

Cicely! I must break faith with father, but of course he'd be the first to ask me to. I must dig out a skeleton that is rotting in its closet — that's the trouble! I must do this, and a lot more, if you make me, and give *you* a couple of blows which will come pretty near to knocking you out, if you've anything at all of a man in you. And every bit of it can be spared *everybody*, if you'll go away and let Cicely — divorce you.

HANNOCK. Well, I *won't!*

GEORGE. Because you won't give up Cicely?

HANNOCK. Exactly. I love her better than anything, — money, comfort, happiness, everything you can think of, — so go on, fire your last gun, and let's get through with it! My wife —

GEORGE. [*With excitement.*] She *isn't* your wife! — [HANNOCK *looks at him and sneers.*