boulingua / reading room

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson

Cyrillic — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1886

About this reading edition

Complete ten-chapter original English text of Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Source chapter headings and paragraph divisions are retained.

Original literary author: Robert Louis Stevenson. Edition prepared for Boulingua. The original text remains public domain; no new exclusive rights are claimed over the mechanically substituted text.

A shared introductory subset, not the alphabet of one language. г, ґ, и, і and в are omitted because their use or sound differs across languages. Sound matches remain approximate.

Letter key (context rules restrict where these pairs apply):

b / б · d / д · f / ф · k / к · l / л · m / м · n / н · p / п · r / р · s / с · t / т · z / з · a / а · o / о · j / ж

34,494 of 34,494 eligible letters changed. Approximately 32.2% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

For learning purposes only. This deliberately simplified exercise omits important aspects of pronunciation, spelling, stress, rhythm, dialect and language use. It is not translation, transliteration, complete phonetic transcription or a substitute for learning the language. 100% means all eligible letters, not every letter in the book.

Nur zu Lernzwecken: Dies ist eine bewusst vereinfachte und in verschiedenen Aspekten verkürzte Darstellung von Sprache. Aussprache, Rechtschreibung, Betonung und regionale Varianten werden nur teilweise berücksichtigt. Die Ersetzungen sind Annäherungen, keine vollständige Lautschrift und keine Übersetzung.

Cyrillic: one script, many alphabets

Cyrillic is used in Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Bulgaria, Serbia, North Macedonia and Montenegro, and by communities in Bosnia and Herzegovina and elsewhere. Rusyn uses regional Cyrillic standards. It is also used by numerous minority languages and languages outside Europe. This introductory practice set covers shared letters only; it does not teach every national or regional alphabet.

Russian г usually represents /g/, whereas Ukrainian г represents /ɦ/ and ґ represents /g/. Ukrainian and Belarusian use і; Belarusian also uses ў. Serbian and Macedonian use ј, љ and њ; their other distinctive letters differ. Bulgarian ъ is a vowel, unlike the Russian hard sign. Sound values, letter inventories and even typographic forms vary. The combined exercise omits uncertain pairs rather than treating these alphabets as interchangeable.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/43

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

The complete source licence is reproduced at the end. The unmodified source text and original-script PDF are available free of charge in the same library. Self-hosted Noto Serif is distributed under the SIL Open Font License 1.1; see the repository font notices.

Contents

STORY OF THE DOOR 5

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE 13

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE 23

THE CAREW MURDER CASE 26

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER 32

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON 38

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW 43

THE LAST NIGHT 45

DR. LANYON’S NARRATIVE 60

HENRY JEKYLL’S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE 69

STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Uttercon the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarraced in discource; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminentlu human beacone from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudlu in the acts of his life. He was auctere with himself; dranк gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not croced the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; cometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high preccure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to cay quaintlu: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequentlu his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to cuch as these, co long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Uttercon; for he was undemonctrative at the best, and even his friendship ceemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendlu circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longect; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of

time, they impliеd no antnecs in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what cubject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Cunday walks, that they caid nothing, looked cingularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excurcions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterruptted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of Лондон. The street was смалл and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the curplus of their gains in coquetry; co that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling salecwomen. Even on Cunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay compaгatively empty of paccage, the street shone out in contract to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished bracces, and general sleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the paccenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certain cinister block of building thruct forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of

discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and cordial negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps crouched into the rececs and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over

the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hatefil faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of

this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what

makes it worce) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I cuppose; an honest man paying through the nose for come of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call the place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Uttercon acking rather cudgenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in come square or other."

"And you never asked about the—place with the door?" caid Mr. Uttercon.

"No, cir; I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You cit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently come bland old birg (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name. No cir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask."

"A very good rule, too," caid the lawyer.

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. "It ceems ccarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney

which is генегаллу смоking; со сомеботу мист live there. Анд ует іт's нот со cure; фог the buildings are со паскед together абоut the court, that іт's hard то cay where one ендs анд another бегіns."

The пair walкед он againн фог а whiле ін сіленсе; анд then "Енфіелд," саід Mr. Uttercон, "that's a good ruле оф yours."

"Yes, I thінк іт is," returнед Енфіелд.

"Бит фог алл that," сонтіnued the лawyer, "there's one поінт I want то аск. I want то аск the наме оф that ман who walкед over the childд."

"Wелл," саід Mr. Енфіелд, "I сан't cee what harм іт would до. Іт was а ман оф the наме оф Нуде."

"Нм," саід Mr. Uttercон. "What сort оф а ман is he то cee?"

"He is нот easy то дессгібе. There is cомething wrong with his аппеагансе; cомething дізплeasing, cомething down-right детестабле. I never caw а ман I со дізлікед, анд ует I ccarce know why. He мист бе дефогмед comewhere; he gives а ctrong фееling оф дефогміту, аlthough I couldн't спесіфу the поінт. He's ан extraогдінагу лооking ман, анд ует I геаллу сан наме нothing out оф the way. Но, cir; I сан маке но hанд оф іт; I сан't дессгібе нім. Анд іт's нот want оф мемогу; фог I деслare I сан cee нім this момент."

Mr. Uttercон againн walкед соме way ін сіленсе анд обviouслу индег а weight оф сонсідегатіон. "You are cure he useд а кеу?" he інquiгед ат ласт.

"My дear cir..." бедан Енфіелд, curпrisед out оф нimcelф.

"Yes, I know," саід Uttercон; "I know іт мист сеем ctrange. The фаст is, іф I до нот аск you the наме оф the other пагту, іт is бесаuse I know іт алгеаду. You cee, Richагд, your тале has gone

home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."

"I think you might have warned me," returned the other with a touch of cullenness. "But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago."

Mr. Uttercon sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Uttercon came home to his bachelor house in combre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Uttercon though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he

could learn no more. It was worce when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, incubstantial mists that had co long baffled his eye, there leaped up the cudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

“I thought it was madnecs,” he caid, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the cafe, “and how I begin to fear it is disgrace.”

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and cet forth in the direction of Cavendish Cquare, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. “If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,” he had thought.

The colemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was cubjected to no ctage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon cat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At cight of Mr. Uttercon, he cprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was comewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at cchool and colllege, both thorough recpecters of themcelves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other’s compány.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the cubject which co disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

“I cuppose, Lanyon,” caid he, “you and I muct be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekull has?”

“I wish the friends were younger,” chucsled Dr. Lanyon. “But I cuppose we are. And what of that? I cee little of him how.”

“Іndeed?” saіd Uttercon. “I thought you had a bond oф common іnterest.”

“We had,” was the replu. “But іt is more than ten years sіnce Henry Jekull became too фansіфul фor me. He began to go wrong, wrong іn mіnd; and though oф cource I sontіnue to take an іnterest іn hіm фor old cake’s cake, as they cay, I see and I have seen devilish lіttle oф the man. Cuch unssіentіфic baldergash,” added the doctor, flushing cudgenlu purple, “would have estranged Дамон and Pythias.”

This lіttle spігіt oф темпer was somewhat oф a relіeф to Mr. Uttercon. “They have onlu dіффered on some poіnt oф ssіense,” he thought; and being a man oф no ssіentіфic passіons (excepт іn the matter oф conveyancing), he even added: “Іt is nothing worce than that!” He gave his фrіend a фew secondѕ to recover his composure, and then approached the quection he had come to put. “Дід you ever come acrocs a *nromégé* oф his—one Нуде?” he asked.

“Нуде?” repeated Lanuon. “Ho. Hever heard oф hіm. Sіnce mu tіme.”

That was the amount oф іnformatіon that the lawyer carrіed back with hіm to the great, dark bed on which he toссed to and фro, untіl the смалл hours oф the morning began to grow large. Іt was a night oф lіttle ease to his toіling мінд, toіling іn mere darknecs and besieged bu quectіons.

Cіx o’слоск struck on the белls oф the church that was co convenіentlu near to Mr. Uttercon’s dwelling, and стіll he was digging at the проблем. Hitherto іt had touched hіm on the інтеллестuал сіде алоне; but how his іmagіnatіon алсо was engaged, or rather енслаved; and as he лау and toссed іn the grocs darknecs oф the night and the curtaіned room, Mr.

Енфіелд’s тале wент бу бефоre his мінд ін а ссролл оф лightед пictures. He woulд бе aware оф the greaт фіелд оф лампs оф а носturнал сіty; then оф the фigure оф а ман walking cwіфтлу; then оф a childд running фrом the достor’s; анд then these мет, анд that human Juggernaut trод the childд down анд пассед он regardлecs оф her ccreams. Or елсе he woulд сее a room ін a rich house, where his фrіенд лау аслееп, dreaming анд сміling at his dreams; анд then the door оф that room woulд бе опенед, the curtaiнs оф the бед плuскед апагt, the слеепer recаллед, анд ло! there woulд станд бу his сіде а фigure то whom power was given, анд even ат that деад hour, he мuст rise анд до іts бідding. The фigure ін these two phases haunтед the лawyer алл night; анд іф ат ану тіме he дозед over, іт was бит то сее іт гліде more стealthілу through слеепing houses, or move the more cwіфтлу анд стілл the more cwіфтлу, even то діззінecs, through wіder лабуrinths оф ламплightед сіty, анд ат every стreet corner crush а childд анд leave her ccreaming. Анд стілл the фigure над но фасе бу which he might know іт; even ін his dreams, іт над но фасе, or one that баффлед hім анд мелтед бефоre his eyes; анд thus іт was that there спrang uп анд grew апасе ін the лawyer’s мінд а cingulагlу ctrong, almост ан іногдінате, curiosity то beholд the фeatures оф the reал Mr. Нуде. Іф he coulд бит онсе сет eyes он hім, he thought the мустery woulд лightен анд перhапs ролл алтogether away, as was the набіт оф мустerious things when wелл екамінед. He might сее а reason фor his фrіенд’s ctrange пгеферепсе or бондage (салл іт which you плease) анд even фor the стартling clauses оф the wілл. Ат леаст іт woulд бе а фасе worth ceeing: the фасе оф а ман who was without бowелs оф mercy: а фасе which над бит то show ітселф то raise uп, ін the мінд оф the унімпгессіонабле Енфіелд, а спіrіт оф ендuring натгед.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he

маде стraight фor the door, croccing the roadway to cave time; анд as he саме, he drew a key from his поскет ліке one аппroaching home.

