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THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Alexandre Dumas

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The Three Musketeers

BY
*Alexandre
Dumas*



DARTAGNAN, ON HIS WRETCHED YELLOW PONY, ENTERS THE CITY OF HEUNG AND HALTS BEFORE A HOTEL.

THE HOST IS STANDING AT THE DOOR WITH THREE MEN.



WHAT AN ORIGINAL COLOR! QUITE COMMON IN BOTANY, BUT UNTIL NOW VERY RARE AMONG HORSES! HA-HA!

I DO NOT LIKE THE LAUGHTER OF THAT MAN! ZOUNDS! HE IS RIDICULING MY HORSE!



YOU, SIR, HEY LAUGH AT MY HORSE BUT NOT AT ITS MASTER. ON GUARD, MASTER JOKER, LEET! RUN YOU THROUGH!



ATTACKED BY THE HOST AND THE STRANGERS' FRIENDS, DARTAGNAN IS BEATEN SENSELESS WHILE HIS OPPONENT WITHDRAWS.



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, DARTAGNAN SEES HIS NEMESIS FLEEING IN A COACH WITH A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

BASE COWARD! FALSE GENTLEMAN! RETURN SO THAT I MAY CHASTISE YOUR INSOLENCE!



MY LETTER, YOU TRYING RUFFIAN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY LETTER?

MISERY, MONSIEUR, I DO NOT HAVE IT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY YOUR ADVISORY WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS.



AFTER SELLING HIS HORSE, DARTAGNAN ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF PARIS ON FOOT.



D'ARTAGNAN PRESENTS HIMSELF BEFORE THE HOTEL OF M. DE TREVILLE WHICH IS FILLED WITH DUELING, ROISTERING MUSKETEERS AND REQUESTS AN INTERVIEW WITH THEIR CAPTAIN...



MONSIEUR DE TREVILLE AWAILS M. D'ARTAGNAN.



MONSIEUR, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE FRIENDSHIP YOU HAVE FOR MY FATHER, I HUMBLY REQUEST FROM YOU THE UNIFORM OF A MUSKETEER.



D'ARTAGNAN RELATES HOW HE LOST HIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION, AND DESCRIBES IN DETAIL HIS ADVENTURES IN THE CITY OF MELUN.



THAT IS ALL VERY STRANGE. YOU SAY HE WAS TALKING TO A WOMAN?

RELANING THROUGH THE WINDOW, D'ARTAGNAN SEES HIS HATED RIVAL.



AH! NON & DIEU! HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!

WHO? WHO?

ME! MY TRIF! AH— THE TRAITOR!

IN HIS HASTE, D'ARTAGNAN RUNS HEADLONG INTO ARMS, ONE OF THE MUSKETEERS.



EXCUSE ME FOR BLANKING AGAINST YOU, BUT I AM IN A HURRY.



I CAN PARDON YOUR HASTE OR BUT NOT YOUR HANNESS.

HOUSIEU, SIR, IF I WERE NOT IN A HURRY I COULD GIVE YOU A LESSON IN MANNERS!



A LESSON IN MANNERS? SHALL WE SAY AT NOON? AT NOON NEAR THE CARNES DESCHAUX? I WILL BE THERE!



ARTAGNAN ENTERS THE GARDEN AT THE CHAPEL DESOULX AND FINDS THEM WAITING—



MONSIEUR, I HAVE ENGAGED TWO OF MY FRIENDS AS SECONDS. THEY WILL BE HERE SHORTLY.



ON MY PART, I HAVE NO SECONDS, HAVING ONLY YESTERDAY ARRIVED IN PARIS.



AH! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

WHAT? ARE YOUR SECONDS PORTOS AND ABAMIS?



PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GENTLEMAN WITH WHOM I AM GOING TO FIGHT.

WHY HE IS THE ONE THAT I AM GOING TO FIGHT!

BUT NOT BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK!

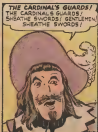


AND I AM ALSO GOING TO FIGHT THE GENTLEMAN!

BUT NOT BEFORE TWO O'CLOCK!



AND NOW, MONSIEUR, IF YOU ARE READY, ON GUARD!



THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS! SHEATHE SWORDS! GENTLEMEN! SHEATHE SWORDS!



HOLA! MURKETEERS, FIGHTING ARE YOU? YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. SHEATHE, PLEASE, AND FOLLOW US. WE WILL CHARGE IF YOU DISOBEY!

CLOSE IN GENTLEMEN. THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM AND WE ARE BUT THREE ON MY PART! SHALL NEVER SURRENDER!



GENTLEMEN! I DO NOT HEAR YOUR UNIFORM, BUT MY HEART IS THAT OF A HUSBAND. ALLOW ME TO CORRECT YOUR WORDS. WE ARE NOT THREE, BUT FOUR!



DECIDEDLY YOU ARE A GALLANT FELLOW! THEN IT IS CONSIDERABLE GUARD GENTLEMEN, WE ARE ABOUT TO HAVE THE HONOR OF CHASING YOU!



THE NINE COMBATANTS RUSH UPON EACH OTHER. ATHOS FIXES UPON CAHUSAC. PORTHOS CHOOSES SICARAT AND ARMS TAKES ON TWO AT ONCE



DARTAGNAN SPRINGS LIKE A FURIOUS TIGER TOWARD JUSSAC, THE LEADER, ATTACKING HIM ON ALL SIDES AT ONCE, AND YET MISTY. HE, LIKE A MAN WHO HAS THE GREATEST RESPECT FOR HIS OWN EPIDEMIS

JUSSAC FURIOUS AT BEING HELD IN CHECK BY HIM WHOM HE CONSIDERS A BOY, COMBATS A FAULT AND DARTAGNAN RUNS HIM THROUGH--



THEN, DARTAGNAN, LOOKING AROUND SEES THAT PORTHOS IS HOLDING HIS OWN AND ARMS HAS KILLED ONE MAN. ATHOS, HOWEVER WEAKENED BY AN OLD WOUND WHICH HAS OPENED, IS IN NEED OF HELP--



DARTAGNAN LEAPS TO THE SIDE OF CAHUSAC



TO ME HONORABLE GUARD OR I WILL SLAY YOU!

36 CAUSAC SOON FALLS WITH A SWORD-THRUST THROUGH THE THROAT.



37 D'ARMI, WITH A LIGHTNING-FAST LUNGE, COASTS HIS REMAINING OPPONENT.

38 D'ARMI, SURROUNDED BY FOUR MUSKETEERS, IS FORCED TO SURRENDER.



39 D'ARMI IN ARM, THE COMRADES TAKE THE ROAD TO THE HOTEL OF M. DE TREVILLE. THE HEART OF D'ARTAGNAN IS BURSTING WITH JOY.



40 THAT NIGHT THEY DINE IN SPLENDOR, WAITED ON BY FOUR LACKEYS.



41 THE FOUR COMPANIONS, THOUGH RICH IN SPIRIT, ARE POOR IN MONEY. EACH TAKES TURNS SUPPORTING THE ASSOCIATION WITH HIS OWN MEANS.

PARTISAN, THE POOREST, FANCIES HIMSELF A BURDEN TO THE SOCIETY, AND IS SCHEMING OF WAYS TO RAISE MONEY WHEN HIS LANDLORD ENTERS —



I AM BONACIEUX, YOUR LANDLORD. I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AS A VERY BRAVE MAN AND HAVE COME TO CONFIDE A SECRET.



I HAVE A WIFE WHO IS SEAM-STRONG TO THE QUEEN. YESTERDAY SHE WAS CARRIED OFF AS SHE WAS LEAVING THE PALACE.

CARRIED OFF? BY WHOM?



I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I SUSPECT A MAN OF LOFTY CARRIAGE, PIERCING EYES AND A SCAR ON HIS TEMPLE

A SCAR ON HIS TEMPLE? WHY THAT'S MY MAN OF MELING!



HE IS YOUR MAN, YOU SAY?

YES, BUT GO ON WHY WAS YOUR WIFE CARRIED OFF?



IT HAS BEEN DONE ON ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIRS OF A MUCH GREATER LADY THAN SHE IS

CAN IT BE ON ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIRS OF MADAME DEBOS-TRACY?

HIGHER, MONSIEUR, HIGHER!



OF MADAME DE CHEVREUSE?

HIGHER, MUCH HIGHER.



OF THE —?

YES, MONSIEUR, THE QUEEN!



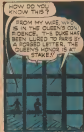
AND WITH WHOM?

WITH WHOM CAN IT BE, IF NOT THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM?



HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?

FROM MY WIFE, WHO IS IN THE QUEEN'S CONFIDENCE. THE DUKE HAS BEEN LURED TO PARIS BY A FORGED LETTER. THE QUEEN'S HONOR IS AT STAKE!





I MEAN TO OFFER YOU FIFTY PISTOLES IF MY WIFE IS RETURNED TO ME.

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, MY DEAR BONACEUX: I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.



