

of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item*, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. *Item*, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit; it may be, I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: o that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible —

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That