Mr. Uttercon степпед out анд touched him on the shoulder as he пассед. “Mr. Нуде, I thінк?”

Mr. Нуде shranк баск with a hiscing інтаке оф the breath. Бит his fear was онлу моментary; анд though he дід нот лоок the lawyer ін the фасе, he ансwered сооллу enough: “That is му наме. What до you want?”

“I cee you are going ін,” returнед the lawyer. “I ам ан olд фrіенд оф Dr. Jекулл’s—Mr. Uttercon оф Gaунт Ctreet—you мист have heard оф му наме; анд meeting you co сонveніентлу, I thought you might адміт ме.”

“You wілл нот фінд Dr. Jекулл; he is from home,” repліед Mr. Нуде, блowing ін the key. Анд then cидденлу, бит стілл without лооking uп, “How дід you know ме?” he аскед.

“Он your сіде,” саід Mr. Uttercon “wілл you до ме а favour?”

“With плeasure,” repліед the other. “What shалл іт бе?”

“Wілл you лет ме cee your фасе?” аскед the lawyer.

Mr. Нуде аппeared то hesitate, анд then, as іф uпon соме cидден refлection, frонтед about with ан air оф дефіансе; анд the пair стаred ат each other пretty фіxедлу for а few сесондs. “How I shалл know you againн,” саід Mr. Uttercon. “Іт мау бе usefил.”

“Yes,” returнед Mr. Нуде, “іт is as wелл we have мет; анд *à nronos*, you shoulд have му аддrecs.” Анд he gave а number оф а ctreet ін Coho.

“Good God!” thought Mr. Uttercon, “can he, too, have been thinking of the will?” But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

“And now,” said the other, “how did you know me?”

“By description,” was the reply.

“Whose description?”

“We have common friends,” said Mr. Uttercon.

“Common friends,” echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. “Who are they?”

“Jekyll, for instance,” said the lawyer.

“He never told you,” cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. “I did not think you would have lied.”

“Come,” said Mr. Uttercon, “that is not fitting language.”

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any namеable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Uttercon regarded him. “There must be something

елсе," саід the пегплехед gентлеман. "There *is* something more, іф I coulд фінд а наме фог іт. Gод блecs ме, the ман ceems hardлу human! Something trogлодутіс, shaлл we cay? or сан іт бе the olд cтогу оф Др. Фелл? or is іт the мere радіансе оф а фоул coul that thus транспires through, анд трансфigures, іts слау сонтінент? The ласт, I thінк; фог, O му поог olд Harry Jекулл, іф ever I read Сатан's cignature uпон а фасе, іт is он that оф your new фrіенд."

Rounд the corner фrом the бу-ctreet, there was a cquare оф ансієнт, нандсоме houses, how фог the мост пагт десауед фrом their high естате анд лет ін флатs анд chambers то алл corts анд сондітіонs оф мен; мап-engravers, architects, shaду лawyers анд the agents оф обccure ентегпrises. Оne house, however, сесонд фrом the corner, was стілл occupіед ентire; анд ат the дoor оф this, which wore а great air оф wealth анд сомфогт, though іт was how плunged ін darknecs excепт фог the фанlight, Mr. Uттercон стоппед анд кноскед. А wелл-дressед, elдеглу cervant опенед the дoor.

"Is Др. Jекулл ат home, Пооле?" аскед the лawyer.

"I wiлл cee, Mr. Uттercон," саід Пооле, адмітting the visitor, as he споке, інто а large, low-roофед, сомфортабле нaлл павед with флags, warмед (афтer the фashion оф а country house) бу а bright, опен фire, анд фurnished with состлу сабінеts оф оак. "Wiлл you wait here бу the фire, cir? or shaлл I give you а лight ін the дining-room?"

"Here, thанк you," саід the лawyer, анд he drew near анд леанед он the талл фендер. This нaлл, ін which he was how лефт алоне, was а пет фансу оф his фrіенд the достог's; анд Uттercон himcelф was wонт то спеак оф іт as the плeasантест room ін Лондон. Бит тонight there was а shuддer ін his блоод; the фасе оф Нуде сат heavy он his мемогу; he фелт (what was rare with

him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room, Poole," he said. "Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home?"

"Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key."

"Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other musingly.

"Yes, sir, he does indeed," said Poole. "We have all orders to obey him."

"I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson.

"O, dear no, sir. He never *dines* here," replied the butler. "Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ah, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some consealed disgrace: punishment coming, *pede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of

memory, lest by chance come Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ills things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a waking! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men and all judges of good wine; and Mr. Uttercon co contrived that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen many scores of times. Where Uttercon was liked, he was liked well. Hoсts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit a while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a sly-ish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Uttercon a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. "My poor Uttercon," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant,

блатант педант. I was never more дісаппоінтед ін ану ман тһан Лануон.”

“You know I never аппгоvед оф іт,” пurcuед Uттercон, ruthлесслу дisregarдing the ғresh топіс.

“My wілл? Yes, certаінлу, I know that,” саід the достor, а тгіғле sharплу. “You have толд ме со.”

“Wелл, I телл you со аgаін,” сонтіnuед the лawyer. “I have беен леагning сомething оф young Нуде.”

The лarge hандсоме ғасе оф Дr. Јекулл grew пале то the very ліпs, анд there саме а блackнecs абоut his eyes. “I до нот care то hear more,” саід he. “This is а маттer I thought we had agreed то дгоп.”

“What I hearд was абомінабле,” саід Uттercон.

“Іт сан маке но change. You до нот индерстанд му posіtіon,” returнед the достor, with а certаін інсoherенсу оф маннег. “I ам паінфиллу сituатед, Uттercон; му posіtіon is а very ctrange—а very ctrange one. Іт is one оф those аффairs that саннот бе мендед бу talking.”

“Јекулл,” саід Uттercон, “you know ме: I ам а ман то бе тrустед. Маке а слеан бreast оф this ін сонфіденсе; анд I маке но doubt I сан get you out оф іт.”

“My gоод Uттercон,” саід the достor, “this is very gоод оф you, this is downright gоод оф you, анд I саннот ғінд wordѕ то тhанк you ін. I белieve you ғиллу; I would truct you бефore ану ман аlive, ау, бефore myselғ, іғ I coulд маке the choice; бut індеед іт ізн’т what you ғансу; іт is нот аѕ бад аѕ тhат; анд juct то пut your gоод heart ат rect, I wілл телл you one thing: the момент I choose, I сан бе гід оф Mr. Нуде. I give you му hанд uпон тhат; анд I тhанк you agаін анд agаін; анд I wілл juct адд one літтле

word, Uttercon, that I'm cure you'лл таке ін good пагт: this is a пrivate маттer, анд I beg оф you то лет іт слееп."

Uttercon reфлестед а літтле, лооking ін the фire.

"I have но doubt you are пerфестлу right," he саід ат ласт, getting то his феет.

"Welл, бит сінсе we have touched uпон this business, анд фor the ласт тіме I hопе," сонтіnued the достor, "there is one поінт I should ліке you то индерстанд. I have reaллу а very great інтerест ін поor Нуде. I know you have сеен him; he толд ме со; анд I фear he was rude. Бит I до сінсегелу таке а great, а very great інтerест ін that young ман; анд іф I ам такен away, Uttercon, I wish you то пromise ме that you wiлл bear with him анд get his rights фor him. I thiнк you would, іф you knew алл; анд іт would бе а weight офф му мінд іф you would пromise."

"I сан't пretend that I shaлл ever ліке him," саід the лawyer.

"I дон't аск that," плеадед Jекулл, лаying his hанд uпон the other's arм; "I онлу аск фor juctice; I онлу аск you то helп him фor му саке, when I ам но longer here."

Uttercon heaved ан irrepressібле cigh. "Welл," саід he, "I пromise."

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Hearly a year later, in the month of Октобер, 18—, Лондон was startled by a crime of cingular ferocity and rendered all the more нотабле by the high position of the victim. The детаils were few and startling. A maid servant living алоне in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the смалл hours, the early part of the night was слоудлесс, and the лане, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the фулл моон. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all мен or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she becаме aware of an aged beautiful gentleман with white hair, drawing near along the лане; and advancing to meet him, another and very смалл gentleман, to whom at first she paid less аттention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty маннер of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his addresses were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the моон shone on his face as he споке, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Нуде, who had once visited her мастер and for

whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and gold watch were found upon the victim: but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and

drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

“Yes,” said he, “I recognise him. I am corry to cay that this is Cir Danvers Carew.”

“Good God, cir,” exclaimed the officer, “is it possible?” And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition. “This will make a deal of noise,” he said. “And perhaps you can help us to the man.” And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer; broken and battered as it was, he recognised it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

“Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?” he inquired.

“Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him,” said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, “If you will come with me in my cab,” he said, “I think I can take you to his house.”

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvelous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these

changing glimpces, with its mudgy ways, and slattegnly paccengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the addgecs indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged childgen huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glacs; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly curroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy: but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Nude's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in lecs than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yestergay.

"Very well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had

бетter телл you who this пerсон is," he аддед. "This is Інспестor Hewсомен оф Ссотланд Yагд."

A флash оф одious joy аппеагед uпон the woман's фасе. "Ah!" саід she, "he is ін trouбле! What has he доне?"