LATER, D'ARTAGNAN RELATES THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF THE VISIT TO HIS THREE COMPANIONS.

YOUR AFFAIR IS NOT A BAD ONE: IT ONLY REMAINS TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER FIFTY PISTOLES ARE WORTH THE RISK OF FOUR HEADS.



AND NOW GENTLE MEN—ALL FOR ONE ONE FOR ALL—THAT IS OUR DEVICE IS IT NOT?

ALL FOR ONE ONE FOR ALL



THE CARDINAL'S MEN MAKE A HOUSE-TRAP OF THE BONACEUX APARTMENT. WHOEVER APPEARS THERE IS TAKEN AND QUESTIONED. BONACEUX HIMSELF IS THE FIRST VICTIM.



D'ARTAGNAN CONVERTS HIS CHAMBER INTO AN OBSERVATORY. HE REMOVES SOME BOARDS FROM HIS FLOOR AND LISTENS TO THE QUESTIONING BELOW.

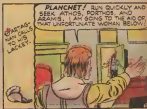


THAT NIGHT CRIES ARE HEARD AND THEN NOISE.

D'ARTAGNAN LIES ON THE FLOOR BY THE HOLE AND LISTENS!



THE DEVIL! IT'S MADAME BONACEUX! THEY ARE SEARCHING HER—SHE RESISTS—THEY USE FORCE—THE SCOUNDRELS!



BLANCHET! RUN QUICKLY AND SEEK ATHOS, PORTOS, AND ARAMIS. I AM GOING TO THE AID OF THAT UNFORTUNATE WOMAN BELOW!

TO RECAP: SUCH CALLS TO HIS LADY.



BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MASTER?

I WILL DO MYSELF AND BE CAUGHT IN THE NET, RETARD. BUT WE'LL BE TO THE CATS THAT SHALL POUNCE ON SUCH A MOUSE!



PARTAGHIAN, SWORD IN HAND, RUSHES INTO THE APARTMENT OF MASTER BONADUUX...



AFTER A BRIEF FIGHT, FOUR MEN FLY OUT OF THE DOOR LIKE SO MANY FRIGHTENED CROWS.

AH! MONSIEUR, YOU HAVE SAVED ME; PERMIT ME TO THANK YOU!



WHEN BEING LEFT ALONE, OUR PARTAGHIAN SETS ABOUT TO RESCUE THE HALF-PAINTING YOUNG WOMAN.



PARTAGHIAN SEES A HANDKERCHIEF IN HER POCKET.

AH! THAT HANDKERCHIEF HAS THE SAME CORNER AS THE ONE WHICH NEARLY CAUSED ARAMIS AND ME TO CROSS SWORDS!



MADAME, I HAVE ONLY DONE WHAT EVERY BENTLEMAN WOULD HAVE DONE IN MY PLACE. YOU OWE ME NO THANKS.



THE MEN I HAVE PUT TO FLIGHT WILL RETURN RE-INFORCED; IF THEY FIND US HERE WE ARE LOST! LET US GO!

YES, YES! YOU ARE RIGHT! I ESCAPED ONCE BUT MAY NOT AGAIN BE SO FORTUNATE! LET US FLY!



THEY GO TO ARAMIS' HOUSE. HE IS NOT HOME. HERE IS THE KEY. WAIT HERE, FASTEN THE DOOR, AND OPEN IT TO NO ONE!

THINKING OF THE CHARMING MADAME BONACIEUX, WHO HAD TOUCHED HIS YOUNG HEART, DARTAGNAN PENSIVELY TAKES THE LONGEST WAY HOME.



PARIS IS DARK AND THE STREETS ARE DESERTED. DARTAGNAN SEES A SMALL, SHAGGY FIGURE, ENVELOPED IN A CLOAK, APPROACH A HOUSE AND TAP THrice ON THE WINDOW!



OH! THAT IS THE HOUSE OF MY FRIEND, ARAMS. THIS TIME I SHALL FIND HIM OUT!

DARTAGNAN CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE DARKEST BOG OF THE STREET AND WATCHES



THE THREE TAPS ARE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY BY THE OPENING IN THE CASEMENT. THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR EXCHANGES HANDKERCHIEFS WITH THE PERSON IN THE HOUSE.



MON DIEU! THAT IS NOT ARAMS, BUT ANOTHER WOMAN! WHAT CAN THOSE HANDKERCHIEFS MEAN?

THE SHUTTER IS CLOSED AND THE CLOAKED FIGURE PASSES WITHIN FOUR STEPS OF DARTAGNAN. IT IS MADAME BONACIEUX!



THIS AFFAIR IS BECOMING INVOLVED! WHAT BUSINESS CAN SHE HAVE WHICH IS SO SECRET THAT SHE WANDERS ABOUT THE TIME OF NIGHT?



DARTAGNAN FOLLOWS MME. BONACIEUX, AT THE TOP OF THE RUE SUEZGAUD. SHE MEETS A MAN WHO CAN BE NONE OTHER THAN ARAMS.



AH! DOUBLY BETRAYED! BY MY FRIEND AND HER WHOM I SAVED!



RESOLVED TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY, DARTAGNAN STANDS SQUARELY AGAINST THEIR TROUPE!



AH, MY GOD!
NOW I'VE
LOST
I AM LOST!



MASTER BONACIEUX IS PUT
IN A CLOSED CARRIAGE
SURROUNDED BY FOUR GUARDS
ON HORSEBACK.



THE CARRIAGE IS PUT IN MOTION AS SLOWLY AS
A FUNERAL CAR, AND GOES THROUGH THE STREETS
OF PARIS.



FINALLY THE CARRIAGE STOPS BE-
FORE A HOUSE. THE DOOR IS OPENED
AND TWO GUARDS TAKE OUT THE
TERRIFIED BONACIEUX.



THE GUARDS TAKE
HIM UP A FLIGHT OF
STAIRS AND DEPOSIT
HIM IN THE ANTE-
CHAMBER.



AN OFFICER OPENS THE DOOR.

IS YOUR NAME
BONACIEUX?

YES, HONOUR,
AT YOUR
SERVICE.

COME IN.



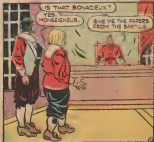
IN THE ROOM
IS A MAN WHO
EXCEPT FOR A
SWORD HAS
ALL THE AP-
PEARANCE OF
A SOLDIER.
HE IS ARMAND
JEAN DUPLESSIS,
CARDINAL DE
RICHELIEU,
ONE OF THE MOST
EXTRAORDINARY
MEN WHO EVER
EXISTED!



IS THAT BONACIEUX?

YES,
HONSEigneur.

GIVE ME THE PAPERS
FROM THE BASTILLE





YOU ARE ACCUSED OF HIGH TREASON!

SO I HAVE BEEN TOLD ALREADY BUT I SWEAR THAT I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT!



DO YOU KNOW WHO CARRIED OFF YOUR WIFE?

NO, MONSIEUR, BUT I HAVE SUSPICIONS.



THE CARDINAL CALLS ONE OF HIS GUARDS -

TELL ROCHEFORT TO COME IN.

YES YOUR EMINENCE!



THE MAN FROM MELING ENTERS.

IT IS HE!

HE? WHAT HE?

THE MAN WHO TOOK AWAY MY WIFE!



YOU ARE A FOOL / OFFICER, TAKE THIS MAN AWAY!

NO MONSIEUR IT IS NOT HE! NO, I WAS DECEIVED!



AH, THAT IS BETTER. HERE, TAKE THE PLACE OF THOSE BARRIED PISTOLS AND ROSET WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN. AU REVOIR, MONSIEUR BONACCIEUX!



VIVE MONSIEUR! VIVE LE GRAND CARDINAL!

BONACCIEUX LEAVES, BRIBED BY FEARS OF TORTURE - AND ONE HUNDRED PISTOLS.

ROCHEFORT, THAT MAN WILL LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR ME. HE WILL MAKE A GOOD SPY!



AND NOW, ROCHEFORT?

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE HAVE SEEN EACH OTHER AT THE LOUVRE!



WHO TOLD YOU OF —

MADAME LANNON, ONE OF THE QUEEN'S LADIES, WHO IS DEVOTED TO YOUR ENHANCE AS YOU KNOW.



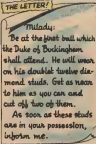
WHAT TOOK PLACE?

AH! THEN ALL IS NOT YET LOST! CALL IN VITRAY.

THE QUEEN GAVE TO THE DUKE AS A TOKEN OF LOVE, THE DIAMOND STUDS WHICH ARE A GIFT TO HER FROM HIS MAJESTY!



VITRAY YOU WILL GO WITH ALL SPEED TO LONDON AND DELIVER TO MILADY THE LETTER WHICH I SHALL GIVE YOU.



THE LETTER!

Milady:

Be at the first ball which the Duke of Buckingham shall attend. He will wear on his doublet twelve diamond studs. Get as near to him as you can and cut off two of them.

