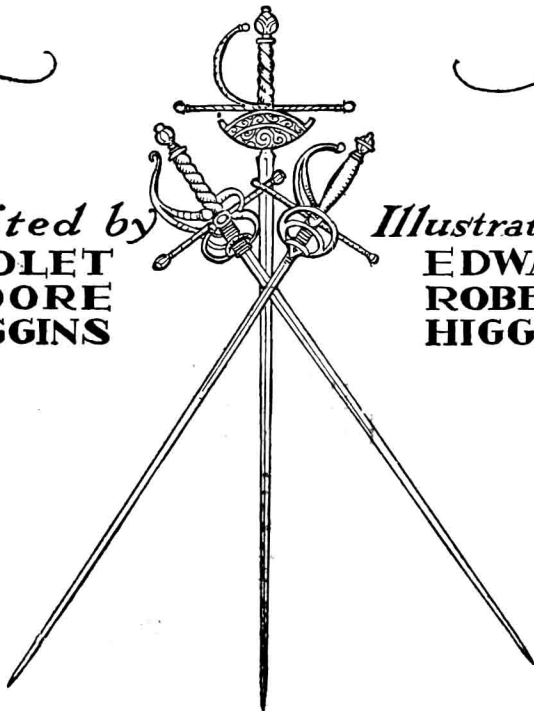


The
**THREE
MUSKETEERS**

by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Edited by
**VIOLET
MOORE
HIGGINS**

Illustrated by
**EDWARD
ROBERTS
HIGGINS**



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PHILADELPHIA**

Three Musketeers

INTRODUCTION

IN the first years of the nineteenth century, in a little French town named Villers-Cotterets, not far from Paris, a fatherless boy is growing up in the care of his widowed mother. His father, Alexandre Davy-Dumas, once a general under the great Napoleon, died when his only child was three years old, leaving his wife, Marie Labouret, with only a small pension. The boy does not care for study; he is more fond of sports and out-of-door life. His mother urges him to go to school, but he plays truant. Placed, at fifteen, in a notary's office as a clerk, with the chance to study law, he does his work so badly that he is sent away. So, idle and happy, though in poverty, he grows toward manhood.



In 1823, full of enthusiasm but with only fifty-three francs in his pocket, a young man of twenty sets out for Paris to seek his fortune. He is not trained for any special kind of work, but he is sure that in the great gay capital city some of his father's old friends will find him something to do. But these old friends have forgotten General Dumas, and will have nothing to do with his son. At last one of them, General Foy, more kindly than the rest, sets out to help the eager youth. Young Alexandre Dumas has only one accomplishment—his penmanship is beautiful.

Because of that he obtains a clerkship in the house of the Duke of Orléans. Then, for two years, while earning his bread at his desk by day, he spends his evening hours in study, and becomes fascinated with the romantic pages of the history of France. He lives in an old lodging house beside a tavern in the Rue St. Denis, and spends much time wandering about the quaint streets of old Paris. Soon he is beginning to write plays, and in five years after his arrival in Paris he sees his drama "Henri III" played at the Comédie Française.

The middle years of the century arrive. In a little room overlooking the courtyard of a large mansion sits a man writing busily on a large wooden table. With neck bare, with shirt sleeves tucked up, he is so lost in his work that he does not notice the luncheon tray standing untouched beside him. The room is scantily furnished with a sofa and chairs and a camp bed, where the author snatches some sleep when he has worked late into the night. Books are strewn everywhere. Alexandre Dumas has made himself this little refuge in the midst of his big, luxurious house, the rooms of which are overflowing with people who have come to ask his bounty, and whom he is too kind-hearted and too hospitable to turn away.

