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TWENTY YEARS AFTER

ALEXANDRE DUMAS



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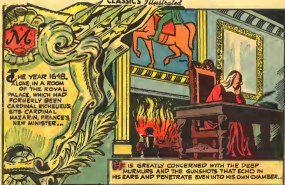
Twenty Years After

Illustrated by Robert C. Burns
Adapted by Harry Miller

By Alexandre Dumas



TWENTY YEARS AFTER, A SEQUEL TO THE THREE MUSKETEERS, CONTINUES THE ADVENTURES OF DARTAGNAN AND HIS THREE FRIENDS, PORTHOS, ATHOS AND ARMANI, DURING THE HECTIC DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE AND CARDINAL MAZARIN. THE STORY RE-CREATES ONE OF THE MOST TURBULENT PERIODS IN FRENCH HISTORY, MARKED BY PETTY INTRIGUES AND BESET WITH INTERNAL REVOLUTION.



THE YEAR 1645,
ALONE IN A ROOM
OF THE ROYAL
PALACE, WHICH HAD
FORMERLY BEEN
CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S
SITE CARDINAL
MAZARIN, FRANCE'S
NEW MINISTER...

HE IS GREATLY CONCERNED WITH THE DEEP
MURMURS AND THE GUNSHOTS THAT ECHO IN
HIS EARS AND PENETRATE EVEN INTO HIS OWN CHAMBER...



SUDDENLY HE REACHES
FOR A SILVER-GILT
WHISTLE...



HE BLOWS TWICE ON THE
WHISTLE ...



HIS ATTENDANT
SOFTLY ENTERS ...



What Musketeers are on
guard at the
palace?

The Black
Musketeers, sir.



What company?



Company of Treville. Lt D'Artagnon, an officer of that company, is on guard in the ante-chamber



A good officer, I hope! Give me a Musketeer's uniform and help me dress!



Go and find the lieutenant you spoke of!



Are you the officer I sent for?

I am, sir! D'Artagnon, Royal Guard!



I wish personally to visit the posts surrounding the Palais Royal! Do you believe there will be any danger in it?

Danger, Monseigneur? And of what?

The people are reported to be mutinous!

The uniform of the Musketeers is much respected, sire! I with three of my men, would engage to put to flight a hundred of these clowns!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, MAZARIN AND THE MUSKETEERS RETURN TO THE PALACE COURT, ACCOMPANIED BY GITAUT, A CAPTAIN OF THE QUEEN'S GUARD...

I wish to speak to you, Gitaut? You, Paragnon, wait for me here!

DESIRING TO OBTAIN SOME INFORMATION CONCERNING AN INTIQUET WHICH OCCURRED SOME YEARS AGO, MAZARIN DREAMS FROM GITAUT THE NAME OF THE PERSON WHO POSSESSES THIS INFORMATION...



I would suggest the Comte de Rochefort, if you can find him! Unfortunately, he disappeared four or five years ago, and I do not know what has become of him!

Rochefort? Very well, then—you may leave, Gitaut!

So Rochefort joins the secret shut up with him in the Bastille! I'll summon the rascal at once!



MAZARIN SENDS FOR DARTAGNIAN...

You will take this dispatch to the Bastille and bring back the person whom it concerns! You will take a carriage and an escort and carefully guard the prisoner!

AT THE BASTILLE...



I have a message from the Cardinal for the Governor of the Bastille!

I shall tell the Governor you are there!

DARTAGNIAN IS RECEIVED BY GOVERNOR DE TREMILLY AND PRESENTS THE CARDINAL'S ORDER...



His Eminence said it was urgent, sire!

Rochefort! It must indeed be urgent!



Hold there, major! Bring down number 256!





To the palace, and briskly, too!



Rocheport! It is really you?
I am not mistaken!

D'Artagnan!



Tell me, Rocheport, for what crime are you in the Bastille?

Upon my word as a gentleman, for no good reason at all!



Perhaps the Cardinal will enlighten you, my friend!



So you're taking me to Mazarin? What does he want with me?

I have not the slightest idea! I did not even know it was for you I was sent!



AS THE ESCORT REACHED ITS DESTINATION, THE BUSKETEER ASKS ROCHEPORT TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR HIM TO THE CARDINAL. ROCHEPORT AGREES, AND ALSO PROMISES TO SPEAK FOR HIS THREE FRIENDS, ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARMS...



And when I say I, I mean the Queen needs them! I am not a great man like Cardinal Richelieu, de Rochefort, but I am a good man and hope to convince you of it!



ROCHEFORT REMEMBERS HIS PROMISE TO D'ARTAGAN...



You've such a man at your door, D'Artagnan, Lieutenant of Musketeers!

PRESSED ON BY MAZARIN, ROCHEFORT RELATES THE STORY OF HOW D'ARTAGAN, WITH THE HELP OF HIS THREE FRIENDS, HAD, AT GREAT RISK OF THEIR LIVES, BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN RESTORING TO THE QUEEN A FABULOUS DIAMOND THAT HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO HER BY THE KING. MAZARIN, WHO IS SUSPECTED OF BEING SECRETLY MARRIED TO THE QUEEN, ORDERS ROCHEFORT BACK TO THE BASTILLE AND CALLS ON THE QUEEN...



You have been well informed, Mazarin! I pray you give this jewel to D'Artagnan, as the King's death has released me from my obligation to keep it—and I should advise you to make good use of this man!

Thank you, madam! I will profit myself of your advice!



MAZARIN RETURNS TO HIS CHAMBER AND SUMMONS D'ARTAGAN...



