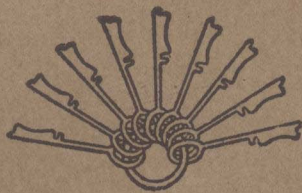


初中學生文庫

英語正音練習

第二冊

編者 G. Noel-Armfield



中華書局編印

標商冊註



ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK TWO

BY

G. NOEL-ARMFIELD



CHUNG HWA BOOK CO., LTD.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

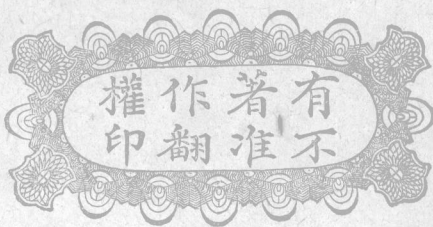
民國二十四年十月印刷
民國二十四年十月發行

初中學
生文庫
英語正音練習 (全三冊)

◎

第二冊定價銀一角

(外埠另加郵匯費)



有者不准翻印

編者

G. Noel-Armfield

發行者

中華書局有限公司
代表人 陸費達

印刷者

上海靜安寺路
中華書局印刷所

總發行所

上海棋盤街

中華書局

分發行所

各

埠

中華書局

(九二七一)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Aids to Examinations - - - - -	2
2. Nicholas Nickleby Discusses his Drama with Messrs. Folair and Lenville - - -	12
3. Mister Barnes Writes to his Guardian for Money	24

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK TWO

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK II

Phonetic Transcript

1.

'eidz tu igzæmi'neif(ə)nz

[ðə kɔnvə'seif(ə)nz in 'ðis pi:s ə(r) in 'veri
fə'miljə 'stail.]

'mistə 'baunsə, laik 'meni 'lɔðəz, 'aidl əz 'wel
əz 'ignərənt, in'tendid tu ə'sist (h)im'self, (h)wen
in 'sku:lz¹, bai 'eni kən'traivəns ðət (h)iz indzi-
'njuiti kəd² sə'dʒest.

“(i)t s 'kwait 'feə,” wəz ðə 'litl 'dʒentlmənz
'a:gjumənt, “tə 'du: ði ig'zæminəz in 'eni wei jə³
kæn, əz 'lɔŋ əz ju, 'ounli gou in fə(r)⁴ ə 'pɑ:s. ə(v)
'kɔ:(ə)s, if jə w(ə)ə go(u)ɪŋ⁵ in fə(r)⁴ ə 'kla:s, ɔ'
'skoləʃip, ə(r)⁶ 'eniθɪŋ ə(v) 'ðæt sɔ:t, it (w)əd bi-
nou 'end 'mi:n ən(d) 'dæ:ti tə 'krib⁷; ən(d) ðə
'mæn ðət 'did it 'ɔ:t tə bi 'kikt aut ə(v) ðə sə-
'saiəti⁸ ə(v) 'dʒentlmən. bət (h)wen ju 'ounli gou

¹ 'sku:lz; ðə 'pleis əv igzæmi'neif(ə)n. ² kud. ³ ju. ⁴ fr
fə(r). ⁵ goɪŋ. ⁶ ə(r). ⁷ krib=j'ɪz ən'fɛə 'mi:nz in ig'zæmi-
'neif(ə)n. ⁸ so'saiəti.

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK II

Orthographic Text

1.

AIDS TO EXAMINATIONS

Mr. Bouncer, like many others, idle as well as ignorant, intended to assist himself when in schools by any contrivance that his ingenuity could suggest.

“It’s quite fair,” was the little gentleman’s argument, “to do the examiners in any way you can, as long as you only go in for a pass. Of course, if you were going in for a class, or scholarship, or anything of that sort, it would be no end mean and dirty to crib; and the man that did it ought to be kicked out of the society of gentlemen. But when you only go

in fə(r)¹ ə 'pa:ɪs, (ə)n(d) a:nt 'du:ɪj 'eniwæn² 'enɪ
 'hɑ:m b(a)i ə 'lɪtl bɪt ə(v) 'krɪbɪj, bət 'tʃu:z tə rʌn
 ðə 'rɪsk tə 'seɪv j(u)ə'self ðə 'bɒðə(r) ə(v) 'bi:(i)j
 'plaud³ '(h)wəɪ ð(e)n, 'aɪ θɪŋk ə 'felə⁴ z 'baʊnd tə
 'du: (h)wɒt (h)ɪ 'kæn fə(r) ɪm'self,⁵ ən(d) jə' 'sɪz,
 ɪn 'maɪ keɪs, gɪglæmps⁶, ð(ə)ə z ðə 'mʌm⁷ tə bɪ
 kən'sɪdəd; 'ʃi: d kʌt 'ʌp⁸ ɪf aɪ 'dɪdnt get 'θru:, sou
 aɪ 'mʌst krɪb ə 'bɪt ɪf 'əʊnli fə 'hə: seɪk."

'bʌt, ɔ:l'ðəʊ ðə 'lɪtl 'dʒentlmən 'ðʌs meɪd
 'fɪljəl⁹ 'tendənɪs ðɪ ɪks'kjʊ:ɪs fə(r) ɪz¹⁰ dɪ'sɪrt, ən(d)
 ðə 'sɑ:v fə(r) ɪz¹⁰ 'kɒnʃ(ə)ns, 'jet (h)ɪ kəd 'naɪðə
 pə'sweɪd 'mɪstə 'və:d(ə)nt 'grɪ:n tə 'fələ(u) (h)ɪz
 ɪg'zɑ:mpl, 'nɔ: tə bɪ ə 'kɒnvɜ:t tə hɪz¹¹ ə'pɪnjənz,
 'nɔ: wəd¹² (h)ɪ bɪ pə'sweɪdɪd baɪ və:d(ə)nt tə
 rɪ'liŋkwɪʃ (h)ɪz dɪ'zəɪnz.

"'(h)wəɪ, lʌk 'hɪə, 'gɪglæmps!" 'mɪstə 'bəʊnsə
 wəd¹³ 'seɪ; "hau 'kæn aɪ rɪ'liŋkwɪʃ¹⁴ (ð)əm, 'ɑ:ftə
 'hævɪŋ 'hæd¹⁵ 'ɔ:l ðɪs 'trʌbl? aɪ l 'put j(u) 'ʌp tu ə

¹ fr, fə(r). ² 'eniwæn. ³ 'plaud=ʌnsək'sesf(n)l. ⁴ 'fələ(u).

⁵ fr ɪm'self, fə hɪm'self, fu hɪm'self, fə(r) ɪm'self. ⁶ 'gɪglæmps; ə

'mɪkneɪm 'gɪvn tʃə 'wɛərə(r) əv 'spektəklz. ⁷ mʌm='mʌðə. ⁸ 'kʌt

'ʌp=bi' 'grɪ:vd. ⁹ 'fɪliəl. ¹⁰ fə hɪz, fə(r) ɪz. ¹¹ tu ɪz. ¹² 'nɔ: 'wʊd.

¹³ 'bəʊnsə(r) əd, 'bəʊnsə wʊd. ¹⁴ k(ə)n aɪ rɪ'liŋkwɪʃ. ¹⁵ 'ɑ:ftə(r)

əvɪŋ 'hæd.

in for a pass, and aren't doing anyone any harm by a little bit of cribbing, but choose to run the risk to save yourself the bother of being ploughed, why then I think a fellow is bound to do what he can for himself, and you see, in my case, Giglamps, there's the mum to be considered; she would cut up if I didn't get through, so I must crib a bit if only for her sake."

But although the little gentleman thus made filial tenderness the excuse for his deceit and the salve for his conscience, yet he could neither persuade Mr. Verdant Green to follow his example nor to be a convert to his opinions, nor would he be persuaded by Verdant to relinquish his designs.

