chink; and departed, casting a look of regret on the bed where he had hoped to sleep so well.

Narrowly had he turned his back than the officer laid himself down in it, and he had not crossed the threshold of the door, before his successor, in his turn, snored immediately. It was very natural he being the only man in the whole assemblage of people, except the king, the queen, and the Duke of Orleans, who slept gratis.

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH WE HEAR TIDINGS OF ARAMIS.

D’Artagnan went straight to the stables; day had just dawned. He found his horse and that of Porthos fastened to the manger, but to an empty manger. He took pity on these poor animals, and went to a corner of the stable, where he saw a little straw, but in going so he struck his foot against a round body, which uttered a cry, and arose on its knees, rubbing its eyes. It was Musqueton, who, having no straw to lie upon himself, had helped himself to that of the horses.

"Musqueton," cried D’Artagnan, "let us be off! Let us set off."

Musqueton, recognizing the voice of his master’s friend, got up suddenly, and in doing so let fall some louis which he had appropriated to himself illegally during the night.

"Hol! hol!" exclaimed D’Artagnan, picking up a louis and displaying it; "here’s a louis that smells of straw a little."

Musqueton blushed so confusedly that the Gascon began to laugh at him, and said:

"Porthos would be angry, my dear Monsieur Musqueton, but I pardon you—only let us remember that this gold must serve us as a joke—so be gay—come along."

Musqueton instantly assumed a most jovial countenance, reddled the horses quickly, and mounted his own without making faces over it.

Whilst this went on, Porthos arrived with a very cross look on his face, and was astonished to find the lieutenant rediged, and Musqueton almost merry.

"Ah, that’s it," he cried, "you have your promotion, and I my barony."

"We are going to fetch our brevets," said D’Artagnan, "and when we come back, Master Mazarin will sign them."

"And where are we going?" asked Porthos.

"To Paris first—I have affairs to settle."

And they both set out for Paris.

On arriving at its gates they were astounded to see the threatening aspect of the capital. Around a broken-down carriage the people were uttering imprecations, whilst the persons who had attempted to escape were made prisoners—that is to say, an old man and two women. On the other hand, when the two friends wanted to enter, they showed them every kind of civility, thinking them deserters from the royal party, and wishing to bind them to their own.
"What's the king doing?" they asked.
"He is sleeping."
"And the Spanish woman?"
"She's dreaming."
"And the cursed Italian?"
"He is awake, so keep on the watch—as they are gone away it's for some purpose, rely on it, but as you are the strongest, after all," continued D'Artagnan, "don't be furious with old men and women, and keep your wrath for good occasions."

The people listened to these words, and let go the ladies, who thanked D'Artagnan with an appealing look.

"Now! onward!" cried the Gascon.

And they continued their way, crossing the barricades, getting the chains about their legs, pushed about, questioning and questioned.

In the place of the Palace Royal D'Artagnan saw a sergeant, who was drilling six or seven hundred citizens. It was Planchet, who brought into play profitably the recollections of the regiment de Piedmont. He recognized his old master, and staring at him with wondering eyes, stood still. The first row seeing their sergeant stop, stopped, and so on to the very last.

"These citizens are not fully ridiculous," observed D'Artagnan to Planchet, and went on his way.

Five minutes afterward he entered the hotel of La Chevrette, where pretty Madeleine the hostess came to him.

"My dear Mistress Turquaine," said the Gascon, "if you happen to have any money, look it up quickly; if you happen to have any jewels, hide them directly; if you happen to have any debts, make them pay you; or have any creditors, don't pay them."
"Why, pirouette?" asked Madeleine.

"Because Paris is going to be reduced to dust and ashes like Babylon, of which you have heard speak."
"And are you going to leave me at such a time?"
"This very instant."
"And where are you going?"
"Ah, if you could tell me that, you'd be doing me a service."
"Ah, me! ah, me!"
"Have you any letters for me?" inquired D'Artagnan, wishing to satisfy the hostess that her lamentations were superfluous, and that therefore she had better spare him the demonstrations of her grief.