D'Artagnan, you come well recommended to me by her majesty, the Queen!





Ah! Wretch!

D'ARTAGNAN! In the name of Heaven, put up your sword! Don't you recognize me?



THE MUSKETEER RECOGNIZES HIS VALET OF FORMER YEARS...

Blanchet! what is the meaning of this?

BLANCHET RELATES HOW HE AND A BAND OF FROUDEURS HAD ATTACKED THE CARRIAGE BRINGING ROCHEFORT BACK TO THE BASTILLE AND SET HIM FREE...



I took refuge in the house next door and broke in, not suspecting that you lived here! You must conceal me, D'Artagnan!

"political opponents"



You will assume the identity of a friend and stay here with me!

Oh, sir! You have saved my life and I shall always be your grateful servant!



D'ARTAGNAN ORDERS BREAKFAST AND QUESTIONS BLANCHET...



Tell me, Blanchet, do you know the whereabouts of my old friends, Fortos, Athos and Aramis?



I must confess I do not, sir! But Bazin, who was Aramis' servant, is the sexton of Notre Dame!

PARTAGNAN VISITS NOTRE DAME AND LEARNS THAT ARAMIS IS NOW IN A JESUIT MONASTERY IN THE TOWN OF HOÏSY. TAKING FLANCHET ALONG IN THE GUISE OF A FOREIGNER, HE SETS OUT IN QUEST OF HIS FORMER FRIEND...



AFTER MANY ADVENTURES, THEY ARRIVE AT THE END OF THEIR JOURNEY...



Look, sir! There's a light in that window!

If that be the Abbe in his room!

UKNOWN TO THE TWO, A DARK WORLD FIGURE LURKS BEHIND A HEDGE...



It's Partagnan and his servant, Flanchet!

SUDDENLY... THE STRANGER LEAPS AT FLANCHET'S HORSE



Oh, sir! There's a man behind me!

So, it is the devil following us?



No, my dear D'Artagnan, it is not the devil-- it is I, Aramis! Gallop on, Mouchet, and at the end of the village, turn to the left!



LATER, IN ARAMIS' APARTMENT, D'ARTAGNAN MAKES KNOWN HIS MISSION...

So, you wish to take me away from this splendour back to the bright days of our youth?



Health and power await you, Aramis, if you accept!

If it's for Cardinal Mazzani you have undertaken this mission, my dear friend, then my answer is no! He is not like Richelieu, but a man who considers his own selfish interests above those of the young King!



UNSUCCESSFUL IN PERSUADING ARAMIS TO JOIN HIM, D'ARTAGNAN TAKES HIS LEAVE...

Farewell, dear fellow and the best of luck to you!

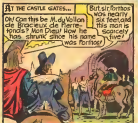
Should you change your mind, Aramis, you'll find me in Paris at the Hotel de la Chevrette!





SUSPECTING THAT THERE IS SOMETHING ARAMIS HAS NOT TOLD HIM, D'ARTAGNAN CONCEALS HIMSELF BEHIND A HEDGE.





D'ARTAGNAN AND PORTOS MEET AFTER MANY YEARS ...

Ah, what a joy to see you again, dear D'Artagnan!

It's good to know you have not forgotten me, D'Artagnan!

What? Forget the bright days of our youth and old devoted friends, and the perils we have confronted together? How can I forget them!



D'ARTAGNAN WAS QUICK TO PERCEIVE HIS FRIEND HEAVE A SIGH AS HE SPoke...



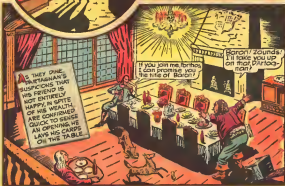
Oh, but is any day less happy than the second?

Yes! Yes, we certainly did play some fine pranks in our day!



So how you are rich and free?

Ah, I am a widower and have an income of forty thousand livres! Come, let us have breakfast!



AS THEY ONE, D'ARTAGNAN'S SUSPICIONS THAT HIS FRIEND IS NOT ENTIRELY HAPPY IN SPITE OF HIS WEALTH, ARE CONFIRMED QUICK TO SEIZE AN OPPORTUNITY HE LAYS HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE

If you join me, Portos, I can promise you the title of Baron!

Baron? Sounds! I'll take you up on that, D'Artagnan!

I have your word, then, that the Cardinal will make me a baron?

I told you so, and I repeat it for this! I will answer for your barony!

LATER...

Set out for Paris in a week, with all you require. You will go to the Hotel de la Chevrette and there wait for me.

That is settled!

THE MUSKETEER SETS OUT IN QUEST OF ATHOS, AND EXPECTS TO FIND HIM UNFIT FOR COMBAT...

I dare say we are on a fruitless expedition, Planchet! But some consideration must be paid Athos as an old friend!

Athos will be overjoyed to see you, nonetheless, sir!

D'ARTAGNAN STOPS OFF TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE CARDINAL...

Monsieur le Cardinal!

I have already found one man to offer your assistance, and he is as good as ready. I am now on my way to Paris, as the Countess de la Fere (Athos) lives in the Chateau de Bragelonne, near Paris.

D'Artagnan!

Unless the Court has mended his ways, I fear this will turn out to be no more than a social visit!



What? Planchet?
Is M. d'Artagnan
here, then?

Say it—a broken down
old man—but I've
changed my mode of
living, my dear d'Artag-
nan!

*Sounds! He looks fit enough
to handle a dozen men all
by himself! This simplifies
things considerably!*





Zoal, this gentleman is the Chevalier D'Artagnan of whom you have so often heard me speak!

