

Alexandre Dumas

The Three Musketeers

Retold by

E. F. Dodd



millan's Stories to Remember

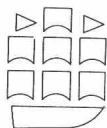
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

VICTOR HUGO

Simplified by
Michael Davis and Michael West

Illustrated by Ann Tout

1500 word vocabulary



LONGMAN

LONGMAN GROUP LIMITED
London

*Associated companies, branches and representatives
throughout the world*

This edition © Longman Group Ltd 1963

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the Copyright owner.

First published 1963
*New impressions *1964; *1966; *1967;*
**1968; *1969; *1970; *1971;*
**1973; *1974; *1977; *1978*

ISBN 0 582 53494 1

*Printed in Hong Kong by
The Hongkong Printing Press (1977) Ltd*

MACMILLAN'S

STORIES TO REMEMBER (*Senior Series*)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS



MACMILLAN'S STORIES TO REMEMBER SERIES—
JUNIOR TITLES

| <i>Titles</i> | <i>Pages</i> |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Six Tales from Shakespeare | 102 |
| Tales from Tagore | 80 |
| Westward Ho! by Charles Kingsley | 132 |
| Lost Horizon by James Hilton | 106 |
| The Mayor of Casterbridge by Thomas Hardy | 132 |
| Stories from Homer | 96 |
| Lorna Doone by R. D. Blackmore | 92 |
| The Coral Island by R. M. Ballantyne | 122 |
| Six Short Stories | 112 |
| The Clipper of the Clouds by Jules Verne | 118 |
| Three Shakespeare Histories | 96 |
| Nicholas Nickleby by Charles Dickens | 108 |
| Tales from the Ramayana | 116 |
| Treasure Island by R. L. Stevenson | 152 |
| Round the World in Eighty Days by Jules Verne | 128 |
| Strange Tales from the Arabian Nights | 100 |
| Wonder Tales from Greece | 104 |
| Silas Marner by George Eliot | 100 |
| Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift | 96 |
| The Last Days of Pompeii by Lord Lytton | 96 |
| Martin Rattler by R. M. Ballantyne | 138 |
| Captain Blood by Rafael Sabatini | 130 |
| The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith | 112 |
| Ivanhoe by Sir Walter Scott | 140 |
| Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe | 108 |
| The Talisman by Sir Walter Scott | 118 |
| Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens | 108 |
| The Swiss Family Robinson by J. R. Wyss | 138 |
| Tom Brown's Schooldays by Thomas Hughes | 168 |
| The Children of the New Forest by Captain Marryat | 200 |
| The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain | 170 |

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

BY
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

TOLD BY
E. F. DODD



M

MACMILLAN EDUCATION

© E. F. Dodd 1962

All rights reserved. No part of this publication
may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form
or by any means, without permission.

First Edition 1962
Reprinted 1965, 1966 (twice), 1967,
1971, 1973, 1976, 1977

Published by
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF INDIA LTD
Madras Bombay Calcutta Delhi
MACMILLAN EDUCATION LIMITED
London and Basingstoke
Companies and representatives throughout the world

ISBN 0 333 08521 3

Printed in Hong Kong

PREFACE

The Three Musketeers is an exciting piece of fiction set in France in the years 1626-28, when Charles I was King of England and Louis XIII was King of France. War broke out between the two countries in 1627, and the siege of La Rochelle is historical fact, as also is Buckingham's assassination in the following year.

This is an abridged and simplified version of Alexandre Dumas's entertaining story, and it is suitable for supplementary reading in the higher forms of schools where English is taught as a foreign language. Unfamiliar words and phrases are marked with an asterisk in the text, and explained in the glossary at the end of the book.

