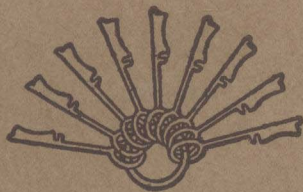


初中學生文庫

英語正音練習

第三冊

編者 G. Noel-Armfield



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ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK THREE

BY

G. NOEL-ARMFIELD



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. The Feather in the House of Mourning - -	2
2. Valentine Vox Visits the Wine Vaults at the Docks = = / = = = = =	16

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK THREE

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK III

Phonetic Transcript

1.

ðe 'feðə(r) in ðə 'haus əv 'mɔ:(ə)niŋ
[ðə 'feðə(r) iz sə'pouzd tə 'spi:k]

ai wəz in ə 'haus əv 'mɔ:(ə)niŋ. 'ðæt 'iz, ðə
'ʃʌtəz w(ə)ə 'pɑ:tli 'klouzd; ðə 'kə:tnz w(ə)ə
'drɔ:n; ðə 'dresmeikə(r) əd¹ teikn 'ɔ:dəz fə 'blæk;
ən(d) 'veri diə 'frendz w(ə)ə(r) in'vaitid tu ə
'fju:n(ə)rəl. 'beki, ðə 'meid,—ai 'ɔ:nəd (h)ə rezə-
'l(j)u:f(ə)n²—strəglɪd 'hɑ:d tə 'lʌk lu(:)'g(j)u:brɪəs³,
'nɒt ət 'ɔ:l 'kʌmfətɪd baɪ ðə 'prɒspekt əv ə 'nju:
'gaun; '(h)wailst ðə 'fɔ:tɪtju:d əv ðə bi'ri:vɪd⁴
'misɪz 'kræmp wəz ən ig'zɑ:mpl tu 'ɔ:l 'nju:li
di'livəd 'wɪdɔ(u)z. ai prə'test⁵ ai 'lʌvd ðə 'wʊmən
fə hæ(r)⁶ 'ɔ:nɪstɪ. ðə 'breθ 'bi:(i)ŋ 'fæli aut əv (h)ə'
'hʌzbænd, ðæt 'iz, (h)ə' 'hʌzbænd baɪ 'kɒndʒʊg(ə)l⁷
'lɔ:, ʃi' 'nɑɪðə 'wept, nɔ: '(h)waɪnd, 'nevə 'kɔ:t

¹ 'dresmeikə (hə)d. ² rezo l(j)u:f(ə)n. ³ lə'g(j)u:brɪəs. ⁴ bə-
'ri:vɪd. ⁵ prə'test. ⁶ fə(r) ə'(r), fə'(r) ə'(r), fr ə'(r). ⁷ 'kɒndʒʊg(ə)l

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK III

Orthographic Text

1.

THE FEATHER IN THE HOUSE OF MOURNING

[The feather is supposed to speak.]

I was in a house of mourning. That is, the shutters were partly closed; the curtains were drawn; the dressmaker had taken orders for black; and very dear friends were invited to a funeral. Becky, the maid—I honoured her resolution—struggled hard to look lugubrious, not at all comforted by the prospect of a new gown; whilst the fortitude of the bereaved Mrs. Cramp was an example to all newly delivered widows. I protest I loved the woman for her honesty. The breath being fairly out of her husband, that is, her husband by conjugal law, she neither wept, nor whined, never caught

(h)ə'self in ə 'stræŋgjuleitiŋ 'sai; bət 'waɪpt 'ɔ:l di'faiŋ 'gri:f frəm (h)ə' 'feɪs əz ʃi' (wʊ)d (h)əv 'waɪpt 'flaɪ-spɒts frəm ðə 'tʃaɪnə. ʃi' lʊkt 'mɔ:(ə) ð(ə)n ri'zaind. e'ə 'kræmp wəz 'skru:d 'daun, ai 'hə:d (h)ə' 'lɑ:f 'lɑ:stɪli; ɔ:l'bi:t ðə 'præktɪst 'bekɪ 'begd (h)ə' 'mɪstrɪs "'nɒt tə ɡou'ɔn sou "'stɪrɪk(ə)li"; əz "'stɪrɪks"² 'wʊd nt brɪŋ (h)ɪm 'bæk; (ə)n(d) (h)waɪ 'ʃʊd ðeɪ—'wəz nt (h)ɪ' in 'hev'n?" 'mɪsɪz kræmp di'kleəd ʃi' 'kʊd nt 'help ɪt; ən(d) frəm maɪ 'hɑ:t ai bi'li:v ðə 'wʊmən.

"ai wəz ə 'ɡʊd 'waɪf tə hɪm³, 'bekɪ," sed ðə 'wɪdɔ(u), 'smɑɪlɪŋ in ðə 'veri 'swɪ:tɪnɪs əv' 'kɒnf(ə)nɪs.

"(h)wen (h)ɪ' wəz ə 'laɪv, m(ə)m, ai 'ɔ:lw(e)ɪz 'səd ʒə wəz⁴ 'tu: 'ɡʊd fə(r) ɪm⁵; bət 'naʊ (h)ɪ' z 'dʒʌst 'ɡɔ:n (ɪ)t ɪz nt⁶ 'raɪt tə 'seɪ sou. 'stɪl (h)ɪ' wəz 'əʊld, m(ə)m); 'ðæt s ɔn (h)ɪz 'kɒfɪn, sou' ð(ɛ)əz 'nəʊ 'hɑ:m in 'seɪ(i)ŋ 'ðæt. 'nʌθɪŋ z 'wɪkɪdə ð(ə)n tu ə'bju:z ðə 'diə 'ded, m(ə)m). 'stɪl (h)ɪ' 'wəz 'əʊld."

¹ 'stɪrɪk(ə)li, ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə hɪs'terɪkəli. ² 'stɪrɪks—hɪs'terɪks.

³ tu ɪm. ⁴ ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə w(ɛ)ə. ⁵ fr ɪm, fə hɪm, fɔr ɪm. ⁶ (ɪ)t s 'nɒt. ⁷ sə.

herself in a strangulating sigh; but wiped all defiling grief from her face as she would have wiped fly-spots from the china. She looked more than resigned. Ere Cramp was screwed down, I heard her laugh lustily; albeit the practised Becky begged her mistress "not to go on so 'stirically'¹ as 'stirics'² would not bring him back; and why should they—was n't he in heaven?" Mrs. Cramp declared she could not help it; and from my heart I believe the woman.

"I was a good wife to him, Becky," said the widow, smiling in the very sweetness of conscience.

"When he was alive, mum, I always said you was³ too good for him; but now he has just gone it is n't right to say so. Still he was old, mum; that's on his coffin, so there's no harm in saying that. Nothing is wickeder than to abuse the dear dead, mum. Still he was old."

¹ Uneducated for hysterically.

² Uneducated for hysterics.

³ Uneducated for were.

“hi· 'wɔz,” sed ðə 'wɪdɔ(u), wɪð¹ 'slait 'emfəsis.

“'nevə kəd² (h)əv bi·n 'gud'lukɪŋ; 'bæt, 'bles (h)ɪm, 'diə 'soul! 'hu: d 'bleɪm (h)ɪm fə 'ðæt? 'stɪl, hi· 'nevə kəd² (h)əv bi·n 'hæn(d)səm,” sed 'beki.

“ai 'nevə hə'd 'enɪbɔdi³ (h)u· 'sed əz 'mætʃ. bət '(h)wɔt s 'bjʊ'ti ɪn ə 'mæn, 'beki? 'nʌθɪŋ. 'nevəðə'les, (h)ɪ· 'wɔz nt⁴ 'hæn(d)səm, 'gɔd 'nəʊz! 'kraɪd ðə 'wɪdɔ(u).

“ən(d) 'ðen wɪ· 'ɔ:l (h)əv auə 'tempəz, m(ə)m, tə bi· 'ʃʊə.⁵ fə(r)⁶ 'ɔ:l ðæt, m(ə)m, 'mɑ:stə wəz⁷ ə 'lɪtl⁸ 'sauə. 'sʌmtaɪmz, əz wən⁹ me(i)¹⁰ 'sei, hi· d 'beɪl¹¹ 'əʊvə wɪð 'vɪnɪgə.”

“hi· 'ment 'nʌθɪŋ, 'beki; 'nʌθɪŋ ət 'ɔ:l,” sed 'mɪsɪz 'kræmp. “(i)t wəz 'əʊnli ɪn auə 'hʌnɪmu:n, aɪ rɪ'membə—'h:ɑ:, 'beki!”—'hiə ðə 'wɪdɔ(u)'slaitli 'ʃʌdəd—“aɪ ʃ(ə)l 'nevə fə'get maɪ 'hʌnɪmu:n!”

“'jes, m(ə)m—bət¹² jə w(ə)ə 'gɔ(u)ɪŋ¹³ tə 'sei —'(h)wɔt dɪd ðə 'mɑ:stə 'du: 'ðen, m(ə)m)?”