D'Artagnan!



Sir, the court has mentioned your name whenever he wished to cite the example of an intrepid and noble gentleman!



My young friend, all the praises bestowed on me ought to revert to the Count who trained me in all things!

HAVING NOTICED A STRONG RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE TWO, PARTAGNAN LATER ASKS ATHOS IF THEY ARE RELATED BROTHER. BASED BY THE QUESTION, ATHOS REPLIES THAT HE IS HIS ADOPTED SON...



EXT MORNING...

As my dear friend, you wish me to re-enter the service?

Exactly! if a real advantage awaited you, would you not wish to resume in my company and in that of our mutual friend, Porthos, the exploits of our youth?



Now mark well, D'Artagnan! There is only one person or rather one cause to which a man like myself can be useful--the kings!



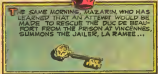
But, if by the king's cause you mean that scoundrel, Mazarin, who is planning to place the crown on his own head—if that is the master you propose for me, D'Artagnan—no, thanks!



SORELY DISAPPOINTED AT HIS SECOND FAILURE, D'ARTAGNAN IS PREPARED TO LEAVE THAT EVENING, WHEN HE RECEIVES A LETTER...

(Msg. from Cardinal Mazarin?)

His Eminence wishes me to return to Paris immediately! Be prepared to leave within the hour, Planchet!



THE SAME MORNING, MAZARIN, WHO HAS LEARNED THAT AN ATTEMPT WOULD BE MADE TO RESCUE THE DUC DE BEAUFORT FROM THE PRISON AT VINCENNES, SUMMONS THE JAILER, LA RAMEE...



But, your eminence, escape from Vincennes is impossible! The walls are seven feet thick, with iron-grated windows! Furthermore, the Duke is guarded by eight men who never leave him!



Nevertheless, I wish to take no chances! Who relieves you in your absence?

A certain M. Grimaud, your prisoner? He desires to become one of the King's officers, and I can trust him as well as I can myself!

Very well, then-- you may go!



THE DUC DE BEAUFORT, GRANDSON OF HENRY III, IS A CLOSELY GUARDED PRISONER AT Vincennes OUTSPOKEN, BECAUSE OF MAZARIN'S USURPATION OF HIS PLACE AT COURT. THE DUKE HAD AROUSED THE ANGER OF THE CARDINAL WHO USED HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE QUEEN TO SEND HIM INTO CONFINEMENT...

GRIMAUD, FORMER TRUSTED VALET OF ATHOS, ARRIVES AT Vincennes TO RECEIVE HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

The Duc de Beaufort will be your responsibility during my absence, Grimaud!

Never leave the prisoner alone--deprive him of every sharp or pointed instrument, and prevent his making any sign to people outside, or talking too long with his guards!



MASTER OF BEAUFORT'S PRISON APARTMENT...

No, there! And who are you?

A keeper-- and you'll oblige me by giving me that comb!



This is a devilish outrage!
Call the Governor! Call
Ramee!



LA TAMEE, WHO WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR
PARIS, IS SUMMONED TO THE DUK'S CELL.

What is
the matter,
Prince?



Who is this rascal who takes
my comb and puts it into
his pocket?



He is one of your guards,
Monsieur, a fellow of
infinite merit—you will appre-
ciate him equally with myself!

The devil you say!
But why does he
take my comb?



Ah, yes, Grimoud! why did
you take Monsieur's comb?



Pointed!



WHEN RAMÉE LEAVES, GRIMAUD DRAWS A NOTE FROM HIS DOUBLET...

This note will explain everything!

My dear Duke,
 You may find entirely
 the worst fellow who
 will give you the letter
 who is the ruler of a
 gentleman of our party
 who has agreed to be
 your ally and his
 The moment of the
 entrance approaches
 of the party.
 Your ally and
 forever affectionate
 -Lafite de la Bastille

FOR A MOMENT, BEAUFORT IS UTTERLY COMPOUNDED, THEN...



And you my good fellow, agree to assist me ... and a moment ago I was going to strangle you!

GRIMAUD DISCLOSES THE PLAN OF ESCAPE...

At two o'clock, Monseigneur, you must ask for a game of tennis with La Romée, and send two or three bolts over the rampart!

well, and after that?



After that, sire, you must go to the wall and call out to a man who is working in the moat to throw them back to you!



I understand! I'll challenge Romée to a game right after breakfast!



TWO O'CLOCK, IN THE PRISON YARD...

That's the thing bail you sent over the rampart you're playing in miserable form today, your Highness!

How to retrieve those balls from the moat!



Hold you down there! I love the goodness to throw back our tennis balls!

AS THE BALLS ARE RETURNED, BEAUFORT PICKS ONE UP NEAR HIS FEET...

This one must have been meant for me!



LATER, BEAUFORT FINDS A LETTER CONCEALED IN THE BALL!

Monsieur: Your friends are on the watch and the hour of deliverance draws near. Ask for a pie, the day after tomorrow from the new confectioner who has purchased the business of the old shop, and who is no other than Maitland, your house steward. Do not open this pie until you are alone. Your Highness may be a servant of the Bastille, as elsewhere,

Genie de Rochefort



HE PLIES BURNS THE LETTER AND CONCEALS THE BALL IN HIS POUCH...

The ball may well be useful in sending an answer to Rochefort!



LATER, BEAUFORT PROCEEDS TO CARRY OUT HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

La Roche, it would amuse me to go with you and feast on pies and Burgundy at father Marteau's shop!

Father Marteau has sold his shop to a Parisian confectioner who was good enough to let me sample one of his pies! I'll vouch for his excellence as a pastry cook!

