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THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"I am the Lord de Winter, baron

and the three guardamen, with their four lackeys repaired to a spot behind the Luxembourg. The lackeys were charged to act as sentinels.

The Englishmen were all men of mak. Consequently the extraordinary names of their adversaries were for them not only a matter of surprise, out of uneasiness.

"But, after all this," said Lord de Winter when the three friends had

Winter when the three friends had been uamed. "we do not know who you are. As gentlemen we cannot fight with such."

That is true, but we fight with our

"You would have acted much more

"You would have seted much more wisely if you had not required me to make myself known," said Athos.
"Why so?"
"Because I am believed to be dead and have reason for wishing nobody should know I am living, so that I shall be obliged to kill you to pasvent my secret getting wind."
The Englishman looked at Athos, believing that he was joking, but Athos was not joking the least in the world, "Gentlemen," said Athos, addressing at the same time his companions and their adversaries, "guard!"
And immediately eight swords glittered in the rays of the setting sun.
Athos fenced with as much calmness and method as if he had been practicing in a school.

and method as if he had been practicing in a school.

Porthos, corrected, no doubt, of his too great confidence by his adventure of Chantilly, played with prudence.

Aramis, who had the third canto of a poem to finish, made all the dispetch of a man very much pressed for time.

Athos, the first, killed his adversary He hit him but once; but, as he had foretold, that hit was a mortal one.

Porthos, the second, stretched his upon the grass with a wound through his thigh, and as the Englishman, with out making any further resistance, then surrendered his sword, Porthos

then surrendered his sword, Porthe

took him up in his arms and him to his carriage.

Aramis pushed his so vigorously that after going hack aftly paces he finished by fairly taking to his heels and disappeared amid the hooting of the lack-

As to D'Artagnan, he fought purely and simply on the defensive, and when he saw his adversary pretty well fa-tigued, with a vigorous side thrust he twisted the sword from his grasp and

the Englishman. "You are completely at my mercy, but I spare your life for

at my mercy, but I spare your me for
the sake of your sisten."
D'Artagnan was at the height of joy.
He had realised the plan which he had
fancied, the development of which had
produced smiles upon his face.
The Englishman, delighted at having to do with a gentleman of such a
kind disposition, pressed D'Artagnan
in his arms and paid a thousand compliments to the three musketeen, and
as Porthos adversary was already installed in the carriage and as Artanic
had sun away, they had nothing to
think about but the defentet. He was
taken away by his fetend.

for I am desireus that she should take you into her good graces, and as she is not in bad odor at court, she may perhaps on some future day speak a word that will not prove useless to you."

D'Artagnan blushed with pleasure, and howed a sign of assent.
Lord de Winter, on quitting D'Artagnan, gave him his sister's address. She lived in No. 6 Place Royale, then the fashionable quatter, and undertook

She lived in No. 6 Place Royale, then the fashionable quaester, and undestook to call and take him with him in order to introduce him. D'Artagnan appointed 8 o'clock at Athos' residence.

This introduction to Lady Clarik occupied the head of our Gescon greatly. He remembered in what a strange manner this woman had hitherto been mixed up in his destiny. According to



ox the cardinal's, and yet he felt him self invincibly drawn toward her by one of those sentiments for which we cannot account. His only fear-was that milady would recognize in him the man of Meung and of Dover. Then she knew that he, was one of the friends of M. de Treville, and, consequently, that he belonged body and soul to the king, which would make him lose a part of his advantage, since when known to milady as he knew her he played only an equal game with her. As to the commencement of an intrigue between her and M. de Wardes our presumptuous hero gave but little heed to that, although the marquis was young, handsome, rich and bligh in the cardinal's favor.

The approach was not such as to prepossess people. An ill smelling, dark possess, people. An ill smelling, dark possess, possess, people. An ill smelling, dark possess, passes, a staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with his staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with his staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with his staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with the staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with the staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with the staircase half lighted. Porthos knocked with his staircase half lighted. Porthos

bot little beed to that, although the marquis was young, handsome, rich and high in the cardinal's favor.