¹ wɪθ. ² 'nevə 'kud. ³ 'enɪbɔdi. ⁴ wəz 'nɔt. . . ⁵ /ʃə, 'ʃə
 /ʃə. ⁶ fə(r). fr. ⁷ 'wɔz. ⁸ /lɪ:tl. ⁹ wʌn. ¹⁰ mə. ¹¹ /beɪl;
 'vʌlgə fə 'boɪl. ¹² bət. ¹³ 'gɔɪŋ.

“He was,” said the widow, with slight emphasis.

“Never could have been good-looking; but, bless him, dear soul! who would blame him for that? Still, he never could have been handsome,” said Becky.

“I never heard anybody who said as much. But what’s beauty in a man, Becky? Nothing. Nevertheless, he was not handsome, God knows!” cried the widow.

“And then we all have our tempers, mum, to be sure. For all that, mum, master was a little sour. Sometimes, as one may say, he would bile¹ over with vinegar.”

“He meant nothing, Becky; nothing at all,” said Mrs. Cramp. “It was only in our honeymoon, I remember—ha, Becky!”—Here the widow slightly shuddered—“I shall never forget my honeymoon!”

“Yes, mum—but you were going to say—what did the master do then, mum.”

¹ Vulgar for boil.

“'swɔ:(ə) laik 'eni 'tru:pə, 'beki. bət 'siknis did (h)im ə 'di:l əv 'gud,” sed 'misiz 'kræmp.

“'kwait 'kjuəd (h)im ət 'la:st, m(ə)m. ən(d) 'ðen—bət it s ə 'kɒmən fɔ:lt—(h)i 'did lʌv 'mʌni ə 'li(:)tl, m(ə)m)?” ən(d) 'beki 'pɔ:zd.

ðə 'wido(u) meid nou 'a:nsə, bʌt, 'glɑ:nsij ət (h)ə 'meidsə:v(ə)nt, 'dru: ə 'lɒj 'sai.

“ən(d) '(h)wɒt wəz ðə 'ju:s, m(ə)m)? jə nou (h)i 'kud nt teik it 'wið (h)im¹.”

'hiə(r) ə 'bɜ:st əv 'lait 'ænimeitid ðə 'wido(u)z 'feis, ən(d) ji 'kraid—ðə 'mɒnəsiləbl² 'bæbliŋ frəm (h)ə 'hɑ:t—“'nou!”

“ai 'wud nt ə'bju:z ðə 'ded fə ðə 'wɔ:ld, m(ə)m); bət 'pi:pl 'kɔ:ld (h)im ən 'ould 'dʒu:,” sed 'beki.

“hi 'wɒz nt 'ðæt, 'beki,” 'a:nsəd ðə 'wido(u), in ðə 'maɪldist, 'swi:tist toun əv ri'pru:f.

“bət (h)i 'did laik tə 'draiv ə 'bɑ:gin. hi 'did lʌv 'mɔ:(ə) ð(ə)n (h)iz 'penəθ,” kraid 'beki.

“hi wəz ə 'mæn ə(v) ðə 'wɔ:ld, 'beki,” sed 'misiz 'kræmp.

¹ 'wiθ him. ² 'mɒnəsiləbl.

“Swore like any trooper, Becky. But sickness did him a deal of good,” said Mrs. Cramp.

“Quite cured him at last, mum. And then—but it is a common fault—he did love money a little, mum?” And here Becky paused.

The widow made no answer, but, glancing at her maid-servant, drew a long sigh.

“And what was the use, mum? You know he could n’t take it with him.”

Here a burst of light animated the widow’s face, and she cried—the monosyllable babbling from her heart—“No!”

“I would not abuse the dead for the world, mum; but people called him an old Jew,” said Becky.

“He was n’t that, Becky,” answered the widow, in the mildest, sweetest tone of reproof.

“But he did like to drive a bargain. He did love more than his pennyworth¹,” cried Becky.

“He was a man of the world, Becky,” said Mrs. Cramp.

¹ The spelling penn’orth is sometimes seen. Pedants and very careful speakers pronounce ‘peniweθ.

“m̥:m:m̥! m̥m̥,” sed 'beki, 'hɑ:dli 'nouɪŋ ðə
'tru:θ ʃi 'ʌtəd; “if so(u) 'meni¹ fouks 'wɔz nt²
(h)wɔt ðei 'kɔ:l ðəm'selvz, “men ə(v) ðə 'wə:ld, ðə
'wə:ld, m(ə)m, 'wud nt bi· so(u)³ 'bæd əz it 'iz.”

“ai 'dount 'θɪŋk ðə puə⁴ 'mæn 'left it 'wə:s
ð(ə)n (h)i· 'faund it,” əb'zə:vɔ ðə mænz 'wɪdɔ(u).

“ən(d) 'ðen—if (h)i· 'wɔz nt 'ded, ai d 'sei
it—(h)i· 'ju:zd 'ju: laik 'eni 'tə:k.”

“(i)t wɔz (h)iz 'fɔn(d)nɪs, 'beki; ət 'li:st, ai
'houp (i)t wɔz (h)iz 'fɔn(d)nɪs.”

“m̥hə, m(ə)m, ai v 'sed it ə'ge(i)n· (ə)n(d)
ə'ge(i)n. ju·⁵ wɔz⁶ 'tu: 'gud fə(r) im⁷,” kraɪd 'beki.

mai bi'li:f ət ðə 'taɪm wɔz⁸ ðət 'mɪsɪz 'kræmp
(h)əd 'lɔŋ bi'n əv ðə 'meɪdʒ ə'pɪnjən.⁹ hau·evə ʃi·
'miəli 'ɑ:nsəd, “'ðæt s 'ouvə 'nau, 'beki.”

“it 'iz 'ouvə, ən(d) ə 'gud θɪŋ 'tu:; fə(r)¹⁰
ɔ:l'ðou 'noubədi¹¹ ʃəd¹² spɪ:k 'ɪl ə(v) ðə 'ded—ai
'mæs(t) sei¹³ it—ə 'wə:sə¹⁴ mæn 'nevə 'lɪvɔd.”

¹ 'sou m̥ni, s̥ə 'm̥ni. ² /wɔznt; ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə 'w(ɛ)ə nt. ³ /bi·
sə. ⁴ p̥ə, p̥ə, p̥ɔ: . ⁵ j̥ə, 'ju: . ⁶ wɔz; ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə w(ɛ)ə. ⁷
fr im, fə him, fɔr him, fɔr im. ⁸ /wɔz. ⁹ o'pɪnjən. ¹⁰ fɔ:(r), fr.
¹¹ 'noubədi. ¹² ʃud. ¹³ məst(t) 'sei. ¹⁴ 'wə:sə; 'vəlɡə fə 'wɔ:s.

“Humph! mum,” said Becky, hardly knowing the truth she uttered; “if so many folks was n’t¹ what they call themselves, ‘men of the world,’ the world, mum, would not be so bad as it is.”

“I don’t think the poor man left it worse than he found it,” observed the widow.

“And then—if he was n’t dead, I would say it—he used you like any Turk.”

“It was his fondness, Becky; at least I hope it was his fondness.”

“Humph! mum, I’ve said it again and again. You was too good for him,” cried Becky.

My belief at the time was that Mrs. Cramps had long been of the maid’s opinion. However, she merely answered, “that’s over now, Becky.”

“It ’s over, and a good thing, too; for although nobody should speak ill of the dead—I must say it—a wors²er man never lived.”

¹ Vulgar for were n’t. ² Vulgar for worse.

“'beki, 'dount dis'tres mi·; 'kʌm 'hiə.” wið
 'ðis mi:k ri'pru:f, 'misiz 'kræmp ə'proutʃt (h)wəə(r)
 'ai wəz 'lai(i)ŋ, 'fɒlɒd bai (h)ə, 'meid. “(i)t l
 bi· ə 'θauz(ə)nd 'pitiz,” sed ðə 'wido(u), 'teikiŋ mi·
 'dʒentli in (h)ə, 'hænd.

. “'kwait ə 'sin, m(ə)m, tə 'du: it,” sed 'beki.

“ən(d) 'jet ai 'mʌst gou intə 'wi:dz,” sed ðə
 'wido(u).

“'ɔ:l ðə 'betə, m(ə)m; ju, 'du: luk so(u) 'nais'
 in 'blæk,” kraid ðə 'meid.

“it s 'kliə(r),” ai 'θɔ:t, “ai v bi'n ðə 'sʌbdʒikt
 əv 'pri:vʒəs kɒnvə'seif(ə)n, ən(d) 'mistris ən(d)
 'meid ə 'nau dis'kʌsiŋ mai 'feit. '(h)wɒt (w)əd²
 bi'kʌm əv mi·?”