NEXT DAY...

You may be amused to know, your Highness, that I have been assigned to watch over you at your little feast tomorrow!

The devil you say! I must commend La Roche for his excellent choice!



Take this and write excellency!

And what am I to write?

Everything is ready for tomorrow evening. Keep a look-out from seven till nine o'clock. Have two horses ready. We shall descend by the first window of the gallery. Now, sign the letter!



AND JUST HOW
ONE WOULD DELIVER
THE MESSAGE?

YOU'RE TO SEND IT OVER THE ROAD
THIS AFTERNOON WHILE PLAYING TEN-
NIS! THERE'LL BE SOME ONE THERE
TO PICK IT UP!



GRIMAUD HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN
TO DIVULGE THE PLAN
OF ESCAPE, BUT TELLS THE
DUKE THAT THE PIE TO BE
SERVED HIM WILL CONTAIN
THE DASSERS, A KNOTTED
CORD AND A GAG...

THIS BEING WHITSUN-
TIDE, YOU MAY ALL
TAKE A HOLIDAY AND
DRINK TO THE PRINCE'S
HEALTH!

THERE'S STILL
A QUARTER OF AN
HOUR BEFORE THE
APPOINTED TIME!



AT THE KITCHEN DOOR
THE FOLLOWING
DAY...

ONE MINUTE BEFORE
SERVE...

FAITH, MONSIEUR,
YOU HAVE NOT YET
FINISHED YOUR
PIE!

THAT I SHALL PRO-
CEED TO DO
NOW, WITH
RELISH!



SUDDENLY...

Here, Grim-
aud, you may wish
to do a little con-
ying of your own!

OOOOOO

BEAUFORT SPRINGS AT
THE STUPERIED JAILER...

Not unless
you oppose
my flight!

Oh, Monsieur! You
will not have the
heart to kill me!

What is
the meaning?

Seven
o'clock,
Your
highness!

You see, I am late!
You watch--make up
your mind immediately!

I submit!
I swear I
will not
oppose you!

LEAVING THE JAILER TIED UP SAFELY
ON THE FLOOR OF THE SHOP, THEY
FLIE TOWARD THE RAMPAUT...

Lucky for
us the guards
were dismissed!

For that very rea-
son we chose
this route!

Follow me,
excellency!

GRIMAUD
FASTENS
THE ROPE
AT THE
CHOSEN
SPOT...





MEANWHILE, PRÉVOSTAGNAN KEEPS HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH FORTHOZ

Ah, Prévostagnan, it is indeed good to see you, after spending three days in this beautiful place!

This is indeed a shabby place compared to your noble chateau! But never mind, I'll take you to a better place!

THEY SET OFF FOR THE ROYAL PALACE

Pranchet will do well to remain behind. Lies on bad terms with the Cardinal!

IN THE CARDINAL'S CHAMBER...

And it is you, is it, Lieutenant?

I am here at your Eminence's command, as is also M du Vallon, one of my old friends, who conceals his rank under the name of Fortoz, for want of a--er-- shall we say--title?

The title of baron would be becoming to such an illustrious gentleman. And your other two friends?

They are at present prevented from coming--they will join us later!

AT THAT MOMENT...

Your Eminence, M de Beaufort has just escaped from the chateau of Vincennes!

Escaped? M. de Beaufort escaped?



AT THE CHURCHYARD, DARTAGNAN'S HORSE KNOCKS DOWN A MAN...



DARTAGNAN MAKES INQUIRIES AT THE PRISON...



There were four accomplices, sir, and they took that road.

Do you hear, fornos? Only four of them!

AFTER HOURS OF RIDING, THE GUARDS DROP BEHIND FROM EXHAUSTION...

We'll have to tackle them by ourselves, Bontagnan.

That should be an easy matter, since there are only four of them!



SEVERAL MILES FURTHER, THEIR OWN HORSES DROP FROM EXHAUSTION AND DARTAGNAN OBSERVES NEW MOUNTS AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL...



BUT sir, those horses have just been ridden and they have had less than half an hour's rest!

Half an hour's rest is enough!

THE THREE CONTINUE THEIR PURSUIT...

Didn't he say that these are the horses of the Duke?

Yes, the Duke obtained new mounts and we are chasing him with his own horses!



I fancy I hear some horses!

Look! A dead horse! We must be near them!

Watch out!



TWO HORSEMEN SEPARATE THEMSELVES FROM A DARK MASS ON THE HORIZON AND COME CHARGING IN ON THE PURSUERS...





To the sword? So be it! That is just what I like!



BRETAGNAN ENGAGES HIS ADVERSARY IN COMBAT



SUDDENLY, A FLASH FROM PORTHO'S PISTOL LIGHTS UP THE SCENE...



Ah! It is you, Aramis!



Altho, you are defendin' the Duke, then? And I swore to bring him back dead or alive! Ah, I am dishonored!

Kill me if your honor requires my death!

Oh! Misery, misery! There was only one man who could stop me and fate decreed that that man should bar my passage! Ah! What shall I say to the Cardinal!



AN UNGUEN FIGURE STEPS INTO THE SCENE...

You will tell him sir that he sent against me the only two men who could easily have conquered a dozen and who didn't surrender until surrounded by fifty!

The Duke!



Look around me, gentlemen, if you do not believe me!

Fifty Cavaliers!






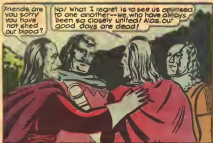
And now, gentlemen, your swords!