"Why, look here, Giglamps!" Mr Bouncer would say; "how can I relinquish them after having had all this trouble? I will put you up to a

'fju: ə(v) m(a)i 'dɔdʒiz—'fri:, 'greitis, fə 'nʌθiŋ.
 in ðə 'fə:st pleis, 'giglæmps, jə¹ si: 'hiə z ə 'smɔ:l
 'sə:kjulə bitə(v) 'peipə, 'kʌvəd wið² peləpə'ni:f(ə)n³
 ən(d) 'pju:nik 'wɔ:z, ən(d) nou 'end ə(v) 'deits—
 'ritn 'smɔ:l ən(d) 'ʃɔ:t, jə¹ 'si:, bət 'kwait 'ledʒibl
 —wið ðə 'tʃi:f θiŋz dʌn in 'red 'iŋk. wel 'ðis
 'dʒentlmən 'gouz in ðə 'frant əv m(a)i 'wɔtʃ 'ʌndə
 ðə 'glɑ:s; 'ænd, (h)wen ai get 'stʌm(p)t fə(r) ə
 'deit, 'aut kʌmz ðə 'wɔtʃ:—ai luk ət ðə 'taim ə(v)
 'dei—ju¹ 'ʌndə'stænd, ən(d) 'daun gouz ðə 'deit.
 'hiə z ə'nʌðə 'dɔdʒl!" 'ædid ðə litl 'dʒentlmən, əz
 (h)i¹ prə'dju:st⁴ ə 'ʃə:t frəm ə 'drɔ:(ə). "luk 'hiə,
 ət ðə 'ris(t)bən(d)z⁵. 'hiə(r) ə(r) 'ɔ:l ðə 'kiŋz əv
 'izr(e)jəl ən(d) 'dʒu:də, wið ðeə 'deits ən(d) 'prɒfɪts,
 'ritn 'daun in 'indʒən 'iŋk, 'sou (ə)z tə wɔʃ 'aut
 ə'ge(i)n. jə 'twɪtʃ 'ʌp ðə 'kʌf ə(v) j(u)ə 'kout,
 kwait æksi'dent(ə)li, ən(d) ðen jə¹ 'buk j(u)ə 'kiŋ.
 jə¹ 'si:, 'giglæmps, ai 'dount laik tə 'trʌst, əz 'sʌm
 'feləz⁶ 'du:, tə 'hæviŋ (h)wɔt jə 'wɔnt 'ritn 'daun

¹ ju. ² wiθ. ³ pelopə'ni:f(ə)n, pelopə'ni:ʃjən. ⁴ prə'dju:st.

⁵ 'ris(t)bən(d)z. ⁶ felo(u)z.

few of my dodges—free, gratis, for nothing. In the first place, Giglamps, you see here's a small circular bit of paper, covered with the Peloponnesian and Punic wars, and no end of dates—written small and short you see, but quite legible—with the chief things done in red ink. Well this little gentleman goes in the front of my watch under the glass, and, when I get stumped for a date, out comes the watch; I look at the time of day—you understand, and down goes the date. Here's another dodge!" added the little gentleman, as he produced a shirt from a drawer. "Look here at the wristbands. Here are all the Kings of Israel and Judah, with their dates and prophets written down in indian ink, so as to wash out again. You twitch up the cuff of your coat, quite accidentally, and then you book your king. You see, Giglamps, I don't like to trust, as some fellows do, to having what you want written down

'smɔ:l ən(d) 'ʃʌvd 'intu ə 'kwil, ən(d)'pɑ:st t(ə)
 jə¹ b(a)i 'sʌm mæn 'sitɪŋ in ðə 'sku:lz; 'ðæt s 'deɪn-
 dʒ(ə)rəs, 'dount jə¹ 'si:ʔ ən(d) ai 'dount laɪk tə
 'hould 'kɑ:dz in m(a)i 'hænd; ai v im'pru:vd ɔn 'ðæt,
 ən(d) in'ventɪd ə 'fə:streɪt 'dɒdʒ ə(v) m(a)i 'oun,
 ðæt ai in'tend tə teɪk aut ə 'peɪnt² fɔ:. laɪk 'ɔ:l
 'tru:lɪ 'greɪt in'venʃ(ə)nz, it s nou 'end 'sɪmpl.
 lʌk 'streɪt bi'fɔ:(ə) jə¹, ən(d) jə¹ l 'si: ðɪs 'pæk ə(v)
 'kɑ:dz,—'ɔ:l meɪd əv ə 'saɪz, naɪs tə 'hould in ðə
 'pɑ:m ə(v) j(u)ə 'hænd: ðeə(r) ə'baut 'ɔ:l 'sɔ:ts
 ə(v) 'rʌm 'θɪŋz,—'evrɪθɪŋ ai 'wɒnt. (ə)n(d) jə¹ si:,
 hɪə z ə 'lɔŋɪʃ 'strɪŋ wɪð ə 'lɪtl bɪt ə(v) 'hukt 'waɪə(r)
 ət ði 'end, 'meɪd sou ðæt ai k(ə)n 'i:zɪli 'hæŋ ðə
 'kɑ:d ɔn it. 'wel, ai 'pɑ:s ðə 'strɪŋ ʌp m(a)i 'kɒt
 'sli:v, ən(d) daʊn 'ʌndə m(a)i 'we(i)skət³; ən(d)
 'hɪə, jə¹ 'si:, ai v 'gɒt ðə 'waɪə(r) 'end in ðə 'pɑ:m
 ə(v) m(a)i 'hænd. ðen ai 'slɪp aut ðə 'kɑ:d ai 'wɒnt,
 ən(d) 'hʌk ɪt 'ɔntə ðə 'waɪə, sou ðæt ai k(ə)n 'hæv
 ɪt 'dʒʌst bi'fɔ:(ə) mɪ əz ai 'raɪt. 'ðen, ɪf 'eni ə(v)
 ði ɪg'zæmɪnəz 'lʌk səs'pɪʃəs, ə(r)⁴ ɪf 'wʌn ə(v) ðəm⁵

¹ ju.² 'pænt.³ 'we(i)s(t)kɒt.⁴ o:(r).⁵ əv em.

small and shoved into a quill and passed to you by some man sitting in the schools; that's dangerous, don't you see? and I don't like to hold cards in my hand; I've improved on that, and invented a first-rate dodge of my own, that I intend to take out a patent for. Like all truly great inventions, it's no end simple. Look straight before you, and you will see this pack of cards—all made of a size, nice to hold in the palm of your hand; they're about all sorts of rum things—everything I want. And you see here, here's a longish bit of string with a little bit of hooked wire at the end made so that I can easily hang the card on it. Well, I pass the string up my coat sleeve and down under my waistcoat, and here, you see, I've got the wire end in the palm of my hand. Then I slip out the card I want and hook it on to the wire, so that I can have it just before me as I write. Then, if any of the examiners look suspicious, or if one of them

kʌmz 'raund tə 'spai, ai 'dʒʌst 'pul ðə bit ə(v)
 'striŋ ðət hæŋz 'ʌndə ðə 'bɒtəm ə(v) m(a)i 'we(i)skət,
 ən(d) ə'wei 'flaiz ðə 'kɑ:d 'ʌp m(a)i 'kɒt'sli:v;
 ən(d) (h)wen ði ig'zæminə kʌmz 'raund, (h)i 'si:z
 ðət m(a)i 'hænd z 'nevə 'mu:vd, (ə)n(d) ðət ð(ə)ə
 z 'nʌθiŋ in it! sou (h)i 'wɔ:ks 'ɔ:f 'sætisfaɪd;
 (ə)n(d) 'ðen ai 'feik ðə 'litl 'begə(r) 'aut ə(v) m(a)i
 'sli:v ə'ge(i)n, (ə)n(d) ðə 'seim 'geim gðuz 'ɔn əz
 bi'fɔ:(ə). ən(d) (h)wen ðə 'striŋ z 'tait, 'i:vn
 streit(ə)niŋ j(u)ə 'bɒdi (i)z 'kwait sə'fɪf(ə)nt tə
 'hɔist ðə 'kɑ:d 'intə j(u)ə 'sli:v wi'ðaut 'mu:viŋ
 aiðə(r) ə(v) j(u)ə 'hændz. ai v 'gɒt ən igzæmi-
 'neɪf(ə)n kɒt 'meɪd ɔn 'pə:pəs, wið ə 'hi:p ə(v)
 'pɒkɪts, in (h)wɪtʃ ai k(ə)n 'stɒu m(a)i 'kɑ:dz in
 'regjələ(r) 'ɔ:də. ði:z 'θri: 'pɒkɪts," sed 'mistə
 'baʊnsə, əz (h)i pre'dju:st¹ ðə 'kɒt, "ə(r) in'taiəli
 fə 'ju:kliɪd. 'hiə z 'i:tʃ 'prɒbləm² 'ritn 'rait aut
 ɔn ə 'kɑ:d; ðə ə³ 'leid 'regjələli in 'ɔ:də, ən(d) ai
 'tə:n (ð)əm 'ouvə(r) in m(a)i 'pɒkɪt, t(i)l ai get
 'hould ə(v) ðə 'wʌn ai 'wɒnt, (ə)n(d) ðen ai teɪk it

¹ pro'dju:st.

