

**Olivia**

I never took Olivia to the theatre, but it was there I met her. I 30 \_\_\_\_\_ the habit now of going every Saturday night, usually alone, sometimes with George. It was George who 31 \_\_\_\_\_ me to Olivia Nelson. She was an only child whose father, a cotton merchant, had died and left her all he had. She was not very beautiful but she was tall, very graceful, smartly dressed and 32 \_\_\_\_\_ me at once. Olivia got interested when George said that I was a novelist. Novelists were not too common in Cornwall then, though I believe they are now as numerous as knights. Olivia adored famous people. She was delighted to meet me. It turned 33 \_\_\_\_\_ that Olivia had read my books, at least some of them and she liked them. She could 34 \_\_\_\_\_ intelligently about them. She praised them and criticized them with a good deal of common sense. She discussed new plays and new books with me. She developed a habit of being wherever I was to be found. We had a few meals together at restaurants, and I 35 \_\_\_\_\_ that I was dressing with unusual care.

She was so excited and happy, so full of good conversation, that I was charmed and captivated by her company. But I couldn't help thinking that something was wrong. There was no 36 \_\_\_\_\_ to think the worst. However, I couldn't make myself propose to her.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Up.
2. Down.
3. On.
4. Out.