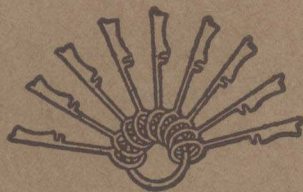


初中學生文庫

英語正音練習

第三冊

編者 G. Noel-Armfield



中華書局編印

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK THREE

BY

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ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK THREE

ENGLISH PHONETIC EXERCISES

BOOK III

Phonetic Transcript

1.

ðe 'feðə(r) in ðə 'haus əv 'mɔ:(ə)nɪŋ

[ðə 'feðə(r) iz sə'pouzd tə 'spɪ:k]

ai wəz in ə 'haus əv 'mɔ:(ə)nɪŋ. 'ðæt 'iz, ðə
'ʃʌtəz w(ə)ə 'pɑ:tli 'klouzd; ðə 'kə:tnz w(ə)ə
'drɔ:n; ðə 'dresmeikə(r) əd¹ teɪkn 'ɔ:dəz fə 'blæk;
ən(d) 'veri diə 'frendz w(ə)ə(r) in'vəɪtɪd tu ə
'fju:n(ə)rəl. 'beki, ðə 'meɪd,—aɪ 'ɔ:nəd (h)ə rezə-
'l(j)u:f(ə)n²—stræɡld 'hɑ:d tə 'lʊk lu(:)'g(j)u:briəs³,
'nɒt ət 'ɔ:l 'kʌmfətɪd baɪ ðə 'prɒspekt əv ə 'nju:
'gaun; '(h)weɪlst ðə 'fɔ:tɪtju:d əv ðə bi'ri:vɪd⁴
'misɪz 'kræmp wəz ən ɪg'zɑ:mpl tu 'ɔ:l 'nju:li
di'livəd 'wɪdɔ(u)z. aɪ prə'test⁵ aɪ 'lʌvd ðə 'wʊmən
fə hə(r)⁶ 'ɔ:nɪstɪ, ðə 'breθ 'bi:(i)ŋ 'feəli aut əv (h)ə
'hʌzbænd, ðæt 'iz, (h)ə 'hʌzbænd baɪ 'kɒndʒʊg(ə)l⁷
'lɔ:, ʃi 'naɪðə 'wept, nɔ: '(h)weɪnd, 'nevə 'kɔ:t

¹ 'dresmeikə (hə)d. ² rezo'l(j)u:f(ə)n. ³ lə'g(j)u:briəs. ⁴ bæ-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 'stræŋgjuleitɪŋ 'sai; bət 'waɪpt 'ɔ:l di'faiɪŋ '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 'daʊn, ai 'hə:d (h)ə' 'lɑ:f 'lɑ:stɪli; ɔ:l'bi:ɪt ðə 'præktɪst 'beki 'begd (h)ə' 'mɪstrɪs "'nɒt tə ɡəʊ 'ɔn sou 'stɪrɪk(ə)li"; əz 'stɪrɪks² 'wʊd nt brɪŋ (h)ɪm 'bæk; (ə)n(d) (h)waɪ 'ʃʊd ðeɪ—'wəz nt (h)ɪ' in 'hevən?" '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, 'beki," sed ðə 'wɪdɔ(u), 'smaɪlɪŋ ɪn ðə 'veri 'swɪ:tɪnɪs əv' 'kɒnf(ə)ns.

"(h)wen (h)ɪ' wəz ə'laɪv, m(ə)m, ai 'ɔ:l w(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(ə)z 'nəʊ 'hɑ:m ɪn 'seɪ(ɪ)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, fər 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 hysterica.

³ Uneducated for were.

"hi 'wɒz," sed ðə 'wɪdɒ(u), wɪð '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 'enɪbədi³ (h)u 'sed əz 'mætʃ.
bæt '(h)wɒt s 'bju'ti ɪn ə 'mæn, 'beki? 'nʌθɪŋ.
'nevəðə'les, (h)i 'wɒz nt⁴ 'hæn(d)səm, 'gɒd 'nouz!
kraɪd ðə 'wɪdɒ(u).

"ən(d) 'ðen wi 'ɔ:l (h)əv auə 'tempəz, m(ə)m),
tə bi 'ʃuə.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 'bail¹¹ 'ouvə wɪð 'vɪnɪgə."

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

"'jes, m(ə)m)—bæt¹² jə w(ə)ə 'go(u)ɪŋ¹³ tə 'sei
—'(h)wɒt dɪd ðə 'mɑ:stə 'du: 'ðen, m(ə)m)?"

¹ wɪθ. ² 'nevə 'kud. ³ 'enɪbədi. ⁴ wəz 'nɒt. ⁵ 'ʃuə, 'ʃuə
'ʃu: ⁶ fə(r). fr. ⁷ 'wɒz. ⁸ 'lɪ:tl. ⁹ wæn. ¹⁰ mæ. ¹¹ 'bail;
'vʌlgə fə 'boɪl. ¹² bæt. ¹³ 'goɪŋ.