² 'prɒbləm.

³ ðei ə.

comes round to spy, I just pull the bit of string that hangs under the bottom of my waistcoat, and away flies the card up my coat sleeve; and when the examiner comes round he sees that my hand's never moved, and that there's nothing in it! So he walks off satisfied, and then I shake the little beggar out of my sleeve again, and the same game goes on as before. And when the string's tight, even stretching your body is quite sufficient to hoist the card into your sleeve without moving either of your hands. I've got an examination coat made on purpose, with a heap of pockets, in which I can stow my cards regularly in order. These three pockets," said Mr. Bouncer, as he produced the coat, "are entirely for Euclid. Here's each problem written out on a card; they're laid regularly in order, and I turn them over in my pocket till I get hold of the one I want, and then I take it

'aut, (ə)n(d) 'wə:k it. 'sou, jə¹ 'si:, 'giglæmps, ai
m 'seif tə get 'θru:!² it s im'posibl fə ðəm³ tə
'plau mi:, wið ɔ:l 'ði:z kən'traiv(ə)nsiz."

nout.—in 'spait əv 'ɔ:l (h)iz 'dɒdʒiz, ði in-
'dʒi:njəs 'mistə 'baʊnsə 'wɔz plaud.

2.

'nik(ə)ləs³ 'niklbi dis'kʌsiz (h)iz 'drɑ:mə wið
'mesəz⁴ fo'leə(r)⁵ ən(d) 'lɛnvil.

'nik(ə)ləs wəz 'ʌp bi'taimz in ðə 'mɔ:niŋ; bʌt
(h)i' (hə)d⁶ 'skəʊsli bi'gʌn tə 'dres, 'nɒtwið-
'stændiŋ⁷, (h)wen (h)i' 'hə:d 'fʊtstɛps ə'sendiŋ ðə
'stɛəz, ən(d) wəz 'prezntli sə'l(j)u:tid bai ðə 'voisiz
əv 'mistə fo'leə, ðə 'pæntəmaimist, ən(d) 'mistə
'lɛnvil, ðə trə'dʒi:dʒən⁸.

"'haus, 'haus, 'haus!" kraid 'mistə fo'leə.

"'(h)wɒt 'hou! wi'ðin 'ðeə!" sed 'mistə 'lɛnvil
in ə 'di:p 'vois.

¹ ju:. ² fo' ðəm, fə(r) əm, fə(r) əm, fr əm. ³ mei bi' prə'naʊnst
'nikələs in 'evri 'instəns. ⁴ 'mesəz, 'vʌlgəli 'meʃəz. ⁵ mei bi' prə-
naʊnst fe'lɛə, 'fɒlə; fɒ'lɛə in 'evri 'instəns. ⁶ hi' əd. ⁷ nɒtwið-
'stændiŋ. ⁸ trə'dʒidiən.

out, and work it. So, you see, Giglamps, I'm safe to get through! It 's impossible for them to plough me, with all these contrivances."

From *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*,
by Cuthbert Bede.

NOTE.—In spite of all his dodges, the ingenious Mr. Bouncer *was* ploughed.

2.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY DISCUSSES HIS DRAMA WITH MESSRS. FOLAIR AND LENVILLE

Nicholas was up betimes in the morning; but he had scarcely begun to dress, notwithstanding, when he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and was presently saluted by the voices of Mr. Folair, the pantomimist, and Mr. Lenville, the tragedian.

"House, house, house!" cried Mr. Folair.

"What, ho! within there!" said Mr. Lenville in a deep voice.

'kɒn'faund¹ ði:z 'felouz! θɔ:t 'nik(ə)læs; ðei v
'kʌm tə 'brekfəst ai s(ə)'pouz. "ai l 'oupn ðə
dɔ:(ə) di'rek(t)li, if ju l 'weit ən 'instənt."

ðə 'dʒentlmən in'tri:tɪd (h)im 'nɒt tə 'hʌri
(h)im'self; 'ænd, tə bi'gail ði 'intəv(ə)l, 'hæd² ə
'fensɪj 'baut wið ðeə 'wɔ:kɪŋstɪks ɒn ðə 'veri smɔ:l
'lændɪŋ'pleɪs, tə ði ʌn'spi:kəbl dɪskəm'pouzə(r) əv
'ɔ:l ði 'ʌðə 'lɒdʒəz 'daun 'stæz.

"'hiə, kʌm 'in," sed 'nik(ə)læs, (h)wen (h)i d³
kəm'pli:tɪd (h)iz 'tɔɪlɪt. "in ðə 'neɪm əv 'ɔ:l ðæt s
'hɔrɪbl⁴, 'dɒnt meɪk ðæt 'nɔɪz aut'saɪd."

"ən ʌn'kɒmən 'snʌg 'lɪtl 'bɒks, 'ðɪs," sed
'mɪstə 'lɛnvɪl, 'steɪpɪŋ. 'ɪntə ðə 'frʌnt ru:m, ən(d)
'teɪkɪŋ (h)iz hæ't 'ɔ:f⁵ bi'fɔ:(ə)(r) i⁶ kəd⁷ get 'ɪn ət
'ɔ:l. "pə'nɪʃəs 'snʌg."

"fə(r)⁸ ə 'mæn ət 'ɔ:l pə'tɪkju:lə(r) in 'sʌtʃ
'mætəz, ɪt 'maɪt bi ə 'traɪfl 'tu: snʌg," sed
'nik(ə)læs; "fɔ:, ɔ:l'ðə⁹ ɪt 'ɪz, ʌn'daʊtɪdli¹⁰, ə
greɪt.kən'wi:njəns tə bi 'eɪbl tə 'rɪstʃ 'eniθɪŋ ju

¹ kɒn'faund. ² (h)ɛd. ³ i'(h)ɛd. ⁴ 'hɔrɪbl ⁵ 'hæt ɔ:f.
⁶ bi'fɔ:(ə) hi. ⁷ kud. ⁸ fr, fə(r). ⁹ 'fɔ:r ɔ:l'ðə, f(ə)r ɔ:l'ðə.
¹⁰ ɪt s ʌn'daʊtɪdli.

Confound these fellows! thought Nicholas; they have come to breakfast, I suppose. "I'll open the door directly if you'll wait an instant."

The gentlemen entreated him not to hurry himself; and to beguile the interval had a fencing bout with their walking-sticks on the very small landing-place, to the unspeakable discomposure of all the other lodgers downstairs.

"Here, come in," said Nicholas, when he had completed his toilet. "In the name of all that's horrible, don't make that noise outside."

"An uncommon snug little box, this," said Mr. Lenville, stepping into the front room, and taking his hat off before he could get in at all. "Pernicious snug."

"For a man at all particular in such matters, it might be a trifle too snug," said Nicholas; "for, although it is, undoubtedly, a great convenience to be able to reach anything you

'wɒnt frəm ðe 'si:liŋ ɔ: ðə 'flɔ:(ə), ɔ'(r) 'aiðə 'said
 əv ðə 'ru:m, wi'ðaut 'hæviŋ tə 'mu:v frəm j(u)ə
 'tʃeə, 'stil ði:z¹ əd'vɑ:ntidʒiz kən 'ounli bi 'hæd
 in ən ə'pɑ:tmənt əv ðə moust 'limitid 'saiz."