As soon as these studs are in your possession, inform me.



EIGHT DAYS LATER, THE CARDINAL RECEIVES A LETTER FROM MILADY STATING THAT SHE HAD THE STUDS AND WILL BE IN PARIS IN FIVE DAYS.

AH! NOW I MUST PERSUADE THE KING TO GIVE A FETE. I WILL SEE HIM AT ONCE!



SIRE, YOU HAVE BEEN WORDS OF LATE, GIVE A BALL. THE QUEEN LOVES DANCING AND IT WILL GIVE HER AN OPPORTUNITY TO WEAR YOUR DIAMOND STUDS.

THAT IS AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION. I WILL INFORM HER MAJESTY AT ONCE!



THE KING ENTERS THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

MADAME, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO GIVE A BALL YOU WILL DO ME THE HONOR OF WEARING THE STUDS. I GIVE YOU.



IF IT IS YOUR WISH, SIRE, I WILL APPEAR AT THE BALL.

AND WITH THOSE STUDS?

YES, WITH THE STUDS.

AFTER THE KING LEAVES, THE QUEEN LEANS FOR SUPPORT ON THE TABLE.



I AM LOST!
MY GOD! MY GOD!

MADAME BONACELIX WHO HAS HEARD THE CONVERSATION FROM THE OTHER ROOM, ENTERS.



CAN I BE OF SERVICE TO YOUR MAJESTY?

OH MADAME BONACELIX, I AM BETRAYED! I MUST RETRIEVE THOSE STUFS!



I BELIEVE I HAVE A WAY OF RETRIEVING YOUR MAJESTY FROM HER TROUBLE!

I MUST PLACE MY LIFE, MY HANDS, MY REPUTATION IN YOUR HANDS. HOW CAN YOU HELP?



MY HUSBAND WILL DO ANYTHING I ASK. HE WILL DELIVER YOUR LETTER TO LONDON!

THE QUEEN WRITES TWO LONG SEALS. SHE LETTER WITH HER PRIVATE SEAL, AND BRIES IT TO MADAME BONACELIX.



HURRY! WE HAVE ONLY TWELVE DAYS BEFORE THE BALLY!

THE BONACELIX RETURNS TO HER HOME UNHAPPY THAT IN HER ABSENCE HER HUSBAND HAS BECOME A CARDINAL SPY.



YOU MUST SET OUT TO LONDON IMMEDIATELY! I WILL GIVE YOU A SADDLE WHICH YOU MUST NOT PART WITH AND WHICH YOU WILL DELIVER INTO THE PROPER HANDS!



BUT WHY AM I TO GO?



AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON SENDS YOU AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON ASKTS YOU. THE RECOMPENSE IS GREAT - THAT IS ALL I PROMISE YOU!



ALL THE CARDINAL WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS!

INTRIGUES! NOTHING BUT INTRIGUES! HOWEVER THE CARDINAL HAS ENJOINED ME ON THAT MATTER!



LOOKED IN THE ROOM, MADAME BONACIEUX AND ARTAGNAN LOOK OUT THROUGH A SLIT IN THE SHUTTER.



IT IS MY HUSBAND AND GOD-SPEED!

AHA! IT IS MY MAN OF HONOR!

THEY ARE ENTERING THE APARTMENT. WE SHALL LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATION THROUGH THIS HOLE IN THE FLOOR.



THEN THE NEWS I HAVE BROUGHT YOU IS VALUABLE?

YES, MY DEAR BONACIEUX, DID SHE MENTION ANY NAMES?



NO, SHE ONLY TOLD ME SHE WISHED ME TO GO TO LONDON.



THEN AGREED TO ACCEPT THE MISSION AND GET POSSESSION OF THE LETTER. WHEN YOU DO MEET ME AT MY APARTMENT.



THEY HAVE GONE NOW YOU MUST GO. COURAGE, MY FRIEND, AND ABOVE ALL, PRUDENCE!



ARTAGNAN GOES TO ATOUS APARTMENT, WHERE LUCKY HE FINDS THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GOING TO LONDON IN A MISSION OF MOST IMPORTANCE!



TO LONDON! AND WHAT THE DEAL ARE WE GOING TO DO IN LONDON?

I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO TELL YOU. YOU MUST TRUST ME!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, ARTAGNAN, I AM READY TO FOLLOW YOU.



AND I ALSO!

AND I!

NOW LET US FIRST LAY DOWN THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN. WHERE DO WE GO FIRST?

TO CALAIS! THAT IS THE MOST DIRECT LINE TO LONDON. THE CARDINAL KNOWS OF MY MISSION AND WILL TRY TO PREVENT ME FROM GETTING THERE.



I AM THE BEASER OF A LETTER. IF I SHOULD BE KILLED, ONE OF YOU MUST TAKE IT AND FUSSELLE THE ROUTE; IF HE BE KILLED, IT WILL BE ANOTHER'S TURN: THE LETTER MUST REACH LONDON!



AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THE FOUR ADVENTURERS AND THEIR LACKEYS START ON THEIR PERILOUS JOURNEY.



ALL GOES WELL UNTIL THEY REACH CHANTILLY. AS THEY ARE FINISHING BREAKFAST, A MAN ENTERS THE INN.



HEERS TO THE HEALTH OF THE CARDINAL... DRINK WITH ME!

WITH PLEASURE, IF YOU IN TURN WILL DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF THE KING!



I ACKNOWLEDGE NO OTHER KING THAN HIS EMINENCE!

YOU ARE DELUSK!



AT THIS THE STRANGER DREW HIS SWORD. PORTHOUS ATTACKS, PROMISING HIS ADVERSARY TO PERSECUTE HIM WITH ALL THE KNOWN TRICKS IN FENCING SCHOOL.

YOU HAVE COMMITTED A FOULTY. KILL THE FELLOW AND JOIN US AS SOON AS YOU CAN.



THE OTHERS MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND RIDE OFF. AFTER AN HOUR'S RIDE, PORTHOUS HAD NOT COME.

THERE GOES ONE!



THE LEAGUE BEYOND BRAYVAIS, THEY COME UPON EIGHT LAW-BREAKERS WORKING ON THE ROAD.



AS THE TRAVELERS DEPART, THE WORKERS LEAP INTO A DITCH, SEIZE CONCEALED MUSKETS AND RISE ON THE BATHY. THE MUSKETEERS SAVE THEIR HORSES AND CHARGE THROUGH.



ROUSTON, PORTHO'S LACKEY, IS SHOT FROM HIS HORSE, ARAM'S RECEIVES A BALL THROUGH THE SHOULDER, BUT CONTINUES ON —



BUT GRINGOULE, ARAM'S TOO WEAK TO PROCEED FURTHER. THEY LEAVE HIM IN THE CARE OF BAIN, HIS LACKEY, AND SET FORWARD.

MORBLEY! REDUCED TO TWO MASTERS AND THEIR LACKEYS!



THEY SPEND THE NIGHT AT AN INN. IN THE MORNING THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE.

ATHOS, YOU RAY THE LOST OUR RECKONING: PLANCHET AND I WILL GET THE HORSES.



THIS MONEY IS BAG! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED AS COINERS!

FROM SCOUNDRELS! I'LL CUT OFF YOUR BAGS!



BUT THE INNKEEPERS CRY FOR HELP, POLICE MEN, ARMED TO THE TEETH, ENTER, BY A SIDE DOOR AND RUSH UPON ATHOS.

I AM TAKEN! GO ON, D'ARTAGNAN SPUR, SPUR!



D'ARTAGNAN LEAPS ON HIS HORSE AND GALLOPS OFF —

BRAVE ATHOS!



1 DARTAGNAN ARRIVES AT THE PORT OF CALAIS. A GENTLEMAN IS TALKING TO THE CAPTAIN OF A VESSEL.

NO ONE IS PERMITTED TO CROSS WITHOUT EXPRESS PERMISSION FROM THE CARDINAL!



I HAVE PERMISSION. HERE IT IS!

HAVE YOUR LETTER EXAMINED BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE PORT AND GIVE ME YOUR PRESENCE.



2 DARTAGNAN FOLLOWS THE MAN TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AND SEES HIM ENTER.



3 ON THE WAY BACK, DARTAGNAN ACCENTS THE GENTLEMAN.

MONSIEUR, I WANT THAT LETTER OF WHICH YOU ARE THE BEARER, BEING THAT I HAVE NONE.

YOU ARE JOKING, I PRESUME?



I SELDOM JOKE! ON GUARD!



4 DARTAGNAN QUICKLY BEATS HIS OPPONENT AND TAKES HIS ORDER FOR PASSAGE. IT IS IN THE NAME OF COUNT DE WARDES.



5 DARTAGNAN RUNS TO THE SHIP AND PRESENTS THE LETTER TO THE CAPTAIN.

GOOD! WE SAIL IMMEDIATELY!



6 UNDER FULL SAIL, THE SHIP CROSSES THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND.



AT TEN-THIRTY THE NEXT MORNING, D'ARTAGNAN ARRIVES IN LONDON.