Milady Clark: received D'Artagnan ceremoniously. Her house was remarkably sumptuons, and while the most part of the English had quitted or were about to quit France on se. or were about to quit France on ac-count of the war, milady had just been laying out much money upon her

residence, which proved that the gen-eral measure which drove the English from France did not affect her. "You see," said Lord de Winter, pre-senting D'Artagnan to his sister, "a young gentleman who has spared my life. Thank him then, madame, if you have any affection for me."

Milady frowned slightly, a scarcely minay rowned signity, a scarcely visible cloud passed over her brow, and so peculiar a smile appeared upon her lips that the young man who saw and observed this triple shade almost shuddered at it.

The brother did not perceive this; he had turned round to play with milady's favorite monkey, which had pulled him

"You are welcome, monsieur, said milady in a voice whose singular aweet-ness contrasted with the symptoms of ill humor which D'Artagnan had just remarked. "You have today acquired ternal rights to my gratitude."

Lord de Winter went to a table upon which was a saiver with Spanish wine and glasses. He filled two and by a sign invited D'Artagnan to drink.

sign invited D'Artagnan to drink.
D'Artagnan knew it was considered disobliging by an Englishman to refuse to pledge him, therefore drew near to the table and took the second glass. He did not, however, lose sight of milady, and in a mirror perceived the change that took place in her face. Now that she believed herself to be no longer observed, a sentiment which resembled ferceity animated her countenance. She bit her handkerchief with all her might.
That pretty little maid whom D'Ar-

That pretty little maid whom D'Ar-taguan had already observed then came in; she spoke some words to Lord de Winter in English, and he immediately requested D'Artagnan's per-mission to retire, excusing himself on account of the urgency of the business that called him away and charged his

sister to obtain his pardon.

D'Artagnan exchanged a shake of the hand with Lord de Winter and then returned to milady. Her countenance, with surprising mobility, had recovered its gracious expression, but some little red spots upon her hand-kerchief indicated that she had bitten

her lips till the blood came. The conversation took a cheerful turn. Milady told D'Artagnan that Lord de Winter was her brother-in-law and not her brother; she had mar-Lord de Winter if Lord de Winter did

hour's conversation, D'Artagnan was convinced that milady was his compatriot; she spoke French with an elegance and a purity that left no doubt on that head.

maken away by his fetend.

"My young friend, if you will permit me, I hope to give you that name," agreeches and protestations of devoted add Lord de Winter; "on this yery evening, if agreeable to you, I will present you to my sister. Lady Clark; or I am desirous that she should fake for retiring arrived. D'Artagnan took leavesof milady and left the salon the happiest of men.

Upon the stairs he met Kitty, the

touched him, in a voice so sweet and
with so kind an expression that the
pardon was granted instantly.
D'Arfagnan came again on the morsow and was still better received than

on the day before. Lord de Winte was not at home. Milady asked D'Ar tagnan whence he came, who were his friends and whether he had not at some times thought of attaching him-self to M. le Cardinal.

of he had happened to know M. de Cavois instead of M. de Treville.

and asked D'Artagnan in the most chroless manner possible. If he had over been in England.

D'Artagnan replied that he had been sent thither by M. de Treville to treat for a number of horses and that he had brought back four as specimens.

Milady, in the coures of her conversation twice or thrice bit her lips. She had to deal with a Gascon who played close.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Lawyer's Dinner.

OWEVER brilliant had bee the part played by Porthos i the duel, it had not made his farget the dinner with the swife.

the morrow he received the last

gravely,
Master Coquenard, after the luxuries
of such a repast, felt the want of a
slesta. He was not satisfied till he was although the musiceer was not expected before 1 o'clock, his mistress had been upon the watch ever since 12, reckoning that the heart, or perhaps the stomach of her lover would bring him before his time. "It is my coupling right abe." "Come

"It is my cousin!" cried she. "Come

The master of the house had withou doubt been warned of his visit, as he expressed no surprise at the sight of Porthos, who advanced toward him

with a sufficiently familiar air and sa-luted him courteously.