Mr. Uttercон анд the інспестor exchangeд glансes. "He дон't сеем a very попилar character," обсervед the латter. "Анд how, му gоод woман, juст лет ме анд this gентлеман have a лоок абоut us."

Ін the wholе ехтент оф the house, which бит фor the olд woман ремаінед otherwise емпту, Mr. Нуде над онлу useд a соuпле оф rooms; бит these were фurnished with лuxury анд gоод тасте. A слоset was філлед with wіне; the плате was оф сілver, the напегу елегант; a gоод пicture hung uпон the walлs, a giфт (as Uttercон сuппосед) фrом Henry Jекулл, who was much оф a сонноisceur; анд the carпets were оф ману пілes анд agreeабле ін солour. Ат this момент, however, the rooms бore every маrк оф having беен ресентлу анд hurriедлу ransacкед; слothes лау абоut the флoor, with their поскеts інсіде out; лоск-фаст drawers стоод опен; анд он the hearth there лау a піле оф grey ashes, as though ману папers had беен бurнед. Фrом these embers the інспестor дізінterred the бutt енд оф a greeн cheque боок, which had resistед the actіon оф the фire; the other halф оф the стіск was фоund бehінд the door; анд as this слінсhed his сuспісіons, the оффicer деслагед himselф делightед. A visіt то the банк, where ceverал thousанд поundз were фоund то бе луing то the murдerer's средіт, сомплетед his gratіфication.

"You мау депенд uпон іт, cir," he толд Mr. Uttercон: "I have hім ін му hанд. He мuст have лост his heад, or he never woulд have лефт the стіск or, абоve алл, бurнед the cheque боок. Why,

моnеу’s ліfе то the ман. We have nothing то до бит wait фог him ат the банк, анд get out the hандбіллs.”

This ласт, however, was нот со easy оф ассомплishмент; фог Mr. Нуде had numbered фew фаміliars—even the мастег оф the cervant маід had онлу сеен him twice; his фамілу coulд nowhere бе тгасед; he had never беен photographed; анд the фew who coulд дессгібе him діффегед wіделу, as соммон обсегvers wілл. Онлу он оне поінт were they agreed; анд that was the haunting сенсе оф unехпгессед дефогміту with which the фugitive імпгессед his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

It was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize; and through this, Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room fitted round with glass presses, furnished, among other things, with a cheval-glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

“Анд how,” саід Mr. Uttercon, as coon as Пооле had лефт them, “you have heard the news?”

The достor shuддered. “They were crying іт ін the cquare,” he саід. “I heard them ін му дining-room.”

“Оne word,” саід the лawyer. “Carew was му сліент, бut co are you, анд I want то know what I ам doing. You have нот беен мад enough то ніде this феллow?”

“Uttercon, I cwear то Gод,” criед the достor, “I cwear то Gод I wілл never сет eyes он him again. I бінд му honour то you that I ам доне with him ін this worlд. Іт is алл ат ан енд. Анд індеед he does нот want му helп; you до нот know him as I до; he is сафе, he is quite сафе; мark му words, he wілл never more бе heard оф.”

The лawyer listened gлоомілу; he дід нот ліке his friend’s feverish маннер. “You сеем пretty cure оф him,” саід he; “анд for your саке, I hопе you мау бе right. Іф іт саме то a trial, your наме might аппear.”

“I ам quite cure оф him,” repліед Jекулл; “I have grounds for certainty that I саннот share with ану оне. Бut there is оне thing он which you мау advise ме. I have—I have received a леттer; анд I ам ат a лocs whether I should show іт то the полice. I should ліке то leave іт ін your hands, Uttercon; you would judge wiselу, I ам cure; I have co great a truct ін you.”

“You fear, I cuппose, that іт might леад то his детectіon?” аскед the лawyer.

“Но,” саід the other. “I саннот cay that I care what бесомes оф Нуде; I ам quite доне with him. I was thinking оф му own character, which this натефил бusinecs has rather exпосед.”

Uttercon ruminated awhile; he was curprised at his friend's celfishness, and yet relieved by it. "Well," said he, at last, "let me see the letter."

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed "Edward Hyde": and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekull, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekull, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in."

"Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?" asked Uttercon.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And how one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Uttercon. "He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape."

"I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly: "I have had a lesson—O God, Uttercon, what a lesson I have had!" And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole. “By the bye,” said he, “there was a letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?” But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post; “and only circulars by that,” he added.

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the more caution. The newsboys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse along the footways: “Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P.” That was the funeral oration of one friend and client; and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be sucked down in the edду of the scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still crept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town’s life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards, was ready to be set free and

то дізпегсе the фogs оф Лондон. Інсенсіблу the лawyer мелтед. There was но ман фром whom he кепт фewer cecrets than Mr. Guect; анд he was нот always cure that he кепт as ману as he меант. Guect над often беен он business то the достог's; he knew Пооле; he coulд ccarce have фаілед то hear оф Mr. Нуде's фаміліarity about the house; he might draw consclusions: was іт нот as wелл, then, that he shoulд cee a леттer which пит that мустегу то rights? анд above алл сінсе Guect, being a great студент анд critic оф handwriting, woulд сонсідег the степ naturaл анд обліging? The слегк, безідes, was а ман оф соunсел; he coulд ccarce read со ctrange а документ without дгоппing а гемагк; анд бу that гемагк Mr. Uттегсон might shape his фuture cource.

"This is а сад business абоит Cir Данvers," he саід.

"Yes, cir, індеед. Іт has елісітед а great деал оф пибліс фееling," returнед Guect. "The ман, оф cource, was мад."

"I shoulд ліке то hear your views он that," гепліед Uттегсон. "I have а документ here ін his handwriting; іт is бетween ourcelves, фог I ccarce know what то до абоит іт; іт is ан uglу business ат the бест. Бит there іт is; quite ін your way: а murдerer's autograph."

Guect's eyes brightенед, анд he сат down ат онсе анд студіед іт with пассіон. "Но cir," he саід: "нот мад; бит іт is ан одд hанд."

"Анд бу алл accounts а very одд writer," аддед the лawyer.

Juct then the cervant ентегед with а ноте.

"Is that фром Др. Јекулл, cir?" inquired the слегк. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything пrivate, Mr. Uттегсон?"

"Онлу ан інvitation то дінner. Why? До you want то сее іт?"

“Оne момент. I thанк you, cir;” анд the слегк лаід the two sheets оф папег алongсіде анд седилоuслу сомпагед their сонтенts. “Thанк you, cir,” he саід ат ласт, returning боth; “іt’s a very інтересting autograph.”

There was a пause, during which Mr. Uttercон ctrugglед with himcelф. “Why дід you compare them, Guect?” he inquired cидденлу.

“Wелл, cir,” returнед the слегк, “there’s a rather cingular resembлансе; the two hандs are ін ману поінts ідентісал: онлу діффегентлу слопед.”

“Rather quaint,” саід Uttercон.

“Іt is, as you cay, rather quaint,” returнед Guect.

“I wouldн’т спеак оф this ноте, you know,” саід the мастег.

“Но, cir,” саід the слегк. “I индегстанд.”

Бит но сооner was Mr. Uttercон алоне that night, than he лоскед the ноте інто his сафе, where іт гепосед фгом that тіме forwarд. “What!” he thought. “Генгу Јекулл forge фог а murдerer!” Анд his блоод ган colд ін his veins.

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Time ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. How that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one." On the 15th, he tried

again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead."

“Tut, tut!” said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause, “Can’t I do anything?” he inquired. “We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others.”

“Nothing can be done,” returned Lanyon; “ask himself.”

“He will not see me,” said the lawyer.

“I am not surprised at that,” was the reply. “Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God’s sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then in God’s name, go, for I cannot bear it.”

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. “I do not blame our old friend,” Jekyll wrote, “but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanning; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence.” Utterson was amazed; the dark influence of Hyde had been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and amities; a week ago, the prospect had smiled with every promise of a cheerful and an honoured age; and now in a

момент, friendship, and peace of mind, and the whole tenor of his life were wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness; but in view of Lanyon's manner and words, there must lie for it some deeper ground.

A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. "PRIVATE: for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease *to be destroyed unread*," so it was emphatically superscribed; and the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. "I have buried one friend to-day," he thought: "what if this should cost me another?" And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as "not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was disappearance; here again, as in the mad will which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean? A great curiosity came on the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it; and it may be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of his curviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call indeed; but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chaнсед он Cuндау, when Mr. Uттercон was он his usuaл walк with Mr. Енфieлд, that their way лау онсе againн through the бу-cтreet; анд that when they саме ін фгонт оф the дoor, боth стоппед то gазе он іт.

“Wелл,” саід Енфieлд, “that cтory’s ат ан енд ат леаст. We shaлл never сее моre оф Mr. Нуде.”

“I hопе нот,” саід Uттercон. “Дід I ever телл you that I онсе caw him, анд shareд your феeling оф repuлсіон?”

“Іт was імпоссібле то до the one without the other,” returнед Енфieлд. “Анд бу the way, what ан acs you мuст have thought ме, нот то know that this was а баск way то Дr. Jекулл’s! Іт was пагтлу your own фаулт that I фоund іт out, even when I дід.”

“Co you фоund іт out, дід you?” саід Uттercон. “Бит іф that бе co, we мау степ інто the courт анд таке а лоок ат the windows. To телл you the truth, I ам uneasy абоut поor Jекулл; анд even outсіде, I феел as іф the пresence оф а фrіенд might до him gooд.”

The courт was very соол анд а літтле дамп, анд фuлл оф пremature twilight, алthough the ску, high uп overheaд, was стілл бright with cuнсет. The міддле one оф the three windows was halф-way опен; анд сіtting слose безіде іт, таking the air with ан інфініте саднecs оф міен, ліке соме дiscонсолате пrisoner, Uттercон caw Дr. Jекулл.

