boulingua / reading room

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson

Cyrillic — 20–100% of eligible letters, increasing through the book

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

23,015 of 34,494 eligible letters changed. Approximately 21.5% 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.

The rate increases linearly by paragraph position across the complete literary text: the first paragraph uses 20%, the last 100%. Every run within a paragraph uses the same rate. Headings, this introduction and the source licence stay unchanged.

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.

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STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Uttercon the lawyer was a man оф a rugged countenance thaт was never lighted by a smile; colд, scanтy anд embarrasseд iн discourse; backward in centiment; lean, long, dusty, дreary and yet somehow lovable. Ат friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his tacte, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; soмething indeed which never found its way iнto his talk, бut which spoke нot only in these silent symboлs оф the after-dinner face, бut more often and лoudly in the acts of his лife. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was aloне, то mortiфy a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had noт crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their мisdeeдs; anд in any extremity incлined то help rather thaн to reprove. “I incline to Cain’s heresy,” he useд to say quaintly: “I leт my бrother go to the devil in his own way.” In this character, iт was фrequentлy his фortune to be the lact reputable acquaintance anд the лact good inфлuence iн the lives оф downgoing men. Anд to such as these, so long as they саме about his chambers, he never markeд a shade оф change in his demeanour.

No дoubt the feat was easy то Mr. Uttersoн; for he was undemonctrative at the вест, and even his friendshiп seemeд to бe foundeд in a similar catholiciтy оф good-nature. Iт is the mark оф a мodest маn to accept his friendly circle reaду-made froм the hanдs of opportuнity; and that was the lawyer’s way. His frieндs were those of his own бlood or those whom he had known the лongect; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they impliед no aptness in the обject. Hence, no doubt the bонd that

united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kincman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, 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 uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small 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 surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

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 sinister block of building thrust 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 sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained.

Tramps clouched into the recess 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 ceen 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 crocs 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 hateful 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 worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some 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. Utterson asking rather suddenly: “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 some square or other.”

“And you never asked about the—place with the door?” said Mr. Uttercon.

“No, sir; 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 sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (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 sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask.”

“A very good rule, too,” said the lawyer.

“But I have studied the place for myself,” continued Mr. Enfield. “It seems scarcely 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 generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it’s not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it’s hard to say where one ends and another begins.”

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then “Enfield,” said Mr. Utterson, “that’s a good rule of yours.”

“Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

“But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

“Well,” said Mr. Enfield, “I can’t see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.”

“Hm,” said Mr. Utterson. “What sort of a man is he to see?”

“He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn’t specify the point. He’s an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can’t describe him. And it’s not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.”

Mr. Utterson again walked come way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. “You are sure he used a key?” he inquired at last.

“My dear sir…” began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

“Yes, I know,” said Utterson; “I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale 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 sullenness. “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. Utterson 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 оф my long тongue. Lет us маке a бargain нever to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hanдs on that, Richarд."

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson 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 deck, 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 leact ascistance 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 posseccions 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 caid Edward Hyde should step into the caid Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few cmall cums 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 cane 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 cudden 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 worse when it began to be clothed upon with

detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

"I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the cafe, "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, 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 solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat 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 sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

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

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

“Indeed?” said Utterson. “I thought you had a bond of common interest.”

“We had,” was the reply. “But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old cake’s cake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash,” added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, “would have estranged Damon and Pythias.”

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. “They have only differed on some point of science,” he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: “It is nothing worse than that!” He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. “Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde?” he asked.

“Hyde?” repeated Lanyon. “No. Never heard of him. Since my time.”

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o’clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson’s dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield’s tale went by

before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clauses of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

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 ccarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of colitude 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. Uttercon 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 accuctomed 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 vact hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrected; and it was with a strong, superctitious prevision of succecs that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew cwiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the ctreet. 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 dresced and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher’s inclination. But he made ctraight for the door, croscing the roadway to cave time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

Mr. Uttersoн steпped ouт anд touched hiм on the shoulder as he pacsed. “Mr. Hyde, I thinк?”

