"Sire," said Planchet, in a mournful tone, "do you abandon me thus, to my fate? Think, if I am found out here, the people of the house, who have not seen me enter it, must take me for a thief."

"True," said D'Artagnan. "Let's see. Canst thou speak my patois?"

"I can do something better than that, sire; I can speak Flemish."

"Where the devil didst thou learn it?"

"In Artois, where I fought for two years. Listen, sir. Goden morgun, mynheer, och hen begevay le weeden de ge sand heeds oonstand."

"Which means?" "Good-day, sir! I am anxious to know the state of your health."

"He calls that knowing a language; but, never mind, that will do capitally."

D'Artagnan opened the door, and called out to a waiter to desire Madeleine to come up-stairs.

When the landlady made her appearance, she expressed much astonishment at seeing Planchet.

"My dear landlady," said D'Artagnan, "I beg to introduce to you your brother, who is arrived from Flanders, and whom I am going to take into my service."

"My brother?"

"Wish your sister good-morning, Master Peter."

"Willkom, mester," said Planchet.

"Goden day, brother," replied the astonished landlady.

"This is the case," said D'Artagnan; "this is your brother, Madeleine: you don't know him perhaps, but I know him; he has arrived from Amsterdam. You must dress him up during my absence. When I return, which will be in about an hour, you must offer him to me as a servant, and, upon your recommendation, though he doesn't speak a word of French, I take him into my service. You understand?"

"That is to say, I guess your wishes; and that is all that's necessary," said Madeleine.

"You are a precious creature, my pretty hostess, and I'm obliged to you."

The next moment D'Artagnan was on his way to Notre Dame.

CHAPTER VII.

TOUCHES UPON THE DIFFERENT EFFECTS WHICH HALF A PISTOLE MAY PRODUCE UPON A DRAGER AND A CHORESTER.

D'Artagnan, as he passed the Pont Neuf, congratulated himself upon having found Planchet again; for at that time an intelligent servant was essential to him; nor was he sorry that through Planchet, and the situation which he held in the Rue des Lombards, a connection with the bourgeoise might be commenced, at that critical period when that class were preparing to make war with the court party. It was like having a spy in the enemy's camp. In this frame of mind, grateful for the accidental meeting with Planchet, pleased with himself, D'Artagnan reached Notre Dame. He ran up the
TWENTY YEARS AFTER

steps, entered the church, and addressing a verger who was sweeping the chapel, asked him if he knew Monsieur Bazin.

"Monsieur Bazin, the beadle?" said the verger. "Yes. There he is, attending mass, in the chapel of the virgin."

D'Artagnan nearly jumped for joy—he had despairsied of finding Bazin; but now, he thought, since he held one of the threads, he should be pretty sure to reach the other end of the choir.

He knelt down just opposite the chapel in order not to lose sight of his man; and as he had almost forgotten his prayers, and had omitted to take a book with him, he made use of his time in gazing at Bazin.

Bazin wore his dress, it may be observed, with equal dignity and saintly propriety. It was not difficult to understand that he had gained the summit of his ambition, and that the silver-mounted wand which he brandished was, in his eyes, as honorable a distinction as the marshal's baton, which Condé threw, or did not throw, into the enemy's line of battle at Fribourg. His person had undergone a change, analogous to the change in his dress; his figure was rumbled, and, as it were, canonized. The striking points of his face were effaced; he had still a nose; but his cheeks, fatted out, each took off a portion of it into themselves; his chin was joined to his throat; his eyes were swelled up with the puffiness of his cheeks; his hair, cut straight in holy guise, covered his forehead as far as his eyebrows.

The officiating priest was just finishing the mass, whilst D'Artagnan was looking at Bazin; he pronounced the words of the holy sacrament, and retired, giving the benediction, which was received by the kneeling communicants, to the astonishment of D'Artagnan, who recognized in the priest the Coadjutor himself, the famous Jean François Goueli, who at that time, having a preoccupation of the part he was to play, was beginning to court popularity by almsgiving. It was to this end that he performed from time to time some of those early masses which the common people generally attended. D'Artagnan knelt as well as the rest, received his share of the benediction, and made the sign of the cross; but, when Bazin passed in his turn, with his eyes raised to heaven, and walking in all humility, the very last, D'Artagnan pulled him by the hem of his robe.