Our swords? Never!



One moment, sire, only two words!

ATHOS INTERCEDES ON BEHALF OF HIS FRIENDS AND THE DUKE, ORDERING THEM TO BE FREED RETIRES ... AND SO THE FOUR FRIENDS ARE REUNITED.

Friends, are you sorry you have not shed our blood?

No! what I regret is to see us opposed to one another--we who have always been so closely united! Alas, our good days are dead!



Then join us and we shall all fight in the same cause!

Silence, O Herblay! Such proposals are not to be made to gentlemen like these! They have taken service with Mazonn from conscientious conviction, just as we have joined the Duke!

ON ATHOS' SUGGESTION, THE FOUR AGREE TO MEET THE NEXT DAY IN PARIS AND HOLD A CONFERENCE AS TO THEIR FUTURE COURSE OF ACTION. THE TIME AND PLACE BEING SET, THEY PART....

A MAN APPEARS LEADING TWO HORSES...

"It must be Mousqueton!"

"Faith! We had completely forgotten him!"



"Can it be Grimoud?"

"It is I, sir! The Comte de la Fere has asked me to bring you these horses!"

"Good old Athos! He thinks of everything!"

"And where are you going, Grimoud? Are you leaving your master?"

"Yes, sir! I am going to join Athos' adopted son, Raoul, with the army in Flanders!"



SUDDENLY, THEY HEAR A CRY COMING FROM A DITCH NEAR THE ROAD...

"What is that?"

"Why, it's Mousqueton!"

"Are you dangerously wounded, Mousqueton?"

"I do not think so, sir! But I'm wounded most inconveniently, sir!"



MANVILLE, GRIMALD, WHO HAD GONE TO JOIN ATHOS' SON, RAOUL, IN BATTLE AT THE REQUEST OF ATHOS, STOPPED AT A TAVERN...



GRIMALD RECOGNIZES THE DYING MAN AS THE ONE WHO EXECUTED THE BEAUTIFUL ANNE DE BRIEL, WHOSE ARREST HAD BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE EFFORTS OF THE MUSKETEERS SOME YEARS EARLIER.

48 48 48



Anne de Briel's son was here and has taken his revenge on me! He swore vengeance on your master and his friends!

I must find Raoul and return to Paris!



THING RAOUL, GRIMALD TRIES TO PERSUADE HIM TO RETURN TO PARIS...

My orders are to stay here and pursue the enemy!

Then I shall return alone, Raoul!



ALONE, GRIMALD RETURNS TO WARN HIS MASTER AND HIS FRIENDS OF THE DANGER THAT THREATENS THEM...





A STRANGER IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF MAZARIN AT THE ROYAL PALACE...

You have credentials for me, sir?

Here they are, Monseigneur!

THE MESSAGE IS FROM OLIVER CROMWELL IN ENGLAND INTRODUCING THE YOUNG MAN AS MORSAUNT. CROMWELL GOES ON TO WARN MAZARIN NOT TO ALLOW KING CHARLES OF ENGLAND TO TAKE REFUGE ON FRENCH SOIL, TO JOIN HIS WIFE, QUEEN HENRIETTA AND HIS DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS, WHO ARE BOTH SOJOURNING IN FRANCE...



Wait for your answer in Boulogne, sir! Meanwhile I want you to promise that you will leave Paris tomorrow!

I promise, Monseigneur!

If you have not received my answer in ten days you may leave the country!

AS MORSAUNT LEAVES HE SEES TWO VISITORS BEING SHOWN INTO THE CARDINAL'S CHAMBER...



It's Queen Henrietta and she come to seek the Cardinal's help! Then my uncle, Lord de Winton, must be here with them!

SURELY...

Speak of the devil! There he stands, the man responsible for my mother's execution! I'll follow him when he leaves the Palace with the Queen!



LATER, IN DE WINTERS' APARTMENT...



With Madam!

Mordecai refuses to help the king! As France refuses hospitality to an unfortunate Prince!

I know of four brave men who could be of service to the king, but only two of them are available! In an hour, I shall visit one of them and tomorrow, your Majesty will have a decisive answer!



DE WINTER IS SUCCESSFUL IN RECRUITING ATHOS AND ARMS TO JOIN HIM IN SAILING FOR ENGLAND AND ASSIST IN THE ESCAPE OF KING CHARLES, AS THE BOAT LEAVES THE QUAY...

Who is that sin-hater looking young man on that rock? I vow he gives me the shivers!

Good heavens! It's my nephew, Mordaunt! He is the son of the wicked Arnie de Brul, and has sworn vengeance against us all!

THE LONG TIGRE HURLS HIS FINAL THREAT...

We shall meet
in England,
gentleman!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED
THE PROMISES ARE SUCCESSFUL
IN BREAKING INTO THE ROYAL PALACE. DARTAG-
NAN AND PORTHOS RESCUE
HAZARD AND THE ROYAL
FAMILY AND SURET THEIR
ARMY TO A RETREAT IN
ST. GERMAIN...

AT ST GERMAIN...

You are to deliver this mes-
sage to Oliver Cromwell in
London and carry out his
order in every detail!

You will go to Boulogne,
where you will find of
the Armes d'Angle-
terre, a young gentle-
man named Mordant!

And what am
I to do with this
gentleman?

You must fol-
low him where-
ever he may
lead you!

If you are success-
ful in your mission,
you shall be reward-
ed with your captain-
cy and your friend
with his title!

My friend will
be overjoyed
at the news!



A LETTER ARRIVES AT D'ARTAGNAN'S QUARTERS FROM ARAMIS...