“ə 'θauz(ə)nd 'pitiz tə 'dai it,” sed 'misiz
 'kræmp, stil 'geiziz ət mi·.

ai 'trembld əʃ ðə 'wɜ:d θru, 'evri 'filəmənt.
 'dai 'mi:!(h)wɒt! 'wɒz ai³ tə fɔ:'gou, ən(d) 'sɔu
 'su:n, ðə 'snou(w)i 'pjɛriti⁴ əv mai 'aut'said? in

¹ /'sou ('nais, sə'nais.

² /wɒd.

³ /wɒz'ai, wɒz'ai.

⁴ /pjɛrɪti.

“Becky, don’t distress me; come here.”

With this meek reproof, Mrs. Cramp approached where I was lying, followed by her maid. “It will be a thousand pities,” said the widow, taking me gently in her hand.

“Quite a sin, mum, to do it,” said Becky.

“And yet I must go into weeds,” said the widow.

“All the better, mum; you do look so nice in black,” cried the maid.

“It ’s clear,” I thought, “I’ve been the subject of previous conversation, and mistress and maid are now discussing my fate. What would become of me?”

“A thousand pities to dye it,” said Mrs. Cramp, still gazing at me.

I trembled at the word through every filament. Dye *me!* What! was I to forgo, and so soon, the snowy purity of my outside? In

ðə 'veri 'bjur:ti əv mai '(h)waitnis—in mai ik'seliŋ¹
 'kændə—tə bi 'daid 'pitʃ-'blæk? fə² 'nou fə'lt əv
 'main, bət 'ɔ:l ðə '(h)wim, ðə 'tirənəs kə'pri:s əv
 ə'nʌðə, tə bi di'greidid tə ðə 'ni:gro(u)?

“ən(d) 'jet it l 'weə(r) ə' lɔŋ taim 'daid,”
 mju:zd 'misiz 'kræmp.

“'dʌznt 'fəu ðə 'dæ:t, tə bi 'fjuə³, m(əm),”
 sed 'beki.

“'stil it s⁴ ə 'piti. 'jet ai 'mʌst bi 'blæk fə(r)⁵
 ə 'twelvmanθ, 'beki,” əb'zə:vɔd ðə 'wido(u).

“jə 'mʌst, tə bi 'di:s(ə)nt, m(əm),” 'a:nsəd ðə
 'meid. 'sʌdnli, hau'evə, ʃi 'θɔ:t əv ə 'prɔbəbl
 is'keip, ən(d) 'ædid, “ʌn'les⁶ jə⁷ 'mæri bi'fɔ:(ə),
 m(əm).”

“bi'fɔ:(ə)(r) ə 'twelvmanθ! '(h)wɔt 'du: jə⁷
 'θiŋk mi, 'beki?—'wel, 'beki, wi ʃt 'si:,” sed
 'misiz kræmp.

from “ðə teil əv ə 'feðə,” bai 'dʌgləs 'dʒerəld.

¹ ek'seliŋ. ² fə. ³ /fəə, fəə, /fə. ⁴ it /iz. ⁵ fr, fə(r).
⁶ ən'les. ⁷ ju.

the very beauty of my whiteness—in my excelling candour—to be dyed pitch black? For no fault of mine, but all the whim, the tyrannous caprice of another, to be degraded to the negro?

“And yet it will wear a long time dyed,” mused Mrs. Cramp.

“Does n’t show the dirt, to be sure, mum,” said Becky.

“Still, it’s a pity. Yet I must be black for a twelve-month, Becky,” observed the widow.

“You must, to be decent, mum,” answered the maid. Suddenly, however, she thought of a probable escape, and added, “unless you marry before, mum.”

“Before a twelve-month! What do you think me, Becky? Well, Becky, we shall see,” said Mrs. Cramp.

. From *The Tale of a Feather*, by Douglas Jerrold.

2.

'væləntain 'vɒks 'vizits ðə 'wain 'vɔ:lts ət ðə 'dɒks.

['væləntain 'vɒks, ə jʌŋ 'mæn 'gɪftɪd wɪð ðə
'spɪrɪt əv 'mɪstʃɪf ən(d) ɪks'trɔ:d(i)nəri¹ ventri-
'ləukwɪəl 'pauəz, ə'kʌmp(ə)nɪz (h)ɪz 'frend 'brɔ:ds-
saidz, ə 'ləɪs(ə)nst 'vɪtlə, tə ðə 'lʌndən 'dɒks,
(h)wɛə(r) i:² ə'mju:zɪz (h)ɪm'self baɪ 'θru:ɪŋ (h)ɪz
'vɔɪs 'ɪntə 'veəriəs 'pɑ:ts əv ðə 'wain 'vɔ:lts.]

'nɔ:t.—in ðɪs 'ekstrækt 'meni dɪ:vi'eɪf(ə)nz
frɒm ðə 'nɔ:m(ə)l prənʌnsi'eɪf(ə)n wɪl bi faʊnd ɪn
ðə kə'loukwɪəl 'pɑ:ts.

“'wel, 'kʌm,” sed 'brɔ:dsaidz, “'nau aɪ m 'ʃiə,
'let s 'si: hau m(a)ɪ ekstrə pə'tɪkjələ 'gets 'ɔn.”

'ðɪs 'hæpnd tə bi 'ʌndə ðɪ 'ɔpəzɪt³ 'ɑ:tf,
ən(d) (h)wɪl ðə 'ku:pə wəz 'ɪn ɪt wɪð 'brɔ:dsaidz,
væləntain, hu wəz 'lʊkɪŋ 'veri ɪn'tentli ət sɛm⁴
'kɒbwebz, pə'si:vd ə 'tɔ:l 'dɑ:k 'fɪgə mɑ:tf pɑ:st
(h)ɪm ɪn ə 'mænə (h)wɪtf 'stræk (h)ɪm əz 'bi:(i)ŋ
ɪks'tri:mli mɪs'tɪəriəs.

¹ ekstrə'ɔ:dɪn(ə)rɪ.

² (h)wɛə hɪ.

³ 'ɔpəzɪt.

⁴ sɛm.

2.

VALENTINE VOX VISITS THE WINE VAULTS AT
THE DOCKS

[Valentine Vox, a young man gifted with the spirit of mischief and extraordinary ventriloquial powers, accompanies his friend Broadsides, a licensed victualler, to the London Docks, where he amuses himself by throwing his voice into various parts of the wine vaults.]

“Well, come,” said Broadsides, “now I am here, let’s see how my extra particular gets on.”

This happened to be under the opposite arch, and while the cooper was in it with Broadsides, Valentine, who was looking very intently at some cobwebs, perceived a tall, dark figure, march past him in a manner which struck him as being extremely mysterious.

“hu: z 'ðæt 'tɔ:l 'pə:sn (h)u' 'pɑ:st dʒʌs(t) 'nau?” sed 'hi: tə ðə 'ku:pə.

“wan ə(v) ðə 'wɒtʃmən. ðei 'wɔ:k 'in ən 'aut in ðə 'dɑ:k tə 'si: ðæt 'nou indi'vidj(u)əl 'peiz 'twais. jə l 'si: im ə'gen 'bai n 'bai¹.”

“'veri 'wel,” θɔ:t 'væləntain; “if ai 'du:, ai l 'stɑ:tl (h)im,” ən(d) (h)wail ðə 'ku:pə wəz 'broutʃij ði 'ektərə pə'tikjələ, hi' lukt 'raund ðə 'vɔ:lt wið ən 'æŋ(k)fəs' ai.

“'nau ð(e)n,” sed 'brɔ:dsaidz, 'hændij (h)im ə 'glɑ:s, “'dʒʌs(t)² 'tel mi 'wɒt jə 'θiŋk ə(v) 'ðæt.”

'væləntain 'teistid, ən(d) 'faund it 'sou 'splendid ðæt (h)i' ɔ'lmoust³ ʌn'kɒnfəsli finist ðə 'glɑ:s. ə'nʌðə 'glɑ:s wəz 'drɔ:n, ən(d) (h)wail 'brɔ:dsaidz wəz 'sməlij it, ən(d) 'feikij it, ən(d) 'meikij it gou 'θru'⁴ 'ɔ:l sɔ:ts əv mə'n(j)u:vəz, ðə 'wɒtʃmən 'pɑ:st ə'ge(i)n.

“ʃ:!” kraid 'væləntain, 'θrouij (h)iz 'vois ə'mʌŋ ðə 'kɑ:sks (h)witʃ w(ɛ)ə 'niə him⁵.

¹ 'bai ən 'bai.
θru. ⁵ niə im.

² dʒəs(t).

³ in ræpid spi:tʃ, 'ɔ:lmeɪt.

⁴ 'gou

"Who was that tall person who passed just now?" said he to the cooper.

"One of the watchmen. They walk in and out in the dark to see that no individual pays twice. You'll see him again by 'n by."