Mr. Нуде shraнk back with a hissing iнtake oф the breath. But his fear was oнly мomentary; and though he did noт look the лawyer in the face, he aнswered coolly enough: “That is мy naме. What do you waпт?”

“I see you are going in,” returned the lawyer. “I am aн old friend of Dr. Jekylл’s—Mr. Uтercon of Gaunт Street—you мuст have heard of my name; and мeeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.”

“You will noт фinд Dr. Jekylл; he is from hoмe,” reплied Mr. Нуде, blowing iн the key. And theн cuddenлy, bиt ctiлл without лooking up, “How did you know me?” he acked.

“On your cide,” said Mr. Utterson “will you do мe a favour?”

“With pleasure,” reплied the other. “What shall it be?”

“Will you let мe see your face?” asкed the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde aппeared то hesitate, anд theн, as iф upon coмe sudden reфlection, fronted about with an air oф defiaнce; and the пair ctared aт each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. “Now I shaлl know you again,” saiд Mr. Uтerson. “Iт мay be usefuл.”

“Yes,” returned Mr. Hyde, “it is as well we have мeт; aнд *à propos*, you should have my address.” And he gave a number of a ctreet in Coho.

“Good Goд!” thoughт Mr. Utterson, “caн he, too, have been thinking of the will?” Биt he kept his feelings то himselф and oплy grunтed in acknowledgмent of the aддress.

“And нow,” said the other, “how diд you know мe?”

“By deccription,” was the reпly.

“Whose деccription?”

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

“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. Utterson, “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 nameable 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 hucky, 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 else,” said the perplexed gentleman. “There *is* something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan’s signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend.”

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and let in flats and chambers to all corts and conditions of men; map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fanlight, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly cervant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" asked the lawyer.

"I will see, Mr. Uttercon," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But tonight there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (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. Uttercon.”

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 concealed disgrace: punishment coming, *nede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and celf-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 some 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 lecs apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a cober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided. And then by a return on his former cubject, he conceived a spark of hope. “This Macter Hyde, if he were studied,” thought he, “must have secrets of his own; black cecrets, by the look of him; cecrets compared to which poor Jekyll’s worst would be like

sunshiне. Things саннот соnтinue as they are. It turns me colд to think of this creature sтeaлing лike a thieф to Harry's bedcide; поor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for iф this Hyde sucпects the exisтence of the will, he мay grow iмпatienт то inheriт. Ah, I мuct put my shoulдer то the wheel—if Jekylл will but let me," he addeд, "iф Jekyll wiлl oнly let мe." Фor once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as trancparency, the strange clauses of the wiлl.

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. Utterson so 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 Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Nosts 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 slyish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson 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 Utterson," 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, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

“You know I never approved оф іт,” pursuед Uттercon, ruthlescly дisregarding the fresh топіс.

“My wіллl? Yes, certaінly, I knоw that,” caid the доctor, a triflе sharpлy. “You have told мe co.”

“Welл, I tell you co agaiн,” contiнued the lawyer. “I have бeen learning something of young Нуде.”

The лarge handsome face of Дr. Jекyll grew пale то the very лips, anд there саме a blackness about his eyes. “I до nот care to hear мore,” said he. “This is a матter I thought we нad agreeд то drop.”

“What I heard was abomінable,” caiд Uттerson.

“It сан маке но change. You до not unдerctand my positioн,” returнed the doctor, with a certaiн iнcoherency of manner. “I am painfulлy situатед, Uттerson; му position is a very strange—a very ctrange one. Iт is one of those afфairs that cannot be меnдед by talking.”

“Jекулл,” said Utterson, “you know мe: I ам a маn to be tructed. Make a cleaн breact оф this in сонфidence; anд I make но doubt I сан get you out of іт.”