"There's one just arrived."
"From Athos?" as he read as follows:

"Dear D'Artagnan, dear Du Vallon, my good friends, perhaps this may be the last time that you will ever hear from me. Let God, your courage, and the remembrance of our friendship, support you, nevertheless. I intrust to you certain papers which are at Dieppe, and in two months and a half, if you do not hear of us, take possession of them.

"Embrace, with all your heart, the viscount, for your devoted friend,

_Athos._"
"I believe, by heaven," said D'Artagnan, "that I shall embrace him, since he's upon our road; and if he is so unfortunate as to lose our dear Athos, from this very day he becomes my son."

"And I," said Porthos, "shall make him my sole heir."

"Let us see, what more does Athos say?"

"Should you meet on your journey a certain Monsieur Mordaunt, distrust him—in a letter I cannot say more."

"Monsieur Mordaunt!" exclaimed the Gascon, surprised.

"Monsieur Mordaunt! It's well," said Porthos; "we shall remember that—but look, there's a postscript."

"We conceal the place where we are dear friend, knowing your brotherly affection, and that you would come and die with us were we to reveal it."

"Confound it," interrupted Porthos, with an explosion of passion which sent Musqueta, to the other end of the room; "are they in danger of dying?"

D'Artagnan continued:

"'Athos bequeaths to you, Raoul, and I bequeath to you my revenge. If by any good luck you lay your hand on a certain man named Mordaunt, tell Porthos to take him into a corner, and to wring his neck. I dare not say more in a letter."

"If that is all, Aramis, it is easily done," said Porthos.

"On the contrary," observed D'Artagnan, with a vexed look; "it would be impossible."

"How so?"

"It is precisely this Monsieur Mordaunt, whom we are going to join at Boulogne, and with whom we cross to England."

"Well, suppose instead of joining this Monsieur Mordaunt, we were to go and join our friends?" said Porthos, with a gesture fit to frighten away a whole army.

"I did not think of it, but this letter has neither date nor postmark."

"True," said Porthos. And he began to wander about the room like a man beside himself, gesticulating, and half drawing his sword out of the scabbard.

As to D'Artagnan, he remained standing like a man in consternation, with the deepest affliction depicted on his face.

"Ah, 'ts not right; Athos insults us; he wishes to die alone—that's bad."

Musqueta, witnessing this despair, melted into tears, in a corner of the room.

"Stop—an idea!" cried Porthos; "indeed, my dear D'Artagnan, I don't know how you manage, but you are always full of ideas; let us go and embrace Raoul."

"Woe to that man who should happen to contradict my master at this moment," said Musqueta to himself; "I wouldn't give a farthing for his skin."

They set out. On arriving at St. Denis, the friends found a vast
TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

concourse of people. It was the Duc de Beaufort who was coming from the Vendôme, and whom the Condé was going to meet the Parisians, intoxicated with joy. With the duke’s aid, they considered themselves already as invincible.

"Is it true," said the guard to the two cavaliers, "that the Duc de Beaufort has arrived in Paris?"

"Nothing more certain, and the best proof of it is," said D’Artagnan, "that he has dispatched us to meet the Duc de Vendôme, his father, who is coming in his turn."

"Long live De Beaufort!" cried the guards, and they drew back respectfully to let the two friends pass. Once across the barriers, these two knew neither fatigue nor fear. Their horses flew, and they never ceased speaking of Athos and Aramis.

The camp had entered Saint Omer: the friends made a little round, and went to the camp, and gave the army an exact account of the flight of the king and queen. They found Raoul near his tent, reclined upon a truss of hay, of which his horse stole some mouthfuls; the young man’s eyes were red, and he seemed dejected. The Marechal de Grammont and the Duc de Guiche had returned to Paris, and he was quite lonely. As soon as he saw the two cavaliers, he ran to them with open arms.

"Oh, is it you, dear friends? Do you come here to fetch me? Shall you take me away with you? Do you bring me tidings of my guardian?"

"Have you not received any?" said D’Artagnan to the youth.

"Alas! sir, no—and I do not know what has become of him—so that I am really so unhappy as to weep," said Raoul, turning aside, in order not to show on his good round face what was passing in his mind.