HERE I AM AT LAST!

D'ARTAGNAN GALLOPS THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON ON HIS WAY TO THE HOTEL OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.



THE DUKE'S VALET, PATRICK, RECEIVES HIM.



WHOM MUST I ANNOUNCE TO MY LORD DUKE?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO ONE EVENING IN PARIS...

...SOUGHT A DUEL WITH HIM OUTSIDE THE LOUVRE.

D'ARTAGNAN IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE DUKE.



HAS ANY MISFORTUNE BEFALLEN THE QUEEN?

I BELIEVE NOT. TAKE THIS LETTER.

GODD HEAVENS! WHAT DO I READ? FOLLOW ME!



THEY GO TO THE DUKE'S PRIVATE CHAMBER, FROM A DESK, THE DUKE TAKES A BASKET CONTAINING THE STUDS.



HERE ARE THE PRECIOUS STUDS THE QUEEN GAVE ME.

MY GOD! ALL IS LOST! TWO OF THE STUDS ARE WANTING! THERE ARE BUT TEN OF THEM.



CAN YOU HAVE LOST THEM, MILORD, OR DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE BEEN STOLEN?

THEY HAVE BEEN STOLEN. WHEN IS THE BALL TO TAKE PLACE?



ON MONDAY NEXT...

STILL FIVE DAYS BEFORE LE. PATRICK! CALL MY JEWELLER!



YES, MY LORD.

WHEN THE JEWELER ARRIVES, THE QUEEN SHOWS HIM THE STUDS.

MASTER DISLEY, HOW MANY DAYS WOULD IT REQUIRE TO MAKE UP TWO STUDS EXACTLY LIKE THESE?

A WEEK, MY LORD!



I WILL GIVE YOU SIX THOUSAND PISTOLES IF YOU CAN HAVE THEM BY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

MY LORD, YOU SHALL HAVE THEM.



IN TWO DAYS THE STUDS ARE READY.

HERE ARE THE STUDS. GO TO THE PORT AND ASK FOR THE BRIS SUND. GIVE THIS LETTER TO THE CAPTAIN. EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED ALONG THE WAY.



ALL BENEVOLE, MY LORD!

GOD SPEED!



WITH NO MESSAGES TO HINDER HIM, DARTAGSIAN TRAVELS AT TOP SPEED AND ARRIVES IN PARIS IN DAYS. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BALL,



THE KING AND QUEEN ENTER THE BALLROOM.



THE CARDINAL DOUBLES WITH HIS EYES THE COSTUME OF THE QUEEN.

SICK WITH RAGE, HE COUNTS THE STUDS — ALL TWELVE ARE WORK BY HER MAJESTY!



10 D'ARTAGNAN, ON DUTY AT THE BALL, IS ABOUT TO RETIRE, WHEN A MASKED WOMAN SEIZES HIM.



11 D'ARTAGNAN FOLLOWS HER TO A SMALL DARK ROOM, SHUT OFF BY CURTAINS FROM A LARGER ROOM.



12 AT LENGTH, A HAND AND AN ARM SPREADINGLY BEAUTIFUL GLOSS THROUGH THE TAPESTRY. D'ARTAGNAN KNEELS AND KISSES THE HAND.



13 THE HAND IS WITHDRAWN, LEAVING IN HIS A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING — HE RECOGNIZES FROM THE QUEEN!



14 D'ARTAGNAN LEAVES THE BALL AND GOES HOME.

HERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU, MASTER!

AM I A RENDEZVOUS WITH CONSTANCE BONACHEUX IN THE PARLOIR OF ST. CLOUD AT TEN O'CLOCK?



15 THE FOLLOWING EVENING, D'ARTAGNAN ARRIVES AT THE PAVILION TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT.



16 YOUR PASS AND HE BECOMES UNEASY. HE EXAMINES THE GROUND FOR SIGNS OF A STRUZZLE.



17 HIS WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED! HE PICKS UP A WOMAN'S TORN SLOVE!

WOMAN'S DRESS! THE CARDINAL HAS CARRIED HER OFF AGAIN!



DARTAGNAN GOES TO DE TRÉVILLE'S HOTEL, AND RELATES ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED.



MUM! ALL THE SANGRS OF HIS EMINENCE A LEASUE OFF!

BUT WHAT IS TO BE DONE?



NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT PRESENT, I WILL SEE THE QUEEN, YOU MEANWHILE, GO TO PARIS AND LOOK FOR YOUR FRIENDS!

DETERMINED TO FOLLOW DE TRÉVILLE'S ADVICE, DARTAGNAN GOES HOME.



PACK OUR EQUIPMENT, BLANCHET, AND LET US DISCOVER WHAT HAS BECOME OF PORTHOS, ARANS AND OTHERS!

THEY SET OUT AND ARRIVE IN CHANTILLY FIGHTING AT THE SAME HOTEL THEY STOPPED AT ON THEIR FIRST JOURNEY.



THE HOST GREETS THEM.



AH! HONORABLE, I BELIEVE THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU!

I WAS HERE TEN DAYS AGO, I WAS CONDUCTING SOME FRIENDS, ONE OF WHOM HAD A DISPUTE WITH A STRANGER.



AH! EXACTLY SO! IS IT NOT M. PORTHOS THAT YOUR LOSSHIP MEANS?

YES, THAT IS HE. I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM.

HE IS WOUNDED BUT HE HAS FORGIDDEN ME STRICTLY TO SAY SO!



AND WHY SO?

HE IS VERY VAN, AND DESPITE HIS BOASTING, WAS QUICKLY BROUGHT DOWN BY THE STRANGER.

THAT'S PORTHOS ALL OVER! CAN I SEE HIM?



CERTAINLY, ONLY WARN HIM THAT IT IS YOU.

WHEN HIM? WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?

M. PORTHOS MAY IMAGINE YOU BELONG TO THE HOTEL, AND BLOW OUT YOUR BRAINS!



WHY? WHAT HAVE YOU SAID TO HIM?

WE ASKED HIM FOR MONEY!





WHY ENTER THE CURSED HOTEL, WHERE THEY HAD LOST SEEN ATHOS

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU ACCUSED TWO OR THREE DAYS AGO OF PASSING BAD MONEY?

AN HOUR BUT HOW DEARLY HAVE I PAID FOR THAT RAULT!



THAT GENTLEMAN, DESIGN TO LISTEN TO ME, HOWEVER, AND BE MERCIFUL! I SAY! WHAT HAS BECOME OF HIM?

SPEAK, YOU WRETCH!



AFTER KILLING ONE MAN AND SAVAGELY WOUNDING TWO - OTHERS, HE AND HIS LUCKY BAG SUCCESS THEMSELVES IN MY CELLAR.

AND WHERE IS HE NOW?



IN THE CELLAR, WHERE HE AND HIS SERGANT HAVE EATEN ALL MY FOOD AND DRUNK ALL MY WINE!

WHAT! YOU SCOUNDREL! YOU HAVE KEPT HIM IN THE CELLAR ALL THIS TIME!



MERCIFUL HEAVEN! HE PERSISTS IN REMAINING THERE - WE CANNOT GET HIM OUT!

SO SOON THAT TIME-?



-SO SOON THAT TIME HE HAS BURIED ME! ALL MY PROVISIONS ARE THERE AND HE REFUSES ME ADMITTANCE! I AM FORCED TO TURN AWAY TRAVELERS FOR WANT OF FOOD AND DRINK!



LAUGHING HEARTILY, PARTASCHIAN RESOLVES ATHOS AND GRIMALD

HOLA! MY FRIENDS- YOUR SIEGE IS OVER!



THEY SIT DOWN TO DRINK AND PARTASCHIAN TELLS ATHOS HOW HE LOST HIS MADAME SINGLEDIEU.

TRIFLES! NOTHING BUT TRIFLES!



THAT COMES VERY ILL FROM YOU WHO HAVE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE!

PARDIEU! I SHALL RELATE TO YOU A REAL TALE OF LOVE!





WHICH CONCERNS YOU?

EITHER HE OR ONE OF MY FRIENDS—WHAT MATTERS?



ATHOS RELATES THE STORY...

—AND GUESS WHAT MY WIFE HAD ON HER SHOULDER?



HOW CAN I TELL?

HORROR! WHAT DO YOU TELL ME?

A FLEUR-DE-LIS! SHE WAS BRANDED!



TRUTH! MY FRIEND—THE ANGEL WAS A DEMON! THAT HAS CURED ME OF LOVING WOMEN. DRINK!



WHEN THE TWO FRIENDS ARRIVE IN PARIS, THEY GO TO ATHOS' HOUSE AND FIND PORTOS AND ARMANDS WAITING.

GENTLEMEN! ENGLAND AND FRANCE ARE CLOSE TO WAR. WE MUST GET READY ALL OUR EQUIPMENT!