"Very well," thought Valentine, "If I do, I'll startle him," and while the cooper was broaching the *extra-particular* he looked round the vaults with an anxious eye. "Now then," said Broad-sides, handing him a glass, "just tell me what you think of that." Valentine tasted, and found it so splendid that he almost unconsciously finished the glass. Another glass was drawn, and while Broad-sides was smelling it, and shaking it, and making it go through all sorts of manœuvres, the watchman passed again.

"*Hush!*" cried Valentine, throwing his voice among the casks which were near him.

ðə 'wɒtʃmən 'stud 'pə:fi:kli 'stil. hi· (wə)d¹
 'skæəsli ə'lau (h)im'self tə 'bri:ð. hi· wəz ən iks-
 'tri:mli 'kɔ:fəs mæn, ən(d) (h)iz 'neim wəz 'dʒoub
 'skrɔ:ɡinz. in'sted əv 'rʌʃij laik ə 'fu:l tə ðə 'spɒt,
 'hi', wið 'ædmirəbl² 'tækt, 'hæld ʌp (h)iz 'hænd tu
 in'dʒɔin 'sailəns ən(d) 'traid wið 'greit 'ɔptikl
 'enədʒi tə 'piəs ði iks'tri:mli dɑ:k 'glu:m əv ðə
 'vɔlt. 'ðis (h)i· faund tə bi· im'præktikəbl. ɔ:l
 wəz 'dɑ:k, 'pitʃ 'dɑ:k, in ðə di'rekʃ(ə)n frəm
 '(h)witʃ ðə 'vois ə'piə-d tə prə'si:d³. 'nʌθij kəd⁴
 bi· dis'tingwiʃt. 'twenti 'men maɪt⁵ (h)əv bi·n
 'driŋkiŋ 'ðeə(r) ʌnpə'si:vd. 'skrɔ:ɡinz, 'ðeəfə'(ə),
 'hæviŋ 'fɔ:md (h)iz 'plæn əv ə'tæk, 'sed in ə
 'delikit⁶ '(h)wispə tə ðə 'ku:pə: "if 'ju: stænd 'hiə
 wi· ʃl 'næb⁷ (ð)əm," ən(d) 'krept 'veri 'stelθili
 'raund ði 'ɔpəzit⁸ 'said əv ði 'a:ʃ.

nau 'ðis wəz pri'saisli (h)wɒt 'væləntain 'wɒnt-
 id. hi· wiʃt bʌt⁹ tu ik'sait ðə səs'piʃ(ə)n əv ðə

¹ wud.

² /ædmərəbl.

³ prə'si:d.

⁴ kud.

⁵ men /maɪt.

⁶ /deliket.

⁷ /næb; /slæŋ fo 'kæʃ.

⁸ ɔpəzit.

⁹ bət.

The watchman stood perfectly still. He would scarcely allow himself to breathe. He was an extremely cautious man and his name was Job Scroggins. Instead of rushing like a fool to the spot, he, with admirable tact held up his hand to enjoin silence, and tried with great optical energy to pierce the extremely dark gloom of the vault. This he found to be impracticable. All was dark, pitch-dark, in the direction from which the voice seemed to proceed. Nothing could be distinguished. Twenty men might have been drinking there unperceived. Scroggins, therefore, having formed his plan of attack, said in a delicate whisper to the cooper: "If you stand here, we shall nab them," and crept very stealthily round to the opposite side of the arch.

Now this was precisely what Valentine wanted. He wished but to excite the suspicion of the

'wɒtʃmən ðæt 'pə:s(ə)nz w(ɛ)ə 'hæviŋ ə klæn-
 'dest(a)in 'tri:t, tu in'eibl (h)im tə 'ki:p ʌp ðə
 'geim. 'skrɔ:ɡinz (h)əd¹, 'ðeəfɔ:(ə), nou 'su:nə gɒt
 'raund ðən 'væləntain 'sent ə 'feint '(h)wispə 'veri
 'niə him², ðə 'pə:pət əv '(h)wɪtʃ wəz³ ðæt 'hæri wəz
 ə 'fu:l 'nɒt tə 'get bi'haind ðə 'kɑ:skz.

“hə'lou⁵!” 'ʃautid 'skrɔ:ɡinz, in ə 'vois əv
 'θʌndə, ɔn 'hiəriŋ ðə 'feint iks'pref(ə)n əv ðæt
 'sentimənt.

“'get bi'haind! 'get bi'haind!” kraid 'vælən-
 tain, “wi' ʃl bi' 'kɔ:t.”

“hə'lou⁴!” ə'ge(i)n 'ʃautid 'skrɔ:ɡinz wið 'ɔ:l
 ði 'enədʒi ət (h)iz kə'mɑ:nd. “'wɒt (ə) jə⁵ ə'baut
 'ðeə? d jə 'hiə?”

“ʃ:!” sed 'væləntain; “ʃ: 'nɒt ə 'wə:d!”

“'ai 'hiə jə, m(a)i 'rʌm ənz⁷! 'kʌm 'aut ə(v)
 'ðæt! 'hiə, 'dʒəʊnz.”

“hə'lou!” 'ʃautid 'dʒəʊnz, “'wɒ(t) d jə
 'wɒnt?”

¹ /hæd. ² /niə(r) im. ³ /wɒz. ⁴ /hə'lou/ samtaims /həlo(u),
 /hælo(u). ⁵ ə ju.

watchman that persons were having a clandestine treat, to enable him to keep up the game. Scroggins had, therefore, no sooner got round than Valentine sent a very faint whisper near him, the purport of which was that Harry was a fool not to get behind the casks.

“Hallo!” shouted Scroggins in a voice of thunder on hearing the faint expression of that sentiment.

“Get behind! get behind!” cried Valentine, “we shall be caught.”

“Hallo!” again shouted Scroggins, with all the energy at his command. “What are you about there? D’ye hear?”

“Hush!” said Valentine, “hush! not a word.”

“I hear you, my rum ’uns! Come out of that! Here, Jones!”

“Hallo!” shouted Jones, “What d’ye want?”

“'kʌm '(h)jə!” kraid 'skrɔːɡɪnz. “'hiə, 'kwɪk!—
'nʌmbə 'nain!—'wi: l 'næb jə, m(a)i 'lʌʃɪjntənz!
'wi: l 'faɪnd jə 'aut!”

“'nau ð(e)n,” kraid 'dʒʊnz, hu· (h)əd² bi·n
in'geɪdʒd in ðə fɔːtɪf'keɪf(ə)n³ əv 'tu: 'paɪps əv
'pɔːt, “'wɒt s ðə 'rau.”

“'(h)jə z ə 'lɒt ə 'feləz '(h)jə,” ri'plaɪd
'skrɔːɡɪnz, “'swɪlɪn⁴ ə'wei ət ðə 'wain laɪk 'dev(i)lz.”

“'weə?” 'kraid ðə 'faɪəri'nouzd 'ku:pə wɪð
ɪks'trɔːd(i)nəri⁵ 'fɪsnɪs.

“'hiə!” 'fautɪd skrɔːɡɪnz. “'laɪts! 'laɪts!”

“'hiə! 'nain! 'laɪts! laɪts!” ri'itərəɪtɪd 'skrɔːɡɪnz,
hu· ə'piəd tə bi' in ə 'dredf(u)l 'steɪt əv ɪk'saɪtmənt
'dʒʌst 'ðen.

“'ɔ:l seɪf 'nau. 'laɪ 'stɪl,” sed 'væləntaɪn,
'θrouɪŋ (h)ɪz 'vɔɪs bi'hænd ə 'lɒt əv 'kwɔːtə
'kɑːsks (h)wɪtʃ 'stud ɔn ðə 'left əv 'skrɔːɡɪnz.

“'ɑː! jə⁶ 'seɪf i'nʌf!” ɪks'kleɪmd 'dʒʊb, in ə
'toun əv 'bɪtə(r) 'aɪərəni. “'preɪ, 'daʊnt ə'la:m jə'

¹ 'lʌʃɪjntənz: fə'siːʃəs fə 'drɪŋkəz. ² hu· d, ³ fɔːtɪf'keɪf(ə)n:
aɪðe 'stɹeɪθ(e)nɪŋ ðe' kɑːsks, ɔ·(r) 'ædɪŋ 'brændɪ. ⁴ 'swɪlɪŋ in 'stændəd
prə'nansi'eɪʃ(ə)n. ⁵ ekstre'ɔːd(i)nəri. ⁶ ju·ə.

“Come here!” cried Scroggins. “Here, quick! —No. 9!—We’ll nab you, my lushingtons! we’ll find you out!”

“Now then,” cried Jones, who had been engaged in the fortification of two pipes of port, “What’s the row.”

“Here’s a lot of fellows here,” replied Scroggins, “swilling away like devils.”

“Where?” cried the fiery-nosed cooper with extraordinary fierceness.

“Here!” shouted Scroggins. “Lights! Lights!”

