

was it? Well, you had the best of me. It just shows how you can twist me round your little finger when you want to. That's all right! I make you a present of it.

*Emily.* No. It isn't all right. It's because I feel it isn't all right that I've come back to-day—and straight here from the station! That's why I didn't answer your letter—because if I'd written I should have had to say something that I'm—well, I suppose it's too proud, yes, too proud, not to tell you like this, face to face.

*Sir C.* And what's that?

*Emily.* It would be a mistake for us to marry.

*Sir C.* [*incredulous*]. Do you mean to say you want to throw me over?

*Emily.* I don't think we ought to marry.

*Sir C.* [*after a pause*]. When did you begin to think that?

*Emily.* On Sunday night.

*Sir C.* I don't know what you're driving at, and that's flat! Here I do exactly what you ask, and before I know where I am, I'm to be chucked! Because you can simply do what you like with me, you want to chuck me! I'm glad I never pretended to understand women, anyway!

*Emily.* It isn't a thing that can be argued about, Charlie. I've thought it over very carefully, and I'm perfectly sure that it will be best for us to break off. Of course, I'm awfully sorry. It's very awkward for both of us. And it's no-