

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins, "my friend Oliver Twist." Fagin grinned, took Oliver by the hand and asked him to join them. At least half a dozen more were taken from the same box, and surveyed with equal pleasure, as well as rings, brooches, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials, and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea, even of their names. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid, and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels. There was no one in the room but Fagin, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round, with an iron spoon. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash, and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, furiously stood up. Even in this terror, Oliver could see that Fagin was shaking a lot though, for the knife quivered in the air. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks, and then he sunk into a deep sleep. As Fagin examined the treasures, his bright dark eyes, which had been staring at the riches before him, fell on Oliver's face. "Ah, you're staring at the handkerchiefs! There is a good many of them, isn't there? We're just getting them ready for the wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all. Haha!" The end of this speech received a boisterous shout from all the pupils of the merry old gentleman. The old gentleman then invited them to start dinner.