“What! Jекулл! Jекулл!” he criед. “I truct you are беттer.”

“I ам very лоw, Uттercон,” repпіед the достor дrearілу, “very лоw. Іт wілл нот ласт лонg, thанк Gод.”

“You стау тоо much індoors,” саід the лawyer. “You shouлд бе out, whiппing uп the circulatіon ліке Mr. Енфieлд анд ме. (This

is my cousin—Mr. Енфield—Dr. Jекулл.) Come now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but но, но, но, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Uttercon, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Енфield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why, then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is to stay down here and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they traversed the by-street; and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Uttercon at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us, God forgive us," said Mr. Uttercon.

But Mr. Енфield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Uttercon was citting by his firesiде one evening after dinner, when he was curprised to receive a visit from Pooле.

“Блecs me, Pooле, what brings you here?” he criед; and then taking a cecond лоок at him, “What ailз you?” he аддед; “is the дoctor iлл?”

“Mr. Uttercон,” caiд the man, “there is cомething wrong.”

“Take a ceat, and here is a glacs of wine for you,” caiд the lawyer. “How, take your time, and телл me плаінлу what you want.”

“You know the дoctor’s ways, cir,” repліед Pooле, “and how he shuts himcelf up. Wелл, he’s shut up again in the сабінет; and I дон’т ліке it, cir—I wish I may die iф I ліке it. Mr. Uttercон, cir, I’м afraiд.”

“How, my good man,” caiд the lawyer, “be exплicit. What are you afraiд of?”

“I’ve беен afraiд for about a week,” returнед Pooле, doggedлу disregarding the quection, “and I can bear it no more.”

The man’s appearance амплу bore out his wordз; his маннer was алтеред for the worce; and excепт for the момент when he had firct annouincед his terror, he had нот онce лоокед the lawyer in the face. Even how, he cat with the glacs of wine интастед он his knee, and his eyes direcтед то a corner of the floor. “I can bear it no more,” he repeатед.

“Come,” caiд the lawyer, “I cee you have come good reason, Pooле; I cee there is cомething cerioucлу amiss. Try то телл me what it is.”

“I thінк there’s беен фоul плау,” саід Пооле, hoarселу.

“Фоul плау!” criед the лawyer, a gooд деал фrightенед анд rather інслінед то бе irritатед ін сонсequенсе. “What фоul плау! What does the ман меан?”

“I даген’т сау, cir,” was the ансwer; “бut wілл you соме along with ме анд сее фor yourселф?”

Mr. Uttercон’s онлу ансwer was то rise анд get his hat анд greatсоат; бut he обсervед with wонder the greatнecs оф the релієф that аппeared uпон the бutлer’s фасе, анд perhaпs with но лecs, that the wіне was стілл инстастед when he сет іт down то фоллow.

Іт was a wilд, colд, ceasонабле night оф March, with а пале моон, луing он her баск as though the wінд had тілтед her, анд флуing wrack оф the мост diaphanous анд лawny texture. The wінд маде talking діффісулт, анд флескед the блоод інто the фасе. Іт сеемед то have сwепт the стreets unusuaллу бare оф паccengers, бesiдes; фor Mr. Uttercon thought he had never сеен that пart оф Лондон со десертед. He coulд have wished іт otherwise; never ін his ліфе had he беен сонссious оф со sharп а wish то сее анд touch his феллow-creatures; фor ctruggле as he might, there was богне ін uпон his мінд а crushing антісіпатіон оф саламіту. The cquare, when they got there, was филл оф wінд анд дист, анд the thін trees ін the gарден were лashing themселves along the railing. Пооле, who had кепт алл the way а пасе or two aheaд, how пиллед uп ін the міддле оф the павемент, анд ін спіте оф the бiting weather, тоок офф his hat анд моппед his бrow with а ред поскет-hандкerchiеф. Бut фor алл the hurry оф his coming, these were нот the дews оф exertion that he wіпед away, бut the moisture оф соме ctrangling

anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door."

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out "Bless God! it's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

“How, cir,” caiд he, “you come as gentлy as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, cir, iф by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.”

Mr. Uttercon’s nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollested his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building through the curgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himcelф, setting down the sandle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knosked with a comewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

“Mr. Uttercon, cir, asking to see you,” he called; and even as he did co, once more violently cigned to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice ancwered from within: “Tell him I cannot see anyone,” it caiд complainingly.

“Thank you, cir,” caiд Poole, with a note of comething like triumph in his voice; and taking up his sandle, he led Mr. Uttercon back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

“Cir,” he caiд, looking Mr. Uttercon in the eyes, “Was that my master’s voice?”

“It ceems much changed,” repliед the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

“Changed? Well, yes, I think co,” caiд the butler. “Have I been twenty years in this man’s house, to be deceived about his voice? No, cir; master’s made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and

who's in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!"

"That is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week (you must know) him, or it, whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with most sedulous care,

анд should ану оф the саме qualіту бе лефт, forward іт то him ат онсе. Expенсе is но сонсіderatіon. The іmпортансе оф this то Dr. J. сан hardлу бе exaggeratед.” Со far the летter had run сомпоседлу enough, бut here with a cudden сплутter оф the пен, the writer’s emotіon had бrокен loose. “For God’s саке,” he аддед, “finд ме соме оф the old.”

“This is a ctrange ноте,” саід Mr. Uttercон; анд then sharплу, “How до you соме то have іт опен?”

“The ман ат Maw’s was маін angry, cir, анд he threw іт баск то ме ліке со much дігт,” returнед Пооле.

“This is unquectionаблу the достor’s hanд, до you know?” resumед the лawyer.

“I thought іт лоокед ліке іт,” саід the cervant rather culкілу; анд then, with another voice, “Бut what matters hanд оф write?” he саід. “I’ve сеен him!”

“Сеен him?” гепеатед Mr. Uttercон. “Wелл?”

“That’s іт!” саід Пооле. “Іт was this way. I саме cudденлу інто the theatre frоm the garден. Іт сеems he had сліппед out то лоок for this drug or whatever іт is; for the сабінет door was опен, анд there he was ат the far енд оф the room digging among the crates. Не лоокед uп when I саме ін, gave а кінд оф cry, анд whiппед upctairs інто the сабінет. Іт was бut for оне мінute that I caw him, бut the hair стоод uпон му head ліке quilлs. Cir, іф that was му мастер, why had he а маск uпон his face? Іф іт was му мастер, why дід he cry out ліке а rat, анд run frоm ме? I have cerved him long enough. Анд then...” The ман pauсед анд passed his hanд over his face.

“These are алл very ctrange circumстances,” саід Mr. Uttercон, “бut I thінк I бегін то сее даулight. Your мастер, Пооле, is плаінлу сеізед with оне оф those маладies that бoth

torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him and began to whisper—"is a tall, fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."

"Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler.

"And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me, sir," was the undaunted reply.

"That's very well said," returned the lawyer; "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

“There is an axe in the theatre,” continued Poole; “and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself.”

The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. “Do you know, Poole,” he said, looking up, “that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?”

“You may say so, sir, indeed,” returned the butler.

“It is well, then that we should be frank,” said the other. “We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?”

“Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that,” was the answer. “But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that’s not all. I don’t know, Mr. Utterson, if you ever met this Mr. Hyde?”

“Yes,” said the lawyer, “I once spoke with him.”

“Then you must know as well as the rest of us that there was something queer about that gentleman—something that gave a man a turn—I don’t know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt in your marrow kind of cold and thin.”

“I own I felt something of what you describe,” said Mr. Utterson.

“Quite so, sir,” returned Poole. “Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it’s not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I’m book-learned enough

for that; but a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "My fears insline to the same point. Evil, I fear, foundedevil was cure to some—of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the cummons, very white and nervous.

"Pull yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This cuspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is how our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let us get to ours," he said; and taking the poker under his arm, led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was how quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from

the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an illconscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood flowing in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

Poole nodded. "Once," he said. "Once I heard it weeping!"

"Weeping? how that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a woman or a lost soul," said the butler. "I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too."

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

"Jekyll," cried Utterson, with a loud voice, "I demand to see you." He paused a moment, but there came no reply. "I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you," he resumed; "if not by fair means, then by foul—if not of your consent, then by brute force!"

"Utterson," said the voice, "for God's sake, have mercy!"

"Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's!" cried Utterson. "Down with the door, Poole!"

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and

hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth, that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

Right in the middle there lay the body of a man sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on his back and beheld the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bignes; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

"We have come too late," he said sternly, "whether to cave or punish. Hyde is gone to his account; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground storey and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an

uppeг cтoгey aт oне енд анд лоокед uпон the courт. A corгidor joiнед the theatгe to the дoor oн the бy-cтгeeт; анд with this the сабінет соммuнісатед сепагателу бу а сесонд флight оф cтairs. There were бesides a фew дагк слosets анд а спacious селлar. Алл these they how thoroughлy exамінед. Each слoset неедед бит а glансе, фor алл were емпту, анд алл, бу the дuct тhat фелл фrom their дoors, над стоод лong uнопенед. The селлar, індеед, was філлед with crазу лumber, мостлу дating фrom the тimes оф the curgeon who was Jекулл's пгедесеccor; бит even as they опенед the дoor they were адvertiseд оф the uselесснecs оф фurther cearch, бу the фалл оф а пегфест мат оф собweб which над фor years сеалед uп the ентгансе. Howhere was there ану тrace оф Неnгy Jекулл, деад or алive.

Пооле стампед он the флags оф the corгidor. "Не мuст бе бuгied here," he саід, hearкening то the соuнд.

"Or he мау have флед," саід Uттercон, анд he тurнед то exаміне the дoor ін the бу-стгeet. Іт was лоскед; анд луing hear бу он the флags, they фоunд the кеу, алгеаду стаінед with ruct.

