGILITY, AND, PERCHING HIMSELF ON THE BACK WITH HIS FEET UPON THE SEAT, WAS THUS ENABLED TO LOOK ON."
“NOT TO BE BEHINDHAND IN THE BUSTLE, MR. QUILP WENT TO WORK WITH SURPRISING VIGOUR.”
“NELLY, KNEELING DOWN BESIDE THE BOX, WAS SOON BUSILY ENGAGED IN HER TASK.”
"NOW, GENTLEMEN," said the person with a grave countenance, "THE DOG WHOSE NAME'S CALLED, EATS."
"There was but one lady who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat silent, with a handsome carriage..."
“AND THEN THEY WENT ON ARM-IN-ARM, VERY LOVINGLY TOGETHER.”
“A SMALL WHITE-HEADED BOY WITH A SUNBURNED FACE APPEARED AT THE DOOR WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, AND, STOPPING THERE TO MAKE A RUSTIC BOW, CAME IN.”
“SHE HANDED DOWN TO THEM THE TEA-TRAY, THE BREAD AND BUTTER; THE KNUCKLE OF HAM, AND, IN SHORT, EVERYTHING OF WHICH SHE HAD PARTaken Herself.”
“THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,” SAID MRS. JARLEY, “IS JASPER PACKLEMMERTON OF ATROCIOUS MEMORY.” — P. 105
“AND IN THIS STATE MY CEREMONIAL RIDE SLOWLY THROUGH THIS TOWN EVERY MORNING.”
"In some of these flourishes it went close to Miss Sally's head."
“OH, PLEASE,” SAID A LITTLE VOICE VERY LOW DOWN IN THE DOORWAY, “WILL YOU COME AND SHOW THE LODGINGS?”
“AT LENGTH EVERYTHING WAS READY, AND THEY WENT OFF.”
"THE OLD MAN STOOD HELPLESSLY AMONG THEM FOR A LITTLE TIME."
"A man of very uncouth and rough appearance was standing over them."
"AQUILINE!" CRIED QUILP, THRUSTING IN HIS HEAD.
“Both mother and daughter, trembling with terror and cold, . . . obeyed Mr. Quilp's
"ELEVATING HIS GLASS, DRANK TO THEIR NEXT MERRY MEETING IN THAT JOVIAL SPOT."
"THE CHILD SAT DOWN IN THIS OLD, SILENT PLACE."
"THEN, MARCHIONESS," SAID MR. SWIVELLER, "FIRE AWAY!"
"IS IT LIKE KIT—is it HIS PICTURE, HIS IMAGE, HIS VERY SELF?"
“THE MARCHIONESS GREW WEARY, AND CLAPPED HER HANDS.”
"SHE HAD NOTHING FOR IT NOW, THEREFORE, BUT TO RUN AFTER THE CHAISE."
“TOM IMMEDIATELY WALKED UPON HIS HANDS TO THE WINDOW, AND—IF THE EXPRESSION BE ALLOWABLE—LOOKED IN WITH HIS SHOES.”
"THE STRONG TIDE FILLED HIS THROAT, AND BORE HIM ON UPON ITS RAPID CURRENT."
"MASTER!" HE CRIED, STOOPING ON ONE KNEE AND CATCHING AT HIS HAND. "DEAR MASTER!"
“TWO WRETCHED PEOPLE WERE IN THEIR OLD TWOSTEPPED TO THE STREET AT DUSK FROM THE INMOST RECESSES OF ST. GILES’S.”