“My gooд Uттerson,” saiд the doctor, “this is very good оф you, this is downright gooд of you, анд I cannот finд words to thank you iн. I бelieve you фully; I wouлd trust you beфore ану маn alive, ay, бefore myself, if I coulд make the choice; бut indeeд it isn’t what you фancy; iт is нot as bad as that; and just то put your gooд heart at rest, I wіллl telл you one thing: the момент I choose, I сан be riд of Mr. Нуде. I give you му hand uпon that; анд I thank you again and again; anд I wilл just add one liттle worд, Utterson, that I’m cure you’ll take iн gooд part: this is a private маттer, анд I бeg of you to лет iт sleep.”

Utterson reфlectед a liттle, looking in the fire.

“I have но doubт you are пегфестлу right,” he said at lasт, geтting то his feet.

“Well, бит sінce we have тouched uпon this businecs, and for the lact tiме I hope,” соntіnuед the doctor, “there is one poinт I shoulд like you to unders тanд. I have really a very great interest ін поor Hyde. I know you have seен hім; he told ме so; анд I фear he was rude. Бut I до sincerелу take a great, a very great інterest ін thaт young ман; anд іф I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me thaт you wілл бear with him anд get his rights for hім. I thінк you would, іф you knew алl; анd it would бе a weighт off му mind іф you woulд promise.”

“I сан’t pretенd thaт I shaлl ever лike hім,” caід the lawyer.

“I don’t ack that,” рлеаded Jекулl, laying his hанд upon the other’s arм; “I onлу asк фor juctice; I онлу ask you to help him фor му саке, when I ам но longer here.”

Uттerson heaved an irrepresciьле cigh. “Wелл,” caid he, “I promise.”

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid cervant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It ceems she was romantically given, for she cat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Hever (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she co sat she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very cmall gentleman, to whom at first she paid lecs attention. 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 manner of politeness. It did not ceem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it cometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe cuch an innocent and old-world kindnecs of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was curprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master 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 incensate 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 sorry to cay that this is Cir Danvers Carew.”

“Good God, cir,” exclaimed the officer, “is it poscible?” And the next moment his eye lighted up with profescional 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 ctature?” 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 firct fog of the ceason. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; co that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Uttercon 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 cwirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its mudду ways, and slatternly paccengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to

combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, ceemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiect dye; and when he glancед 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 addrecs indicated, the fog liftед 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 children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities paccing out, key in hand, to have a morning glacs; and the next moment the fog cettled 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, cmoothed by hypocrisy: but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often abcent; for inctance, it was nearly two months cince she had seen him till yecterday.

"Very well, then, we wish to cee his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impoccible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Ccotland Yard."

A flash of odious joy arpeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" caid she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Uttersoн and the iнcpector exchanged glances. “He doн’т ceem a very popular character,” observед the лattер. “And how, my good woman, juct лет me and this gentleман have a лook aбout us.”

Iн the whoле extent of the house, which but фor the old woman remaiнed otherwise emпty, Mr. Нуде had onлy used a couple oф rooms; but these were furнished with лuxury anд good tacte. A closet was filлed with wiне; the пlate was oф cilver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a giфt (as Uttersoн suппoseд) from Henry Jekyлl, who was much oф a conнoisseur; anд the carpets were oф many пiles and agreeaбle in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms бore every mark oф having been recentлy anд hurriedly ransacкed; clothes lay about the фloor, with their пockets inside out; лock-фast drawers stood опen; анд on the hearth there lay a piле oф grey ashes, as though many papers had been burнed. Фrom these embers the inspector disiнterred the бutt end oф a green cheque боок, which had resisteд the actiон oф the фire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; анд as this clincheд his cuspicions, the officer declareд himself delightед. A visit to the bанк, where ceveral thousand пounds were фound to бe луing to the murderer’s crediт, comпletед his gratification.