"Monsieur d'Artagnan!" he cried; "Vade retro Satanae!"

"So, my dear Bazin!" said the officer, laughing, "this is the way you receive an old friend."

"Sir," replied Bazin, "the true friends of a Christian are those who aid him in working out his salvation, not those who hinder him in so doing."

"I don't understand you, Bazin; nor can I see how I can be a stumbling-block in the way of your salvation," said D'Artagnan.

"You forget, sir, that you very nearly ruined forever but of my master; and that it was owing to you that he was very nearly being damned eternally for remaining a musketeer, while his true vocation was for the church."

* A sacerdotal officer.
"My dear Bazin, you ought to perceive," said D'Artagnan, "from the place in which you find me, that I am much changed in everything. Age produces good sense, and, as I doubt not but that your master is on the road to salvation, I want you to tell me where he is, that he may help me to mine."

"Rather say—to take him back with you into the world. Fortunately, I don't know where he is."

"How!" cried D'Artagnan; "you don't know where Aramis is?"

"Formerly," replied Bazin, "Aramis was his name of perdition. He Aramis is now Simara, which is the name of a demon. Happily for him, he has ceased to bear that name."

D'Artagnan saw clearly that he should get nothing out of this man, who was evidently telling a falsehood in his pretended ignorance of the abode of Aramis, but whose falsehoods were bold and decided.

"Well, Bazin," said D'Artagnan, "since you do not know where your master lives, let us speak of it no more; let us part good friends. Accept this half-pistole to drink to my health."

"I do not drink"—Bazin pushed away with dignity the officer's hand—"it is good only for the lady."

"Inconceivable!" murmured D'Artagnan; "I am unlucky!" and whilst he was lost in thought, Bazin retreated toward the society where he was only, as he thought, secure, by shutting the door and closing himself in.

D'Artagnan was still in deep thought, when some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You here, Rochefort?" he said, in a low voice.

"Hush!" returned Rochefort. "Do you know that I am at liberty?"

"I knew it from the fountain head—from Panchet. And what brought you here?"

"I came to thank God for my happy deliverance," said Rochefort.

"And nothing more? I suppose that is not all."

"To take my orders from the Gendarme, and to see if we cannot plague Mazarin a little."

"A bad plan; you'll be shut up again in the Bastille."

"Oh, no to that, I shall take care, I assure you. The air, the fresh free air, is so good, besides—and Rochefort drew a deep breath as he spoke—"I am going into the country to make a tour."

"Stop," cried D'Artagnan; "I, too, am going."

"And if I may, with impertinence, ask—where are you going?"

"To seek my friends. To find out Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"And when do you set out?"

"I am now on my road."

"Good luck to you."

"And to you—a good journey."

"Perhaps we shall meet on our road. Adieu! till we meet again."

"A propos, should Mazarin speak to you about me, tell him that I should have requested you to acquaint him that in a short time he will see whether I am, as he says, too old for action."

And Rochefort went away with one of those diabolical smiles.
which used formerly to make D'Artagnan shudder, but D'Artagnan could now see it without anguish, and, smiling in his turn, with an expression of indolence, which the recollections called up by that smile, could, perhaps, alone give to his countenance, he said:

"Go, demon, do what thou wilt! It matters little to me. There is not a second Constance in the world."

On his return into the cathedral, D'Artagnan saw Bazin, who was conversing with the sacristan. Bazin was making, with his spare, little, short arms, ridiculous gestures. D'Artagnan perceived that he was enforcing prudence with respect to himself.

D'Artagnan slipped out of the cathedral, and placed himself in ambush at the corner of the Rue des Canettes; it was impossible that Bazin could go out of the cathedral without his seeing him.

In five minutes Bazin made his appearance, looking in every direction to see if he were observed, but he saw no one. Tranquilized by appearances, he ventured to walk on through the Rue Notre Dame. Then D'Artagnan rushed out of his hiding-place, and arrived in time to see Bazin turn down the Rue des Juiverie, and enter, in the Rue de la Cahute, a respectable lodging-house; and this D'Artagnan felt no doubt was the habitation of the worthy beadle.