"Be sure to take it," cried D’Artagnan, more moved than he had been for a long time—"don’t despair, my friend, if you have not received any letters from the count, we have received—we one."

"Oh, really!" cried Raoul.

"And a comforting one, too," added D’Artagnan, seeing the delight that his intelligence gave the young man.

"Have you got it?" asked Raoul.

"Yes—that is, I had it," replied the Gascon, making believe to try and find it. "Wait, it ought to be there, in my pocket; it speaks of his return, does it not, Porthos?"

"Yes," replied Porthos, laughing.

"But I read it a little while ago. Can I have lost it? Ah! I confound it! my pocket has a hole in it."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Raoul!" said Musqueton; "the letter was very consoling. These gentlemen read it to me, and I wept for joy."

"But then, at any rate, you know where he is, Monsieur D’Artagnan?" asked Raoul, somewhat comforted.

"Ah! that’s the thing!" replied the Gascon. "Undoubtedly I know it, but it is a mystery."

"Not to me, I hope?"

"No, not to you, so I am going to tell you where he is," said D’Artagnan with his large wondering eyes.
"Where the devil shall I say that he is, so that he cannot try to
rejoin him?" thought D'Artagnan.
"Well, where is he, sir?" asked Raoul, in a soft and coaxing
voice.
"He is at Constantineople."
"Among the Turks," exclaimed Raoul, alarmed. "Good heav-
en! how can you tell me that?"
"Does that alarm you?" cried D'Artagnan. "Pshaw! what are
the Turks to such a man as the Count de la Fere and the Abbé
d'Herblay?"
"Ah, his friend is with him!" said Raoul, "that consoles me a
little."
"Has he writ or not—this denon D'Artagnan?" said Porthos, as
tonished at his friend's deception.
"Now, sir," said D'Artagnan, wishing to change the conversa-
tion, "here are fifty pistoles that the count has sent you by the
same courier. I suppose you have no more money, and that they
will be welcome."
"I have still twenty pistoles, sir."
"Well, take them; that makes seventy."
"And if you wish for more," said Porthos, putting his hand to
his pocket."
"Thank you, sir," replied Raoul, blushing; "thank you a thou-
sand times."
At this moment Olivain appeared. "Apropos," said D'Artag-
nan, loud enough for the servant to hear him, "are you satisfied
with Olivain?"
"Yes, in some respects, pretty well."
"What fault do you find with the fellow?"
"He is a glutton."
"Oh, sir!" cried Olivain, reappearing at this accusation.
"And somewhat of a thief."
"Oh, sir! oh!"
"And, more especially, a great coward."
"Oh, oh! sir, you really vilify me!" cried Olivain.
"The d'oucou!" cried D'Artagnan. "Pray learn, Monsieur Oli-
vain, that people like us are not to be served by cowards. You rob
your master—you eat his sweetmeats and drink his wine; but, by
Jove! don't be a coward, or I shall cut off your ears. Look at
Monsieur Montesquieu, see the honourable wounds he has received,
and look how his habitual valor has given dignity to his countenance."
Montesquieu was in the third heaven, and would have embraced
D'Artagnan but he darest; meanwhile he resolved to sacrifice his
life for him on the next occasion that presented itself.
"Send away that fellow, Raoul," said the Gascon; "for if he's a
coward he will disgrace thee some day."
"Monsieur says I am a coward," cried Olivain, "because he
wished the other day to fight a cuirass in Grammont's regiment, and
I refused to accompany him."
"Monsieur Olivain, a lucky ought never to disobey," said
D'Artagnan, sternly; then taking him aside, he whispered to him—
"Thou hast done right; thy master was wrong; there's a crown for
thee: but should he ever be insulted, and thou dost not let thyself
be cut in quarters for him, I will cut out thy tongue. Remember that well."

Olivet bowed, and slipped the crown into his pocket.

"And now, Monsieur," said the Gascon, "Monsieur du Vallon and I are going away as ambassadors—where, I know not, but should you want anything, write to Madame Tournaire, Rue Turgot, and draw upon her money as on a banker—with economy; for it is not so well filled as that of Monsieur St. Emery."