For Alexandre Dumas is rich now. The poor boy has made his fortune, quite as wonderfully as the penniless hero of the fairy tales. He has written and had produced many plays. He has planned a series of historical romances, and written and published several of them. He has traveled widely, and has written of his travels. He has built this magnificent country villa, where he entertains extravagantly, not only his friends, but the poor and needy, as well as the stray birds and animals which fill the barnyard. The first of the romances which made his fortune was *The Three Musketeers*, written in 1844,

It is the closing month of 1870, at the end of the tragic episode called the Franco-Prussian War. Paris is besieged. An old man, broken-hearted at the defeat of his beloved France, and with his fortune all spent, has taken refuge with his son and namesake, also a writer, at his home near Dieppe, on the coast of the English Channel. Alexandre Dumas is worn out with work, forgotten by the friends who flocked around him in his days of plenty. Beside a window he sits gazing at the gray and wintry sea, listening to the solemn roar of its waves. Perhaps through that sound he hears the hoof beats of his ^{knights} cavaliers; perhaps in the cold sunbeams he sees the glint of flashing swords.

One day he does not rise from his bed. He asks his son, wistfully, "Tell me, not as a son, who may feel partiality, but with the frankness of a judge of literature—do you believe that anything I have written will survive me?"

"You may rest in peace on that score," replies his son. "Much indeed will survive you."

Next day, December 5, Alexandre Dumas the elder is dead.

These scenes from the life of the author of this book do not suggest the power of the romantic imagination that filled with adventure and peopled with fearless knights and lovely ladies the pages of some twenty-five large volumes. From *The Three Musketeers* itself you will discover how vivid that imagination was. At its last page you will feel its four heroes so real that you will part with them unwillingly; so you may like to know that you can find them again in other books by Dumas, several of which, like this one, have been translated into English.

You must not believe too firmly in Dumas' treatment of historical facts. A romance is not a history, and the events which took place did not all come about for the reasons that Dumas gives. Yet many of the characters

are historical personages, and the pictures of them, their traits, manners, morals, and habits, are true to what history tells us of them. This is particularly true of the great Cardinal Richelieu, whom you will admire and hate and fear all at once. And life in seventeenth-century France must have been very nearly as dangerous and delightful as Dumas paints it.

But perhaps the most appealing quality in this book is its author's love and hate for the children of his own brain who live in its pages. Because he loves and laughs at D'Artagnan, the fiery Gascon youth, you will love and laugh at him too. He honors Athos as you will honor him. His horror at Milady's crimes will make you shudder with him. You will hold in affection like his the lonely ✓ Constance, the loyal Planchet, the stern Felton. And so you will prove, as grown-ups and young folk have been proving for almost a century, how wise was the younger Dumas when he prophesied that his father's works would live. For today no figures in all literature are more alive than Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan—

“All for one, one for all.”

—M. D. HOLMES

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Period, 1626-1628

LOUIS XIII, King of France.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, his wife.

ARMAND JEAN DUPLESSIS, Cardinal Richelieu, Minister of State.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham.

PATRICK, his confidential servant.

M. DE TRÉVILLE, Captain of the King's Musketeers.

DUC DE LA TRÉMOUILLE, commanding the Cardinal's Guards.

D'ARTAGNAN, a Gascon adventurer, afterwards lieutenant in the King's Musketeers.

ATHOS,
PORTHOS, } the "Three Musketeers," serving under M. de Tréville.
ARAMIS, }

COMTE DE ROCHEFORT,
COMTE DE WARDES, } in the service of Richelieu.
LADY DE WINTER, }

DUCHESS DE CHEVREUSE, the friend of Anne of Austria.

M. DE SÉGUIER, keeper of the seals.

DONNA ESTEFANIA, the Spanish confidante of Anne of Austria.

M. LAPORTE, the queen's servant.

MADAME DE LANNOY, spy of Richelieu, attending on Anne of Austria.

JACQUES MICHEL BONACIEUX.

CONSTANCE, his wife.

GRIMAUD, servant to Athos.

MOUSQUETON, Porthos' servant.

BAZIN, servant to Aramis.

PLANCHET, D'Artagnan's servant.

