

A Diplomatic Adventure

"Well," said I, laughing, "you escorted them to Belgium when we had that affair with Porthos."

"I!" exclaimed the count.

"Yes; Colonel Merton insisted on fighting in Belgium merely to enable us to get the papers out of France."

"Indeed! One man did suspect you, but it was too late."

"But Porthos?" cried the countess. "Delightful! Is that the baron?"

"Yes," laughed the count. "My cousin is to this day known as Porthos. But who took the papers? Not you?"

"No, D'Artagnan—I mean, Merton took them as far as Belgium, and then Lieutenant West and I carried them to London. D'Artagnan's share was a bad rapier-wound."

"D'Artagnan?" cried the countess. "That makes it complete."