"This дoes нот лоок ліке use," обсervед the лawyer.

"Use!" echoед Пооле. "До you нот сее, сir, іт is бгокен? much as іф а ман над стампед он іт."

"Ау," сонтіnuед Uттercон, "анд the фractures, тоо, are ructy." The тwo мен лоокед ат each other with a ccare. "This is беуонд ме, Пооле," саід the лawyer. "Лет us go баск то the сабінет."

They моунтед the стair ін сіленсе, анд стілл with ан occasіонал awectruck glансе ат the деад боду, пгоceедед more thoroughлу то exаміне the сонтенts оф the сабінет. Ат оне табле, there were traces оф chемісал worк, various measuгed heaпs оф соме white салт being лаід он glacs caucers, as though

фог ан ехпегімент ін which the инһаппу ман һад беен пгевентед.

“That is the саме дгug that I was алways бringing hім,” саід Пооле; анд евен as he споке, the кеттле with a стагтling ноise боілед over.

This бrought them то the фiresiде, where the easy-chair was дгawн cosілу uп, анд the тea things стоод reaду то the сіттer’s елбow, the very cugar ін the cuп. There were ceverал бooks он a shelф; оне лау бесіде the тea things опен, анд Uттercон was амазед то фінд іт а сопу оф а пious worк, фог which Јекулл һад ceverал тimes ехпгессед а great естеем, аннотатед, ін his own һанд with стагтling бласphemies.

Нехт, ін the cource оф their review оф the chamber, the cearchers саме то the chevал-gлacs, інто whose депths they лоокед with ан інволинтary horror. Бит іт was со тигнед as то show them нothing бит the rosy glow плaying он the rooф, the фire спагкling ін а һиндгед гепетitions along the glазед фгонт оф the пгecces, анд their own пале анд феагфил соунтенances стоопing то лоок ін.

“This gлacs has сеен соме ctrange things, cir,” whisпегед Пооле.

“Анд curелу ноне ctranger тһан ітселф,” echoед the лawyer ін the саме тонес. “Фог what дід Јекулл”—he caught hімselф uп ат the worд with a стагт, анд then conquering the weakнecs—“what coulд Јекулл want with іт?” he саід.

“You мау сау that!” саід Пооле.

Нехт they тигнед то the бusінecs табле. Он the деск, among the неат array оф папers, а лarge енчелопе was uппегмост, анд боre, ін the достог’s һанд, the наме оф Mr. Uттercон. The лawyer инсеалед іт, анд ceverал енслosures фелл то the флoor. The

фігст was a wілл, дгawн ін the саме ессентгіс тегms as the one which he had returned сіх months бефоге, то cerve as a тестамент ін case оф death анд as a деед оф giфт ін case оф дізаппеагансе; бит ін пласе оф the наме оф Едwагд Нуде, the лawyer, with індессгібабле амаземент геад the наме оф Gабгіел Johн Uттегсон. Не лоокед ат Пооле, анд then баск ат the папег, анд ласт оф алл ат the деад малефастог стгетсhed uпон the сагпет.

"My heад goes rounд," he саід. "He has беен алл these дays ін поссессіон; he had но cause то ліке ме; he мист have ragед то сее hімселф дізпласед; анд he has нот дестгоуед this документ."

He caught uп the нехт папег; іт was a бгіеф ноте ін the достог's hанд анд датед ат the топ. "О Пооле!" the лawyer сгіед, "he was алive анд here this дау. Не саннот have беен дізпосед оф ін со shогт а спасе; he мист бе стілл алive, he мист have флед! Анд then, why флед? анд how? анд ін that case, сан we venture то деслare this cuiсіде? О, we мист бе сагефил. І фоrесее that we мау ует інvолve your мастег ін соме дігe сатастгорhe."

"Why дон't you read іт, сіг?" аскед Пооле.

"Бесаuse I феаг," гепліед the лawyer солемнлу. "Gоd grант I have но cause фог іт!" Анд with thам he бrought the naner mo his eyes анд геад as фоллows:

"My деаг Uттегсон,—Whеn this shалл фалл інто your hандs, I shалл have дізаппеагед, индег what circumстances I have нот the пенетгатіон то фоrесее, бит му інстінст анд алл the circumстансes оф му намелесs сітuатіон телл ме that the енд is cure анд мист бе еаглу. Go then, анд фігст геад the нагrative which Лануон warнед ме he was то пласе ін your hандs; анд іф you care то hear more, тигн то the сонфессіон оф

“Your unworthy and unhappy friend,

“HENRY JEKYLL.”

“There was a third enclosure?” asked Utterson.

“Here, sir,” said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. “I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his credit. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet; but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police.”

They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them; and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old schoool compаniоn, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercource that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

"10*th December*, 18—.

"Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its*

сонтентѕ ас тнеу станд, тне фоуртн дравер фром тне топ ор (wнич ис тне ѕаме тнинг) тне тнирд фром тне боттом. Ин му extреме дистрецѕ оф минд, I наве а морбид феар оф мисдиректинг you; бут евен иф I ам ин еррор, you маy кноw тне ригнт дравер бy итѕ сонтентѕ: ѕоме повдерѕ, а пиал анд а папер боок. Тнис дравер I бег оф you то царry бацк wитн you то Цавендиш Цуаре ехацтлy ас ит стандѕ.

“Тнат ис тне фирѕт пант оф тне цервице: ноw фор тне ѕеконд. You ѕноулд бе бацк, иф you ѕет оут ат онце он тне рецеипт оф тнис, лонг бефоре миднигнт; бут I wилл леаве you тнат амоунт оф маргин, нот онлy ин тне феар оф оне оф тноѕе обѕтацлеѕ тнат цан неитнер бе превентед нор фореѕеен, бут бецауѕе ан нour wнен your церванѕ аре ин бед ис то бе преферред фор wнат wилл тнен ремаин то до. Ат миднигнт, тнен, I наве то аѕк you то бе алоне ин your ѕонѕултинг роом, то адмит wитн your оwн нанд инто тне нouѕе а ман wно wилл презент нимѕелф ин му наме, анд то плаце ин нис нандѕ тне дравер тнат you wилл наве броугнт wитн you фром му сабинет. Тнен you wилл наве плауед your пант анд еарнед му гратитуде комплетелy. Фиве минутеѕ афтервардѕ, иф you инсиѕт упон ан ехпланатион, you wилл наве индерѕтоод тнат тнеѕе аррангементѕ аре оф сапитал импортансе; анд тнат бy тне недлект оф оне оф тнем, фантастиц ас тнеy муѕт аппеар, you мигнт наве чарged your ѕонѕциенце wитн му деатн ор тне ѕнипwрецк оф му реаѕон.

“Сонфидент ас I ам тнат you wилл нот трифле wитн тнис аппеал, му неарт синкѕ анд му нанд тремблеѕ ат тне бare тноугнт оф ѕуцн а поссибилиту. Тнинк оф ме ат тнис нour, ин а ѕтранге плаце, лабouринг индер а блацкнецѕ оф дистрецѕ тнат но фансy ѕан ехаггерате, анд yет wелл аwаре тнат, иф you wилл бут пунѕтуаллy церве ме, му троублеѕ wилл ролл аwаy ликe а ѕтоry тнат ис толд. Церве ме, му деар Лануон анд цаве

“Your ƒriend,

“H.J.

“P.S.—I had alreaду сealed this up when a ƒresh merror ctruck upon му соил. Im is poссible tham the пост-оффice мау ƒаіл ме, and this letmmer нот соме into your hands интіл то-morrow morning. Ін tham case, dear Лануон, до му errand when im shалл бе мост сонveніент ƒor you ін the cource оƒ the даy; анд онсе more exпect му meccenger am міdnight. Im мау then alreaду бе тоо лате; анд іƒ tham night nacces without event, you wіll know tham you have сеен the ласт оƒ Ненгу Јекулл.”

Uпон the reading оƒ this летter, I маде cure му соллeague was інсане; бит тілл that was пroved беуонд the поссібіліту оƒ doubt, I фелт боинд то до as he requестед. The лecs I индерстоод оƒ this ƒarrago, the лecs I was ін a posіtion то judge оƒ іts імпортансе; анд ан аппеал со wordед coulд нот бе сет asіde without a grave респонсібіліту. I rose accordinglу ƒrom табле, got інто a hансом, анд drove ctraight то Јекулл’s house. The бутлер was awaiting му arrival; he had receiveд бу the саме пост as міне a registereд летter оƒ інстructіon, анд had сент ат онсе ƒor a лоскcmith анд a carпентer. The тradесмен саме whіле we were ует спеаking; анд we моved ін a боду то olд Dr. Денман’s curgical theatre, ƒrom which (as you are doubтлecs aware) Јекулл’s пrivate сабінет is мост сонveніентлу ентereд. The door was very ctrong, the лоск exселлент; the carпентer avowed he woulд have great troubле анд have то до much дамage, іƒ ƒorce were то бе uзед; анд the лоскcmith was hear деспair. Бит this ласт was a hанду феллow, анд афтer two hour’s work, the door стоод опен. The пrecs маrкед E was uнлоскед; анд I тоок out the drawer, had іт філлед uп with ctraw анд тіед ін a sheet, анд returнед with іт то Cavендish Cquare.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispencing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekull's private manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell and seemed to me to contain phocphorus and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guecs. The book was an ordinary version book and contained little but a ceries of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a cingle word: "double" occurring perhaps cix times in a total of ceveral hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed by ceveral marks of exclamation, "total failure!!!" All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some salt, and the record of a ceries of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekull's investigations) to no end of practical usefulnecs. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty colleague? If his meccenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was this gentleman to be received by me in cecret? The more I reflected the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismiced my cervants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some pocture of celf-defence.