"(i)t 'iz nt² ə 'bit tu: kən'faɪnd fə(r) ə 'siŋgl
 'mæn," ri'tə:nd 'mistə 'lɛnvil. "'ðæt ri'maɪndz
 mi',—'mai 'waɪf, 'mistə 'dʒɔns(ə)n³—ai 'houp 'fi
 l (h)əv⁴ sʌm 'gud 'pɑ:t in ðis 'pi:s əv 'juəz?"

"ai 'glɑ:nst ət ðə frən(t)ʃ 'kɒpi 'lɑ:st 'nait,"
 sed nik(ə)ləs. "it 'luks 'veri gud, ai 'θiŋk."

"(h)wɒt d(u) jə 'mi:n tə 'du: fə 'mi:, 'oul(d)
 'felə⁵?" ɑ:skt 'mistə 'lɛnvil, 'poukiŋ ðə 'stragliŋ
 'faɪə wið (h)iz⁶ 'wɔ:kiŋstik, ən(d) 'ɑ:ftəwədz 'waɪpiŋ
 it ɔn ðə 'skə:t əv (h)iz 'kout. "'eniθiŋ in ðə 'grɑ:f
 ən(d) 'grɑ:bl wei?"

"ju 'tə:n j(u)ə 'waɪf ən(d) 'tʃaɪld aut əv
 'dɔ:(ə)z," sed 'nik(ə)ləs; "ən(d) in ə 'fit əv 'reɪdʒ
 ən(d) 'dʒelesi, 'stæb j(u)ə(r) 'eldist 'sʌn in ðə
 'laɪbrəri."

• "'du: ai 'ðou!" iks'kleɪmd 'mistə 'lɛnvil.
 "'ðæt s 'veri gud 'biznis."

¹ stil 'ðiz. ² its 'nɒt. ³ nɪklbɪzɪz 'pen neɪm. ⁴ fi l 'hæv.
⁵ 'felə(u). ⁶ wiθ hi:z.

want from the ceiling or the floor, or either side of the room, without moving from your chair, still these advantages can only be had in apartments of the most limited size."

"It isn't a bit too confined for a single man," returned Mr. Lenville. "That reminds me,—my wife, Mr. Johnson,¹—I hope she'll have some good part in this piece of yours?"

"I glanced at the French copy last night," said Nicholas. "It looks very good, I think."

"What do you mean to do for me, old fellow?" asked Mr. Lenville, poking the struggling fire with his walking-stick, and afterwards wiping it on the skirt of his coat. "Anything in the *gruff* and *grumble* way?"

"You turn your wife and child out of doors," said Nicholas, "and in a fit of rage and jealousy, stab your eldest son in the library."

"Do I though!" exclaimed Mr. Lenville. "That's very good business."

¹ Nicholas' *nom de plume*.

“a:ftə '(h)witʃ,” sed 'nik(ə)ləs, “ju· ə 'træblɪd wið ri'mɔ:s til ðə 'lɑ:st 'ækt, ən(d) 'ðen ju· 'meik ʌp j(u)ə 'maɪnd tə dis 'trɔɪ j(u)ə'self. 'bʌt, 'dʒʌst əz j(u) ə 'reɪzɪŋ ðə 'pɪstl t(ə) j(u)ə 'hed, ə 'klɒk 'straɪks—'ten.”

“ai 'si:¹,” sed 'mɪstə 'lɛnvɪl. “'ve:ri 'gud!”

“ju· 'pɔ:z,” sed 'nik(ə)ləs, “ju· rekə'lekt tu (h)əv 'hə:d ə 'klɒk straɪk 'ten in j(u)ə(r) 'ɪnfənsi. ðə 'pɪstl 'fɔ:lz frəm j(u)ə 'hænd—ju· ə(r) ɔuvə'kʌm —ju· 'bə:st 'ɪntə 'tɪəz, ən(d) bi'kʌm ə 'və:tjuəs ən(d) ɪg'zempləri 'kærɪktə(r)² 'evə(r) 'ɑ:ftəwədz.”

“'kæpɪtl!” sed 'mɪstə 'lɛnvɪl; “ðæt s ə 'fjuə³ kɑ:d, ə 'f(:)u:(z)ə kɑ:d. 'get ðə 'kə:tn 'daʊn wið ə 'tʌtʃ əv 'neɪtʃə laɪk 'ðæt, ən(d) ɪ l bi ə traɪ'ʌmfənt sək'səs.”

“'ɪz ð(ə)ə(r) 'eniθɪŋ 'gud fə 'mi:?” in 'kwaiəd⁴ 'mɪstə fo'ləə 'æŋ(k)ʃəli.

“'let mi· 'si:,” sed 'nik(ə)ləs. “'ju: pleɪ ðə 'feɪθf(u)l ən(d) ə'tætʃt 'sə:v(ə)nt; ju· ə 'tə:nd aut əv 'dɔ:(ə)z wið ðə 'waɪf ən(d) 'tʃaɪld.”

¹ 'ai 'si:.

² 'kærɪktə(r).

³ 'fʊə, 'fʊə, 'fɔ:.

⁴ ɪŋ'kwaiəd

"After which," said Nicholas, "you are troubled with remorse until the last act, and then you make up your mind to destroy yourself. But, just as you are raising the pistol to your head, a clock strikes—ten."

"I see," cried Mr. Lenville. "Very good."

"You pause," said Nicholas; "you recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in your infancy. The pistol falls from your hand—you are overcome—you burst into tears, and become a virtuous and exemplary character ever afterwards."

"Capital!" said Mr. Lenville; "that's a sure card, a sure card. Get the curtain down with a touch of nature like that, and it will be a triumphant success."

"Is there anything good for me?" inquired Mr. Folair anxiously.

"Let me see," said Nicholas. "You play the faithful and attached servant; you are turned out of doors with the wife and child."

“'ɔ:lw(e)iz 'kʌpld wið 'ðæt in'fə:nl fi'nɒminən,”
 sed 'mistə fo'leə; “ən(d) wi' 'gou 'intə 'puə¹
 'lɒdʒɪz, (h)wəə(r) ai 'wount teik 'eni 'weɪdʒɪz,
 ən(d) 'tɔ:k 'sentɪmənt, ai s(ə)'pouz?”

“(h)wai—'je(:)s,” ri'plaid 'nik(ə)ləs; “'ðæt s
 ðə 'kɔ:(ə)s əv ðə 'pi:s.”

“ai 'mʌst (h)əv² ə 'dɑ:ns əv 'sʌm kaɪnd, jə³
 'nou,” sed 'mistə fo'leə. “jə³ l'hæv tu intrə'dju:s⁴
 wʌn fə ðə fi'nɒminən, 'sou jə³ d 'betə meɪk ə 'pɑ:
 də də:⁵, ən(d) seɪv 'taɪm.”

“ð(ə)ə z 'nʌθɪŋ 'i:ziə ðən 'ðæt,” sed 'mistə
 'lɛnvɪl, əb'zə:vɪŋ ðə dis'tɔ:bd 'luks əv ðə jʌŋ
 'dræmətɪst.

“ə'pɒn m(a)i 'wə:d, ai dɒnt 'si:⁶ 'hau it s tə
 bi' 'dʌn,” ri'dʒɔɪnd 'nik(ə)ləs.

“(h)wai, 'iz nt it 'ɒbvɪəs?” 'ri:z(ə)nd 'mistə
 'lɛnvɪl. “'gæd'zu:ks! 'hu: k(ə)n 'help 'si:(i)ŋ ðə
 'weɪtə 'du: it?—ju' əs'tɒnɪʃ mi! jə³ 'get ðə dis'trest

¹ 'pə, pə, 'pɔ:.
² mɛst 'hæv.
³ ju.
⁴ intrə'dju:s; in 'kɛləs
 'spɪ:tʃ intrə'dʒu:s (ə prənansi'eɪf(ə)n nɒt reke'mendɪd).
⁵ ɪŋglɪʃ prɛ-
 nansi'eɪf(ə)n əv pɑ də 'dʃ.
⁶ 'dɒnt sɪr.
⁷ 'ɒbvɪəs.
⁸ ju.