E. F. D.

CONTENTS

| Chapter | Page |
|----------------------------------------------------|------|
| 1. D'Artagnan Goes to Paris | 7 |
| 2. M. de Tréville's House | 12 |
| 3. The King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards | 16 |
| 4. His Majesty King Louis XIII | 21 |
| 5. A Court Plot | 23 |
| 6. D'Artagnan Reveals his Aims | 26 |
| 7. D'Artagnan Meets the Duke | 29 |
| 8. The Queen is in Despair | 34 |
| 9. Madame Bonacieux Seeks D'Artagnan's Help .. | 37 |
| 10. The Musketeers Make a Plan | 39 |
| 11. The Journey | 42 |
| 12. The Duke of Buckingham | 46 |
| 13. D'Artagnan Goes in Search of his Friends .. | 52 |
| 14. Milady | 55 |
| 15. English and French | 59 |
| 16. Maid and Mistress | 67 |
| 17. Athos Learns the Truth | 74 |
| 18. The Usefulness of Old Stove Pipes | 78 |
| 19. Conversation of a Brother with a Sister | 84 |
| 20. Days of Imprisonment | 89 |
| 21. Escape | 93 |
| 22. The Carmelite Convent at Béthune | 97 |
| 23. Judgment | 103 |
| Glossary | 111 |
| Questions | 114 |

CHAPTER 1

D'ARTAGNAN GOES TO PARIS

ON the first Monday of the month of April, 1626, a young man arrived in the French market-town of Meung. We can sketch his portrait in a few words. Imagine a Don Quixote* of eighteen, dressed in a faded woollen jacket; his face long and brown, with high cheek-bones, intelligent eyes, and a determined chin. He wore a cap set off with a feather, such as all Gascons* wear. Too big for a boy, too small for a grown man, he might have been a farmer's son, except for the long sword which hit against his legs as he walked, and against the rough side of his horse when he rode. This horse was a Béarn* pony, from twelve to fourteen years old, yellow-skinned, and without a hair in its tail. It had been given to D'Artagnan (for so the young man was named) by his father, and the youth did not like to refuse the pony; but he knew how foolish such a horse made him seem, even though he was an excellent horseman.

'My son,' said the old Gascon gentleman, D'Artagnan the elder. 'I have nothing to give you except fifteen crowns*, my horse, and some good advice, but I want you to go to Paris and offer to serve our king, Louis XIII. Be proud and brave in all things. Take no orders nor insults from anyone except Monsieur* the cardinal* and the king. You are young. You ought to be brave for two reasons: first, because you are a Gascon; and secondly, because you are my son. Never fear quarrels, but seek adventures. I have taught you how to handle a sword; you have muscles of iron and a wrist of steel. Fight on all occasions. Fight all the more

because duels* are forbidden; because there is, for this reason, twice as much courage in fighting. I have only one thing to add, and that is to hold up an example for you. I am speaking of M. de Tréville, who was formerly my neighbour, and who had the honour to be, as a child, the playfellow of our king. He is now captain of the king's musketeers*. Go to him with this letter, and follow his example in all things.'

And this is why the young D'Artagnan, on that April day in 1626, came to the city of Meung. He had decided to spend the night there on his way to Paris.

As he dismounted from his horse at the gate of an inn called the Jolly Miller, the young man saw—through an open window on the ground floor—a gentleman talking with two people who were listening to him with respect. D'Artagnan could clearly hear their conversation, and as he listened, the gentleman made some witty and amusing remarks about the Béarnese pony. His two listeners laughed, but D'Artagnan was insulted. He pulled his cap down over his eyes and walked forward angrily, with one hand on the hilt of his sword. His anger increased at every step, and at last he shouted,

'I say, sir, you, sir, who are hiding behind that window, tell me what you are laughing at, and we will laugh together!'

The gentleman raised his eyes slowly from the horse to its owner, and replied coldly, 'I was not speaking to you, sir.'

'But I am speaking to you!' replied the young man, more angry than ever at this mixture of politeness and scorn.

The unknown man looked at him again with a slight smile, and, leaving the window, came out of the inn and stood close to the horse and D'Artagnan.

'This horse must, in its youth, have been a buttercup*,'

he said, still speaking to his listeners at the window and not paying the least attention to D'Artagnan. 'It is a colour very well known in botany*, but, until now, very rare among horses.' He turned to re-enter the inn, but D'Artagnan drew his sword and followed him, crying,

'Turn, turn, sir, or I shall strike you from behind!'