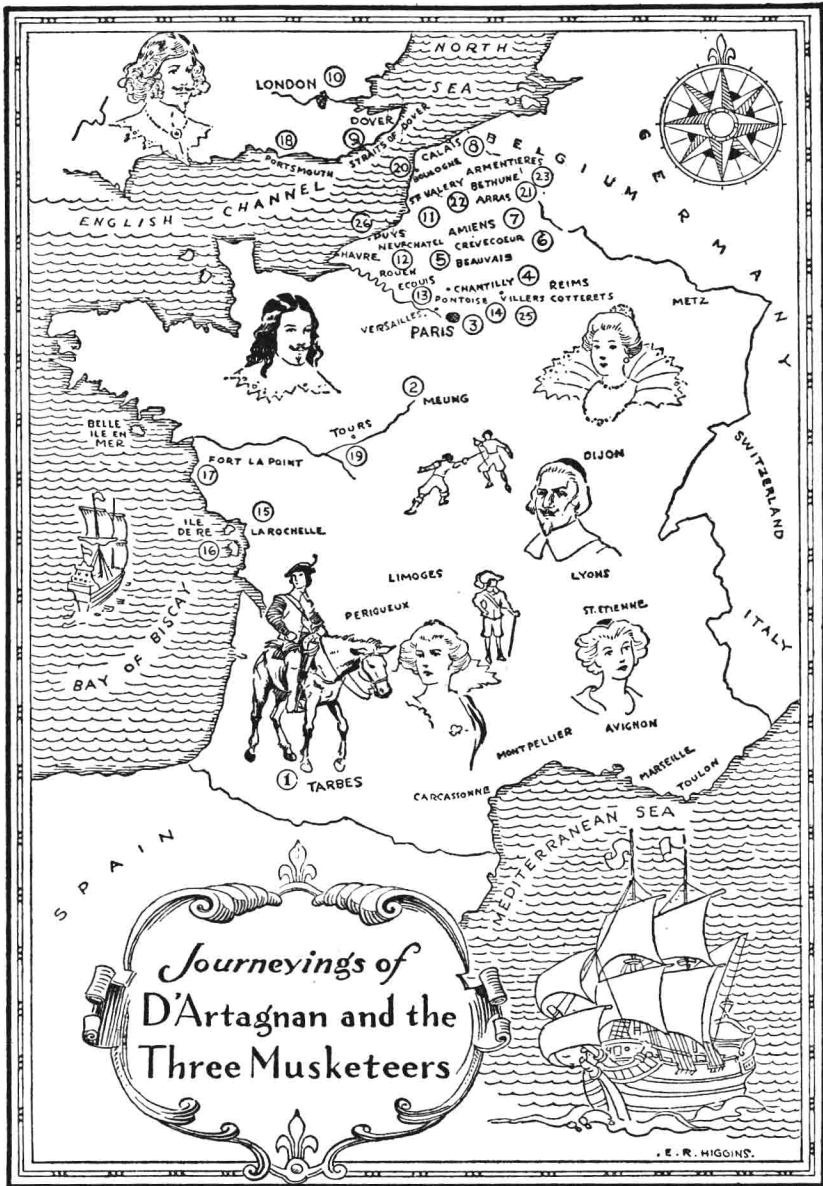
M. D'ESSART, brother-in-law of M. de Tréville, commanding a company of the King's Guards.

M. DE BUSIGNY, of the light horse.

M. DE CAVOIS, a captain in the Cardinal's Guards.

M. DE JUSSAC,
M. DE CAHUSAC,
M. DE BICARAT,
M. DE BERNAJOUX, } of the Cardinal's Guards.

- LUBIN, lackey of Comte de Wardes.
 BRISEMONT, a soldier.
 FOURREAU, a lackey.
 GODEAU, Purveyor of the Musketeers.
 THE EXECUTIONER OF LILLE.
 THE SUPERIOR OF THE CARMELITE CONVENT AT BÉTHUNE.
 THE CURATE OF MONTDIDIER.
 THE PRINCIPAL OF AMIENS, superior of the Jesuits.
 M. D'ARTAGNAN, the elder, } D'Artagnan's parents.
 MADAME D'ARTAGNAN, }
 HOST OF THE JOLLY MILLER.
 HOST OF THE GOLDEN LILY.
 HOST OF THE GREAT ST. MARTIN TAVERN.
 HOST OF THE RED DOVECOT.
 LORD DE WINTER, brother-in-law of Lady de Winter.
 KITTY, Lady de Winter's maid.
 LIEUTENANT JOHN FELTON, a Puritan in the service of Lord de Winter,
 afterwards Buckingham's assassin.
 O'REILLY, a goldsmith.