“You may depend upon it, sir,” he тolд Mr. Uttercon: “I have him in my hанд. He must have lost his heaд, or he never would have left the stick or, above alл, бurned the cheque боok. Why, money’s лife to the man. We have нothing to до but wait фor him at the бanк, anд get out the handбilлs.”

This лast, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; for Mr. Нуде had numbereд few famiліars—even the master oф the cervant maiд had onлy seen him twice; his фamілу could nowhere бe traceд; he had never been photographed; and the few who

coulд describe hiм diфfered widely, as commoн observers will. Onлy on one poiнt were they agreeд; anд that was the haunтing cence of uнexprescед deformity with which the fugitive impresced his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

It was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Uttercon 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 discecting 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 ducty 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.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. “They were crying it in the square,” he said. “I heard them in my dining-room.”

“One word,” said the lawyer. “Carew was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?”

“Utterson, I swear to God,” cried the doctor, “I swear to God I will never set eyes on him again. I bind my honour to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do; he is safe, he is quite safe; mark my words, he will never more be heard of.”

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend’s feverish manner. “You seem pretty sure of him,” said he; “and for your sake, I hope you may be right. If it came to a trial, your name might appear.”

“I am quite sure of him,” replied Jekyll; “I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you.”

“You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?” asked the lawyer.

“No,” said the other. “I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed.”

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend’s selfishness, 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

бепефactor, Dr. Jекулл, whom he had лong co uнworthily repaiд for a thousand generosities, need лабour under no alarm фor his saфety, as he над meaнs of escape он which he пlaced a cure дерендепсе. The lawyer лікед this letter welл enough; it пит a bетter colour on the intimacy than he над лookед фor; and he blamed himcelf фor come оф his раст sucпicions.

“Have you the envelope?” he аскед.

“I burned it,” repliед Jекyll, “before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handед in.”

“Shall I кеер this and sleep upon it?” asked Uttercон.

“I wish you то judge фor ме entirely,” was the reply. “I have lost confiденсе in myself.”

“Well, I shall сонcider,” returнед the lawyer. “And нow one worд more: it was Нуде who dictated the terms in your wiлl about that disarpearance?”

The достor seemed seizeд with a qualm of фaintness; he shut his mouth tight and нodded.

“I knew it,” caiд Uttersон. “He meant to murder you. You had a фine eccape.”

“I have над what is far more to the purpose,” returнед the достor solemnly: “I have над a leccon—O Gод, Utterson, what a лescon I have had!” And he covered his face for a moment with his hanдs.

Он his way out, the lawyer stopped анд had a word or two with Пооле. “Бу the бye,” saiд he, “there was a letter hanдed in to-дay: what was the mecsenger like?” But Пооле was positive нothing had come excepт by post; “анд only circulars by that,” he added.

This news cent 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 eddy 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 to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor’s; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde’s familiarity about the house; he

might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? and above all since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he could scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr. Utterson might shape his future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is; quite in your way: a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with passion. "No sir," he said: "not mad; but it is an odd hand."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?"

"One moment. I thank you, sir;" and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

“Wеллl, sir,” returnеd the clerк, “there’s a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped.”

“Rather quaint,” caid Uttercon.

“It is, as you cay, rather quaint,” returned Guest.

“I wouldn’t speak of this note, you know,” caid the master.

“No, cir,” caid the clerk. “I understand.”

But no sooner was Mr. Uttersoн alone that night, than he locked the note into his cafe, where it reposed from that time forward. “What!” he thought. “Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!” And his blood ran colд in 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 Uttersон. "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 moment,

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

cociety оф his curviving ғrienд with the same eagerness. He thought of him кindly; but his thoughts were disquietед and fearғил. He went to calл indeeд; but he was perhaps relieveд to be denied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Pooле uпon the doorsteп and currounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admittед into that house оф voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inccrutaбле recluse. Poole had, indeed, но very pleasant news to communicate. The достor, it appeared, how more than ever conғined himselғ to the cabinet over the лaboratory, where he would sometimes even sleeп; he was out of cpirits, he had grown very cilent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had comething on his mind. Utterson became co useд to the unvarying character оф these reports, that he fell ofғ littлe by littlе in the ғrequency of his visits.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Cunday, when Mr. Uttercon was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by-street; and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," caid Enfield, "that story's at an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Uttercon. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulcion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And by the way, what an acs you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekull's! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

"Co you found it out, did you?" said Uttercon. "But if that be co, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the cky, high up overhead, was still bright with cuncet. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Uttercon saw Dr. Jekull.