"We are cousins, it appears, M. Por-thos?" said he, rising by supporting his weight upon the arms of his cane

The old man, enveloped in a large black doublet, in which the whole of his slender body was concealed, was his siender body was conceaucd, was brisk and dry. His little gray eyes shone like carbuncles and appeared, with his grinning mouth, to be the only part of his face in which life survived. Unfortunately the legs began to refuse their service to this bony machine During the last five or six months tha this weakness had been felt the worthy had nearly become the slave of his

The cousin was received with resig-

"Yes, monsieur, we are cousins," said Porthos without being disconcerted, as he had never reckoned upon being re-ceived enthusiastically by the husband. The hour of dinner soo arrived. They passed into the eating room, a large dark apartment situated opposite to the kitchen.

The clerks, who, as it appeared, had

smelled unusual perfumes in the house, were of military punctuality and stood with their stools in their hands, quite ready to sit down. Their jaws moved preliminarily with fearful threatenupon his chair with castors by Mme. Coquenard, whom Porthos assisted in olling her husband up to the table.

gan to agitate his nose and his jaws after the example of his clerks.

"Oh, oh!" said he. which is rather inviting!"

"What can they smell so extraordinary in this potage?" said Porthos a

the sight of a pale bouillon, abundant swam about as wide apart as the is lands of an archipelago.

Master Coquenard was served first,
then Porthos; afterward Mme. Coquenard filled her own plate and distribut-

ed the crusts without bouillon to the After the potage the maid brought in a boiled fowl, a piece of magnificence which caused the eyes of the usual guests to dilate in a mann that threatened injury to them.

"One may see that you love your family. Mme. Coquenard," said her husband, with a smile that was almost

Mme. Coquenard drew the dish toward her, skillfully detached the two great black feet, which she placed upon her husband's plate; cut off the neck, which with the head she put on one side for berself; raised the wing for Porthos and then returned to the s peared before the musketeer had had time to examine the variations which disappointment produces upon faces according to the characters and tem-

peraments of those who experience it. haricot beans made its appearance—an enormous dish, in which some bones of mutton which at first sight might have been supposed to have some meat on them, pretended to show them-selves.

Mme. Coquenard distributed this

dish to the young men with the mod-eration of a good housewife. The time for taking wine was come.

Master Coquenard poured from a very small stone bottle the third of a glass to each of the young men, served himself in about the same proportion and passed the bottle to Porthos and Mme. Coquenard.

The young men filled up their third of a glass with water; then when they had drunk half the glass they filled it up again and continued to do so, which brought them by the end of the repast to the swallowing of a drink which, from the color of the ruby, had passed

from the color of the ruby, had passed to that of a pule topaz.

Porthos ate his wing of the fowl very timidly. He also drank half a glass of this sparingly served wine and found it to be nothing but that horrible Montreuil, the terror of all practiced palates.

Master Coquenard saw him swallowing this wine undituted and stobed

compliments. Your dinner has been a real feast. Lord how I have eaten."

Porthos funcied they were mystifying him and began to curl his mustache and kail his eyebrow, but the knee of Mme. Coquenard came and gently advised him to be patient.

This silence and this interruptica in serving, which were unintelligible to the complete of the complete of the complete of the complete of the mind of the young man and neaverage deep sigh. "You love my mistress, then, very dearly, M. to Chevaller?" said she. "Oh, more than I can say, Kitty! I am mad for her."

"Alas, monsieur!" said she. "That is a great pity."

"What do you see so pitlable in it?"

Porthos, bad, on the contrary, a terri-Fortuge, need, on the contrary, a terri-ble meaning for the clerks. Upon a look from the attorney, accompanied by a smile from Mme. Coquenard, they arose slowly from the table, folded their napkins more slowly still, bowed and retired.