THE NEXT DAY, WHEN RIDING THROUGH THE PARK, D'ARTAGNAN SEES A WOMAN IN A CARRIAGE ARGUING WITH A CAVALIER.

MORBLEU! IT IS THE SAME LADY WHOM I FIRST SAW IN BELGIUM!



D'ARTAGNAN APPROACHES THE CARRIAGE. MAKING IT APPARENT THAT THIS CAVALIER HAS ANNOYED YOU, SPEAK ONE WORD AND I WILL PUNISH HIM!



MORBLEU, I WOULD PLACE MYSELF UNDER YOUR PROTECTION IF THIS PERSON WERE NOT MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LORD DE WINTER!

AND EXCUSE ME THEN.



WHAT IS THAT STUPID FELLOW TROUBLING HIMSELF ABOUT?

DRIVER, GO ON - HOME!



THE CAVALIER ATTEMPTS TO FOLLOW THE CARRIAGE, BUT DIABOLASMAN SEIZES HIS REINS.

YOU FORGET THERE IS A LITTLE QUARREL TO ARRANGE!

YOU SEE PLAINLY I HAVE NO SWORD!



VERY WELL, GO HOME. PICK OUT THE LONGEST AND MEET ME THIS EVENING BEHIND THE LUXEMBOURG!

I WILL BE THERE. APROPOS, YOU HAVE PROBABLY ONE OR TWO FRIENDS?



HUMPH! I HAVE THREE WHO WOULD BE HONORED IN JOINING THE SPORT!

THREE! THAT'S FOR LUCK! THERE IS JUST MY NUMBER.



DIABOLASMAN INFORMS HIS THREE FRIENDS OF THE DUEL.

HOHA! THIS TIME I'LL REPRISATE MY MAN LIKE A PIN-CUSHION!

ONCE WILL BE ENOUGH!



WHAT EVENING, THE FOUR MUST REDEERS DEPART TO THE LUXEMBOURG. THE ENGLISHMEN ARE AWAITING THEM.



WHY, THEY ARE SHEPHERD'S NAMES! AS GENTLEMEN, WE CANNOT FIGHT WITH SUCH!

THE ENGLISHMEN ARE ALL MEN OF RANK AND WHEN INTRODUCED ARE SUPPOSED AT THE NAMES OF THEIR ADVERSARIES.



THEREFORE, YOUR LORDSHIP MAY SUPPOSE THEY ARE ONLY ASSUMED NAMES!

WE FIGHT ONLY WITH EQUALS!

JB



HE TAKES ASIDE ONE OF THE ENGLISHMEN AND COMMUNICATES HIS NAME IN A LOW VOICE. ROOTHOS AND ABRAHAM DO THE SAME.



IMMEDIATELY, EIGHT SWORDS GLITTER IN THE RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN.



ROOTHOS PLAYS WITH ENERGY AND SOON STRETCHES HIS OPPONENT ON THE GRASS.



DEWAMIS ATTACKS SO VIGOROUSLY THAT HIS OPPONENT LOSES STOMACH FOR THE FIGHT AND SLUGS AWAY AMID THE HOOTING OF THE LACKEYS.

DARTAGNAN WITH A VIGOROUS THWIST TWISTS THE SWORD FROM DE WINTER'S GRASP.



BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER, DARTAGNAN HAS HIS SWORD AT THE LORD'S THROAT.



I SPARE YOUR LIFE FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SISTER.

YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN. HAVE SUPPER WITH ME AND I WILL INTRODUCE HER TO YOU.



DARTAGNAN, ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER MILADY'S CONNECTION WITH THE MAN OF MELUNS, ACCEPTS.

LATER, LORD DE WINTER WELCOMES DARTAGNAN TO HIS HOME.



AH! MY GENEROUS FRIEND, WELCOME! THIS IS THE COUNTESS DE WINTER.

DELIGHTED, MY DEAR COUNTESS!

LATER, A SERVANT ENTERS AND WHISPERS TO LORD DE WINTER, WHO THEN TURNS TO DARTAGNAN.



I REGRET THAT I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW, BUT I AM CALLED AWAY ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS.



THEN I SHALL ENTERTAIN MONSIEUR DARTAGNIAN IN YOUR ABSENCE



DARTAGNIAN IS YOUNG AND THE COUNTESS IS BEAUTIFUL. HE IS FASCINATED BY HER.

YOU ARE VERY LOVELY, MY DEAR COUNTESS!

MA FOY! YOU ARE AN IMPETUOUS YOUNG MAN!



THEN I SHALL SEE YOU AGAIN? TOMORROW?

PERHAPS.



BUT I MUST KNOW!

YOU ARE UNREASONABLE, MY YOUNG FRIEND. GOOD NIGHT I MUST RETIRE



MILADY TRIES TO LEAVE DARTAGNIAN, IN HIS EAGERNESS TO DETAIN HER, GRASPS HER DRESS.



THE FLimsY FABRIC TEARS FROM HER SHOULDER! DARTAGNIAN SEES INDUBITABLY BRANDED THE FLEUR-DE-LIS WHICH IS IMPRESSED BY THE KINGDOM'S HAND OF THE EXECUTIONER



GREAT GOD!

AN WRETCH! THOU HAST MY SECRET! THOU SHALT DIE!



SEIZING A PONDARD, MILADY HURLS HERSELF AT DARTAGNIAN

DIE SCOUNDREL, DIE!



THE FOUR FRIENDS GATHER THEIR EQUIPMENT, AND, FOLLOWED BY THEIR LACKEYS, JOIN THEIR COMPANIES.



THE MUSKETEERS WAG IN REVIEW OF THEIR KING



BARTAGNAN DOES NOT OBSERVE MILADY WHO STANDS ON THE SIDE-LINES. POINTS HIM OUT TO TWO EYE-LOOKING MEN.



THE TWO MEN MOUNT HORSES AND FOLLOW THE SOLDIERS.



THAT EVENING, THE SOLDIERS ESTABLISH CAMP BEFORE LA ROCHELLE.



BARTAGNAN, THINKING OF MADAME BONADIEUX, WALKS OFF ALONE ALONG A LITTLE ROAD.



BARTAGNAN'S REVERIES ARE CUT SHORT BY THE GLITTER OF A MUSKET BARREL CONCEALED BEHIND A HEDGE.



DIRECTING HIS COURSE AWAY FROM THAT HEDGE HE SEES THE EXTREMITY OF ANOTHER MUSKET ON THE OTHER SIDE.



THE TWO BALLS WHISTLE BY, KNOCKING OFF HIS HAT.



THE ASSASSIN IS TRAPPED! HE DROPS TO THE GROUND AS THOUGH DEAD!



THE ASSASSIN, DECEIVED BY THE TRICK, NEGLECTS TO RELOAD HIS GUN, AND DRAWS CLOSE.



D'ARTAGNAN SPRINGS UP AND KILLS THE NEARER MAN WITH HIS SWORD!



THE OTHER TAKES HIS GUN BY THE BARREL, AND AIMS A TERRIBLE BLOW AT D'ARTAGNAN, WHO SPRINGS ASIDE AND THEN GUNS HIM THROUGH!



D'ARTAGNAN SEARCHES THE LIFELESS MAN AND FINDS A LETTER.



HE READS!

Since you have allowed the Bonacieux woman to escape to the convent of the Carmelites, do not fail to kill the man.

OH! MADAME BONACIEUX IS SAFE AND MILADY HAS FAILED AGAIN!



ONE NIGHT WHEN OUR TROOP IS ON DUTY, HIS THREE ESCORTS ARE "BAVED" (WE ALONG A ROAD WHEN THEY PERCEIVE A GLOAMED FIGURE APPROACHING ON HORSEBACK.



WHO GOES THERE? ANSWER, OR ELSE WE CHARGE

BEWARE OF WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT, GENTLEMEN!



MONSIEUR LE CARDINAL! THE ROAD IS DARK AND LONELY! DO ME THE HONOR TO ACCOMPANY ME.



THE THREE MUSKETEERS ESCORT THE CARDINAL TO A SILENT, SOLITARY INN.



THE MOST EVIDENTLY EXPECTS THE CARDINAL. HE SILENTLY MOTIONS TO HIM.



SHOW THESE GENTLEMEN TO A ROOM WITH A GOOD FIRE WHERE THEY CAN WAIT FOR ME.

WHILE THE MUSKETEERS ENTER THE GROUND FLOOR, THE CARDINAL ASCENDS THE STAIRCASE.



MORHOS AND ADAMS SIT AT THE TABLE AND BEGIN TO PLAY CARDS WHILE OTHER WALKS BACK AND FORTH BEFORE THE FIREPLACE.



HE HEARS THE MURMUR OF VOICES COMING THROUGH THE CHIMNEY, AND BENDS HIS EAR TO LISTEN...





ATHOS OPENS HIS CLOAK AND LIFTS HIS HAT.

DO YOU KNOW ME, MADAME?



MILADY DRAWS BACK AS THOUGH SHE HAD SEEN A SERPENT.