"Always coupled with that infernal phenomenon," sighed Mr. Folair, "and we go into poor lodgings, where I won't take any wages, and talk sentiment, I suppose?"

"Why—yes," replied Nicholas; "that is the course of the piece."

"I must have a dance of some kind, you know," said Mr. Folair. "You'll have to introduce one for the phenomenon, so you'd better make a *pas de deux*, and save time."

"There's nothing easier than that," said Mr. Lenville, observing the disturbed looks of the young dramatist."

"Upon my word, I don't see how it's to be done," rejoined Nicholas.

"Why, isn't it obvious?" reasoned Mr. Lenville. "Gadzooks, who can help seeing the way to do it?—You astonish me! You get the distressed

'leidi, ən(d) ðə 'puə¹ 'litl 'tʃaɪld, ən(d) ði ə'tætʃt
 'sə:v(ə)nt 'intə 'puə¹ 'lɒdʒɪnz, dount jə²?—'wel,
 luk 'hiə. ðə dis'trest 'leidi 'sɪŋks 'intu ə 'tʃeə(r)
 ən(d) 'beriz (h)ə 'feɪs in (h)ə 'pɒkɪt'hæŋkətʃɪf—
 '(h)wɒt meɪks ju 'wi:p, mə'mɑ:?' sez ðə 'tʃaɪld.
 'dount 'wi:p, mə'mɑ:, 'ɔ: ju l meɪk 'mi: wi:p 'tu:!'
 —'ən(d)³ 'mi:l' sez ðə 'feɪθf(u)l 'sə:v(ə)nt, 'ræbɪŋ
 (h)ɪz 'aɪz wɪð ɪz 'ɑ:m. '(h)wɒt kæn⁴ wi 'du: tə 'reɪz
 juə 'spɪrɪts, 'diə mə'mɑ:?' sez ðə 'litl 'tʃaɪld. 'ai,
 '(h)wɒt kæn⁴ wi 'du:?' sez ðə 'feɪθf(u)l 'sə:v(ə)nt.
 'ou 'piə⁵!' sez ðə dis'trest 'leidi; 'wud ðæt ai
 kəd⁶ ʃeɪk 'ɔ:f ði:z 'peɪnf(u)l 'θɔ:ts.—'traɪ, məm⁷,
 'traɪ, sez ðə 'feɪθf(u)l 'sə:v(ə)nt; 'rauz j(u)ə'self,
 məm; bi⁸ ə'mju'zɪd.—'ai 'wɪl, sez ðə 'leidi;
 'ai l 'ləɪn⁹ te 'sɑ:fə wɪð 'fɔ:tɪtju:d. d(u) ju
 ri'membə ðæt 'dɔ:ns, m(a)ɪ¹⁰ 'ɔ:nɪst 'frend,
 '(h)wɪtʃ, in 'hæpɪ 'deɪz, ju præktɪst wɪð ðɪs 'swɪ:t
 'eɪndʒ(ə)l? it 'nevə 'feɪld tə 'kɑ:m m(a)ɪ¹⁰ 'spɪrɪts

1 'puə, 'puə, 'pɔ: 2 ju. 3 ænd. 4 (h)wɒt 'kæn. 5 'ɪŋglɪʃ prə-
 nɑnsɪ'eɪʃ(ə)n əv ðə 'fren(t)ʃ neɪm 'pɪɛ:r. 6 kʌd. 7 məm, 'mædəm.
 8 'bi: 9 ai 'wɪl ləɪn. 10 θɪ'ætrɪk(ə)l trə'dɪʃ(ə)n ɪn'sɪsts ɒn mi fe
 mai.

lady, and the little child, and the attached servant, into the poor lodgings, don't you?—Well, look here. The distressed lady sinks into a chair and buries her face in her pocket-handkerchief.—‘What makes you weep, mama?’ says the child. ‘Don't weep, mama, or you'll make me weep too!’—‘And me!’ says the faithful servant, rubbing his eyes with his arm. ‘What can we do to raise your spirits, dear mama?’ says the little child. ‘Aye, what can we do?’ says the faithful servant. ‘Oh, Pierre!’ says the distressed lady; ‘would that I could shake off these painful thoughts.’—‘Try, ma'am, try,’ says the faithful servant; ‘rouse yourself, ma'am, be amused’—‘I will,’ says the lady. ‘I will learn to suffer with fortitude. Do you remember that dance, my honest friend, which, in happier days, you practised with this sweet angel? It never failed to calm my spirits

'ðen. ou! 'let mi 'si: it 'wʌns ə'ge(i)n bi'fə:(ə)(r)
 ai 'dai!—'ðeə(r) it 'iz—'kju: fə¹ ðə 'bænd,
 'bi'fə:(ə)(r) ai 'dai,—ən(d) 'ɔ:f ðei 'gou. 'ðæt s
 ðə 'regjulə θiŋ; 'iz nt it, 'tɔmi?"

"'ðæt s 'it," ri'plaid 'mistə fo'læə. "ðə dis-
 'trest 'leidi ouvə'pauəd bai 'ould rekə'lekf(ə)nz²;
 'feints ət ði 'end əv ðə 'dɑ:ns, ən(d) jə³ 'klouz wið
 ə 'piktʃə."

3.

'mistə 'bɑ:nz raits tə hiz⁴ 'gɑ:dʒən fə 'mʌni.

['mistə 'bɑ:nz, ə 'lʌndən 'medikl 'stju:d(ə)nt,
 wið ði 'eid əv ə 'felə(u) 'stju:d(ə)nt, i'vɔlvz ə
 'plɔ:zibl 'letə, (h)witʃ, tə'geðə wið ðə dis'kʌʃn
 ə'kʌmp(ə)niŋ its kən'kɔkf(ə)n, iz 'givn bi'lou.]

(ðə 'dif(ə)rəns bi'twin ði i'pist(ə)ləri ənd ðə
 kɔnvə's if(ə)n(ə)l 'stailz ʃud bi 'noutid).

'mistə 'bɑ:nz di'tə:mɪnd tu ə'pi:l tə hiz 'gɑ:d-
 ʒən. it 'wud nt 'du: tu ɑ:sk (h)im 'pɔɪnt 'blæŋk
 fə⁵ ðə 'mʌni; bət (h)i went 'ouvə ðə 'kwɛstʃ(ə)n
 in 'ɔ:l its 'beəriŋz wið 'mistə 'kʌf, ən(d) 'ɑ:ftə(r)

1 fə.

2 reko'lekf(ə)nz.

3 ju.

4 ʌn ɪz.

5 fə.

then. Oh! let me see it once again before I die!"—
There it is—cue for the band, 'before I die,'—and
off they go. That's the regular thing; isn't it,
Tommy?"

"That's it," replied Mr. Folair. "The dis-
tressed lady, overpowered by old recollections,
faints at the end of the dance, and you close
with a picture."

From *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Charles Dickens.

3.

MISTER BARNES WRITES TO HIS GUARDIAN FOR MONEY

[Mister Barnes, a London medical student,
with the aid of a fellow-student, evolves a plausible
letter, which, together with the discussion ac-
companying its concoction, is given below.]

Mr. Barnes determined to appeal to his
guardian. It would not do to ask him point blank
for the money; but he went over the question
in all its bearings with Mr. Cuff, and, after

ə 'greit 'meni 'kəpiz, ðei prə'dju:st ðə 'fɒlə(u)ɪŋ
i'pisl bi'twi:n ðəm:—

“mai 'diə 'gɑ:dʒən,

“'hæviŋ ə 'speə 'hɑ:f-'auə frəm ði 'ɔ:lmu:st
ʌn'si:sɪŋ—'(h)wɒt ʃl wi 'sei 'ɑ:ftə(r) 'ʌnsi:sɪŋ?”
in'kwaiəd¹ 'mistə 'bɑ:nz.