Listen to this... 'should you lay hands on a certain Mordaunt, kill him! No to twist his neck!



Soire bleu! He is the young man we are to meet at Boulogne and accompany to England!



LATER, IN ENGLAND, ARAMIS AND DEWINTER, FIGHTING WITH KING CHARLES' ARMY, ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE FORCES OF CROWELL.

AT THAT MOMENT, MORDAUNT CHARGES IN FOR HIS LONG AWAITED REVENGE...



My uncle at last!



Remember my mother!

Dewinter slain! Now we have another score to settle with that murderer!



SUDDENLY...

Be silent! Surrender! To yield to me is not to yield!

D'Artagnan! Do not struggle, Aramis! It is I, Mordaunt! We have come to help you!

A GIANTIC WARRIOR MOUNTS ON ARAMIS.



LATER... He was killed in cold blood by Mordaunt!

I'll run the wretch through with my sword!

No, no, Mordaunt! He's gone all wrong if you make a false move!

MAKING THEIR ESCAPE, THE FOUR RE-UNITED FRIENDS TRACK DOWN MORDAUNT IN LONDON AND HE IS CHALLENGED TO A DUEL. BY DEFT AGONY, HE MANAGES TO ESCAPE WITHOUT INJURY AND HURRIES TO THE WATERFRONT.



The wine barrels are all loaded with gunpowder as you instructed, sir?

I'm boarding the ship tonight. I'll set the fuse when we're out to sea, and blow them apart!

Good heavens, sir! But how are we to escape?

We'll have a small boat in tow. I'll time the fuse so that we'll have enough time to get into the boat and cut loose before the explosion!



THAT NIGHT THE FOUR FRIENDS AND THEIR VALETS BOARD THE SHIP AND IS TO TAKE THEM TO FRANCE AND FREEDOM, IN THE SERJANTS' CABIN ...

Those wine barrels in the hold certainly look tempting, Grimaud!

I'll go and fetch some Mousqueton! It's a long time since we've had some good port!

IN THE HOLD GRIMAUD IS ABOUT TO TURN ONE OF THE SPIGOTS WHEN SUDDENLY ...

Have you the wick?

Here it is!





This wood will burn for ten minutes! In five minutes, how everything is ready iness for us to board the small boat and cut the tow line!



WHEN THEY LEAVE, GEMALD WASTES NO TIME IN SOUNDING THE ALARM...

MORCOURT has filled the wine casks with gunpowder! We'll be blown apart in ten minutes!



PARTAGNAN PLUNGES INTO THE RAGING SEA AND THE OTHERS FOLLOW.

I don't get it that how we were blown!



SAVING CUT THE TOW BOAT ASKEPT. PARTAGNAN HELPS THE OTHERS ASKARD...



Look! It's those accursed Frenchmen! They have taken the boat!

MOMENT LATER...



Loath! This time I
imagine all is finished!

'Tis a life end
for the dastardly
scoundrel!

SUDDENLY...



Here, my Lords!
Help! Help!

'Tis Mordant!
'Tis his vessel!



Mercy, gentle men! Mercy
in the name of Heaven!
My strength is failing me
and I shall die!

ATHOS IS TOUCHED BY THE PROWNING
WARRIORS...



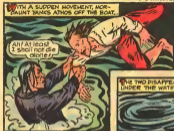
Unhappy wretch! Come gentle-
men, we can't let the boy die
like that!

Your generosity is posi-
tively revolting, Athos! I
swear I'll split his head open
with the oar if he comes within
ten feet of this boat!

OVERCOME WITH COMPASSION,
ATHOS LEANS OVER TO
ASSIST MORDANT...



Where I am, Mordant!
Take my hand and get
into our boat!



ON THEIR RETURN, ATHOS IS ARRESTED BY ORDER OF MAZARIN AND PLACED UNDER GUARD AT RUEIL. LATER, DANTASHAN AND PORTHOS ARE ALSO SEIZED AND CONFINED IN THE SAME HOUSE. ARA-MIS, WHO STILL RETAINS HIS FREEDOM, PLOTS HIS FRIENDS' ESCAPE ...



Those must be the soldiers assigned to the Cardinal on his arrival!

Zounds! This gives me an idea! Listen, Porthos!

THEY CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN OF ESCAPE...

Faith! The Cardinal won't recognize us in this garb!

Thanks to your strength in wrenching those bars loose! Come, Porthos, I think I see his Eminence coming!



NOT SUSPECTING THE IDENTITY OF HIS GUARDS, MAZARIN STOPS TO INSTRUCT THEM

Guard the door well, men! I do not trust the devil of a fellow I'm calling upon!

Monsieur D'Artagnon!

Yes, Monsieur, the same! And I have the honor to present that excellent friend of mine, in whom your Eminence had the

goodness to take such an interest... formerly!



MAZARIN BECOMES THEIR HELPLESS PRISONER AND IS TAKEN TO FORTHOUS CHATEAU, WHERE HE IS FORCED TO SIGN A TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE PROMIGUELS. D'ARTAGNAN DELIVERS THE TREATY TO THE QUEEN...

Your Majesty, I come as an emissary from the Cardinal, who's our prisoner!

Monsieur D'Artagnan! You have the audacity to come here!

Then I shall order your arrest at once!

That would be imprudent, Madame! If I am not back by a certain hour tomorrow, I cannot answer for the Cardinal's safety!

READING FOR THE LIFE OF THE CARDINAL, THE QUEEN SIGNS THE TREATY AND GIVES D'ARTAGNAN HIS CAPTAINCY AND THE TITLE OF BARCH FOR FORTHOUS

Here are your captaincy and your barony! Are there any further requests?