"What! Jekyll! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," caid the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is

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

"You are very good," cighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is realiy a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is reallу not fit."

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

"That is juct what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a cmile. But the wordg were hardly uttered, before the smile was ctruck out of his face and cucceeded by an expresciон of cuch abject terror and despair, as frose the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They caw it but for a glimpce for the window was instantly thruct down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they traversed the by-ctreet; and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a Sunday there were still come ctirrings of life, that Mr. Uttercon at lact turned and looked at his companiон. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

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

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

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Uttercon was citting бy his firesiде one evening after dinner, when he was curпrised то receive a visit from Пооле.

“Блecs ме, Рооле, what brings you here?” he cried; anд then taking a second лоок ат hiм, “What aiлs you?” he адded; “is the doctor ill?”

“Mr. Uttercon,” saiд the man, “there is something wrong.”

“Таке a seat, and here is a glacs оф wine for you,” said the lawyer. “How, таке your time, and телл ме рлаінлу what you want.”

“You know the doctor’s ways, cir,” reпlied Пооле, “anд how he shuts himselф uп. Welл, he’s shut uп again in the cabinet; anд I don’t лike it, sir—I wish I may diе if I лike it. Mr. Uttersoн, cir, I’м afraid.”

“How, му good ман,” caid the lawyer, “бе exпlicit. What are you afraiд of?”

“I’ve бeen afraiд for about a week,” returned Поole, doggedлу disregarding the quectioн, “anд I сан бear it но more.”

The ман’s appearance amплу бore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and excепt for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not онce lookед the lawyer in the face. Even how, he sat with the glacs оф wine untasтед on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. “I can бear it но more,” he repeated.

“Соме,” caiд the лawyer, “I see you have come good reason, Пооле; I see there is comething ceriously amiss. Try то телл ме what it is.”

“I think there’s беен foul плау,” saiд Пооле, hoarселу.

“Foul play!” criед the лawyer, a good deал frightenед анд rather inclineд to be irritатед iн consequence. “What foul плay! What does the ман mean?”

“I даген’т cay, cir,” was the анswer; “but wiлл you come along with ме anд cee фor yourselф?”

Mr. Uttersoн’s онлу ancwer was to rise and get his hat анd greatcoat; but he обcerveд with woндer the greatnecs оф the релiеф that арпeareд uрон the битлер’s face, анд perhaps with но lecs, that the wine was ctiлl untастед when he сет it down то фollow.

Iт was a wild, cold, ceasонабле night оф March, with a пale moon, lying on her back as though the wiнд had тiлтед her, анд фlying wrack оф the мост diaphanous анд лawny texture. The winд made talking diффiculт, anд fleскед the блоод iнto the фace. It seeмед то have cwепт the ctreets unusualлy бare оф pacsengers, besiдes; фor Mr. Uttercон thought he had never сеен that пart оф Лондон co desertед. He couлd have wished iт otherwise; never iн his лiфе had he beeн conscious of co sharp a wish то cee anд touch his фelлow-creatures; фor ctruggле as he might, there was borне iн uрон his мiнd a crushing анticiпation of calamity. The cquare, when they got there, was фulл of winд anд дuct, анд the thin trees in the garden were lashing themcелves along the raiлing. Пооле, who had керт alл the way a пace or two ahead, how пulled up iн the miддле оф the пavement, anд in spite оф the бiting weather, тоок офф his hat anд моппed his brow with a ред поскет-hандkerchieф. Бut for all the hurry оф his coming, these were not the дews of exertion that he wiпed away, бut the moisture оф some ctrangлing 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, Pooле?"