“kə'rikjələm z ðə 'wə:d,” 'ɑ:nsəd 'kʌf. “ðei
'put it in ðə 'kɑ:dz ə(v) 'lektʃəz. 'kə'rikjulən əv
'stʌdi.' 'ðæt l 'nɒk im 'ou:və(r) ət 'wʌns, if i: z
'fi:bl-'maɪndɪd.”

“bət (h)wɒt 'iz² ə kə'rikjələm?” kən'tɪnju:d
'bɑ:nz. “'luk it 'aut.”

'mistə 'kʌfs 'lætin 'dikʃ(ə)nəri (h)əd 'nou
'kʌvəz, ən(d) bi'gæn ət 'es-'pi-'ɑ:(r)³ in ði 'ɪŋglɪʃ-
'lætin 'pɑ:t ən(d) 'endɪd ət 'ou-'ɑ:(r)-'en⁴ in ðə
'lætin-'ɪŋglɪʃ. 'fɔ:tʃ(ə)nətli ðə 'wə:d ri'kwaiəd
wəz in ðə 'pɔ:f(ə)n ik'stænt⁵.

“'kə'rikjuləm,” 'ɑ:nsəd 'mistə 'kʌf, “‘ə
'pleɪs tə 'rʌn in.’”

• 'mistə 'bɑ:nz θɔ:t 'sʌmθɪŋ ə'baut ə 'krikit
'graund.

¹ iŋ'kwaiəd.

² '(h)wɒt s.

³ =SPR.

⁴ =ORN.

⁵ 'ekstænt.

a great many copies, they produced the following epistle between them:—

“My dear Guardian,

“Having a spare half-hour from the almost unceasing—what shall we say after ‘unceasing’?” inquired Mister Barnes.

“Curriculum’s the word,” answered Cuff. “They put it in the cards of lectures. “Curriculum of study,” That ’ll knock him over at once, if he ’s feeble-minded.”

“But what is a curriculum?” continued Barnes. “Look it out.”

Mr. Cuff’s Latin dictionary had no covers, and began at SPR in the English-Latin part, and ended at ORN in the Latin-English. Fortunately the word required was in the portion extant.

“Curriculum,” answered Mr. Cuff, “a place to run in.”

Mr. Barnes thought something about a cricket ground.

“ə kɑ:t,” ‘kən’tɪnju’d ‘mɪstə ‘kɒf, “ə
 ‘kɑstəm(ə)ri ‘eksəsaɪz.”

“ðæt l ‘du:,” sɛd ‘mɪstə ‘bɑ:nz. “hev̩n
 fə’gɪv mi! ‘kə’rɪkjuləm’ z ðə wə:d.”

ən(d) (h)i went ‘ɔn¹ ‘raɪtɪŋ.

“—əv maɪ ke’rɪkjuləm əv ‘stɑdɪz, aɪ ‘kænət,
 aɪ ‘θɪŋk, ɪm’plɔɪ ɪt ‘betə ðən ɪn ‘letɪŋ ju ‘nou ‘hau
 aɪ (ə)m ‘getɪŋ ‘ɔn, əz ɪt s ə ‘lɔŋ taɪm sɪns aɪ ‘rout
 ‘lɑ:st. aɪ (ə)m ɪn ‘kɑmfətəbl ‘lɒdʒɪŋz—”

“aɪ d ‘sei ‘ət ‘prezənt,” sə’dʒestɪd ‘mɪstə
 ‘kɒf, hu (h)əd² sɑm ‘veɪg fɪə(r) əv ‘mɪstə ‘bɑ:nz
 ‘kɑmɪŋ tə ‘lɪv ɪn’taɪəli.

“ou! əv ‘kɔ:(ə)s, ðæt s ʌndə’stud. ‘ɔn wɪ
 ‘gou ə’gen. —‘wɪð ‘ounli ‘wʌn ‘drɔ:bæk. sɑm
 ‘dɪsɪpeɪtɪd ʒʌŋ ‘men lɪv ɪn ðə ‘haus, hu:z ‘nɔɪz ət
 ‘taɪmz kən’fju:zɪz mɪ. ðeɪ ‘nevə sɪ:m tə ‘teɪk ‘eni
 ‘tɪ:, nɔ: ‘hæv ðeɪ ðə ‘slɑɪtɪst aɪ’dɪə əv prə’fɛʃ(ə)n(ə)³
 kɔnʏə’sɛɪʃ(e)n, ‘bʌt aɪ (h)əv ‘fə:mli, ðou maɪl(d)lɪ,
 rɪ’fju:zd ðəə(r) ə’proutʃɪz tu ‘ɪntɪməsɪ.”

“i ‘wəʊnt θɪŋk ɪt s ‘mɪ:, ðəʊ, ʒə ‘mɪ:n—‘wɪl
 ɪ?” ‘ɑ:skt ‘mɪstə ‘kɒf.

¹ went on.

² həd.

³ prə’fɛʃ(ə)n(ə)l.

“A cart,” continued Mr. Cuff, “a customary exercise.”

“That will do,” said Mr. Barnes. “Heaven forgive me! ‘Curriculum’’s the word.”

And he went on writing.

“—of my curriculum of studies, I cannot, I think, employ it better than in letting you know how I am getting on, as it is a long time since I wrote last. I am in comfortable lodgings—”

“I’d say ‘at present’,” suggested Mr. Cuff, who had some vague fear of Mr. Barnes coming to live entirely.

“Oh! of course, that ’s understood. On we go again.—‘with only one drawback. Some dissipated young men live in the house, whose noise at times confuses me. They never seem to take any tea, nor have they the slightest idea of professional conversation, but I have firmly, though mildly, refused their approaches to intimacy’.”

“He won’t think it ’s me, though, you mean—will he?” asked Mr. Cuff.

“'ɔ:l 'rait,” ri'plaid (h)iz 'frend. “'hau l i·
'nou '(h)wəə(r) it 'iz? ai m 'nɒt 'go(u)ɪŋ¹ tə 'put
ði ə'dres.”

“ð(ə)n 'hau l jə 'get ðə 'mɑni?”

“ai (f)l hæv it 'sent tə ðə 'hɒspɪtl, 'ʌndə 'kʌvə,
tə ðə 'sekrit(ə)ri². 'dount jə 'si: hau ris'pektəbl it
'lüks! 'ɑ:, ðæt puts mi· in 'maɪnd—'hau (ə)m ai
tu 'ɑ:sk fr it?”

“'sei jə 'wɒnt it fə di'sekʃ(ə)nz.

“nou 'gou, fred,” sed 'mistə 'bɑ:nz, 'feikɪŋ
(h)iz 'hed. “if ai d di'sektɪd 'ɔ:l ðə bilz ə(v)
mɔ:tæli, ai 'kud nt (h)əv 'gɒt 'θru: ðə 'nʌmbə(r)
əv 'sʌbdʒɪkts ai v 'peɪd fɔ—ə'kɔ:diŋ tə ði ə'kaunt
sent tə ðə 'gʌv(ə)nə. (h)wɒt 'dɒdʒ 'wil 'du:?³”

“'sei ð(ə)(r) ə 'fref 'ləktʃəz tu ə'tend.”

“(i)t 'wəun(t) 'du:. (h)i· kəm'paundɪd fə ðəm⁴
'ɔ:l in ə 'hi:p (h)wen ai 'keɪm ʌp⁵ tə 'taun.”

“'kɑ:nt jə 'gɪv ə də'mestɪk 'tʌtʃ?”

“ðæt s 'betə—'le(t) mi 'si—'ai (h)əv bɔ:t
'leitli, 'sev(ə)rəl 'væljuəbl 'buks əv ə mis'gaidɪd

¹ goɪŋ. ² 'sekret(ə)ri. ³ (h)wɒt 'dɒdʒ l 'du:ʔ (h)wɒt 'dɒdʒ l
'du:ʔ ⁴ f(ə)r əm. ⁵ keɪm 'ʌp.

"All right," replied his friend. "How will he know where it is? I am not going to put the address."

"Then how will you get the money?"