“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(əm). ən(d) 'ðen—bət it s ə 'kɒmən fɔlt—(h)i 'did lʌv 'mʌni ə 'li(:)tl, m(əm)?” ən(d) 'beki 'pɔ:zd.

ðə 'wido(u) meid nou 'a:nsə, bʌt, 'glɑ:nsɪŋ ət (h)ə 'meɪdʃə:v(ə)nt, 'dru: ə 'lɒŋ 'sai.

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

'hiə(r) ə 'bɛ:st əv 'laɪt 'ænɪmeɪtɪd ðə 'wido(u)z 'feɪs, ən(d) ʃi 'kraɪd—ðə 'mɒnəsɪləbl² 'bæblɪŋ frəm (h)ə 'hɑ:t—“'nou!”

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

“hi 'wɒz nt 'ðæt, 'beki,” 'a:nsəd ðə 'wido(u), ɪn ðə 'maɪldɪst, 'swɪ:tɪst taʊn əv rɪ'pru:f.

“bət (h)i 'did laik tə 'draɪv ə 'bɑ:ɡɪn. hi 'did lʌv 'mɔ:(ə) ð(ə)n (h)ɪz 'penəθ,” kraɪd 'beki.

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

¹ 'wiθ him. ² 'mɒnəsɪləbl.

"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! məm,” sed 'beki, 'hɑ:dli 'nouɪŋ ðə
'tru:θ ʃi 'ʌtəd; “if so(u) 'meni' fouks 'wɔz nt²
(h)wɔt ðei 'kɔ:l ðəm'selvz, “men ə(v) ðə 'wə:ld,' ðə
'wə:ld, m(əm), '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:vɪd ðə mænz 'wɪdɔ(u).

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

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

“m̥hə, m(əm), ai v 'sed it ə'ge(i)n· (ə)n(d)
ə'ge(i)n. ju·⁵ wɔz⁶ 'tu: 'gud fə(r) ɪm⁷,” kraɪd 'beki.

mai bi'li:f ət ðə 'taɪm wɔz⁸ ðət 'mɪsɪz 'kræmp
(h)əd 'lɒŋ bi'n əv ðə 'meɪdz 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'ðəu 'noubədi¹¹ ʃəd¹² spɪ:k 'ɪl ə(v) ðə 'ded—ai
'mɑs(t) sei¹³ it—ə 'wə:sə¹⁴ mæn 'nevə 'lɪvɪd.”

¹ 'sou mēni, sə 'meni. ² /wɔznt; ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə 'w(ɛ)ə nt. ³ /bɪz
sə. ⁴ poə, poə, pɔɪ. ⁵ jə, 'ju:. ⁶ wɔz; ʌn'edʒukeɪtɪd fə w(ɛ)ə. ⁷
fr ɪm, fə hɪm, fɔr hɪm, fɔr ɪm. ⁸ /wɔz. ⁹ o'pɪnjən. ¹⁰ fɔ:(r), fr.
¹¹ 'noubədi. ¹² ʃʊd. ¹³ mɛst(t) 'sei. ¹⁴ 'wə:sə; 'vʌlgə fə 'wɛɪs.

"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 worser² man never lived."

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

“'beki, 'dount dis'tres miː; 'kʌm 'hiə.” wið
 'ðis miːk ri'pruːf, 'misiz 'kræmp ə'proutʃt (h)wəə(r)
 'aɪ wəz 'lai(i)ŋ, 'fɒlɒ(u)d baɪ (h)ə, 'meid. “(i)t l
 biː ə 'θauz(ə)nd 'pitiz,” sed ðə 'wido(u), 'teikiŋ miː
 'dʒentli in (h)ə, 'hænd.

. “'kwait ə 'sin, m(əm), tə 'duː it,” sed 'beki.

“ən(d) 'jet aɪ 'mʌst gou intə 'wiːdz,” sed ðə
 'wido(u).

“'ɔːl ðə 'betə, m(əm); juː 'duː lʌk so(u) 'nais'
 in 'blæk,” kraid ðə 'meid.

“it s 'kliə(r),” aɪ 'θɔːt, “aɪ v biːn ðə 'sʌbdʒɪkt
 əv 'priːvjəs kɒnvə'seɪʃ(ə)n, ən(d) 'mɪstrɪs ən(d)
 'meid ə 'naʊ dis'kʌsɪŋ maɪ 'feit. '(h)wɒt (w)əd²
 bi'kʌm əv miː?”

“ə 'θauz(ə)nd 'pitiz tə 'daɪ it,” sed 'misiz
 'kræmp, stɪl 'geɪzɪŋ ət miː.

aɪ 'treɪmblɪd ət ðə 'wɜːd θruː 'evri 'filəmənt.
 'daɪ 'miː! '(h)wɒt! 'wɒz aɪ³ tə fɔː'gou, ən(d) 'sɔː
 'suːn, ðə 'snou(w)i 'pjɪ ərɪtɪ⁴ əv maɪ 'aʊt'saɪd? in

¹ 'sou ('nais, sə'nais.

² /wʊd.

³ /wɒz'aɪ, wɒz'aɪ.

⁴ 'pjɪərɪtɪ.

“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