Afraid of making any inquiry at this house, D'Artagnan entered a small tavern at the corner of the street, and asked for a cup of hyspernas. This beverage required a good half hour to prepare, and D'Artagnan had time, therefore, to watch Bazin unsuspected.

He perceived in the tavern a jeté boy between twelve and fifteen years of age, whom he fancied he had seen not twenty minutes before, under the guise of a chorister. He questioned him, and as the boy had no interest in deceiving, D'Artagnan learned that he exercised, from six o'clock in the morning until nine, the office of chorister; and that from nine o'clock till midnight that of a waiter in the tavern.

While he was talking to this lad, a horse was brought to the door of Bazin's house. It was saddled and bridled. Almost immediately Bazin came down stairs.

"Look!" said the boy, "there's our beadle, who is going a journey."

"And where is he going?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Forsooth, I don't know."

"Half a pistole if you can find out," said D'Artagnan.

"For me!" cried the child, his eyes sparkling with joy, "if I can find where Bazin is going. 'Tis not difficult. You are not joking—are you?"

"No, on the honor of an officer: there is the half-pistole;" and he showed him the seductive coin, but did not give it him.

"I shall ask him."

"—Just the very way not to know. Wait till he is set out, and then, marry, come up—ask, and find out. The half-pistole is ready;" and he put it back again into his pocket.

"I understand," said the child, with that jeering smile which marks especially the 'gamin de Paris.' "Well, we must wait.

They had not long to wait. Five minutes afterward Bazin set off on a full trot, urging on his horse by the blows of a parapluie, which he was in the habit of using instead of a riding-whip.
Scarce had he turned the corner of the Rue de la Juiverie, than
the boy rushed after him like a bloodhound on full scent.
Before five minutes had elapsed the child returned.
"Well!" said D'Artagnan.
"Well!" answered the boy; "the thing is done."
"Where is he gone?"
"The half-pistole is for me?"
"Deadly; answer me."
"I want to see it. Give it r.c.e. that I may see that it is not false.
"There it is."
The child put the piece of money into his pocket,
"And now, where is he gone?" inquired D'Artagnan.
"He is gone to Noisy."
"How dost thou know?"
"Ah, faith! there was no great cunning necessary. I knew the
horse which he rode; it belonged to the butcher, who lets it out
now and then to M. Bazin. Now, I thought as much that the
butcher would not let his horse out like that without knowing where
it went to."
And he answered "that Monsieur Bazin went to Noisy. "Tis his
custom. He goes two or three times a week."
"Dost thou know Noisy well?"
"I think so, truly; my nurse lives there."
"Is there a convent at Noisy?"
"Isn't there a grand one—a convent of Jesuits."
"What's thy name?"
"Friquet."
D'Artagnan wrote down the child's name in his tablets.
"Please, sir," said the boy, "do you think I can get any more
half-pistoles any way?"
"Perhaps," replied D'Artagnan.
And, having got out all he wanted he paid for the horses,
which he did not drink, and went quickly back to the Rue Tiquet-
one.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW D'ARTAGNAN, ON GOING TO A DISTANCE TO FIND OUT ARAMIS,
DISCOVERS THAT HIS FRIEND WAS HIDING BEHIND PLANCHET.

The plan adopted by D'Artagnan was soon perfected. He re-
solved not to reach Noisy in the day, for fear of being recognized;
he therefore plenty of time before him, for Noisy is only three
or four leagues from Paris, on the road to Meaux.
He began his day by breakfasting very substantially—a bad begin-
ing when one wants to employ the head, but an excellent precau-
tion when one wants to work the body; and about two o'clock he
had his two horses saddled, and, followed by Planchet, he quitted
Paris by the Barriere de la Villelute.
At about a league and a half from the city, D'Artagnan, finding
that in his impatience he had set out too soon, stopped to give the
horses breathing time. The inn was full of respectable looking
people, who seemed as if they were on the point of commencing