None, madame, except that I ask your faith in my devotion to your majesty and your son, the king... and that God grant our beloved country an era of peace devoid of useless conflict and bloodshed!

End

THE CHARLES

American Rivers

THE French explorer Champlain was first to christen the river of the Algonquins. Others probably preceded the noted Frenchman on the waters that pour into Massachusetts but to his own satisfaction, Champlain was first and so he named it the River du Grand in honor of a friend.

Obviously, Champlain did not take too many pains to explore the River du Grand when he wrote: "A very broad river. It stretches, as it seemed to me, towards the Iroquois." Actually, the river did not run in any particular direction but circled and wound in every direction of the compass. Had Champlain asked the Algonquins, he might have learned more about this historic river. The Indians called it "Quineboquan" meaning "circular."

Champlain was very likely not the first to be misled by the appearance of the Charles. Certainly, he was not the last to be fooled by it. Others, who followed him up Boston harbor, judged, from the great size of the basin, that the river was a huge artery to the sea and probably one of the greatest rivers of the unexplored continent. They were to learn that three miles upstream it narrowed abruptly. Had they lived in a later period, this first disappointment at the size of the Charles would have been erased by the importance the river assumed in the fashioning of a new nation.

The next man to charter the river was the Englishman who named New England, Captain John Smith.

Smith was scarcely the explorer to pay much heed to the claims or christenings of another, especially a Frenchman. Ten years after Champlain named the river, Smith arrived in New England in 1604. He set his followers to catching fish and trapping beavers and himself began making maps to present to the young Prince Charles, whose hobby it was to christen hills and bays and rivers discovered by the Admirals of the Royal Navy. When Smith returned to England, the young prince was delighted with the captain's labors. Young Charles changed the Indian name of Accomack to Boston, and Massachusetts Bay to Stuart's Bay. The river which Smith indicated on the map, the prince called after himself, the Charles River.

The Charles, as it then became known, was the captain's favorite river. Smith spoke of it as "That fairest reach . . . the Charles." He spent his life urging Englishmen to go forth and settle along its banks. When he heard that the Puritans were setting out from Holland, he tried to join their party as pilot but this group declined Smith's offer with the observation that it was cheaper for them to use his books and maps than the captain's personal services.

The Charles echoed to the

sounds of falling trees, the sawing of wood and the pounding of hammers as the Puritans asserted themselves the masters of the virgin land. Trees by its banks provided the pulpit of Cotton Mather, the chair of Governor Winthrop, the stocks for the culprits who trespassed against the severe laws of the colony. Red men peered from the forests at the invaders brought to their land by the Mayflower.



Among the Puritans, there were some who found excuses to live apart from their severe brethren and drifted upstream to found new settlements. These became towns. At every turn of the river, a new settlement appeared and each drew its quota of immigrants who yearly arrived from Old England to begin a new life in the New World.

The upstream settlers carried their Bibles with them but they carried also muskets for their's was not the security of ecclesiastical Boston. The upstream settler fitted his ways to the wilderness and the Charles. He lived a fuller life, one more independent—but also one where he had to provide for himself or go without. He grew more tolerant of his neighbor who might lapse from the stern code of the Puritan elders. This tolerance nourished the spirit of independence which was born along the Charles.

Freedom of the Press weekly raised its head in Puritan Boston on September 25, 1690. An Englishman named Benjamin Harris without warning published a four page newspaper. The reaction to this was swift. Cotton Mather wrote a sermon about the great evil of newspapers and the unholliness of persons who read them. Four days later, the governor and his council forbade the issuance of a second edition.

In 1703, another newspaper made its debut in the colony. This one, the News-Letter, struggled along for a score of years accomplishing little, constantly appealing the politicians and the Puritan clergy. About this time began James Franklin's New England

Courant, a strong, aggressive newspaper with an editorial policy and convictions of its own and not those of Cotton Mather. The two fought furiously. From Cotton Mather, James Franklin shifted his sights to the civil authorities. The General Court summoned Franklin and threw him into jail. Meanwhile, the court considered a motion for censorship of every edition of the newspaper. This bill failed. Franklin, however, stayed in jail.

Meanwhile, the printer's young brother Benjamin ran the paper. Benjamin had been contributing to the newspaper right along but his brother was unaware of it. The younger brother used to slip his contributions under the door of the shop at night and signed them Mrs. Dogood.

Upon his release from jail, James proceeded to pick up his quill and continue his maledictions against the Puritan clergy, the government, the sheriff, and all those who opposed a free press. As a result, the Court put James on probation for a year and forbade him to print anything under his own name. James retaliated by publishing the newspaper under his brother Benjamin's name.

Benjamin's intentions were more amiable than his older brother's. In his first edition, he criticized the Boston papers for stirring up too much trouble and proposed instead to entertain the town. James disagreed, and under his influence, Benjamin, too, was soon attacking the clergy, the governor, and other newspapers.

Benjamin tired of it all eventually and one night slipped out of

the shop to seek his own fortune in a more peaceful atmosphere than the Courant's office.

Nothing, however, that happened along the banks of the Charles led more to the freedom of the people who inhabited the Massachusetts Colony than the courageous, outspoken editorials of the Courant. In the seven years of its history, it planted the seeds of Freedom of the Press, and gave to Philadelphia and the World—Benjamin Franklin.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

ALEXIS CARREL

IN FRANCE, during the First World War, a soldier dressed in white, saved many lives while others all around him were bent on killing each other. Grim, terrible figures came in endless procession, utter wails of suffering humanity. Over their bent the man in white, a young man, alert, keen-eyed, resourceful, able to make a new man out of men who had been torn to pieces. He worked day and night, and he directed others. This man was Surgeon Alexis Carrel.