And having, meantime, embraced his ward, he passed him into the robust arms of Porthos, who lifted him up from the ground and held him a moment suspended near the noble heart of the formidable giant.

"Come," said D'Artagnan, "let us go."

And they set out for Boulogne, where, toward evening, they arrived, their horses covered with foam and heat.

At ten steps from the place where they halted, was a young man in black, who seemed waiting for some one, and who, from the moment he saw them enter the town, never took his eyes off them.

D'Artagnan approached him, and seeing him stare so fixedly, said:

"Well, friend! I don't like people to scan me!"

"Sir," said the young man, "do you not come from Paris, if you please?"

D'Artagnan thought it was some gossip who wanted news from the capital.

"Yes, sir," he said, in a softened tone.

"Are you not to Lodge at the Arms of England?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you not charged with a mission from his Eminence Cardinal Mazarin?"

"Yes, sir."

"In that case I am the man you have to do with. I am Mr. Mordaunt."

"Ah!" thought D'Artagnan, "the man I am warned against by Athos."

"Ah!" thought Porthos, "the man Aramis wants me to strangle."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Mordaunt, "we must set on without delay; to-day is the last day granted me by the Cardinal. My ship is ready, and last you not come I must have set off without you, for General Cromwell expects my return impatiently."

"So!" thought the lieutenant, "I am to General Cromwell that our dispatches are addressed."

"Have you no letter to him?" asked the young man.

"I have one, the seal of which I was not to break till I reached London; but since you tell me to whom it is addressed, it will be useless to wait till then."

D'Artagnan tore open the envelope of the letter. It was directed to "Mr. Oliver Cromwell, General of the Army of the English nation."

"Ah!" said D'Artagnan; "a singular commission."

"Who is this Monsieur Oliver Cromwell?" asked Porthos.

"Formerly a brows," replied the Gascon.
"Perhaps Mazarin wishes to make a speculation in beer, as we have in straw," said Porteous.
"Come, come, gentleman," said Mordaunt, impatiently, "let us depart."
"What!" cried Porteous, "without supper! Cannot Monsieur Cromwell wait a little?"
"Yes, but I cannot," answered Mordaunt.
"Oh! as to you, that is not my concern, and I shall sup either with or without your permission."
The young man's eyes kindled a little, but he restrained himself.
"Just as you please, gentlemen, provided we set sail," he said.
"The name of your ship?" inquired D'Artagnan.
"The 'Standard.'"
"Very well; in half an hour we shall be on board." And the friends, spurring on their horses, rode to the hotel, the Arna of England, where they supped with hearty appetite, and then at once proceeded to the port.

There they found a brig ready to set sail, upon the deck of which they recognized Mordaunt, walking up and down impatiently.
"It is singular," said D'Artagnan, whilst the boat was taking them to the 'Standard'; "it is astonishing how that young man resembles some one whom I have known—but whom I cannot name."

A few minutes later they were on board, but the embarkation of horses was a longer matter than that of the men, and it was eight o'clock before they raised the anchor.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

And now our readers must leave the 'Standard' to sail peaceably, not toward London, where D'Artagnan and Porteous believed they were going, but to Darlham, whither Mordaunt had been ordered to repair by the letter he had received during his sojourn at Boulogne—and accompany us to the royalist camp, on this side of the Tyne, near Newcastle.

There, placed between two rivers on the borders of Scotland, but still on English soil, were the tents of a little army extended. It was midnight. Some Highlanders were carelessly keeping watch.

The moon, which was partially obscured by heavy clouds, now and then lit up the muskets of the sentinels, or silvered the walls, the roofs, and the spires of the town that Charles I. had just surrendered to the parliamentary troops, whilst Oxford and Newark still held out for him in the hopes of coming to some arrangement.

At one of the extremities of the camp, near an immense tent, in which the Scottish officers were holding a kind of council, presided over by Lord Leven, lay their commander, a man attired as a cavalier, sleeping on the turf, his right hand extended over his sword.

About fifty paces off, another young man, also attired as a cavalier, was talking to a Scotch sentinel, and though a foreigner, he seemed to understand without much difficulty the answers given him in broad Portheshire dialect.