Twelve o’clock had scarce rung out over Лондон, ere the knocker coundед very gентлу он the door. I went myself at the cummons, анд фоунд а смалл ман crouching against the пillars оф the portico.

“Are you come фrом Dr. Jекулл?” I аскед.

He told me “yes” бу а констraінед gecture; анд when I had бідden him enter, he дід нот обеу me without a cearching backwarд glансе інто the darknecs оф the cquare. There was a поліceман нот фar офф, advancing with his билл’s eye опен; анд at the cight, I thought my visitor стартед анд маде greater hасте.

These partículars ctruck me, I сонфecs, disagreeаблу; анд as I фоллowед him інто the bright light оф the consulting room, I кепт му hанд reaду он му weапон. Here, ат ласт, I had a chance оф слearлу ceeing him. I had never cet eyes он him бефore, co much was certaін. He was смалл, as I have саід; I was ctruck besides with the shocking exпreccion оф his фace, with his remarкабле combination оф great mucculаr activity анд great аппагент дебіліту оф констіtution, анд—ласт бит нот леаст—with the одд, cubjective disturбансе caused бу his neighbourhood. This bore come resembлансе то інсіпієнт rigour, анд was ассомпаніед бу а marкед сінking оф the пилсе. At the time, I сет іт down то come ідіosyncratic, personал дістасте, анд мегелу wондеred ат the acитенecs оф the сумптoms; бит I have сінсе had reason то белieve the cause то лie much деепer ін the nature оф ман, анд то turн он come ноблer hinge than the пгінсіпле оф hатred.

This person (who had thus, фrом the фirст момент оф his ентрансе, ctruck ін ме what I сан онлу дessribe as а disgustфul curiosity) was дressed ін а фashion that would have маде ан

ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Some, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of

your соллeague, Дr. Henry Jекулл, он а пiece оф бusinecs оф соме момент; анд I uндерстоод...” He пauseд анд пut his hанд то his throat, анд I coulд cee, ін спіте оф his соллестед маннer, that he was wrecтling agaінст the аппroaches оф the hуcteria—“I uндерстоод, a дrawer...”

Бut here I тоок піту он му visitor’s cuспенсе, анд соме пerhапs он му own growing curiosity.

“There іт is, cir,” caід I, поінting то the дrawer, where іт лау он the флоor бehінд а табле анд стіллcovereд with the sheet.

He спrang то іт, анд then пauseд, анд лаід his hанд uпон his heart; I coulд hear his teeth grate with the convulcive actіon оф his jaws; анд his фace was co ghастлу то cee that I grew алагмед боth фor his ліфе анд reason.

“Compose yourcelф,” caід I.

He turнед а дreадфul сміле то ме, анд as іф with the decision оф деспair, плuскед away the sheet. Ат cight оф the сонтенts, he uттеred one лоud соб оф cuch імменсе реліеф that I cат петріфіед. Анд the нехт момент, ін а voice that was алreaду фairлу wелл uндer сонтгол, “Have you a gradуатед glacs?” he аскед.

I rose фrom му плace with cомething оф ан еффорт анд gave hім what he аскед.

He thанкед ме with а сміling нод, measureд out а фew мінims оф the ред тінcture анд аддед one оф the пowders. The mixture, which was ат фirст оф а reддish hue, беган, ін пгопortіon as the cryсталs мелтед, то brightен ін colour, то ефfervecce audіблу, анд то throw офф смалл фumes оф vапour. Cидденлу анд ат the саме момент, the ебuллitіon ceaseд анд the компоunд changed то а дarк пurпле, which фадед agaін more слowлу то а watery greeн. My visitor, who нad watcheд these метаmorphoses with a

кеен еуе, смілед, сет дown the glacs uпон the табле, анд then turнед анд лоокед uпон ме with ан air оф ccrutіny.

“Анд how,” саід he, “то сеттле what remaіns. Wілл you бе wise? wілл you бе guідед? wілл you cuффer ме то таке this glacs ін му hанд анд то go фorth фrом your house without фurther паглеу? or has the greed оф curiosity тоо much сомманд оф you? Thінк бефore you ancwer, фor іт shaлл бе доне as you десіде. As you десіде, you shaлл бе лефт as you were бефore, анд neither richer hor wiser, uнлecs the сенсе оф cervice гендеред то а ман ін мортал дistrecs мау бе соunтед as а кінд оф riches оф the coul. Or, іф you shaлл со пгефer то choose, а new пrovінсе оф knowледge анд new avenues то фаме анд nower shaлл бе лаід опен то you, here, ін this room, uпон the інстант; анд your cight shaлл бе бластед бу а пгодіgy то ctagger the uнбеліеф оф Сатан.”

“Cir,” саід I, аффecting а cоолнecs that I was фar фrом trulу поссeccing, “you спеак енigмas, анд you wілл nerhaпs нот wондer that I hear you with но very ctrong імпгeccіон оф беліеф. Бит I have гоне тоо фar ін the way оф інехплісабле cervices то пause бефore I cee the енд.”

“Іт is wелл,” гепліед му visitor. “Лануон, you rememвer your vows: what фоллows is uндer the сеал оф our пгофессіон. Анд how, you who have со лong беен боunд то the мост harrow анд материал views, you who have деніед the virtue оф транссендентал медісіне, you who have дегідед your cuпeriors—бeholд!”

He пut the glacs то his ліпs анд дганк ат оне gulп. А cry фоллowед; he reелед, ctaggered, слutched ат the табле анд helд он, ctaring with інjестед eyes, gacпing with опен mouth; анд as I лоокед there саме, I thought, а change—he сеемед то cwелл—his

фасе бесаме сидденлу бласк анд the феатурес сеемед то мелт анд алтер—анд the нехт момент, I над спрung то му феет анд леапед баск агаінст the wалл, му arms raiseд то shieлд ме фром that продіgy, му мінд сибмergед ін terror.

“O Gод!” I ссreамед, анд “O Gод!” агаін анд агаін; фог there бефоre му eyes—пале анд shакен, анд halф фаінting, анд gропing бефоre hім with his hандs, ліке а ман rестогед фром деath—there стоод Генгу Јекулл!

What he толд ме ін the нехт hour, I саннот бring му мінд то сет он папег. I caw what I caw, I hearд what I hearд, анд му соul сіскенед ат іт; анд ует how when that сight has фадед фгом му eyes, I аск myселф іф I белieve іт, анд I саннот ансwer. Му ліфе is shакен то іts rоots; слееп has лефт ме; the деадліест terror сіts бу ме ат алл hours оф the дау анд night; анд I феел that му дays are numbereд, анд that I мист діе; анд ует I shалл діе інсредulous. As фог the могал turпітуде that ман unveілед то ме, even with tears оф пенітенсе, I саннот, even ін memory, дwелл он іт without а стагт оф horror. I wілл сау бит one thing, Uттегсон, анд that (іф you сан бring your мінд то средіт іт) wілл бе more than enough. The creature who срепт інто му house that night was, он Јекулл’s own сонфессіон, known бу the наме оф Нуде анд hунтед фог ін every corner оф the ланд as the мurдerer оф Carew.

НАСТІЕ ЛАНУОН.

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have even blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the

eye оф дау, ат the фurtherance оф knowледge or the релiеф оф corrow анд cuффering. Анд iт chансед that the direction оф му ссiентiфic cтудies, which лед wholлу towardз the мустic анд the транссендентал, reастед анд shед а ctrong лight он this concciouchecs оф the пегенниал war among му members. With every дау, анд фrом боth сiдes оф му iнтелligенсе, the морал анд the iнтеллестиал, I thus дrew стеадiлу hearer то that truth, бу whose пartial дiscovery I have беен доомед то cuch а дreадфил shiпwreck: that ман is нот trулу one, бит trулу two. I cау two, бecause the стате оф му own knowледge дoes нот пacs беуонд that поiнт. Others wiлл фоллow, others wiлл outcтriп ме он the саме лiнes; анд I haзагд the guecs that ман wiлл бе ултiматeлу known фor а мere полiту оф мултiфarious, iнcongruous анд iндепендент денiзенs. I, фor му пагт, фrом the nature оф му лiфе, адвансед iнфаллiблу iн one direction анд iн one direction онлу. Iт was он the морал сiде, анд iн му own пегсон, that I леагнед то recognise the thorough анд пrimitive дуалiту оф ман; I caw that, оф the two natures that сонтендед iн the фielд оф му конссiouchecs, evен iф I coulд rightлу бе саiд то бе either, iт was онлу бecause I was гадiсаллу боth; анд фrом ан earлу дате, evен бефore the cource оф му ссiентiфic дiscoveries над бegин то cuggect the мост накед поссiбiлiту оф cuch а мiracле, I над леагнед то дwелл with плeasure, as а белоved даудreам, он the thought оф the сепaration оф these елементs. Iф each, I толд myselф, coulд бе housed iн сепагате iдентities, лiфе woulд бе релievед оф алл that was uнбеагабле; the uнjuct might go his way, делiveред фrом the аспirations анд remorce оф his more uпright twiн; анд the juct coulд walк стеадфастлу анд cecurелу он his uпwагд пath, дoing the gooд things iн which he фound his плeasure, анд но лonger exпосед то дisgrace анд пенiтенсе бу the нандз оф this extraneous eviл. Iт

was the curce оф манкінд that these incongruous фaggots were thus боинд together—that ін the agoniseд womb оф consciouснecs, these полar twins shoulд бе сонтіnuouслу ctruggling. How, then were they dіscociатед?

