

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not fully the chariness of our honesty: o, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.