THE COUNT DE LA FERRE!

YES, MILADY, THE COUNT DE LA FERRE, YOUR HUSBAND!



ATHOS SLOWLY RAISES HIS PISTOL TO MILADY'S HEAD.

MADAME, YOU WILL THE INSTANT DELIVER TO ME THE PAPERS THE CARDINAL SIGNED—OR UPON MY SOUL, I SHALL BLOW OUT YOUR BRAINS.



MILADY REACHES HER HAND TO HER BOSOM AND DRAWS OUT THE PAPERS.

TAKE IT, AND BE ACCUSED?



It is by my oaths, and not by the quest of the state, that the honor of this line must not be lost.

BY I, SIR *Richelieu*.

—AND NOW THAT I HAVE DRAWN YOUR TEETH WED, BITE IF YOU CAN!



ATHOS LEAVES MILADY AND RACES FURIOUSLY TO HIS QUARTERS.



THE NEXT MORNING, ATHOS HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR.

GENTLEMEN, WE MUST GO WHERE WE CAN TALK IN PRIVACY.



THEY ALL GO TO A SMALL HOTEL, BUT THE HOUR IS POORLY CHOSEN. THE PLACE IS FULL OF SOLDIERS.



ATHOS ARRIVES AND ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLY.

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A WAGER TO PROPOSE.

ALL A WAGER, WHAT IS IT?



I WILL BET THAT MY THREE COMPANIONS AND I WILL BREAKFAST IN MONSIEUR BASTON WHICH IS BESIEGED BY THE ROCHELAIS AND REIMS IN THREE AN HOUR.

CAPITAL, NOW LET US FIX THE STAKE.



WHY WHEN WE RETURN, A DINNER FOR FOUR - SHALL THAT DO?

PERFECTLY WE ACCEPT.



THE FOUR COMPANIONS, FOLLOWED BY GERALD CARRYING THE BREAKFAST, SET OFF FOR THE BASTION.



AND NOW, MY DEAR ATHOS, DO ME THE KINDNESS TO TELL ME WHY WE ARE DOING ALL THIS?

BECAUSE WE HAVE SOME VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO DISCUSS WHICH THE CARDINAL MUST NOT KNOW.



THEY ARRIVE AT THE BASTION, AND, PRECEDED BY GERALD, ENTER.



THE BASTION IS OCCUPIED BY A DOZEN DEAD BODIES FRENCH AND ROCHELAIS.



WHILE GERALD IS LAYING OUT THE BREAKFAST, LET US COLLECT THE CARTRIDGES AND RELOAD THESE GUNS.

BUT THE SECRET! THE SECRET!





YOU WERE SAYING? MILADY IS GOING TO ENGLAND TO ASSASSINATE OR CAUSE TO BE ASSASSINATED THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM!



THE CREATURE MUST BE A DEMON! HOWEVER, I INDUCED HER TO PART WITH A SIGNED CARTS-BLANCHE BY WHICH SHE COULD WITH SECURITY GET RID OF YOU!



D'ATHOS GIVES THE LETTER TO D'ARTAGNAN.

HERE, D'ARTAGNAN, REEVEIVE IT CAREFULLY.



AT THIS CRY, THE YOUNG MEN SPRING UP AND TAKE THEIR MUSKETS.

A TROOP OF TWENTY SOLDIERS IS SEEN ADVANCING ON THEM.

SHALL WE RETURN TO CAMP? I DON'T THINK THE SIDES ARE EQUAL!



IMPOSSIBLE! WE HAVE NOT FINISHED BREAKFAST YET—WE STILL HAVE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DISCUSS—AND IT YET WANTS TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE HOUR WILL BE BLASSED!



THE MUSKETEERS FIRE ON THE SOLDIERS. GRIMALD RELOADS THE EMPTY GUNS. HALF OF THE SOLDIERS ARE KILLED.



ABOUT A DOZEN ROCHELLAIS REACH THE DITCH UNDER THE WALL OF THE FORT.



THE FOUR MUSKETEERS, AIDED BY GERMAUD, PUSH THE WALL WITH THEIR GUN BARRELS. IT SWAYS, THEN TUMBLES INTO THE DITCH.



PLA TOU! WE HAVE DESTROYED THEM! TELL!

IT APPEARS SO. NOW LET US RESUME OUR CONVERSATION!



THEY SIT DOWN AGAIN TO BREAKFAST.

WE MUST WARN LORD DE WINTERS OF MILAHOE'S INTENTIONS.



BUT HOW?

I WILL SEND PLANCHET TO LONDON WITH A LETTER!



WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

WHY, THEY ARE SENDING A WHOLE REGIMENT AGAINST US. WE SHALL BE KILLED!



THOSE POINTS TO THE DEAD SOLDIERS

GERMAUD, TAKE THOSE GENTLEMEN SET THEM UP AGAINST THE WALL AND PUT GUNS IN THEIR HANDS!



QUICKLY! DO YOU TALK OF A REGIMENT, PORTHOS? IT IS AN ARMY!



THE BOARDS ARE SET AGAINST THE LOGGABLES, WITH THE GUNS POINTING OUT.

NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET US BE OFF!



A FURIOUS VOLLEY IS HEARD.

WHAT ARE THEY FIRING AT NOW? I HEAR NO BALLS WHISTLING BY!



THEY ARE FIRING AT GRIMALD'S DEAD COMPANY AND BY THE TIME THEY FIND OUT THE TRICK, WE SHALL BE SAFELY BACK.



THE FRENCH, ON SEEING THEIR COMPANIES RETURN, CHEER WILDLY.



THAT NIGHT, FLANCHET SETS OUT FOR LONDON WITH A LETTER TO DE WINTER.



AFTER SIXTEEN DAYS, FLANCHET RETURNS WITH A NOTE FROM DE WINTER. IT READS 'THANK YOU, BE EASY.'



MEANWHILE, MILADY, ABOARD A SLOOP, ARRIVES AT THE ENGLISH PORT OF PORTSMOUTH, A LITTLE CUTTER GRAYS ALONGSIDE.



AN OFFICER FROM THE CUTTER BOARDS THE VESSEL AND TALKS TO THE CAPTAIN.



THE OFFICER APPROACHES MILADY.

I AM AN OFFICER IN THE ENGLISH NAVY. PLEASE COME WITH ME.



MILADY IS TAKEN ABOARD THE CUTTER AND BROUGHT TO SHORE.



THE OFFICER SPRINGS OUT AND HELPS MILADY ALIGHT. A CARRIAGE IS WAITING.



IS THIS CARRIAGE FOR US?

YES MADAME.

THEY GET INTO THE CARRIAGE AND ARE DRIVEN AWAY.



BUT LENGTH, THE CARRIAGE ENTERS THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD CASTLE PERCHED ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA.



THE OFFICER HELPS MILADY FROM THE CARRIAGE.



IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, SIR, WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

THE OFFICER LEADS MILADY INTO A CHAMBER WITH DOORS AND WINDOWS BARRED.



WHERE AM I? WHY AM I HERE?

MY DUTY IS DONE. THE REST CONCERNS ANOTHER PERSON. HERE HE IS NOW.



LORD DE WINTER ENTERS.



AM I YOUR PRISONER?

NEARLY SO.





AND OF WHAT RELIGION ARE YOU MADAME?

I AM A QUAKER, MADAM, BECAUSE OF MY RELIGION!



LADY PERCEIVES THE EFFECT ON FELTON AS HE LEAVES.

AH! THAT SHOT HIT HOME!



THE NEXT DAY, LADY REPROACHES FELTON.

BEHOLD, INIQUITOUS MAN! YOU CONSPIRE WITH OUR PERSECUTORS! YOU WOULD DELIVER ME TO OUR ENEMY!



BUT WHY ARE YOU IMPRISONED HERE?

OF WHAT GOOD IS IT TO TELL YOU, YOU WHO ARE AN ACCOMPLICE OF THE INIQUITOUS?



WHOM DO YOU CALL THE INIQUITOUS?

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, HE WHOM WE, THE TRUE BELIEVERS, CALL "SATAN!"



DO YOU KNOW HIM?

OH! I KNOW HIM! YES TO MY ETERNAL MISFORTUNE!

SPEAK, MADAME! IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, EXPLAIN YOURSELF!



CONFIDE MY SHAME TO YOU, NEVER — I COULD NOT!

SISTER, YOU MUST TELL ME YOUR STORY. PERHAPS I CAN HELP.



LADY TELLS A STORY DESIGNED TO INFLAME THE SENSES OF THE SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG RELIGIOUS MANIAC.

AT THE CONCLUSION HE FALLS ON HIS KNEES.

SARON! OH SARON!



BARDON HE
SHE HAVING
JOINED IN YOUR
REBELLION ON!
YOU SHALL BE
AVENGED!

BARDON
FOR WHAT?



OH DEATH, MY BROTHER
DATHS THAN SHAME!
GIVE ME
A KNIFE!