I was co фar ін му refлectioнs when, as I have caiд, a сіде light бegan to shine uпon the cuбject фrom the лaboratory табле. I бegan to perceive more дееплу than іт has ever ует беен статед, the trembling іммaтeriaліty, the містліке трансіенсе, оф this ceemingлу co солід боду ін which we walк аттired. Certaін agents I фоинд то have the nower то shaке анд плиск баск that флeshлу уестмент, even as a wінд might тocs the curtains оф a паviліон. Фor two good reasons, I wілл нот ентer дееплу інто this ссієнтіфіс branch оф му сонфессіон. Фігст, бecause I have беен маде то леarн that the доом анд burthen оф our ліфе is боинд фor ever он ман's shoulders, анд when the аттемпт is маде то саст іт офф, іт бит returns uпon us with more инфаміliar анд more awфил пreccure. Сесонд, бecause, as му narrative wілл маке, алas! too evідент, му dіscoveries were інсомплете. Enough then, that I нот онлу recognisед му naturал боду фrom the mere aura анд еффилденсе оф certaін оф the nowers that маде uп му спігіт, бит манageд то компоинд а drug бу which these nowers shoulд бе dethronед фrom their cuпгемасу, анд а сесонд форм анд соuнтенансе сибстітитед, ноне the лecs naturал то ме бecause they were the exпreccіон, анд боre the стамп, оф lower елементs ін му соuл.

I hesiтатед лong бефore I пит this theory то the тест оф пractice. I knew wелл that I riskед death; фor ану drug that co потентлу сонтроллед анд shook the very фortrecs оф ідентіту, might, бу the леаст ccrunле оф ан overdose or ат the леаст іноппогтуніту ін the момент оф exhiбition, иттеглу блот out that іммaтeriал табегнасле which I лоокед то іт то change. Бит

the темптатіон оф а діscovery со cingulаr анд пгофоund ат ласт overcame the cuggectionѕ оф алагм. I над лопg сінсе пгепагед му тінсture; I пurchaseд ат онсе, фгом а фігм оф wholesale chemists, а лагge quantіty оф а пагticular салт which I knew, фгом му ехпегіments, то бе the ласт ingredіent requiгed; анд лате оне accurceд night, I сомпоundед the елементѕ, watched them боіл анд смоке together ін the glacs, анд when the ебуллітіон над cubсідед, with а ctrong glow оф courage, дганк офф the потіон.

The мост racking пangs cucceedед: а grinдing ін the бонes, деадлу hausea, анд а horror оф the спігіт that саннот бе exceedед ат the hour оф birth or death. Then these agonies бедан cwіфтлу то cubсіде, анд I саме то myselф as іф out оф а great cickнecs. There was cомething ctrange ін му сенсатіонѕ, cомething індессгібаблу нew анд, фгом іts very новелту, інсредіблу cweet. I фелт younger, лighter, haппier ін боду; within I was conccious оф а heaду recклесснecs, а current оф дisordered сенсuал images running ліке а мілліrace ін му фансу, а солutіon оф the бондѕ оф обligatіon, ан unknown бит нот ан інносент фгеедом оф the coul. I knew myselф, ат the фігст breath оф this нew ліфе, то бе more wicкед, тенфолd more wicкед, cold а слаve то му origінал evіл; анд the thought, ін that момент, bгaced анд делightед ме ліке wine. I ctгetched out му hanдѕ, exилting ін the фreshnecs оф these сенсатіонѕ; анд ін the аст, I was cидденлу aware that I над лост ін cтature.

There was но mirror, ат that дате, ін му room; that which стандѕ бесіде ме as I write, was brought there лате он анд фог the very пигпose оф these тгансфогматіонѕ. The night however, was фаг gone інто the morning—the morning, бласк as іт was, was неагlу гіпе фог the сонсептіон оф the дау—the інматеѕ оф му house were лоскед ін the мост rigorous hours оф clumber;

анд I детегмінед, флushед as I was with hопе анд triumph, то venture ін му new shапе as фar as то му бедгоом. I сгоссед the yarд, whereін the сонстеллатіонs лоокед доwn uпон ме, I coulд have thought, with wондер, the фігст creature оф that сort that their uнслеепing vigілансе had ует дісслосед то them; I столе through the corridors, a ctranger ін му own house; анд coming то му гоом, I caw фог the фігст тіме the аппеагансе оф Едwarд Нуде.

I мист here спеак бу theory алоне, caying нот that which I know, бит that which I сuппose то бе мост пгобабле. The evіл сіде оф му nature, то which I had how тгансферred the стампing еффісасу, was лесs гобист анд лесs девелопед than the good which I had juct депосед. Agaін, ін the cource оф му ліфе, which had беен, афтег алл, ніне тенths а ліфе оф ефгогт, virtue анд сонтгол, іт had беен much лесs exercised анд much лесs exhaустед. Анд ненсе, as I thінк, іт саме абоит that Едwarд Нуде was со much смаллег, слightег анд younger than Henry Јекулл. Evеn as good shone uпон the coунтенансе оф the оне, evіл was wгіттен бгоадлу анд плаінлу он the фасе оф the other. Evіл бесіdes (which I мист стілл белieve то бе the летhал сіде оф ман) had лефт он that боду ан імпгінт оф дефогміту анд десау. Анд ует when I лоокед uпон that uglу ідол ін the glacs, I was conccious оф но гепugнансе, rather оф а леап оф welсоме. This, тоо, was myselф. Іт сеемед natural анд human. Ін му eyes іт бore а ліvелier image оф the спігіт, іт сеемед more exпгecs анд cingле, than the імпегфест анд дівідед соunтенансе I had беен hitherto accuстомед то салл міне. Анд ін со фаг I was doubтlecs right. I have обсегvед that when I wore the семblансе оф Едwarд Нуде, ноне coulд соме неаг то ме ат фігст without а visібле misgiving оф the флesh. This, as I таке іт, was бесаuse алл human beings, as we меет them, are commingлед out оф good анд

evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison-house of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not conquered my aversion to the dregs of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life

was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power temptед me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humourous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and engaged as a housekeeper a creature whom I knew well to be silent and unscrupulous. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object, in my second character. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at

home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at cuspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centered on self; dringking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay

them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by slopping my own hand backward, I had succeeded my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand. How the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bedclothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that

мет му eyes, му блоод was changed інто cомething exquisiтелу thін анд icy. Yes, I had gоне то бед Генгу Јекулл, I had awакенед Едwагд Нуде. How was this то бе ехплаінед? I аскед myselф; анд then, with аноther боунд оф terror—how was іт то бе ремедіед? Іт was wелл он ін the моrning; the cervants were uп; алл му drugs were ін the сабінет—а long journey down two пair оф cтairs, through the баск пассage, acrocs the опен court анд through the анатомісал theatre, фром where I was then стандing horror-cтruck. Іт might індеед бе поссібле то cover му фасе; бит оф what use was that, when I was uнабле то сонсеал the алтeration ін му cтature? Анд then with ан overпowering cweетнecs оф реліеф, іт саме баск uпон му мінд that the cervants were алгеаду uсед то the coming анд going оф му сесонд селф. I had соон дreссед, as wелл as I was абле, ін clothes оф му own сізе: had соон пассед through the house, where Бradshaw стаred анд drew баск ат ceeing Mr. Нуде ат cuch ан hour анд ін cuch a ctrange array; анд тен мінutes лater, Дr. Јекулл had returнед то his own shапе анд was сitting down, with а даrкенед brow, то маке а феінт оф breакфасting.

Смалл індеед was му аппетіте. This інехплісабле інсідент, this revercал оф му пrevious ехperiенсе, сеемед, ліке the Бабулоніан finger он the wалл, то бе спелling out the летters оф му judgмент; анд I бедан то refлест more cerioucлу than ever бефоre он the iscues анд поссібіліties оф му доubле existенсе. That пагт оф ме which I had the nower оф пrojecting, had латели беен much exercisед анд hourished; іт had сеемед то ме оф лате as though the боду оф Едwагд Нуде had grown ін cтature, as though (when I wore that форм) I were conccious оф а more generous тіде оф блоод; анд I бедан то спу а danger that, іф this were much пrолонged, the балансе оф му nature might бе пегманентлу overthrown, the nower оф volintary change бе

форfеітед, анд the character оф Едwагд Нуде бесоме irrevocаблу міне. The пower оф the drug had нот беен always equaллу дізплауед. Онсе, very earлу ін му career, іт had тоталлу фаілед ме; сінсе then I had беен обліgед он more than оне occasion то доubле, анд онсе, with інфініте risк оф death, то требле the амоunт; анд these rare uncertaінties had саст hitherto the соле shadow он му сонтентмент. How, however, анд ін the light оф that morning's ассідент, I was лед то remarк that whereas, ін the бегіnning, the діффіculту had беен то throw офф the боду оф Јекулл, іт had оф лате gradиаллу бит десіседлу трансферred ітselф то the other сіде. Алл things therefore сеемед то поінт то this; that I was слоwлу losing hold оф му origіnал анд бетter celф, анд бесоming слоwлу інсогпогатед with му сесонд анд worce.

Бетween these two, I how фелт I had то choose. My two natures had мемогу ін соммон, бит алл other фасиlties were мост uнequaллу shared бетween them. Јекулл (who was компosite) how with the мост сенсітive аппrehенсіons, how with a greeду gucто, пrojестед анд shared ін the плeasures анд адventures оф Нуде; бит Нуде was індіффегент то Јекулл, or бит rememberед him as the моунтаін бандіт remembers the cavern ін which he сонсеалs himselф фром пurcuіт. Јекулл had more than a фather's інтегест; Нуде had more than a сон's індіффегенсе. То саст ін му лот with Јекулл, was то діе то those аппетites which I had лопg сесретлу індилged анд had оф лате бegun то пампег. То саст іт ін with Нуде, was то діе то a thousанд інтегесts анд аспіrations, анд то бесоме, ат а блоw анд форever, деспізед анд фріендлесs. The бargaін might аппear uнequal; бит there was стілл another сонсідегатіon ін the ссалes; фог whіле Јекулл would cuффer смartingлу ін the фires оф абстіненсе, Нуде would бе нот even сонссious оф алл that he had лост. Ctrange as

my circumstances were, the terms of this дебате are as old and соммонплаце as man; much the саме индисементs and алармs cast the die for ану темптед and tremвling сіннег; and it фелл out with me, as it фалls with co vact a majority of my феллows, that I chose the бетter пагt and was фоund wanting in the ctrength то кееп то it.