"Go, young men. Go and promote digestion by working," said their master

close to his chest, upon the edge of which, for still greater precaution, he

joining chamber, and they began to lay the basis of reconciliation.

"You can come and dine three times a week," said Mme. Coquenard,

"Thanks, madame," said Porthos,
"but I don't like to abuse your kindness. Besides, I must think of this equipment."

"That's true," said she, groaning-"that unfortunate equipment!"
"Alas, yes," said Porthos, "it is so!" "But how much, then, will the equipment of your corps cost, M. Porthos?"
"Oh," said Porthos, "it does not exceed 2,500 livres. I even think that, with economy, I could manage it with

"What," cried she, "2,000 livres!
Why, that is a fortune!"
Porthos made a most significant
grimace. Mme. Coquenard under-

"I should like to know the details" said she, "because, having many re-lations in business, I was almost sure of obtaining things at 100 per cent less than you could get them your-self. For instance, don't you, in the first place, want a horse?"

"Yes, a horse."
"Well, then, I can just suit you." "Ah," said Porthos, brightening,
"that's well as regards my horse,
then. But I must have the horse appointments complete, which are com-

"Three hundred livres! Then put down 300 livres," said the procureuse, with a sigh.

Porthos smiled. It may be remembered that he had the saddle which

came from Buckingham. The 300 livres then he reckoned upon putting snugly into his pocket.
"Then," continued he, "there is a

"Then," continued he, "there is a horse for my lackey and my valise. As to my arms, it is useless to trouble you about them. I have them."

"A horse for your lackey?" resumed she, hesitatingly. "But that is doing things in a very noble style, my friend."

"Well." "Well, madame," said Porthos haughtily, "do you take me for a beg-

ty mule made sometimes as good an appearance as a horse, and it seemed to me that by getting a pretty mule

said Portnos. "You are right. I have seen very great Spanish nobles whose whole suit were mounted on mules. Then there remains the valise."
"Oh, don't let that disturb you!" cried Mme. Coquenard. "My husband

short, the rest of the equipment was you the time I generally spend with successively debated in the same manyour mistress?"

ner, and the result of the sitting was "Oh, yes," said Kitty, clapping her that Mme. Coquenard should give 800 hands, "very willing!"

by darting certain tender glances, but and the lawyer's wife was obliged to

Maid and Mistress.

N the meantime, in spite of the cries of his conscience and the wise counsels of Athos, D'Artagnan became hourly more in love with milady. Thus he never failed to pay his diurnal court to ber, and the that sooner or later she could not fail to respond to him.

One day when he arrived with his head in the air and as light at heart as a man who is in expectation of a said Kitty. "Can he be inconstant be shower of gold he found Kitty under the gateway of the hotel. But this "Oh, no; he must have been prevent."

"Good!" thought D'Artagnan. "She is charged with some message for me dame?"
"I wish "

"I wish to say three words to you,
M. le Chevaller," stammered the girl.
"Speak, my dear, speak," said D'Arof. He was very near making me lose tagnan. "I am all attention."
"Here? That's impossible still more, too secret."
"Well, what is to be done?"

hand of D'Artagnan, led him up a lit-tie dark winding staircase and after ascending about fifteen steps opened a door.

"What do you see so pitlable in it?"
"Because, monsieur," replied Kitty,

"my mistress does not love you at all. What do you think of this her bosom.
"For another?"

"Yes.' "His name, his name?" cried D'Ar

"Read the address."
"M. le Comte de Wardes." "M. le Comte de Wardes."

The remembrance of the scene at St.
Germain presented itself to the mind
of the presumptuous Gascon. As quick
as thought he tore open the letter in
spite of the cry which Kitty uttered
on seeing what he was going to do, or,
rather, what he was doing. He read:
You have not answered my first rock.