AT THIS MOMENT OF WINTER
ENTERED THE ROOM.

AND NOW SHE WOULD KILL
HERSELF, BUT BE AT EASE
— NO BLOOD WILL FLOW!



LADY REALIZES THAT
SHE MUST GIVE FELTON IM-
MEDIATE PROOF OF HER
COURAGE. SHE SEIZES
A KNIFE FROM HER SUPPER
TRAY.

YOU ARE MISTAKEN,
MY LORD — BLOOD
WILL FLOW!



BEFORE FELTON CAN PREVENT HER
SHE STABS HERSELF.

SEE, MY LORD,
SHE HAS KILLED
HERSELF!



SHE IS NOT DEAD, DEMONS
DON'T DIE SO EASILY. GO
TO MY CHAMBERS!

FELTON OBAYS, BUT IN
LEAVING HE TAKES THE
KNIFE.



A DOCTOR ATTENDS M'LADY.

"THE WOUND IS
NOT SERIOUS."

"WH-M! I
THOUGHT NOT!"



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, FELTON ENTERS
M'LADY'S ROOM.

COME QUICKLY,
I PLANNED YOUR ESCAPE!

AFTER TRYING LOOSE THE BARRED WINDOW, FELTON LETS HIMSELF AND MILADY DOWN A ROPE TO THE ROCKY SHORE BELOW.



AT FELTON'S WHISTLE, A BOAT APPEARS BOWED BY FOUR MEN. MILADY AND FELTON GET IN.



IN A FEW MINUTES THEY ARE ABOARD THE SLOOP.

THE CAPTAIN WILL TAKE YOU TO FRANCE AFTER HE HAS PUT ME ASHORE AT PORTSMOUTH.



WHAT ARE YOU TO DO IN PORTSMOUTH?

MR. BUCKINGHAM SIGN THE ORDER FOR YOUR SKILL. LORD DE WINTER DECIDED TO SEND YOU HIMSELF AND SENT ME TO BUCKINGHAM.



WHEN THE SLOOP REACHES PORTSMOUTH, FELTON SIGNS AN ORDER TO MILADY.

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE. DO NOT FAIL!



FELTON DISSEMBARS AND GOES TO THE PALACE OF THE ADMIRALTY.



PATRICK, THE DUKE'S VALET, ADVISES FELTON TO BUCKINGHAM'S CHAMBER.

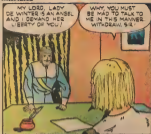
HAVE AN ORDER RELATIVE TO THE COUNTESS DE WINTER.



WILL YOUR GRACE SIGN THAT ORDER WITHOUT REMORSE?

WITHOUT REMORSE. LORD DE WINTER KNOWS AS WELL AS I KNOW THAT LADY DE WINTER IS A LEAN SLEAZY WOMAN.





MEANWHILE, THE DUKE IS CARRIED TO A COUCH BY PATRICK. THE DUKE'S SURGEON ENTERS AND EXAMINES HIM.



ALL IS USELESS. HE IS DEAD!

LORD DE WINTER APPROACHES BELTON.



MISERABLE WRETCH! I SWEAR TO YOU THAT YOUR ACCOMPICE IS NOT SAVED!

GOD HAS SO WILLED IT!

LORD DE WINTER DESCENDS THE STAIRS AND MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE PORT.



MEANWHILE, THE KING, TIRING OF THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE, RETURNS TO PARIS. HE TAKES TWENTY HUSKETEERS AS AN ESCORT, AMONG THEM ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS AND DARTAGNAN.



WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN PARIS, DE TRÉVILLE GRANTS LEAVES OF ABSENCE TO THE FOUR FRIENDS.



REPORT FOR DUTY IN SIX DAYS!

THE FOUR HUSKETEERS AND THEIR LACKEYS SET OUT AT DANCE FOR BETHUNE AND THE CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES.



THAT EVENING, AS THEY DISMOUNT AT A HOTEL IN ARRAS, A HOBBSEMAN GALLOPS OUT OF THE POSTING-YARD.



IT IS HE!

WHAT HE?



THAT CURSED MAN, MY EVIL GENIUS, WHOM I HAVE ALWAYS MET WITH WHEN THREATENED BY SOME MISFORTUNE!





YOU MUST REST NOW. I'LL SEND HER TO YOU LATER.



ON NEED OF REST AFTER HER LONG JOURNEY, MILADY LIES DOWN. SHE IS AWAKENED LATER BY THE ENTRANCE OF CONSTANCE BONACIEUX.

OH! I HAVE CHOSEN MY TIME ILL! YOU WERE ASLEEP - YOU ARE FATIGUED.



THOUGHTS OF VENGEANCE STIMULATE MILADY. SHE GETS UP.

DO NOT LEAVE. LET US TALK. I ALSO SUFFER FROM THE CARDINAL'S HATE. EVEN NOW I FLEE FROM HIS AGENTS.



AT THIS MOMENT, THE ABBESS ENTERS THE ROOM.

THERE IS A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, COUNTESS!



MILADY GOES TO AN ANTECHAMBER WHERE ROCHEFORT IS WAITING.

WHAT ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS?



INFORM THE CARDINAL THAT BUCKINGHAM IS DEAD, OR NEARLY SO, AND THAT ATHOS AND D'ARTAGNAN ARE DANGEROUS MEN, ENEMIES OF THE STATE!

IS THAT ALL?



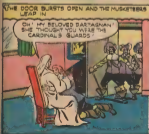
PLACE YOUR CARRIAGE AND LACKEY AT MY DISPOSAL. I WILL MEET YOU LATER AT ARMENTIERES!

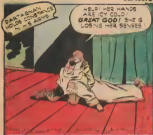
WRITE THAT NAME ON A PIECE OF PAPER, LEST I FORGET.



MILADY COMPLIES WITH THE REQUEST. ROCHEFORT PUTS THE PAPER IN HIS HAT (THE SAME PAPER WHICH D'ARTAGNAN GOT FROM THE STABLE-BOT AT ABBAY)







ATHOS SENDS ALARMS FOR THE SURGEON, AND WHEN SHE APPEARS ADDRESSES HER.

MADAME, WE ABANDON TO YOUR PIOUS CARE THE BODY OF THAT UNFORTUNATE WOMAN. TREAT HER AS ONE OF YOUR SISTERS. WE WILL RETURN SOME DAY TO PRAY OVER HER GRAVE.



ALL FIVE FOLLOWED BY THEIR LACKEYS TAKE THEIR WAY TO THE TOWN OF BETHUNE AND STOP AT AN INN.

SHALL WE NOT FOLLOW THAT WOMAN? SHE WILL ESCAPE US!

I WILL BE ACCOUNTABLE FOR HER.



NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET EACH ONE RETIRE TO HIS OWN APARTMENT. I TAKE CHARGE OF EVERYTHING. ONLY DARTAGNAN GAVE ME THE PIECE OF PAPER WHICH FELL FROM THAT MAN'S HAT AT ARSAS.



ATHOS CALLS THE LACKEYS AND ISSUES INSTRUCTIONS.

GO TO APARTMENTS. SEND MARY. THREE STAY ON GUARD. ONE OF YOU RETURN TO THE ROAD TO DIRECT US.



ATHOS THEN MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND GALLOPS OFF. AFTER A LONG RIDE, HE COMES TO A SOLITARY, SHOT-LIKE HOUSE - DARK AND SILENT AS THE TOMB. HE DISMOUNTS AND ENTERS.



THE MAN WHOM ATHOS HAD COME SO FAR TO SEEK IS ENGAGED IN FASTENING TOGETHER WITH AN IRON WIRE, THE BONES OF A SKULL. THE SKULL RESTS ON THE TABLE.



THE TWO CONVERSE IN LOW TONES. ATHOS WRITES HIS NAME ON A PAPER AND SHOWS IT TO THE STRANGER.



AM READY TO OBEY!

ATHOS LEAVES THE STRANGER AND RIDES BACK TO THE INN.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

PREPARE YOUR EQUIPMENT FOR AN EXPEDITION.



EVERYONE EXAMINES HIS ARMS AND PUTS THEM IN ORDER. THE HORSES ARE SADDLED AND MOUNTED.

PATIENCE! ONE OF OUR PARTY IS STILL WANTING!



ATHOS LEAPS LIGHTLY INTO THE SADDLE OF HIS HORSE AND GALLOPS OFF.

WAIT FOR ME — I WILL SOON BE BACK!



IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR HE RETURNS, ACCOMPANIED BY A TALL MAN, MASKED AND ENVELOPED IN A LARGE RED CLOAK...



WITHOUT EXPLAINING THE PRESENCE OF THE STRANGER TO THE OTHERS, ATHOS TAKES COMMAND.

GENTLEMEN, FOLLOW ME.



THE GRIM CAVALCADE RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT.



SUDDENLY, GERALD APPEARS BEHIND THEM AND BEGINS TO ATROS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAS SHE LEFT ADVENTURES?

YES!



WHERE'S SHE?