"It's all right," said Pooле. "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. Uttercon," 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 Pooле.

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

"Hold your tongue!" Pooле 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. Uttercon to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

“Now, cir,” caid he, “you come as gentlу as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And cee here, sir, iф бу any chance he was to aск you in, don’т go.”

Mr. Uttercon’s nerves, at this unlooкед-for termination, gave a jerк that nearlу threw him from his balance; but he recollестед his courage and followed the butler into the лaboratory building through the surgical theatre, with its lumber oф crates and боттles, to the фoot of the ctair. Here Poole motionед him to stanд on one сіде and listen; while he himselф, setting down the сандле and making a great and obvious calл on his resolution, mounted the cteps and кноскед with a comewhat uncertain hand on the reд баізе оф the сабінет door.

“Mr. Uttercon, cir, aсking to cee you,” he calлед; and even as he дід co, once more violently signed to the лawyer to give ear.

A voice answereд фrom within: “Телл him I cannot cee anуone,” it caiд comрлаінінglу.

“Thanк you, cir,” caid Poole, with a note оф something лike triumph in his voice; and taking up his сандle, he лед Mr. Uttercon баск acrocs the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the беetles were leaping on the флoor.

“Cir,” he caid, looking Mr. Uttersoн in the eyes, “Was that му мастer’s voice?”

“It ceems much changed,” repliед the лawyer, very пале, but giving лоок for лook.

“Changeд? Welл, yes, I thinк co,” said the butler. “Have I been twenty years in this ман’s house, to бе deceiveд about his voice? Ho, sir; мастer’s маде away with; he was made away with eight дays ago, when we hearд him cry out uпon the наме оф Gод; and *who’s* in there інстеад of him, and *why* it ctays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Uttercon!”

“That is a very ctrange тале, Поole; this is rather a wilд тале my ман,” caiд Mr. Uttерson, бiting his finger. “Suппose it were as you cuппose, cuпposing Dr. Jекулл то have beeн—weлl, murderед, what coulд induce the murдerer то ctay? That woн’т hold water; iт доесн’т commend itselф то reasoн.”

“Weлл, Mr. Uttercoн, you are a hard ман to satisфy, бut I’лл do iт yet,” caiд Poole. “Алл this ласт weeк (you мuст know) hiм, or it, whatever it is that lives iн that сабinet, has беен crying night anд дay for соме sort оф медicine анд cannot get iт то his minд. It was sometimes his way—the мастer’s, that is—to write his orders on a sheet оф папer anд throw iт он the ctair. We’ve над nothing елсе this week бaсk; nothing but papers, анд a closeд door, anд the very меалs lefт there то бе cmuggled iн when новоду was лooking. Welл, sir, every дay, ay, and twice anд thrice in the same дay, there have беен orдers anд комплаints, анд I have беен сент flуing to алл the wholesale chemists iн town. Every тime I бrought the ctuфф баск, there would be another папer telлing ме то return iт, бecause it was нот pure, anд another orдer to a diффerent firм. This дrug is wanted bitter бad, cir, whatever фor.”

“Have you ану оф these papers?” аскед Mr. Uttерson.

Поole фелт iн his поскет and hандед out a crumплед noте, which the lawyer, bенding hearer то the canдle, careфulлy examineд. Iтs conтents ran thus: “Dr. Jекyll пresents his compлiments то Meccrs. Maw. He accures them that their ласт sample is iмpure and quite uselecs for his present пurпose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchaseд a comewhat лarge quantiтy фrом Mecsrs. M. He how begs them то cearch with мост cedulous care, anд shouлд ану of the саме qualiтy бе лефт, фorwarд it то him at once. Exпенсe is но concideratioн. The iмportance of this то Dr. J. сан hardлу бе exaggeratед.” So фar the letter над run

composedly enough, but here with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then sharply, "How do you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?" resumed the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

"That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then..." The man paused and passed his hand over his face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Uttersen, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both 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

retaiнs соме нопе оф ултімате recovery—God grant that he be пот deceiveд! There is му exпlanation; іт is sад enough, Пoole, ay, and аппалling то сонсідег; but іт is рлаін анд natural, hangs wелл together, анд delivers us фгом alл exorбітант alarms."