"I shall have it sent to the hospital, under cover, to the secretary. Don't you see how respectable it looks! Ah, that puts me in mind—how am I to ask for it?"

"Say you want it for dissections."

"No go, Fred," said Mr. Barnes, shaking his head. "If I had dissected all the bills of mortality, I could not have got through the number of subjects I have paid for—according to the account sent to the governor. What dodge will do?"

"Say there are fresh lectures to attend."

"It would not do. He compounded for them all in a heap when I came up to town."

"Can't you give a domestic touch?"

"That 's better—let me see—'I have bought lately several valuable books of a misguided

'stju:d(ə)nt 'hu:¹—' 'stɒp! 'spouz i: 'wɒnts tə 'si:
(ð)əm?"

"'ou, (h)i: 'wɒnt—bi'saidz, if i: 'dʌz—'get ə
lɒt ə(v) 'lætn 'vɒljəmz² frəm 'ɔ:l 'ði:z ət 'sɪkspəns'
ət ə 'bukstɔ:l, ən 'sei ðə ə 'veri 'ræ. kʌt 'ɔn."

"—'əv ə mis'gaidid 'stju:d(ə)nt hu: 'wɪlf(ə)li,
θru: ə'wei ðə 'tʃɑ:nsɪz (h)wɪtʃ əvə 'noubɪn sti'tju:-
ʃ(ə)n ə'fɔ:did. ai (h)əv 'ɔ:lso(u) 'hæd mai 'leɪs-'ʌp
'bʌɪts 'nju:'fʊtɪd; ən(d) mai 'blæk 'kɒt 'fref.
'bʌtnd ən(d) 'kʌft wɪð³ 'pi:sɪz frəm in'said ðə
'skɜ:ts; əz ai 'θɔ:t if ai (h)əd 'ju:zɪd 'nju: klə'θ ðə
'kɒntrɑ:st wʊd⁴ (h)əv bi:n 'tu: 'vaɪələnt.⁵ wɪð ðɪs
ai ʃ(ə)l bi' 'eɪbl tə ɡəʊ 'ɔn ə 'lɪtl 'lɒŋgə; 'bʌt, ai
mis'trʌst⁶ mai 'tʃek 'trauzez. ai (h)əv 'ɔ:lso(u)
'drʌŋk ə ɡreɪt 'di:l⁷ əv 'kɒfi 'leɪtli, (h)wɪtʃ 'ki:ps
mi: ə'weɪk ət 'naɪt tə 'stædi; ən(d) ðə 'praɪs əv
'kɒʊlɪz ɪz 'raɪzɪŋ 'kru'ɪli⁸, əz 'wel əz prə'vɪz(ə)nɪz⁹.
ai (h)əv 'ðəəfɔ:(ə) 'stɒpt ðə bred ən 'tʃi:z—'"

¹ hu: ² /vɒljəmz. ³ wɪð. ⁴ wəd. ⁵ /vaɪələnt ⁶ /mis-
'trʌst. ⁷ /greɪt di:l. ⁸ 'kru'ɪli. ⁹ prə'vɪz(ə)nɪz.

student who—' Stop! Suppose he wants to see them?"

"Oh, he won't—besides, if he does—get a lot of Latin volumes from 'All these at 6d.' at a bookstall, and say they are very rare. Cut on."

"——'of a misguided student who wilfully threw away the chances which our noble institution afforded. I have also had my lace-up boots new-footed; and my black coat fresh buttoned and cuffed with pieces from inside the skirts, as I thought that if I had used new cloth the contrast would have been too violent. With this I shall be able to go on a little longer; but, I mistrust my check trousers. I have also drunk a great deal of coffee lately, which keeps me awake at night to study; and the price of coals is rising cruelly, as well as provisions. I have therefore stopped the bread and cheese——'"

“ai d 'sei 'biskit ən 'tʃi:z,' if 'ai wə 'ju:”
 sə'dʒestid 'mistə 'kʌf; “it saundz 'mɔ:(ə) laik ə
 'lʌkʃəri!”

“—‘ðə 'biskit ən 'tʃi:z,'” 'mistə 'bɑ:nz went
 'ɔn, “(h)wɪtʃ ai 'hæd fɔ 'lʌn(t)ʃ, ən(d) 'hæv ə
 'roul ən(d) ə 'glɑ:s əv 'eks(ə)lənt 'wɔ:tə frəm ðə
 'hɒspɪtl 'fɪltə. ju wil pə'hæps² 'smaɪl ət ðis, bʌt
 ai 'du: it ɔn 'prɪnsɪpl.’”

“‘nau, if 'ai wə 'ju:, ai d 'ou ə 'mæn səm
 'mʌni,” sed mistə 'kʌf. “‘hu: k(ə)n ju 'ou?”

“ai 'dɔunt 'ou 'enɪbədi 'mʌtʃ, 'θæŋ(k)
 'gudnis,” ri'plaid 'mistə 'bɑ:nz.

“‘ðen wi məst in'vent 'sʌmbədi,” əb'zə:vð
 'mistə 'kʌf. “(h)wɒt d jə 'θɪŋk əv ə 'paɪəs jʌŋ
 'skɒtʃmən?”

“bet ðei 'nevə lend 'mʌni tu 'enɪbədi.”

“a:, 'ðis l bi ən ik'sepʃ(ə)n. gou 'ɔn frəm
 'mai dɪk'teɪtɪj. 'ai (ə)m 'slaitli in 'det wɪð ə jʌŋ
 'ed(i)nbrə stju:d(ə)nt, hu' 'lɪvz ət ðə 'tɒp əv ðə
 'haus, ən(d). (h)əz 'prɒmɪst tə 'ʃou mi: 'hau tə
 'wɒʃ ən(d) 'stɑ:tʃ mai 'oun 'ʃə:t-'kɒləz—”

¹ 'lʌksjəri, 'lʌkʃəri.

² 'præps.

"I'd say '*biscuit* and cheese,' if I were you," suggested Mr. Cuff; "it sounds more like a luxury."

"— the biscuit and cheese," Mr. Barnes went on, "which I had for lunch, and have a roll and a glass of excellent water from the hospital filter. You will perhaps smile at this, but I do it on principle."

"Now, if I were you, I'd owe a man some money," said Mr. Cuff. "Who can you owe?"

"I don't owe anybody much, thank goodness," replied Mr. Barnes.

"Then we must invent somebody," observed Mr. Cuff. "What do you think of a pious young Scotchman?"

"But they never lend money to anybody."

"Ah, this will be an exception. Go on from my dictating. I am slightly in debt with a young Edinburgh student, who lives at the top of the house, and has promised to show me how to wash and starch my own shirt-collars——"

“'kæpitl!” i'dʒækjuleitid 'mistə bɑ:nz;—
 “'ən(d) 'dɑ:n mai 'sɔks wiθ ə pɔus(t)'mɔ:tem'
 'ni:dl—ai d put 'ðæt 'sə:tɪli; (i)t 'luks so(u)
 'i:kə'nɒmɪkl. 'hi· (i)z ən 'eks(ə)lənt ri'lidʒəs jʌŋ
 'mæn, ən(d) 'gɪvz mi· ə greit 'di:l² əv infə'meɪʃ(ə)n
 ɔn 'θɪŋz in 'dʒen(ə)rəl, 'mɔ:(ə)(r) is'peʃ(ə)li 'sʌtʃ
 əz ə kə'nektid wið ænə'tɒmɪkl ɔ: 'medɪkl 'sʌb-
 dʒɪkts.'”

“'ve:ri 'gud,” sed 'mistə 'kʌf, “bət 'nau ai
 'θɪŋk ə 'lɪtl ɪndɪvɪdʒu'æli (w)əd³ 'bi: əv 'ju:s.
 'kɑ:nt wi· meik ən 'ænikdɔt ə'baut im—tu
 is'tæblɪʃ im, jə 'nou, əz ə 'fækt—'sʌmθɪŋ 'aut əv
 ðə 'wei? '(h)wɔt 'wud nt ə 'skɔtʃmən 'du:?”