You have not answered my first note. Are you indisposed or have you forgot the glances you favored me with at the ball of Mme. de Guise? You have an opportunity now, count; do not allow it to es-D'Artagnan became very pale: he was wounded in his self love; he thought that it was in his love.

"Poor, dear M. D'Artagnan!" said

Kitty, in a voice full of compassion and pressing the young man's hand and pressing the young man's man's again.

"You know what it is to be in love?"
said D'Artagnan, looking at her for the first time with much attention.

you would do much better to assist me in revenging myself of your mistres

"I would triumph over her and supplant my rival."

"I will never help you in that, M. le
Chevalier."

"My mistress will never love you." "How do you know that?"
"You have offended her to the very

"I? In what can I have offended

"It ill what can I have onenged her? I, who ever since I have known her have lived at her feet like a slave! Speak, I beg of you!"
"I will never confess that but to the man who should read to the bottom

D'Artagnan looked at pretty Kitty for the second time.
"Kitty," said be, "I will read to the bottom of your soul whenever you like; don't let that disturb you." And he gave her a kiss, at which the poor

girl became as red as a cherry.

"Oh, no," said Kitty, "it is not me you love! It is my mistress you love.

You told me so only just now."

"And does that hinder you from tell-ing me the second reason?"
"The second reason, M. le Cheva-ller," replied Kitty, emboldened by the kiss in the first place and still further by the expression of the eyes , "is that in love-every one

Then only D'Artagnan saw at a glance all the advantage that might be derived from the love which Kitty had just confessed so innocently or so boldly-the interception of letters addressed to the Count de Wardes, intellige "Well, agreed for a pretty mule," on the spot, entrance at all hours into said Porthos. "You are right. I have Kitty's chamber, which was contiguous to her mistress'. The perfidious de ceiver was, as may plainly be per-ceived, already sacrificing in idea the poor girl to obtain milady, whether she would or not.

has five or six valises. You shall choose the best."

"Ah, but the valise I want," cried Porthos, "is a well filled one, my dear!"

Madame uttered fresh sighs. In that I should this evening pass with short, the rest of the equipment was

your cousin very handsomely."

The poor fowl was thin and covered with one of those thick bristly skins through which the teeth cannot penetrate with all their efforts.

"Well," thought Porthos, "this is poor work! I respect old age, but I don't think much of it boiled or roasted."

"The latter wished to detain him well that the poor girl, who asked nothing the poor to carry Porthos and Mousqueton, to glory.

These conditions being agreed to, Porthos took leave of Mme. Coque are well as the poor girl, who asked nothing the

ing better than to believe him, did be lieve him. In such conversations time passes very rapidly. Twelve o'clock give place to the king.

The musketeer returned home as the bell was rung in milady's chamber.

"Oh," cried Kitty, "there is my. mistress calling me! Go—go directly!"

D'Artagnan rose, took his hat as if head here his lettering to shew then struck, and almost at the same time it had been his intention to obey, then

opening quickly the door of a large closet instead of that of the staircase, he plunged into the midst of robes and fady's dressing gowns.

D'Artagnan heard the door of communication opened. He could hear the conversation turn upon himself while Kitty was assisting her mistress to

"Well," said milady, "I have not

time she was not contented with touching him as he passed; she took im gently by the hand.

"Good!" thought D'Artagnan. "She
"What will you do with him. ma-"What will I do with him? Oh, Kit-

> my credit with his eminence. Oh, I
> That will be revenged for that!" "I thought madame loved him?"
> "I love him? I detest him! A simple fool who held the life of Lord de Winter in his hands and did not kill

> > him, by which I missed 300,000 livres "That's true," said Kitty; "your son

"For all this," continued milady, "I

morrow enceavor again to consin me an answer to the letter I gave you."

D'Artagnan heard the door close, then the noise of two bolts by which milady fastened herself in on her side, but as softly as possible, Kitty turned the key of the lock, and then D'Artagnan opened the closet door.