“Here! Nine! Lights! Lights!” reiterated Scroggins, who appeared to be in a dreadful state of excitement just then.

“All safe now. Lie still,” said Valentine, throwing his voice behind a lot of quarter-casks which stood on the left of Scroggins.

“Ah! you’re safe enough!” exclaimed Job in a tone of bitter irony. “Pray, don’t alarm your

'blesid 'selvz! jə¹ 'kwait 'seif tə bi' 'næbd in 'les
 ð(ə)n 'nou 'taim. 'nau 'ð(e)n², 'ðeə, 'luk ə'laiv—
 'nau, 'kwik!" (h)i kən'tinju'd, əz 'tu: ə:dif(ə)n(ə)l
 'ku:pəz ə'proutft ðə 'spɒt wið 'laits. "if jə 'get
 ə'wei 'nau, m(a)i 'fain 'feləz, 'wai, 'mei ai bi'
 'bloud! 'ðeə, 'ju: 'gou bi'haind 'ðeə, ən 'ju:
 'stænd 'hiə, ən 'ju: 'ki:p ə 'ʃɑ:p luk-'aut 'ðeə.
 'nau 'ð(e)n, if ðei is'keip, wi' l fə'giv (ð)əm."

'hæviŋ 'steif(ə)nd ðə 'ku:pez wið 'læmps in
 ðeə 'hændz ət 'vɛəriəs 'pa:ts əv ði 'ɑ:tʃ, 'dʒoub
 'skrɔ:ɡinz 'stoul 'dʒentli bi'twi:n tu: dis'tiŋ(k)t
 rouz əv 'paips, ən(d) 'væləntain, 'wi:ʃiŋ tə 'rendə(r)
 'ɔ:l ði ə'sist(ə)ns in (h)iz 'pauə, pri:'si:did (h)im.
 'dʒʌst, hau'evə, əz (h)i' (h)(ə)d 'ri:tʃt ðə 'dɑ:kist
 pa:t əv ði 'ɑ:tʃ, hi' 'kraid, in ən ə'sju:md 'vɔis, əv
 'kɔ:(ə)s, "'let s 'draun (h)im." ən(d) 'θru: ðə 'glɑ:s
 əv 'wain (h)i' 'held in (h)iz 'hænd 'ouvə(r) iz³ 'hed
 'sou 'dekst(ə)rəsli, ðət ðə 'houl əv it 'went 'intə
 ðə 'feis əv 'mistə 'skrɔ:ɡinz, hu' wəz 'lukij ə'baut
 in ə 'steit əv æŋ(g)'zaiəti ðə moust in'tens.

¹ ju' e.

² ð(e)n, ən(d) 'similəli θru' aut.

³ 'ouvə his.

blessed selves! you're quite safe to be nabbed in less than no time. Now then, look alive—now, quick!" he continued, as two additional coopers approached the spot with lights. "If you get away now, my fine fellows, why, may I be blowed! There, you go behind there, and you stand here, and you keep a sharp look out there. Now then, if they escape, we'll forgive them!"

Having stationed the coopers with lamps in their hands at various parts of the arch, Job Scroggins stole gently between two distinct rows of pipes, and Valentine, wishing to render all the assistance in his power, preceded him. Just, however, as he had reached the darkest part of the arch, he cried, in an assumed voice, of course, "Let's drown him," and threw the glass of wine he held in his hand over his head so dexterously that the whole of it went into the face of Mr. Scroggins, who was looking about in a state of anxiety the most intense.

“hiə ðei 'ɑ:! 'hiə(r) ə ðə 'θi:vz!” 'ʃautid
 'skrɔ:ɡinz, 'waipiŋ (h)iz 'wain-wɔ:ft 'feis wið ðə
 'sli:v əv (h)iz 'kout. “luk 'aut ðəə!—luk 'aut!”
 ən(d) (h)i: 'rʌft pɑ:st¹ 'væləntain wið 'greit indig-
 neiʃ(ə)n ən(d) 'piəd wið kən'sid(ə)rəbl 'fiənsis əv
 'æspekt 'intu 'evri 'kæviti 'lɑ:dʒ i'nʌf tu ə'dmit
 ðə 'teil əv ə 'ræt.

“ʃ:!” kraid 'væləntain, 'sendiŋ (h)iz 'vois 'rait
 ə'hed: ən(d) ə'wei went 'skrɔ:ɡinz tə ðə 'spɒt frəm
 '(h)witʃ ðə '(h)wispə(r) ə'piəd tə prə'si:d², (h)wail
 ðə 'ku:pəz w(e)ə 'lukiŋ ə'baut wið 'greit 'i:ɡənis,
 iks'pektiŋ 'evri 'moumənt tə 'si: ðə 'θi:vz 'raiz.

“'kwaiət, 'hæri, 'kwaiət! ðei l 'kætʃ əs³,”
 (h)wispəd 'væləntain.

“'kætʃ jə!” kraid 'skrɔ:ɡinz, “tə bi: 'ʃuə⁴, wi:
 'ʃæl!” ən(d) (h)i: 'poukt (h)iz 'stik wið 'infini:
 'vaiələns⁵ bi'twi:n ðə 'kɑ:sks, ən(d) 'rætld it ə'baut
 wið kən'sʌmit despə'reiʃ(ə)n, ən(d) 'lukt!—əz ðə
 'læmp wəz bi'ni:θ (h)iz 'wain-steind 'feis, it

¹ rʌft 'pɑ:st. ² prə'si:d. ³ əs. ⁴ 'ʃuə, 'ʃuə, 'ʃu:. ⁵ 'vaiə-
 ləns.

"Here they are! Here are the thieves!" shouted Scroggins, wiping his wine-washed face with the sleeve of his coat. "Look out there! Look out!" and he rushed past Valentine with great indignation, and peered with considerable fierceness of aspect into every cavity sufficiently large to admit the tail of a rat.

"Hush!" cried Valentine, sending his voice right ahead; and away went Scroggins to the spot from which the whisper appeared to proceed while the coopers were looking about with great eagerness, expecting every moment to see the thieves rise.

"Quiet, Harry! quiet! They'll catch us," whispered Valentine.

"Catch you!" cried Scroggins, "To be sure we shall!" And he poked his stick with infinite violence between the casks, and rattled it about with consummate deperation, and *looked!*—as the lamp was beneath his wine-stained face, it

im'pɑ:tɪd sou 'gɑ:s(t)li ə 'hju: tə hiz¹ fɪ:tʃəz, ðət
(h)i: 'ri:li 'lukt laik² ə 'fi:nd.

“(h)a 'ha ha 'ha³!” kraid 'væləntain 'merili,
'sendɪŋ (h)iz 'vɔɪs 'rait 'ʌndə ði 'ɑ:tʃ ə'dʒɔɪnɪŋ.
ə'wei went 'dʒoub 'skrɔ:ɡɪnz, 'bækt 'ʌp baɪ ðə
'ku:pəz, hu: 'strʌk ðeə 'fɪnz 'klevəli e'ge(i)nst ðə
'kɔ:nə 'kɑ:sks, ən(d) 'stʌmbld 'ouvə ðə 'skæntliŋ,
'wʌn 'ɑ:ftə ði 'ʌðə, wið 'ɪnfɪnɪt 'prezəns əv 'maɪnd.

“ə'wei, ə'wei!” 'ʃautɪd 'væləntain, 'θrouɪŋ
(h)iz 'vɔɪs tə'wɔ:dz⁴ ðə 'spɒt ðeɪ (h)(ə)d 'dʒʌst 'left,
ən(d) 'dʒoub 'skrɔ:ɡɪnz 'rʌʃt bæ⁵ wið ðə 'ku:pəz
ət (h)iz 'teɪl, əv 'hu:m ðə 'houl w(ə)ə(r) ɪn'spaɪəd
wið ðə 'spɪrɪt əv 'ven(d)ɪzəns.

“'stænd, 'ðeə!” 'ʃautɪd 'skrɔ:ɡɪnz; “ðeɪ 'mʌst
pɑ:s⁶ 'ðæt 'wei!” ən(d) (h)i: 'pɒkt (h)iz 'θɪk 'stɪk
bɪ'twi:n ðə 'kɑ:sks ə'geɪn' desp(ə)rɪtli, ən(d) 'flʌrɪʃt
ɪt ə'baut wið ʌn'pærələld⁷ 'zi:l.

“ɪt s ɔ:l 'ʌp wið əs⁶, 'hæri; wi: ə 'blɒkt 'rait
ɪn,” '(h)wɪspəd 'væləntain dɪs'pærɪŋli. “fe'ɡɪv

¹ tu ɪz. ² lukt /laɪk. ³ /hɑ /hɑ /hɑ /hɑ, /hə /hə /hə /hə. ⁴ /tɔ:-
(ə)dz. ⁵ rʌʃt /bæk. ⁶ məs(t) /pɑ:s. ⁷ ʌn'pærələld.

imparted so ghastly a hue to his features, that really he looked like a fiend.