“'gou 'bæk tə 'skɔtlənd ə'ge(i)n,” sed 'bɑ:nz.

“'nou, 'nɒns(ə)ns⁴! ðæt s ði 'oul(d) 'bɪznɪs. 'ai
 v 'gɔt it—gou 'ɔn. 'sʌm əv ðə 'greɪslɪs 'stju:d(ə)nts
 'pleɪd (h)ɪm ə 'sæd trɪk⁵ lɑ:st wi:k. ju· 'nou, ai
 'dɛəseɪ⁶, (h)wɔt ə 'steθəskɔp 'ɪz—'sʌmθɪŋ laɪk ə
 'wudn 'kændlstɪk wi'ðaut ə 'stænd, 'ju:zd tə 'test
 ðə 'steɪt əv. ðə 'lʌŋz.'”

1 pɔus(t)'mɔ:tem. 2 'greɪt di:l. 3 (w)ɔd. 4 nɒnsensl 5 sæd
 /trɪk. 6 ɪn 'ræpɪd 'spɪtʃ, de'sei, de'sei.

“Capital” ejaculated Mr. Barnes; “——‘and darn my socks with a post-mortem needle’—I would put that certainly; it looks so economical. ‘He is an excellent religious young man, and gives me a great deal of information on things in general, more especially such as are connected with anatomical or medical subjects.’”

“Very good,” said Mr. Cuff, “but now I think a little individuality would be of use. Can’t we make an anecdote about him—to establish him, you know, as a fact—something out of the way? What wouldn’t a Scotchman do?”

“Go back to Scotland again,” said Barnes.

“No, nonsense! That is the old business. I’ve got it—go on. ‘Some of the graceless students played him a sad trick last week. You know, I dare say, what a stethoscope is—something like a wooden candlestick without a stand, used to test the lungs’.”

“'doun(t) put 'lʌŋz,'” əb'zə:vɪd 'mɪstə 'bɑ:nz,
 “'put 'θə'ræsɪk¹ 'vɪsərə—(i)t s 'grændə.”

“'rait 'ou! 'nau ð(e)n! 'wan əv ði ʌðəz
 'bɒrɒ(u)d (h)ɪz 'steθəskɒp ði 'ʌðə 'dei, ən(d) 'stɒpt
 ɪt 'ʌp wɪð² 'sʌmθɪŋ frɒm ði ɪn'saɪd əv ə 'tɪn 'trʌm-
 pɪt. (h)wɛn ðə 'skɒtʃmən wɛnt 'raʊnd ðə 'wɔ:dz
 'wɪð ðə fɪ'zɪf(ə)nz 'neks(t) 'dei, hɪ 'faʊnd ð(ɛ)ə
 wəz 'sʌmθɪŋ ɪn (h)ɪz 'steθəskɒp; ən(d) ɒn 'traɪ(i)ŋ
 tə 'blou θru³ ɪt, (h)wɪtʃ ɪ 'həd⁴ bɪ'n ɪn ðə 'hæbɪt
 əv 'du:ɪŋ bɪ'fə:(ə) hɪ⁵ 'ju:zd ɪt, hɪ 'meɪd sɛtʃ ə
 'streɪndz nɔɪz⁶ ðət (h)ɪ wəz 'teɪkn 'ʌp 'sʌm(h)wɒt
 'fɑ:pli baɪ 'dɒktə 'bʌlb. 'ðɪs wəz ə 'hɑ:tɪs 'trɪk,
 ən(d) wɪl 'gɪv ju 'sʌm aɪ'diə əv ðə 'set aɪ (ə)m
 sə'raʊndɪd 'baɪ.'”

“'wel—'ðæt 'ɪz ə 'stɔ:(ə)rɪ!” kraɪd 'mɪstə
 'bɑ:nz, 'geɪzɪŋ wɪð ædmi'reɪf(ə)n ɒn 'mɪstə 'kʌf.
 “'dɪd ju⁷ ɪn'vent ɪt?”

“'nou—'tru:, 'ɔ:l tru:—(ə)'pɒn mɪ' ɒnə. nau'
 ju: go(u) 'ɒn, bɪ'kɔ'z 'ju: nou 'best hau tə 'get ðə
 'mʌŋi.”

1 θə'ræsɪk. 2 wɪð. 3 blou 'θru:. 4 hɪ (ə)d. 5 bɪ'fə:(ə)(r)
 ɪ. 6 /sʌtʃ ə streɪndz 'noɪz. 7 'dɪd jə, /d: ju, /d: jə.

“Don't put ‘lungs’,” observed Mr. Barnes, “put ‘thoracic viscera’—it's grander.”

“Right oh! now then! ‘One of the others borrowed his stethoscope the other day, and stopped it up with something from the inside of a tin trumpet. When the Scotchman went round the wards with the physicians next day, he found there was something in his stethoscope; and on trying to blow through it, which he had been in the habit of doing before he used it, he made such a strange noise that he was taken up somewhat sharply by Dr. Bulb. This was a heartless trick, and will give you some idea of the set I am surrounded by’.”

“Well—that is a story!” cried Mr. Barnes, gazing with admiration at Mr. Cuff. “Did you invent it?”

“No—true, all true—upon my honour. Now you go on, because you know best how to get the money.”

“ou, 'ðæt s 'su:n dʌn,” sed 'mistə 'bɑ:nz.
 “‘ðis jʌŋ 'mæn 'hæz, frəm 'taim tə 'taim, 'lent
 mi' 'smɔ:l 'sʌmz əʌ 'mʌni, (h)wɪtʃ ai 'wiʃ tə
 ri'tə:n, əz (h)iz 'sə:kəmstənsiz ə 'nɒt 'veri 'gud.
 'sou, 'if ju wil 'send mi ə 'faɪvpaund 'nɒt',
 'ʌndə 'kʌvə, tə 'mistə 'lɪnti, ðə 'hɒspɪtl 'sekrit(ə)ri²,
 ju wil ə'blaɪdʒ mi.'”

“‘let mai 'frendz hæv ðis 'letə tə 'ri:d, əz it
 'meɪ ə'mju:z ðəm. ən(d) 'gɪv mai 'kaɪnd 'lʌv tu
 'ɑ:nt 'spɪnə, ən(d) 'tel (h)ə(r) ai ʃ(ə)l bi, 'glæd tə
 kʌm ən(d) teɪk 'ti: wið (h)ə,³ '(h)wen ai ri'tə:n,
 ən(d) in'devə tu entə'teɪn (h)ə, wið ən ə'kaunt əv
 mai 'lʌndən 'du:ɪŋz'—ai 'sei, 'fred, 'fænsɪ if ai wə
 tə 'təl (h)ə(r) 'ɔ:l!”

“‘ən(d) bi'li:v mi tə ri'mein,
 'veri ə'fekʃ(ə)nətli 'juəz,
 • 'rɒbət 'bɑ:nz.'”

“‘if ðæt 'dʌznt 'du: it, 'ai m ə 'dʌtʃmən!” hi'
 iks'kleɪnd əz (h)i kən'klu:did.⁴

• frəm “'krɪstəfə 'tædpoul,” bai 'ælbət 'smiθ.

¹ fə'mɪljəli: 'faɪ(v)pən'nɒt, 'faɪ(v)pən'nɒt.

² 'sekret(ə)'ri.

³ wið hə.

⁴ kən'klu:did.

“Oh, that ’s soon done,” said Mr. Barnes.
““This young man has, from time to time, lent me small sums of money, which I wish to return, as his circumstances are not very good. So, if you will send me a fivepound note, under cover, to Mr. Linty, the hospital secretary, you will oblige me.””

“Let my friends have this letter to read, as it may amuse them. And give my kind love to Aunt Spinner, and tell her I shall be glad to come and take tea with her when I return, and endeavour to entertain her with an account of my London doings’—I say, Fred, fancy if I were to tell her *all!*”

““And believe me to remain,
very affectionary yours,
Robert Barnes.””

“If that does n’t do it, I’m a Dutchman!”
he exclaimed as he concluded.

From *Christopher Tadpole*, by Albert Smith.

THE END