Journeys of
D'Artagnan and the
Three Musketeers

J. E. R. HIGGINS.

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS

CHAPTER I

THE THREE GIFTS OF M. D'ARTAGNAN THE ELDER

ON the first Monday of April, 1626, the market town of Meung¹ appeared to be in a state of revolution. Many citizens directed their steps toward the inn of the Jolly Miller, before which was gathered, increasing every minute, a compact group, noisy and full of curiosity.

In those times warlike disturbances were common. There were nobles, who made war against one another; there was the king,² who made war against the cardinal;³ there was Spain which made war against the king.⁴ Then there were robbers, beggars, Huguenots,⁵ wolves, and scoundrels, who made war upon everybody. The citizens always took up arms readily against thieves, wolves, or scoundrels, often against nobles or Huguenots, sometimes against the king, but never against the cardinal or Spain. And so on the first Monday of April, 1626, the citizens on hearing the clamor, rushed toward the Jolly Miller. There the cause of this hubbub was apparent to all.

Before the inn stood a young man of eighteen, clothed in a faded blue woolen doublet. His face was long and brown, with high cheek bones, a sign of intelligence, and with the muscles of the jaw enormously developed, a sure

¹ Meung, a town in France, west of Orléans.

² King Louis XIII, at this time twenty-five years old.

³ Cardinal Richelieu, chief councilor of France, who at this time controlled affairs of state and was all-powerful.

⁴ Spain and France were enemies at this time.

⁵ The Huguenots were French Protestants, out of favor in Catholic France.

sign of a Gascon.¹ Our young man wore a cap set off with a sort of feather; his eye was open and intelligent; his nose hooked, but finely chiseled. Too big for a youth, too small for a grown man, one might have taken him for a farmer's son upon a journey, had it not been for the long sword which, dangling at his side, hit against the calves of its owner as he walked, and against the rough side of his steed when he was on horseback.

For our young man had a steed which was the observed of all observers. It was a Béarn² pony, from twelve to fourteen years old, yellow of hide, without a hair in his tail, but able, nevertheless, to perform his eight leagues a day. Unfortunately, the good qualities of this horse were so well concealed that his appearance produced an unfavorable feeling, which extended to his rider.

And this feeling had been the more painfully perceived by young D'Artagnan because he had not been able to conceal from himself the ridiculous appearance that such a steed gave him, good horseman as he was. He had sighed deeply, therefore, when accepting the gift of the pony from M. d'Artagnan, his father. However, he knew that such a beast was worth at least twenty livres;³ and the words which accompanied the present were above all price.

"My son," his father had said, "this horse was born in the house of your father, which ought to make you love it. Take as much care of it as you would of an old servant. At court, if you ever have the honor to go there, sustain worthily your name of *gentleman*, which has been worthily borne by your ancestors for five hundred years. It is by his courage alone that a gentleman can make his way nowadays.

¹ **Gascon**, a native of Gascony, in the southwest part of France.

² **Béarn**, a province on the southern border of France.

³ **A livre** was a silver coin worth about twenty cents, which at that time was equivalent in purchasing power to about a dollar today.

"You are young. You ought to be brave for two reasons: the first is, that you are a Gascon; and the second is, that you are my son. Never fear quarrels, but seek adventures. I have taught you how to handle a sword; you have thews of iron, a wrist of steel. Fight on all occasions. Fight the more for duels being forbidden; since, consequently, there is twice as much courage in fighting.