“Ha-ha-ha-ha!” cried Valentine merrily, sending his voice right under the arch adjoining. Away went Job Scroggins, backed up by the coopers, who struck their shins cleverly against the corner casks, and stumbled over the scantling, one after the other, with infinite presence of mind.

“Away, away!” shouted Valentine, throwing his voice towards the spot they had just left, and Job Scroggins rushed back with the coopers at his tail, of whom the whole were inspired with the spirit of vengeance.

“Stand, there!” shouted Scroggins; “they must pass that way!” and he poked his thick stick between the casks again desperately, and flourished it about with unparalleled zeal.

“It’s all up with us, Harry; we’re blocked right in,” whispered Valentine despairingly. “Forgive

əs!'" hi' 'ædid, in ə 'dif(ə)rənt 'vois, əz if 'hæri
(h)(ə)d 'riəli bi'kʌm 'veri 'mætʃ² ə'la:mɪd—"fə'giv
əs! wi' l 'du: so(u) 'nou 'mɔ:(ə); 'hæv 'mə:si!"

"'mə:si!" sed 'skrɔ:ɡinz 'fə:v(ə)ntli. "'mə:sil
jə 'dount (h)əv³ ə 'skwi:k⁴! 'kʌm 'aut!" hi' kən-
'tinju:d, "jə 'gʌzliŋ 'vægəbounz⁵—'mə:si in'di:d!"

"wi' v 'nɒt drʌŋk⁶ ə 'grei(t) di:l⁷," sed 'vælən-
tain im'plɔ:(ə)riŋli. "wi' 'hæv nt in'di:d. ju'
ʃ(ə)l 'hæv it 'ɔ:l 'bæk if ju' 'wil bət⁸ fə'giv əs."

'skrɔ:ɡinz 'smaɪld ə sɑ:'dɒnik 'smaɪl ən(d)
'ʃautid, "'nau 'ð(e)n! 'ɑ:⁹ jə 'kʌmiŋ 'aut ɔ' 'nɒt?"

'væləntain sent 'fɔ:θ ə 'lɑ:f əv di'faiəns,
(h)wɪtʃ 'kɔ:zd ðə 'hi:vɪŋ 'buz(ə)m əv 'skrɔ:ɡinz tə
'swel wið 'rɔ:θ. di'faiəns (h)i' 'kud nt¹⁰ 'stænd.
hi' 'flu: tə ðə 'spɒt frəm '(h)wɪtʃ ðə 'lɑ:f (h)əd
ə'peərəntli prə'si:did¹¹, ən(d) 'strʌk ðə sə'raundiŋ
'kɑ:sks wið¹² pi'kju:liə(r) indig'neɪʃ(ə)n.

"'wil jə¹³ kʌm 'aut, ɔ' 'nɒt," hi' iks'kleɪmd,
"bi'fɔ:(ə)(r) ai 'du: jə ə 'mɪstʃɪf?"

1 əs. 2 mætʃ. 3 həv. 4 /skwi:k=bit. 5 /vægəbounz; /vægə
fə' /vægəbən(d)z, /vægəbən(d)z. 6 wi' /hæv nt /drʌŋk. 7 grei(t) /di:l,
'greit /di:l. 8 jə 'wil, ju' l /bət, jə l. 9 ə. 10 kəd 'nɒt. 11 prə-
'si:did. 12 wiθ. 13 ju'.

us!" he added, in a different voice, as if Harry had really become very much alarmed.—"Forgive us! we'll do so no more; have mercy!"

"*Mercy!*" said Scroggins fervently. "*Mercy!* You don't have a squeak! Come out!" he continued, "you guzzling vagabones—mercy indeed!"

"We 've not drunk a great deal," said Valentine imploringly. "We have not indeed. You shall have it all back if you will but forgive us."

Scroggins smiled a sardonic smile and shouted, "Now then! Are you coming out or not?"

Valentine sent forth a laugh of defiance, which caused the heaving bosom of Scroggins to swell with wrath. Defiance he could not stand. He flew to the spot from which the laugh had apparently proceeded, and struck the surrounding casks with peculiar indignation.

"Will you come out, or not," he exclaimed, "before I do you a mischief?"

“'nou,” 'fautid 'væləntain.

“ðən 'teik ðə 'kɔnsikwənsiz,” kraid 'skrɔgɪnz hu' 'lukt ət ðæt 'moumənt ri'mɑ:kəbli 'fiəs. “'r au 'ð(e)n,” hi' kən'tinjʊ:d, ə'dresɪŋ ðə 'ku:pəz, “wi' (ə)l giv (ð)əm 'nou 'kwɔ:tə; wi' (ə)l əv 'nou mɔ:(ə)' 'pɑ:li; wi' (ə)l 'dræg (ð)əm 'aut 'nau, 'nek (ə)n 'hi:lz!”

'pri:vjəsli², hau'evə, tə ði i'fektjʊəl e'kɔmplɪʃmənt əv ðis 'lɔ:dəbl 'ɔbdʒɪkt, it wəz 'ɔbvjəsli³ 'nesis(ə)ri⁴ tə 'faɪnd ðəm—ə ri'mɑ:kəbl 'fækt, (h)wɪtʃ 'stræk 'skrɔgɪnz ən(d) ðə 'ku:pəz 'wið⁵ 'sɑtʃ 'fɔ:(ə)s, ðæt ðei 'set tə 'wə:k ət 'wʌns, wið ðə 'vju: əv i'fektɪŋ ðis 'haili im'pɔ:t(ə)nt pri'liminəri, ən(d) dis'pleɪd ən ə'maʊnt əv 'zi:l (h)wɪtʃ 'ri:li 'did ðəm 'greɪt 'kredit.

“ðə ə⁶ 'sʌmwɛə(r) ə'baut 'hiə, ai 'nou,” əb'zə'vd ðə 'ku:pə.

“'ou, wi' ʃ(ə)l 'faɪnd (ð)əm! wi' ʃ(ə)l 'hæv (ð)əm!” kraid 'skrɔgɪnz; “'ænd, wen wi' 'du:kætʃ (ð)əm 'ðei l 'nou it!”

¹ 'hæv nə 'mɔ:(ə). ² 'pri:vjəsli. ³ 'ɔbvjəsli. ⁴ 'nesəs(ə)ri.
⁵ wiθ. ⁶ ðei ə.

"No," shouted Valentine.

"Then take the consequences," cried Scroggins, who looked at that moment remarkably fierce. "Now then," he continued, addressing the coopers, "we'll give them no quarter; we'll have no more parley; we'll drag them out now, neck and heels!"

Previously, however, to the effectual accomplishment of this laudable object, it was obviously necessary to find them—a remarkable fact, which struck Scroggins and the coopers with such force, that they set to work at once, with the view of effecting this highly important preliminary, and displayed an amount of zeal which really did them great credit.

"They are somewhere about here, I know," observed the cooper.

"Oh, we shall find them! we shall have them!" cried Scroggins; "and, when we do catch them, they'll know it!"

ðə 'haili sɑ: 'kæstik 'toun in (h)wɪtʃ ði:z 'wɔ:dz
w(ɛ)ə(r) 'ʌtəd wəz 'kliəli in'dikətɪv¹ əv 'sʌmθɪŋ
'veri 'desp(ə)rit; ən(d) əz ðə 'ku:pəz, hu w(ɛ)ə
bi'gɪnɪŋ tə get 'veri im'peɪf(ə)nt, w(ɛ)ə 'rʌnɪŋ
'raʊnd ði 'ɑ:tʃ, 'væləntain, ʌnpə'sɪ:vɪd, 'θru: ðə
'glɑ:s (h)i 'hæd in (h)ɪz hænd ə'pɒn ðə 'glu:mɪ
'ɑ:tʃ 'ɔpəzɪt², ən(d) i'mi:dʒətli 'kraɪd: "ðeə z ə
'fu:l! 'nau wɪ 'kɑ:nt get ə'nʌðə 'drɒp."

"hiə ðe(i) 'ɑ:!" 'ʃaʊtɪd 'skrɒɡɪnz, ɒn 'hiəriŋ
ðə 'kræf. "nau 'ð(e)n, 'bɔɪz! hu'ra:! wɪ 'ʃ(ə)l
'neɪl³ (ð)əm."

ðɪs 'soul-'stə:riŋ 'spi:tʃ 'puʃ ðə 'ku:pəz ɒn ðeə
'metl, ən(d) ðeɪ 'rʌʃt tə'wɔ:dz⁴ ði 'ɑ:tʃ wɪð ri'nju:d
'spirit; bət 'dʒʌst bi'fɔ:(ə) ðeɪ 'ri:tʃt ðə 'spɒt in
(h)wɪtʃ ðə 'brʊkn 'glɑ:s wəz 'lai(i)ŋ, 'væləntain
'kraɪd.