'Strike *me*?' said the other, turning round in astonishment. 'Why, my good fellow, you must be mad!'

But D'Artagnan attacked him so fiercely that, if he had not jumped quickly backwards, he might never have spoken again. Seeing that the young Gascon was deadly serious, the stranger drew his sword and prepared to fight. But at the same moment his two listeners, accompanied by the inn-keeper, attacked D'Artagnan with sticks and stones, and the stranger became a spectator of the fight. D'Artagnan fought bravely, but at last his sword was broken in two pieces, and a blow on his forehead brought him to the ground, covered with blood and almost fainting.

The inn-keeper and his servants carried the wounded man into his kitchen, where his wounds were attended to. The unknown stranger returned to his place at the window, where the inn-keeper joined him a few minutes later. 'I hope your Excellency is safe and unhurt?' he said.

'Oh, yes, perfectly safe, my good man,' the stranger replied. 'And now tell me, what has happened to the young man?'

'He is better, sir. He fainted, and during his fainting fit we examined his luggage and found nothing but a clean shirt and twelve crowns. A letter addressed to M. de Tréville, captain of the musketeers, was in his pocket.'

'Indeed!' said the stranger to himself. 'Can Tréville have sent this Gascon to attack me?' He turned to the

inn-keeper. 'Where is he now?' he asked. 'Is his luggage with him? Has he taken off his coat?'

'No, everything is in the kitchen, sir,' replied the other. 'And my wife has taken the young man up to our room.'

'Well, give me my bill and call my servant,' said the stranger. 'It is not necessary for Milady to be seen by this fellow,' he continued to himself as the inn-keeper left the room. 'She will be here soon. I had better go and meet her. I should like, however, to know what is in this letter to Tréville.' And he went quietly towards the kitchen.

Meanwhile the inn-keeper returned to his private room and found D'Artagnan, with his head tied up with a bandage, just beginning to descend the stairs. On arriving at the kitchen, the first thing D'Artagnan saw was his enemy talking calmly at the step of a carriage to a



D'Artagnan saw his enemy talking at the step of a carriage

young woman of about twenty years of age. As she leaned out of the carriage window, D'Artagnan saw that she was very beautiful: pale and fair, with long curls falling over her shoulders, and large blue eyes.

'His Eminence*, then, orders me to return at once to England,' she said. 'What about my other instructions?'

'They are in this box, Milady,' replied the stranger.

'Very well. And what will you do?'

'I shall return to Paris.'

At that moment D'Artagnan, who had heard everything, rushed out of the inn. The stranger turned towards him, but Milady cried, 'Remember that the least delay may ruin everything.'

'You are right,' cried the gentleman, and, bowing to the lady, he sprang to his saddle and rode off towards Paris. Milady's coachman* applied his whip to his horses, and set off in the opposite direction.

'Coward!' cried D'Artagnan, jumping forward; but his wound had left him weak and dizzy and he fainted for the second time.

On the following morning, however, D'Artagnan arose and went down to the kitchen without help. He asked for his bill, but when the time came for him to pay, he found nothing in his pocket except his old velvet purse containing the twelve crowns. The letter addressed to M. de Tréville had disappeared.

'My letter of recommendation!' cried D'Artagnan. 'My letter of recommendation! I warn you that that letter is for M. de Tréville, and it must be found!'

'That letter is not lost,' said the inn-keeper. 'It has been stolen from you.'

'Stolen! By whom?'

'By the gentleman who was here yesterday. He came down into the kitchen where your coat was. He remained there for some time, alone. I am sure he has stolen it.'

‘Do you think so?’ asked D’Artagnan doubtfully.

‘I am sure of it,’ continued the inn-keeper. ‘When I told him that you were the *protégé** of M. de Tréville, and that you had a letter for him, he was very much disturbed. He asked me where that letter was, and came down at once to the kitchen.’