"I have nothing to give you, my son, but fifteen crowns,¹ my horse, and the counsels you have just heard. Your mother will add to them a recipe for a certain balsam, which she had from a gypsy, and which has the miraculous virtue of curing all wounds that do not reach the heart. Take advantage of all, and live happily and long. I have but one word to add, and that is to set an example before you. I speak of Monsieur de Tréville, formerly my neighbor, who had the honor to be, as a child, the playfellow of our king, Louis XIII. Sometimes their play turned into battles, and in these the king was not always the stronger. The blows which he received increased greatly his esteem and friendship for Monsieur de Tréville, who is now a captain of the musketeers; chief of a band whom the king holds in great esteem, and whom the cardinal dreads. Yet he began as you begin. Go to him with this letter; and make him your model in order that you may do as he has done."

Upon this M. d'Artagnan girded his own sword round his son, and bade him an affectionate farewell.

The same day the young man set forward on his journey. Remembering his father's counsel, he took every smile for an insult, so that his fist was constantly doubled, or his hand on the hilt of his sword. The sight of the wretched pony excited numerous smiles on the countenances of passers-by; but, as against the side of this pony rattled a

¹A crown was a gold coin worth several livres.

sword of respectable length, and as over this sword gleamed an eye rather ferocious than haughty, these passers-by repressed their mirth, or endeavored to laugh only on one side of their mouths.

As D'Artagnan was alighting from his horse at the gate of the Jolly Miller, without anyone coming to hold his stirrup or take his horse, he spied, through an open window on the ground floor, a gentleman, well made and of good carriage, although of rather a stern countenance, talking with two persons who appeared to listen to him with respect. D'Artagnan fancied that he must be the object of their conversation, and listened. He was only in part mistaken; he was not in question, but his horse was. The gentleman appeared to be enumerating all his qualities; and the auditors every moment burst into fits of laughter. Now, as a half smile was sufficient to awaken the anger of the young man, the effect produced upon him by this mirth may be easily imagined.

D'Artagnan fixed his haughty eye upon the stranger, and perceived a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, with black, piercing eyes, pale complexion, a prominent nose, and a black mustache, neatly trimmed. He was dressed in a doublet and hose of a violet color.

As D'Artagnan looked in at the window, the gentleman made one of his most knowing remarks about the Béarnese pony, his two auditors laughed even louder than before, and he himself allowed a pale smile to stray over his countenance. This time there could be no doubt; D'Artagnan was really insulted. He pulled his cap down over his eyes and advanced with one hand on the hilt of his sword.

As he advanced, his anger increased at every step, and, with a furious gesture, he cried, "You, sir, who are hiding behind that shutter — tell me what you are laughing at and we will laugh together!"

The gentleman raised his eyes slowly from the nag to his cavalier, his eyebrows slightly bent, and with an accent of irony and insolence impossible to be described, he replied to D'Artagnan, "I was not speaking to you, sir."

"But I am speaking to you!" shouted the young man, further exasperated with this mixture of insolence and good manners, of politeness and scorn.

The unknown looked at him again with a slight smile, and, retiring from the window, came out of the inn with a slow step, and placed himself before the horse within two paces of D'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan, seeing him approach, drew his sword a foot out of the scabbard.

"This horse is decidedly, or rather has been in his youth, a buttercup," resumed the unknown, addressing himself to his friends at the window. "It is a color very well known in botany, but till the present time very rare among horses."

"There are people who laugh at the horse that would not dare to laugh at the master," cried the young man.

"I do not often laugh, sir," replied the unknown, "as you may see by the expression of my countenance; nevertheless I retain the privilege of laughing when I please."

"And I," cried D'Artagnan, "will allow no man to laugh when it displeases me!"

As the unknown, turning on his heel, was about to reënter the inn, D'Artagnan drew his sword entirely from the scabbard, and followed him, crying:

"Turn, turn, Master Joker, lest I strike you from behind!"

"Strike me!" said the other, turning on his heels, and surveying the young man with as much astonishment as contempt. "Why, my good fellow, you must be mad!" Then, as if speaking to himself, he added, "What a godsend this would be for his Majesty, who is seeking everywhere for brave fellows to recruit his musketeers!"