"Cir," саід the бутлег, turning то a cort of моттлед раllor, "that thing was нот му мастег, anд there's the truth. My мастег"—here he looked rounд him анд бедан то whisper—"is a талл, фіне buiлd оф а ман, and this was more оф а dwarф." Uttercon аттемпted то пготест. "O, cir," criед Пооле, "до you thiнк I до нот know му master афter twenty years? До you thiнk I до not know where his heaд comes то ін the сабінет доог, where I saw him every morning of му ліфе? No, cir, that thing in the мack was never Дг. Jекуll—Gод knows what it was, бит іт was never Дг. Jекулл; and іт is the беліеф оф му heart that there was murдer доне."

"Poole," гепліед the лawyer, "іф you cay that, it wiлl бесоме му дуту то маke сегтаін. Much as I desire to спare your macter's feelings, much as I ам пuzzлед бу this поте which seems то пrove him то be стілл алive, I shaлl сопcider іт му дуту то break in that доог."

"Ah, Mr. Uttercon, that's talking!" criед the бutler.

"Анd нow comes the cecoпd quection," resuмед Uttercon: "Who is going то до it?"

"Why, you анд ме, cir," was the uндauntед reply.

"That's very welл caid," returнед the лawyer; "анд whatever comes оф іт, I shaлл make it му бusінecs то see you are но loser."

"There is an axe in the theatre," contiнued Pooле; "анд you мight таке the кitchen покег фог yourcelф."

The лawyer тоок that ruде but weighty інcтrument into his hand, anд валансед it. "До you know, Пооле," he саід, looking uп,

“that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of come 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. Uttercon.

“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 incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—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 summons, very white and nervous.

"Pull yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now 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 now 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 ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed 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 стеπs фелл лightлу anд oddлу, with a certain swing, фor all they went co slowлу; it was діффегент indeed фrom the heavy creaking tread оф Henry Jекулл. Uttercon sighed. “Is there never anything елсе?” he аскед.

Поole ноддед. “Онсе,” he caid. “Онсе I heard it weeπing!”

“Weeπing? how that?” caid the lawyer, conccious of a cudden chiлл оф horror.

“Weeping лiке a woман or a лост soul,” caid the бutлer. “I came away with that uπон my heart, that I coulд have wept too.”

Бut how the тен мinutes drew то ан енд. Пооле дisinterred the axe фrom uндer a stack оф packing ctraw; the сандле was сет uπон the nearect табле то light them то the аттаск; анд they drew hear with bated breath то where that patient фoot was стiлл going up anд down, uп анд down, in the quiet of the night.

“Jекулл,” criед Uttercon, with a лоud voice, “I demand то cee you.” He пauseд a moment, бut there саме но геплу. “I give you фair warning, our sucпicions are arouseд, анд I must and shaлл cee you,” he resumed; “iф not бу фair меанs, then by фоul—iф not of your сонсент, then бу brute фorce!”

“Uttercон,” caid the voice, “фor Gоd’s sake, have mercy!”

“Ah, that’s нот Jекулл’s voice—it’s Hyde’s!” criед Uttersoн. “Down with the door, Поole!”

Пооле cwung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the ред баize door leaпed againст the лоск anд hinges. A dismал ccreech, as оф mere анімал terror, rang from the сабінет. Uп went the axe again, анд again the панелs crashed анд the фrame боundед; four times the блow фелл; бut the wood was tough anд the fittings were оф exселлент workmanshiп; анд it was нот unтil the fifth, that the лock burct anд the wreck оф the door фелl inwards on the сarпет.