WITHIN A FEW LEAGUES IN THE DIRECTION OF RIVER US.



THAT'S WELL. LEAD US ON!



THE PARTY FOLLOWS GERALD.

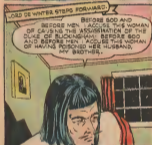
THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTING AND BY THE BLUE SPLENORS OF THE SERPENT OF FIRE THEY DISTINGUISH A LITTLE HOUSE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.



ATHOS DISMOUNTS AND GOES TO THE WINDOW. HE SEES MILADY SEATED BEFORE THE DYING EMBERS OF A FIRE.



HIS HORSE NEIGHS AND MILADY RAISES HER HEAD. ATHOS SMASHES THE WINDOW AND LIKE THE SPECTER OF VENGEANCE, SPRINGS INTO THE ROOM. THE OTHERS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR.





AS THE BOAT GLOSS TO THE OTHER BANK, MILADY, DURING HER PASSAGE, HAS CONTRIVED TO LATCH THE CORD THAT BOUND HER FEET.



WHEN THE BOAT REACHES THE BANK, MILADY JUMPS LIGHTLY ON SHORE AND TAKES TO FLIGHT, BUT THE CORD IS MOST; SHE SLIPS AND FALLS ON HER KNEES.



WHEN, FROM THE OTHER BANK, THEY SEE THE EXECUTIONER SLOWLY RAISE BOTH HIS ARMS, A MOON-BEAM FALLS UPON THE BLADE OF THE LARGE SWORD. THE TWO ARMS FALL WITH A SUDDEN FORCE; THEY HEAR THE CRY OF THE VICTIM, THEN A TRUNCATED MASS SINKS BENEATH THE BLOW.

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON HER SOUL... THOUGH SHE WAS A DEMON ON EARTH AND BLASTED MY FUTURE, I FORGIVE HER. NOW THAT JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE, LET US BE OFF!



The End

ONWARD SOUND TO BARR, WHERE THEY ARE NATED TO BE FORGIVEN BY THE CASUAL, BECAUSE OF THEIR VALOR, DARTANIAN AWARDED WITH A CAPTAINCY SPIRITUAL, ALONE TO ENTER A HONESTASTY'S BLISS TO TAKE A BRIDE AND ATOR TO CONTINUE HIS CHARMING, HAPPIED-UNLUCKY LIFE.

INTERESTING HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS



In 1740, Dory de la Pallierie, a French nobleman led by love of adventure, set sail for San Domingo and settled on that island. He lived like a potentate, surrounded by black slaves. There his son Thomas Alexandre was born. His mother, Louise-Cecile Dumas had been a slave. Later Dory de la

Pallierie grew homesick and returned to France taking with him his melotte son.

The boy was eager for adventure and when he came of age enlisted in the French Army under his mother's name — Thomas-Alexandre Dumas. There he made his way in the grand manner. He became a general under Napoleon Bonaparte.

Although a brilliant soldier, he was a poor politician, lost favor with Napoleon and was imprisoned. Broken in health and disgraced, he settled in the village of Villers-Cotterets and married Marie Labouret. And then on July 24, 1802, Alexandre Dumas was born. Alexandre had a fair skin, light hair and blue eyes.

Alexandre's father died in 1806, leaving the family penniless. Poverty had little effect on young Dumas. He was a happy, carefree child, full of boundless energy. Madame Dumas entrusted his schooling to the local priest who was to teach him the rudiments. But Alexandre learned not at all toward letters and even less toward mathematics; he never got beyond the multiplication tables. He loved to play in the woods, he imitate the birds and hunt and fish. His only accomplishment was his handwriting. Alexandre could write beautifully.

When he was twelve years old, he went to work as a notary's clerk, copying long documents in his beautiful hand. But the work got on his nerves; the uproar of Paris echoed even to the provinces and young Dumas lived his mother good-by and set out for conquest of the capital.

Dumas got a job as a clerk at twelve hundred francs a year in the offices of the Duke of Orleans. Although this was barely enough to keep him alive, he plunged into the life of Paris. One of his neighbors was a charming woman, Catherine Lebay. He married her and had a son, Alexandre the younger.

But Dumas was not the man to despair. Since he could not earn enough at the office to support his family, he would write for the theatre, a sure highway to fortune.

Dumas began to move in the literary circle. He

met Victor Hugo, the poet Lamartine, Vigny and other rising young writers. The old classical school was disastrous to Dumas. His approach to writing was entirely new. He was one of the first of the Romantics.

After a while, criticism had its chance. Conservative journals attacked his work, calling it a monstrosity. Classical authors charged him with plagiarism. The French Academy denounced the effect his works would have on the theatre.

To no effect. Alexandre had fired the public imagination and he was then here a status which he accepted as though born to the role — as indeed he was.

It has been said that Alexandre Dumas was the fourth maker. The characters of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis are merely facets, reflecting the character of the author. During political riots caused by the accession to the throne of Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans, Dumas put on his bustling surfit, seized his gun and like D'Artagnan, threw himself into the scrimmage. But he could not fit himself to a subordinate role. He must play a star part; and as powder was needed in Paris, he offered to go to Soissons and get some. It was a confidential mission which he carried out magnificently — exactly as he had D'Artagnan carry out the mission of the queen's diamond studs.

Fearful of slipping into obscurity, he wrote "Anthony" which exceeded the success of Henry III.

Dumas was now making money but had an astonishing capacity for spending it. He lived like a king but was always in debt. He traveled to Switzerland, Rome, Germany. At home he kept open table. Luncheon lasted for five hours for new guests were constantly coming in, and as they arrived, the cook had to run out for more food. He was never formal, he received rich and poor, fellow countrymen and foreigners with the same cordiality.





Romanticism was falling into a decline. The public, wearied of excess, disorder and violence was finding a new charm in law and order. Dumas, though still earning money, was hard hit. He was collecting failures. His plays were severely handled by the critics. He had a knack for taking poor plays by obscure authors and turning them into brilliant pieces. Naturally he was accused of plagiarism.

Dumas was forty years old. One day he was visited by a professor of literature, Auguste Maquet. He was a resourceful fellow. His Maquet. He knew history and had ideas. Alexandre, who until then had written only a half dozen novels, liked to have people bring him subjects and themes to develop. Maquet brought the material still in crude form and roughly sketched, the magician refashioned it and speeded it up. This an amazing partnership was born although Maquet's name never appeared on the finished work.

This in 1844, Dumas, with Maquet's material, turned out "The Three Musketeers"—a masterpiece of romantic literature as eagerly read today as then.

Dumas went to the country to work in peace. Maquet supplied the material and Dumas supplied the ideas, inserted episodes to fill out the action and inserted complications, plots. They worked on a dozen stories at once, functioning like a machine. Dumas invested his characters with his own zeal for life and relish for adventure.

The Three Musketeers was a universal success read by young and old alike. Dumas' popularity was tremendous. He plunged into other novels, e.g., *La Reine Margot*; *Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge*; *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

Dumas, in the course of a Mediterranean cruise, had passed near a little island called Monte-Cristo. The name appealed to him and he wrote "The Count of Monte-Cristo."

Alexandre's success embittered his critics. He was continually assailed on all sides. But Dumas took it all in his stride. He showed no anger, no rancor. He freely acknowledged Maquet as his collaborator and enumerated the works they had written together. Without Dumas, the collaborators were worthless. He was the genius who unfolded the story smoothly and effortlessly.

Only a man of Alexandre's extravagance could have spent the money which his novels were bringing in. He built a chateau at Saint-Germain which cost two hundred and fifty thousand francs and filled it with art treasures. He built his own theater at a cost of a million and a half francs. He was living like a prince. The parasites swarmed all over him, picking him clean. Only the success of his plays in his theater kept him going.

The fall of the Duke of Orleans and the rise of Louis Napoleon brought about a new taste in drama and Dumas was again in poverty. Unable to save money, drained of what he had by his friends, he lost his chateau and theater to his creditors. Bailiffs hounded him and to seal peace from them, he went to Brussels.

After a few years, he returned to Paris. He was fifty-two years old. To re-establish himself, he founded a newspaper (more of a family journal) and called it appropriately enough "The Musketeer." It started off well but soon floundered under the weight of an over-stuffed payroll. Dumas again took to wandering. This time to Russia and Italy.

At Naples, he joined Garibaldi as an intimate adviser. After the successful revolution he was bowled out of Italy by the mob. Dumas, wounded to the soul by his ingratitude, returned to Paris.

Dumas' son, Alexandre the younger, however, was a success in his own right. Dumas lived the remainder of his life with his son and died December 5, 1870. His critics have passed. His popularity remains. He became a soldier in order to take part in street fights, he commanded a legion, he fought twenty duels and as many lawsuits, chartered ships and distributed pensions from his private purse. He danced, hunted, loved, fished, hypnotized, cooked, made ten millions and spent much more—as Victor Hugo wrote: "... What he had sowed is the French idea."



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