"Stience, slience! Begone!" whis-pered Kitty. "There is nothing but a wainscot between my chamber and fallady's. Every word that is uttered

iniliady's. Every word that is uttered in one can be heard in the other."
"I will go—later." And he put his arm around her walst. D'Artagnan's love for Kitty was little more than an idea of vengeance upon milady. The first use he made of the laftuence he had obtained over her was to endeavor to find out what had become of Mme. Benacleux. But the poor girl swore that she was entirely ignorant on that head, her mistress never admitting head, , her mistress never admitting her into half her secrets, only she be-

As to the cause which was near making milady lose the confidence of the cardinal. Kitty knew nothing about it. But this time D'Artagnan was better informed than she was. As he had seen milady on board a vessel at the moment he was leaving



England, he suspected that it was al

But what was clearest in all this was that the true hatred, the pro-found hatred, the inveterate hatred of milady was increased by his not hav-

ing killed her brother-in-law. The next evening after having left milady he found Kitty at, the gate and, as on the preceding evening, went up to her chamber. Kitty had been accused of negligence and con sequently everely scolded. Milady could not et all comprehend the si lence of the Count de Wardes, an she ordered Kitty to come at 9 o'clock

in the morning to take a third letter.

D'Artagn: made Kitty promise to bring him that letter on the following morning. The poor girl promised al her lover desired. She was mad. At 11 o'clock the next morning Kitty came to him. She held in her hand a fresh billet from milady. D'Artagnan opened the letter and

read as follows read as Iolioys:

This is the third time I have written to you to tell you that I love you. Beware that I do not write to you a fourth time to tell you that I detest you!

If you repent of the manner in which
you have acted toward me the young-girl
who brings you this will tell you how a
man of spirit may obtain his pardon. D'Artagnan colored and grew pale several times while reading this billet. "Oh, you love her still!" said Kitty,

"No. Kitty, -ou are mistaken. I do not love her. but I will revenge myself for her contempt of me." D'Artagnan took a pen and wrote:

who had not taken her eyes off the

Madame-Until the present moment I could not believe that it was to me your two first letters were addressed, so unworthy did I feel myself of such an honor. Besides, I was so seriously indisposed that I ceuld not in any case have replied to them. But now I am forced to believe in the excess of your kindness, since not only your letter, but your servant assures me that I have the good-fortune to be beloved

that I may be by you.

She has no occasion to teach me the way in which a man of spirit may obtain his pardon. I will come and ask mine at it o'clock this evening.

To delay it a single day would be in my eyes now to commit a fresh offense. He whom you have readered the happiest of men, This note was in the first place a forgery; it was likewise an indelicacy it was even, according to our presen

manners, something like an infamon [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Voluntary Tribute.
"Why do you insist on giving that man twice as much as he asked for his vegetables?" his vegetables?"
"Because," replied Mr. Whimmer, "I have tried gardening myself, and when a man has managed to get past cutworms, drought and all the rest of the

perils and actually produces a head of cabbage and a bunch of beets I want to do something to show my respect for him "- Washington Star. Ins and Outs of Matrimony, She makes him stay at home because
If she would go to town
She has to have him right at hand
To hook her in her gown,
And then when she comes back from town
He has to be about
To, when she holiers for him, come
Upstairs and hook her out.

Why He Restrained Himself.
"I noticed." his wife said, "that you didn't kiss the bride. How did it happen? I could understand it if she had been old or homely, but why did you stand back when she was so young and so beautiful?" "Weil." he replied, "I noticed that ou were noticing."

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all sores when all else fails,
res large hottle, with directi

my discontinuous and these beans, "Will you eat any of these beans, "Will you eat any of these beans, "Cousin Porthos?" said Mme. Coquenard in that tone which says, "Take my advice; don't touch them."

"Thank you, my dear cousin, I have no more appetite."

A general silence prevailed. Porticus was quite at a lons. The procureur repeated several times:

"Ah, Mme. Coquenard, accept my Kitty guessed what was passing in Kitty guessed what was passing in the control of th