Born in France, June 18, 1873, he became a graduate of the University of Lyon at 17, and a year later, gained the degree of Bachelor of Science. He at once interested himself in medical studies and became an interne in the hospital at Lyon at the age of 23. Four years of work at the hospital earned him the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the early age of 27.

While still a young man, Dr. Carrel drew attention to his work because of his unusual surgical skill, and his daring spirit of investigation. He had the ability to absorb all the old knowledge and the energy to look further for the new. As house surgeon, he showed not only the highest devotion to his work but he made the most conscientious, painstaking effort in all things, whether in study, in care of patients or in investigation. In 1905, the young surgeon left his native land and came to America, thus causing France to regret the loss of a brilliant surgeon. As a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, he had at his command all the advantages that money could provide.

If it had not been for experiments of the type that Dr. Carrel and his associates carried on, the surgeons in the First World War could not have performed their heroic work in replacing parts of the face, or in restoring the use of limbs so severely injured that would otherwise have needed amputation. Through experimentation during the war, Dr. Carrel became a pioneer in the field of transferring human tissue. In one experiment, he succeeded in removing the entire leg of a dog and afterwards replacing it and completely restor-



ing it to normal function. In other experiments, he was successful in transferring various important organs from one animal to another of the same kind.

One of the most astonishing developments of his further experimentation resulted in keeping alive parts or even organs of the body, long after they had been severed from their original places. Thus, he showed that life survives in the very cells that form the human body. Taking part of an artery, he preserved it for days, as a living thing, and even extended the period of days into a period of weeks. By such remarkable experiments, he enabled surgeons to find a means of restoring, through the transplanting of new material, parts of the body destroyed by the accidents of peace or of war.

For skill and ability in work of this sort, Dr. Alexis Carrel was awarded the Nobel Prize in medicine. He had instituted new methods that surgeons could apply in the saving of human life. He departed from all that physicians had believed before, and astonished even his closest colleagues by a technical skill so delicate as to be almost miraculous. In his work, he showed the brilliant powers of a man of genius, and the devoted enthusiasm of one who works for an unselfish and noble cause.

While at work in his laboratory at Lyon, France, Dr. Carrel had as one of his assistants a young woman, Anna de la Motte, who had unusual skill. The two found so much in common that romance developed, and they were married in 1913. In his wife, therefore, he found a helper who not only gave him encouragement and inspiration for his work but had the highest technical skill.

When the war ended, the great surgeon and investigator returned to the quiet of his research in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute in New York. There he continues to serve in the lasting war for the good of humanity. Some one said of him that his entire career is typical of the desire that people have to look to the future rather than to the past, and to find new ways of helping their fellow men.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

AALEXANDRE DUMAS was born in 1802, the grandson of a French nobleman; who lived for a time in the West Indies. He received the rudiments of education from the village priest, and as soon as he was grown, went to Paris to make his fortune by writing. He became a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans, but devoted much time to writing for the stage.

It was in this field that he first became famous; his "Henri III and His Court" was the first success of the new romantic school of drama, and was followed by several other successes, some of which are still acted in France.

Later, turning to the field of the novel, he wrote "The Three Musketeers" in 1844, followed by another great success, "The Count of Monte Cristo." Encouraged by these successes, Dumas began a career of extravagance and generosity which was to keep him in difficulties for the rest of his life. He built a villa called Monte Cristo, which was constantly filled with dependents, flatterers and creditors.

Alexandre Dumas has survived the excess both of eulogy and abuse. What is more, he has survived the slight of those who ignore him when discussing French literature of the 19th century and the polite condescension of those who consider him as a meritorious amuser of children.

It has been said that Dumas was neither original nor honestly non-



original; that he was careless and unscrupulous of facts and utterly deficient in style; that he wrote too much and was a reckless and lucky improviser; that he wrote nothing and lived by the sweat of other men's brows, and that by sheer force of swagger, he imposed himself upon his fellow creatures.

But in truth, all such views of him are false and ridiculous. He had no time to think or weigh consequences in his literature any more than in his life; he yielded at all times to temperament and the impulse of the moment. He did not calculate profit and loss, and in this respect, he was less commercial than the majority of respectable men who make a living by the pen. He coveted money as means to perfection, but he would have cared for neither without the pleasure of interpreting and expanding them under the form of writing.

In one way, Dumas will always be the absolute type of man wholly given to literature. His own experience and that of others, whatever he saw, heard or read of—and a great deal that he did not—all this he instinctively converted into written and printed matter.

Dumas had many collaborators, but he was successful whether he wrote with them or alone. In the midst of this activity, he managed to travel through Russia to the Caucasus in search of material. He died in 1870, the greatest romancer that the world has seen.

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4	38	48	68	81	112	139	167
5	37	48	69	82	112	140	158
6	38	50	70	83	112	141	158
7	39	51	71	84	112	142	160
8	38	52	72	87	112	143	161
9	38	54	75	88	114	144	162
10	38	55	76	89	115	144	163
11	38	56	77	100	126	146	164
12	38	57	78	101	126	147	165
13	38	58	79	102	126	148	166
14	37	59	80	103	127	149	167
15	38	60	83	104	128	150	168
16	39	61	85	105	128	151	169
17	41	62	86	108	128	152	169
18	42	63	87	107	128	153	169

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____