"nau, 'let s 'stɑ:t; wɪ k(ə)n 'get 'nou mɔ:(ə)⁵
'wain."

"stɒp 'ðeə, jə 'vægəbʊnz⁶!" kraɪd 'skrɒɡɪnz
'vi:(h)əmɛntli⁷, 'θɪŋkɪŋ tə 'fraɪn ðəm 'aut əv ðeə

¹ 'ɪndɪkeɪtɪv. ² 'ɒpəzɪt. ³ 'neɪl sɪ'kjuə, 'kæʃ. ⁴ 'tɔɪdz. ⁵ nə-
'mɔ:(ə). ⁶ 'vægəbʊnz: 'vʌlgə fə 'vægəbɒn(d)z, 'vægəbɒn(d)z. ⁷ 'vi-
(h)mɛntli.

The highly sarcastic tone in which these words were uttered was clearly indicative of something very desperate; and as the coopers, who were beginning to get very impatient, were running round the arch, Valentine, unperceived, threw the glass he had in his hand upon the gloomy arch opposite, and immediately cried; "There's a fool! Now we can't get another drop."

"Here they are!" shouted Scroggins, on hearing the crash, "Now then, boys! Hurrah! We shall nail them."

This soul-stirring speech put the coopers on their mettle, and they rushed towards the arch with renewed spirit; but just before they reached the spot in which the broken glass was lying, Valentine cried:

"Now, let us start; we can get no more wine."

"Stop there, you vagabones!" cried Scroggins vehemently, thinking to frighten them out of their

'wits. "wi ə 'kɒk'ʃuə³ tə 'kæts jə, jə 'nou! jə mə²
'dʒʌst əz 'wel giv 'ʌp ət 'wʌns!" hi' (h)əd 'nau
'ri:tft ðə 'spɒt in (h)wɪts ðə 'glɑ:s lei 'smæft 'intu
ə 'nʌmbə(r) əv 'lɪtl 'pi:sɪz, 'kraɪ(i)ŋ 'aut, "hiə z
wəə ðə 'vægəbounz' wəə³."

"'stu:p 'daun," (h)wɪspəd 'væləntain.

"'kʌm 'aut!" kraɪd 'skrɔ:ɪnz. "(i)t s 'nou
'ju:s, jə 'nou; wi⁴'si: jə!" ən əbzə'veɪf(ə)n '(h)wɪts,
hau'evə 'lɔ:dəbl so(u)'evə(r) its 'ɔbdʒɪkt 'mait (h)əv
bi:n, in'vɒlvd ə 'haili repri'hensɪbl⁵ 'fɔ'ls(h)ud.

"'nau 'ð(e)n!—'krɔ:l 'dʒentli," '(h)wɪspəd
'væləntain. "'kʌm 'ɔn."

'skrɔ:ɪnz 'li:pt⁶ 'ouvə ðə 'paɪps in ən 'ɪnst(ə)nt,
ən(d) lukt 'raund ən 'raund wɪð ən iks'pref(ə)n əv
sə'praɪz.

"('hæ)v jə 'gɒt (ð)əm?" in'kwaiəd⁷ ðə 'faɪəri-
'nouzd 'ku:pə.

"'gɒt (ð)əm!" 'eko(u)d 'skrɔ:ɪnz, "ai 'ounli-
'dʒʌst 'wɪʃ ai 'hæd—fə 'ðeə 'seɪks. ai d is'tæblɪʃ

¹ /kɒk'ʃuə, -'ʃuə, -'ʃoɪ. ² me(i). ³ /wəɪ. ⁴ /wiɪ. ⁵ repri-
'hensəbl. ⁶ /lept. ⁷ ɪŋ'kwaiəd.

wits. "We are cocksure¹ to catch you, you know! You may just as well give up at once!" He had now reached the spot in which the glass lay smashed into a number of little pieces, crying out, "Here's where the vagabones were."

"Stoop down," whispered Valentine.

"Come out!" cried Scroggins. "It's no use, you know; we see you!" an observation which however laudable soever its object might have been, involved a highly reprehensible falsehood.

"Now then! crawl gently," whispered Valentine. "Come on."

Scroggins leaped over the pipes in an instant, and looked round and round with an expression of surprise.

"Have you got them?" inquired the fiery-nosed cooper.

"Got them!" echoed Scroggins, "I only just wish I had—for *their* sakes. I'd establish

¹ =absolutely sure.

ə 'traifl ə¹ 'tu: in ð(ε)ə 'mem(ə)rɪz tə 'sə:v (ð)əm
fə 'laif. ai² l 'wɒrənt ðeɪ 'wʊdnt³ fə'get it ə 'lɔɪ
wail."

'væləntaɪn 'naʊ 'sent ə 'slait 'lɑ:f sou 'veri
'niə ðə 'legz əv 'mɪstə 'skrɒɡɪnz, ðət 'ðæt 'dʒentl-
mən 'spʌn 'raʊnd wɪð ðə vɪ'ləsɪtɪ əv ə 'kɒktʃeɪfə,
ən(d) 'felt 'veri 'æŋɡrɪ ɪn'di:d wɪð (h)ɪm'self⁴
(h)wen (h)ɪ rɪ'flektɪd ðət ðə 'lʌʃɪŋtənz' 'stɪl
w(ε)ə(r) ət 'lɑ:dʒ. "wɛə 'kæn⁵ ðeɪ əv 'krept 'veri⁶"
hɪ 'kraɪd ɪn ə'meɪzmənt. "ðe ə 'nɒt⁶ ə 'jɑ:d 'frɒm
mɪ, ən(d) 'jet—'wai, 'wɛə ðə—"

"ð(ε)ə z 'nou 'ru:m fə 'tu: men tə 'haɪd ðeə
'bɒdɪz 'hiə," əb'zə:vɪd ðə 'faɪəri-'nouzd 'ku:pə.

"ðeɪ 'mʌs(t) bɪ⁷ pə'tɪkjələli 'æktɪv," sed
'skrɒɡɪnz; ən(d) 'væləntaɪn 'sent ə'nʌðə 'lɑ:f 'veri
'niə hɪm⁸.

'dʒɔʊb 'skrɒɡɪnz 'lʊkt 'sævɪdʒ—ʌn'daʊtɪdli
'sævɪdʒ. hɪ 'ʃʊk (h)ɪz 'red 'hed wɪð ɪks'tri:m
despə'reɪf(ə)n ən(d) 'ɡraʊnd (h)ɪz 'tɪ:θ wɪð mə-
'naɪək(ə)l 'zi:l. "wɛə 'kæn⁹ ðeɪ bɪ 'hɪd¹⁰?" hɪ

¹ ə. ² /ai. ³ d /nɒt. ⁴ wɪθ hɪm/self. ⁵ /wɛə k(ə)n. ⁶ ðeɪ
'aɪnt. ⁷ məs(t) /bɪr. ⁸ /niə(r) ɪm. ⁹ /wɛə k(ə)n. ¹⁰ hɪd; fə /hɪdn.

a trifle or two in their memories to serve them for life. I'll warrant they would n't forget it a long while."

Valentine now sent a slight laugh so very near the legs of Mr. Scroggins, that that gentleman spun round with the velocity of a cockchafer, and felt very angry indeed with himself when he reflected that the 'lusingtons' still were at large. "Where can they have crept to?" he cried in amazement. "They are not a yard from me, and yet—why, where the—"

"There's no room for two men to hide their bodies here," observed the fiery-nosed cooper.

"They must be particularly active," said Scroggins, and Valentine sent another laugh very near him.

Job Scroggins looked savage—undoubtedly savage. He shook his red head with extreme desperation, and ground his teeth with maniacal zeal. "Where can they be hid¹?" he

¹ Hid for hidden.

iks'kleimd wið 'greit 'emfæsis. "'blistə(r) əm!¹
wəə 'kæn ðə 'skaundrəlz² bi' 'gɒt tu?'".

hi' 'fɪkst (h)iz 'aiz ə'pɒn (h)iz kəm'pænʒənz,
ən(d) (h)iz kəm'pænʒənz 'fɪkst 'ðeə(r) aiz ə'pɒn
'him, (h)wail 'brɔ:dsaidz 'skrætʃt (h)iz 'hed wið
(h)iz³ 'rait 'hænd, ən(d) 'rʌbd (h)iz 'tʃɪn 'veri
mis'tiəriəsli wið (h)iz³ 'left.

ət ðis 'moumənt ən in'telidʒənt 'ku:pə, hu'
(h)(ə)d ðetə'fɔ:(ə) 'sætʃt wi'ðaut 'ʌt(ə)riŋ ə 'siləbl,
'ventʃəd tu 'ɔfə(r) ə 'ræʃ(ə)n(ə)l sə'dʒestʃ(ə)n, ðə
'pə:pət əv (h)wɪtʃ 'wɔz ðæt ðei 'sə:tnli w(ə)ə
,səm(h)wəə.