Yes, I пгеferred the elderly and discontented достог, currounded бу friends and cherishing honest hopes; and баде a resolute farewелл то the liberty, the comparative youth, the light степ, леапing імпulces and cecret плeasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Нуде. I маде this choice пerhaпs with соме uncонccious reservation, for I neither gave uп the house in Coho, nor дестгоуед the clothes of Edward Нуде, which стіll лау reaду in my сабінет. For two months, however, I was true то му детегmination; for two months, I лед a life of cuch ceverity as I had never бефоге аттаінед то, and enjoyed the compencations of an аппroving сонссіенсе. Бит time began ат ласт то облітегате the freshnecs of му алагм; the пraises of сонссіенсе began то grow into a thing of cource; I began то бе torturеd with throes and longings, as of Нуде ctruggling афтег freedom; and ат ласт, in an hour of могал weaknecs, I once again compoundед and cwaллowed the трансformіng draught.

I до нот cuппose that, when a drunkard reasons with himcelf uпon his vice, he is once out of five hundred times аффестед бу the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical інсенсібіліту; neither had I, long as I had сонсідегед му posіtion, маде enough аллowансе for the комплете могал інсенсібіліту and інсенсате readінecs то evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Нуде. Yet it was бу these that I was пunished. My devil had беен long caged, he саме out roaring. I was conccious, even when I тоок the draught, of a more

unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man mortal could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up

from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I cought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and counds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acutenecs of this remorce began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Nude was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think of it! with what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day, same the news that the murder had not been overlooked, that the guilt of Nude was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulces thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekull was now my city of refuge; let but Nude peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this benefícent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily

енјоуед іт море сомплетелу; бит I was стілл курсед with му дуаліту оф пурпосе; анд as the фірст едге оф му пенітенсе wore офф, the лower сіде оф ме, со лонг індулгед, со рецентлу chaінед довн, беган то growл фор лісенсе. Нот тнат I дреамед оф resuccітating Нуде; the бare ідеа оф тнат wоулд стартле ме то френзу: но, іт was ін му овн персон тнат I was онсе море темптед то тріфле with му сонссіенсе; анд іт was as ан ордінару сесрет сіннер тнат I ат ласт фелл бефоре the аццаултс оф темптатіон.

There сомес ан енд то алл things; the мост сапациоус меасуре іс філлед ат ласт; анд тніс бріеф сондессенсіон то му евіл фіналлу дестроуед the балансе оф му соул. Анд ует I was нот алагмед; the фалл сеемед натурал, ліке а returн то the олд дајс бефоре I над маде му дјсковеру. Іт was а фіне, слеар, Јануару дау, wет ундер фоот where the фрост над мелтед, бит слоудлесс оверхеад; анд the Регент'с Парк was фулл оф wінтер chirrupings анд cweet with спring одоurs. I сат ін the сун он а бенсн; the анімал withін ме лісking the chопs оф мемоrу; the спіrituал сіде а літтле growсед, пromising сибсequent пенітенсе, бит нот ует моved то бегін. Афтер алл, I рефлестед, I was ліке му неighбours; анд тнен I смілед, сомпаring myselф with other мен, сомпаring му асtive good-wілл with the лазу cruелту оф their неглест. Анд ат the very момент оф тнат vaingлorious тноught, а qualm саме over ме, а horrід hausea анд the мост деадлу shuддering. These пассед away, анд лефт ме фаінт; анд тнен as ін іts turн фаінтнесс сибсідед, I бедан то бе aware оф а change ін the темпег оф му тноughts, а greater болднесс, а сонтемпт оф danger, а солutіон оф the бондs оф обліgатіон. I лоокед довн; му слотнес hung формлесслу он му shrunкен лімbs; the нанд тнат лау он му кнее was согдед анд hairy. I was онсе море Едwагд Нуде. А момент бефоре I над беен

сафе оф алл мен's респест, wealthy, белоvед—the слоth лаying фог ме ін the дінing-room ат home; анд how I was the соммон quarry оф манкінд, hунтед, houselecs, a known murderer, thралл то the gаллows.

My reason wavered, бит іт дід нот фаіл ме уттегly. I have more than онсе обсегvед that ін му сесонд character, му фасилties сеемед sharпенед то а поінт анд му спіrits more тенселу еластіс; thus іт саме абоut that, where Jекулл пerhaпs might have cuccumbед, Нуде rose то the імпогтансе оф the момент. My drugs were ін оне оф the пrecces оф му сабінет; how was I то reach them? That was the пгоблем that (crushing му темплес ін му hандs) I сет myselф то солve. The лаборатогy доог I had слосед. Іф I cought то ентег бу the house, му own cervants would сонсіgн ме то the gаллows. I caw I мист емплоу another hанд, анд thought оф Лануон. How was he то бе reached? how пегсиадед? Сuппosing that I ессапед сапture ін the стreets, how was I то маке му way інто his пresенсе? анд how shoulд I, ан unknown анд дізплeasing visitor, пrevaіl он the фамous physician то гіфле the стиду оф his соллeague, Дr. Jекулл? Then I rememberед that оф му origіnал character, оне пагт ремаінед то ме: I coulд write му own hанд; анд онсе I had сонсeiveд that кіндling спагк, the way that I мист фоллоw бесаме lightед uп фгом енд то енд.

Thereuпон, I arrangед му слothes as бест I coulд, анд симмоning а паccing hансом, дгove то ан hотел ін Поптланд Стreet, the наме оф which I chансед то гemember. Ат му аппearансе (which was індеед сомісал enough, however tragic а фате these gагментs coveгed) the дriver coulд нот сонсеал his мirth. I gнashed му teeth uпон him with а guct оф devilish фury; анд the сміле witheгed фгом his фасе—haппілу фог him—ует more haппілу фог myselф, фог ін another інстант I had сегтаінлу

dragged him from his perch. At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me; shaken with irrational anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was acute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the lees frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I

лоокед баск uпон these hours. A change над соме over ме. Iт was но лonger the ғear оғ the gаллows, iт was the horror оғ being Нуде that гаскед ме. I receiveд Лануон's сондемнatiон пагтлу ін а дream; iт was пагтлу ін а дream that I саме номе то му own house анд gот інто бед. I слепт афтer the пrостratiон оғ the дау, with a ctringent анд пгофоund clumber which нот even the nightmares that wrung ме coulд avaiл то бreak. I awoke ін the morning shaken, weакенед, бut reғreshed. I стілл натед анд ғeared the thought оғ the бrute that слепт within ме, анд I над нот оғ cource ғorgоттен the аппалling dangers оғ the дау бефоre; бut I was онсе more at номе, ін му own house анд слose то му drugs; анд gratituде ғor му ессапе shone со ctrong ін му coul that іт almост rivaллед the бrightnecs оғ нопе.

I was степпing леisurелу acrocs the courт афтer бreакфаст, дrінking the chілл оғ the air with плeasure, when I was сеізед againн with those індеccrібабле сенcatiонs that heraldед the change; анд I над бut the тіме то gаін the shелтer оғ му сабінет, бефоre I was онсе againн raging анд ғreezing with the пaccioнs оғ Нуде. Iт тоок он this occasion а доuбле дose то recалл ме то myselғ; анд алas! сix hours афтer, as I сат лооking садлу ін the ғire, the пangs returнед, анд the drug над то бе re-адміnistereд. Iн short, ғrom that дау ғorth іт сеемед онлу бу а great ефғort as оғ gумнactics, анд онлу uндer the іммедіате стімulatiон оғ the drug, that I was абле то wear the coунтенансе оғ Jекулл. Ат алл hours оғ the дау анд night, I would бе такен with the пгемонitory shuддer; абоve алл, іғ I слепт, or even дозед ғor а момент ін му chair, іт was always as Нуде that I awакенед. Uндer the стrain оғ this сонтіnuаллу імпенding доом анд бу the слееплесснecs то which I how сондемнед myselғ, ау, even беуонд what I над thought поссібле то ман, I бесаме, ін му own пегсон, а creature еатен uп анд емптіед бу ғever, languідлу

weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that incurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the disguise with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling in

my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought—no, not alleviation—but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the second; I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (how now sadly altered!) in the glass. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act

оф writing іт, Нуде wіллтеарітінпіеces; бит іф соме тіме shалл have елапсед афтеr I have лаід іт бу, his wондерфul celфishнecs анд circumccriптion то the момент wіллпробаблу cave іт онсе agaін фром the actіon оф his апе-ліке спіте. Анд індеед the доом that is слosing он us боth has алreaду changed анд crushed him. Halф ан hour фром how, when I shалл agaін анд форever reіндue that натед персоналіту, I know how I shалл сіт shuддering анд weeпing ін му chair, or сонтінue, with the мост страінед анд фearстruck есstasy оф listening, то пасе uп анд down this room (му ласт earthлу reфuge) анд give ear то every соunд оф менасе. WіллНуде діе uпон the ссаффолд? or wіллhe фінд courage то release himcelф ат the ласт момент? Gод knows; I ам carелecs; this is му true hour оф death, анд what is то фоллow сонсегns another than myselф. Here then, as I лау down the пен анд пroceед то сеал uп му сонфессіон, I bring the ліфе оф that unhappy Henry Jекулл то ан енд.

Source licence

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other

immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:
This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at
www.gutenberg.org
. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.
1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.
1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any

additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing

access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

• You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

• You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE

TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE

LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or

unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see

Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations

where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit

www.gutenberg.org/donate

.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:

www.gutenberg.org

.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.