‘Then that’s my thief,’ said D’Artagnan. ‘I will complain to M. de Tréville, and he will complain to the king.’ He took two crowns from his purse and gave them to the inn-keeper. Then he remounted his yellow horse, and rode without any more accidents to one of the gates of Paris. Here he sold the horse for three crowns, and entered Paris on foot.

He walked about until he found a cheap boarding-house where he booked a room for the night. Next he went to have a new blade put to his sword. After this, he went to bed and slept the sleep of the brave, full of hopes for the future.

CHAPTER 2

M. DE TRÉVILLE’S HOUSE

M. DE Tréville was a great friend of the French king, Louis XIII. The king had made Tréville the captain of his musketeers, that band of soldiers who were Louis XIII’s most devoted and loyal guards.

Now, the most powerful man in France at that time, after the king, was the cardinal, Richelieu. When Richelieu saw the strong and chosen body of soldiers by which Louis XIII surrounded himself, he decided that he, too, must have his guard. He had his musketeers, therefore, just as the king had his, and these two powerful rivals competed with each other in obtaining the most

famous swordsmen. It was not uncommon for Richelieu and Louis XIII to argue over their evening game of chess upon the merits of their servants. Each boasted about the strength and courage of his own musketeers, and it was only natural that the soldiers themselves supported their own masters, and seized every chance to fight and quarrel with the other side.

The king's musketeers (or rather, M. de Tréville's) took great pleasure in annoying the guards of the cardinal whenever they met them, and there were frequent fights in the streets.

The day on which D'Artagnan called at the house of M. de Tréville, he found the staircase and entrance hall crowded with noisy soldiers. The centre of the most lively group was a musketeer of great height, and proud face, whose name appeared to be Porthos. With him was another musketeer, called Aramis, who was a complete contrast to him. Aramis was a stout man of about twenty-two, with an open, kindly face, gentle black eyes and rosy cheeks. He spoke little and slowly, and laughed without noise, showing his fine teeth.

As D'Artagnan stood watching these men, and waiting his turn to be admitted to M. de Tréville's presence, the curtain at the end of the hall was pushed aside, and a noble and handsome head, frightfully pale, appeared.

'Athos!' cried the musketeers, and Aramis stepped forward, saying, 'Athos! Are you recovered from your wound?'

'M. de Tréville sent for me,' replied Athos in a weak but calm voice, 'and I have hurried to receive his orders.'

'And yesterday the cardinal's soldiers left you for dead!' exclaimed Porthos with a laugh. 'But it takes more than a fight with a handful of his Eminence's guards to kill so brave a man as Athos!'

At this moment a servant appeared and said, 'M. de Tréville awaits M. D'Artagnan.' The young man crossed the hall and entered the room of the captain of the musketeers. He was grateful to be seeing Tréville at last, but he was sorry to miss the further conversation of the waiting musketeers.

However, D'Artagnan was to meet the three musketeers again more suddenly than he expected. His interview with M. de Tréville ended in disappointment, for the captain of the musketeers told D'Artagnan that no one was admitted to his guards who had not proved his courage in battle.

'You are scarcely more than a boy,' Tréville said. 'But I respected your father very much, D'Artagnan, and I should like to help his son. You must learn to become perfect in all the arts of war. I will write a letter to the director of the Royal Academy*, and tomorrow he will admit you without any expense to yourself. You will learn horsemanship, dancing, and all kinds of sword-fighting. From time to time you can call upon me, to tell me how you are getting on, and later I will see if I can help you further.'

And D'Artagnan had to be content with this for the time being. While M. de Tréville was writing the letter to the director, D'Artagnan amused himself with looking out of the window at the musketeers, who went away one after the other, disappearing at the corner of the street.

M. de Tréville finished the letter, sealed it, and approached the young man in order to give it to him. But at that very moment D'Artagnan leaned forward suddenly, and then, his face red with anger, rushed from the room, crying, 'By God, he shall not escape me this time!'

D'Artagnan had seen his enemy, the mysterious man