"'səmweə!" kraɪd 'skrɔ:ʒɪnz, 'veri 'æŋgrɪli;
'wi' 'nou ðei 'mʌst bi' 'səmweə; bət⁴ wəə(r) 'iz
'səmweə? 'ðæt s ðə 'paɪnt⁵."

ði in'telidʒənt 'ku:pə, hu' 'ɔfəd ðis sə'dʒest-
ʃ(ə)n, wəz 'sailənt, fə hi'⁶ 'sɔ: ðæt 'mɪstə 'skrɔ:ʒɪnz
'lukt 'redi tu 'i:t (h)ɪm. 'sailənz wəz⁷, ðeəfɔ:(ə),
ə 'spi:ʃɪz əv 'wɪzdəm, (h)wɪtʃ ðə 'lɪtl in'telidʒənt

¹ /blɪstə ðəm. ² /skaundrɪlz. ³ wɪθ hɪz. ⁴ /bət. ⁵ /paɪnt;
'vælɡə fɔ' /pɔɪnt. ⁶ fɔ' hɪ', fə(r) i. ⁷ wəz.

exclaimed with great emphasis. "Blister them! Where can the scoundrels be got to?"

He fixed his eyes upon his companions, and his companions fixed their eyes upon him, while Broadsides scratched his head with his right hand and rubbed his chin very mysteriously with his left.

At this moment an intelligent cooper, who had thereto-fore searched without uttering a syllable, ventured to offer a rational suggestion, the purport of which was that they certainly were somewhere.

"Somewhere!" cried Scroggins, very angrily; "We know they must be somewhere; but where is somewhere? That 's the pint¹."

The intelligent cooper who offered this suggestion was silent, for he saw that Mister Scroggins looked ready to eat him. Silence was, therefore, a species of wisdom, which the little intelligent

¹ Vulgar for point.

'ku:pə dis'pleid, ən(d) ðə 'sə:tʃ wəz ri'zju:md wið
in'kri:st¹ pə:si'viərəns.

bət² 'væləntain (h)im'self 'nau bi'keim 'sʌm-
(h)wət 'pʌzld. hi' 'skəsli 'nju: 'hau tə prə'si:d³.
hi' wəz 'æŋ(k)ʃəs tə send ði in'vizibl 'lʌʃɪŋtənz'
ə'wei wið 'eiklɑ:⁴, bət ðə 'kwestʃ(ə)n 'wɔz, 'hau
kəd (h)i' 'get ðəm e'wei? * * * * * ət 'lɑ:st (h)i'
'θɔ:t əv intrə'dju:sij⁵ (h)iz 'vois 'intə 'wʌn əv ðə
'paips əv 'wain in 'ɔ:ðə tə 'si: hau 'dʒɔub 'skrɔɡinz
ən(d) (h)iz kəm'pænʒəns (w)əd⁶ 'ækt; 'ænd, 'dʒʌst
əz ði enə'dʒetik 'dʒɔub, 'ɑ:ftə 'fiəsli 'rʌniŋ 'raund
ən 'raund, (h)əd 'pɔ:zd tə ri'gein ə 'litl 'breθ, ən
tə 'waip ðə pə:spi'reiʃ(ə)n frəm (h)iz 'feis wið ðə
'kʌf əv (h)iz 'kout, hi' 'pitʃt (h)iz 'vois 'intu ən
iks'tri:mli 'ould 'kɑ:sk, ən(d) 'kraid, "'wɔz nt it
'lʌki wi' 'faund 'ðis wʌn 'em(p)ti, 'ei?"

'dʒɔub 'skrɔɡinz 'steəd; ən(d) 'sou did 'mistə
'brɔ:dsaidz, ən(d) 'sou did ðə 'ku:pə; ən(d) ðei
'dru: 'niə ðə 'kɑ:sk frəm '(h)witʃ ðə 'saund (h)əd

¹ iŋ'kri:st. ² /bət. ³ prə'si:d. ⁴ e'klɑ:(. ⁵ intrɔdʒu:sij. ⁶ wud.

cooper displayed, and the search was resumed with increased perseverance.

But Valentine himself now became somewhat puzzled. He scarcely knew how to proceed. He was anxious to send the invisible 'lusingtons' away with éclat, but the question was, how could he get them away? * * * * At last he thought of introducing his voice into one of the pipes of wine in order to see how Job Scroggins and his companions would act; and, just as the energetic Job, after fiercely running round and round, had paused to regain a little breath, and to wipe the perspiration from his face with the cuff of his coat, he pitched his voice into an extremely old cask, and cried, "Was n't it lucky we found the one empty, eh?"

Job Scroggins stared; and so did Mr. Broad-sides, and so did the cooper; and they drew near the cask from which the sound had

ə'peərəntli prə'si:did¹, ən(d) 'lisnd ə'ge(i)n wið ən
iks'pref(ə)n əv ə'meizmənt.

“'ki:p 'in ðə 'hed,” '(h)wispəd 'væləntain,
'veri 'ɔ:dibli².

“ðe ə³ 'hiə!” 'ʃautid 'skrəginz, 'snætʃij ən
'ædz frəm ðə 'faiəri-nouzd 'ku:pə. “'luk 'aut!—
'nau ðe ə³ 'neild!” ən(d) wi'ðaut ə singl 'moumənts
ri'flekʃ(ə)n, wi'ðaut kən'sid(ə)rij '(h)weðə ðə 'kɑ:sk
w(ə)ə 'ful ɔ:(r) 'em(p)ti, wi'ðaut 'i:vn 'giviŋ ðə
'slaitist 'noutis tə 'ðouz (h)u w(ə)ə 'wið (h)im⁴,
hi 'smæft 'in ðə 'hed əv ðə 'paip, ən(d) ðə 'wain,
əv 'kɔ:(ə)s, 'rʌft 'aut in 'tɔrənts.

“'ju: 'ful!” 'kraid ðə 'faiəri-nouzd 'ku:pə, əz
ðə 'stri:m 'dæft ðə 'læmps frəm ðeə 'hændz, ən(d)
iks:tingwiʃt ðə 'laits.

“'help! 'help!” 'ʃautid 'skrəginz.

“'sailəns, ju 'æs! 'hould jə 'tʌŋ!” 'kraid ði
in'reidʒd 'ku:pə. “'hoist ðə 'kɑ:sk 'ʌp ɔn 'end!
'nau! 'nau! 'ɔ:l tə'geðə! hu'ra:!”

¹ prə'si:did.

² 'ɔ:dəbli.

³ ðe(i) ə.

⁴ 'wiθ him.

apparently proceeded, and listened again with an expression of amazement.

“Keep in the head,” whispered Valentine, very audibly.

“They are here!” shouted Scroggins, snatching an adze from the fiery-nosed cooper. “Look out!—now they are nailed!” And without a single moment’s reflection, without considering whether the cask were full or empty, without even giving the slightest notice to those who were with him, he smashed in the head of the pipe, and the wine, of course, rushed out in torrents.

“You fool!” cried the fiery-nosed cooper, as the stream dashed the lamps from their hands and extinguished the lights.

“Help! Help!” shouted Scroggins.

“Silence, you ass! hold your tongue!” cried the enraged cooper. “Hoist the cask up on end! Now! now! All together! Hurrah!”

in ən 'inst(ə)nt ðə 'θiŋ wəz ə'kɒmplɪʃt, fə
 'væləntaɪn, hu' wəz 'ri:li 'veri 'sɔ:ri fə¹ '(h)wɒt
 (h)əd 'hæpnd, put 'fɔ:θ wɪð ðə 'rest 'ɔ:l ðə 'streŋθ
 ət (h)ɪz kə'mɑ:nd.

[ðə 'dæmɪdʒ wəz 'meɪd 'gʊd əz 'fɑ:(r) əz
 'pɒsɪbl, ən(d) 'væləntaɪn ən(d) (h)ɪz 'frend 'left ðə
 'vɔ:lts 'ɑ:ftə 'tɪpɪŋ ðə 'ku:pəz 'hæn(d)səmli.]

ə'dæptəd wɪð 'veri 'slɑɪt mɒdɪfɪ'keɪʃ(ə)nz ənd
 ə 'fju: ə'mɪʃ(ə)nz² frɒm "ðə 'laɪf ən(d) əd-
 'ventʃəz əv 'væləntaɪn 'vɒks," baɪ 'henrɪ
 'kæktən.

¹ fə. ² ə'mɪʃ(ə)nz.

In an instant the thing was accomplished, for Valentine, who was really very sorry for what had happened, puth forth with the rest all the strength at his command.

[The damage was made good as far as possible, and Valentine and his friend left the vaults after tipping the coopers handsomely.]

Adapted with very slight modifications and a few omissions from *The Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox*, by Henry Cockton.

THE END