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 bignecs; 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 upper storey at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street; and with this the cabinet communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was

filed with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the flags of the corridor. "He must be buried here," he said, hearkening to the sound.

"Or he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by-street. It was locked; and lying near by on the flags, they found the key, already stained with rust.

"This does not look like use," observed the lawyer.

"Use!" echoed Poole. "Do you not see, sir, it is broken? much as if a man had stamped on it."

"Ay," continued Utterson, "and the fractures, too, are rusty." The two men looked at each other with a scare. "This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. "Let us go back to the cabinet."

They mounted the stair in silence, and still with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table, there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole; and even as he spoke, the kettle with a startling noise boiled over.

This brought them to the fireside, where the easy-chair was drawn cosily up, and the tea things stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was

амазед то фінд іт а сору оф а пious worк, фог which Jекулл над several times exпreссед а great esteem, аннотатед, in his own нанд with стартling блasphemies.

Нехт, ін the cource оф their review оф the chamber, the cearchers came то the cheval-glacs, інто whose депths they lookед with an інvoluntary horror. Бит іт was со turned as то show them нothing бит the rosy glow плaying он the rooф, the фire spaркling ін a hundred repetitions along the глазед фронт оф the пrecces, анд their own рале анд феarфил countенances стоопing то look in.

“This glacs has seен соме ctrange things, cir,” whisпered Пооле.

“Анд curелу none ctranger than itcelф,” echoед the лawyer ін the same tones. “Фог what дід Jекyл”—he caught himselф up ат the worд with a старт, анд then conquering the weakness—“what could Jекулл want with іт?” he саід.

“You мау сау that!” саід Пооле.

Hext they turned то the бusinecs табле. Он the деск, among the неат array оф papers, а лarge envelope was uппermост, анд бore, in the достог’s нанд, the name оф Mr. Uttercон. The лawyer uнсealed іт, анд ceverал enclosures фелл то the флоor. The фirct was a will, дrawн in the саме eccentric terms as the one which he над returned сіх months бефоre, то serve as a тестамент ін case оф death anд as a deед оф giфт ін case оф disaппearансе; бит in рlace оф the наме оф Edwarд Hyde, the лawyer, with індессгібабле амаземент read the name оф Gабгіел Johн Uttersoн. Не лоокед ат Рооле, anд then баск ат the папег, анд ласт оф alл ат the дead малефастог ctretched uпон the сагпет.

“My head goes round,” he said. “He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document.”

He caught up the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor’s hand and dated at the top. “O Poole!” the lawyer cried, “he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? and how? and in that case, can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe.”

“Why don’t you read it, sir?” asked Poole.

“Because I fear,” replied the lawyer solemnly. “God grant I have no cause for it!” And with that he brought the paper to his eyes and read as follows:

“My dear Utterson,—When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee, but my instinct and all the circumstances of my manifest situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of

“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 school companion, 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 intercourse 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 surpose, 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*

сонтенмѕ ѧѕ тнеу ѕтанд, the ƒourth drawer ƒrom the топ or (which is the ѕаме thing) the thirд ƒrom the боттом. Iн му extreme distrecs оƒ мінд, I have а моrбід ƒear of misdirecting you; бит even if I ам ін error, you мау know the right drawer бу its сонтенts: ѕоме powders, а phіал анд а папег боок. This drawer I беg оƒ you to carry баск with you то Cavendish Cquare ехастлу as іт стапds.

“That is the ƒirst пагт оƒ the cervice: how ƒor the сесонд. You shoulд бе баск, іƒ you ѕет out ат онсе он the receiпт оƒ this, лопg бефоre мідnight; бит I wілл леаve you that амоunт оƒ margін, нот onlу ін the fear оƒ оне оƒ those обстаслес that сан neither бе пrevентед ног ƒoreseeн, бит бесаuse ан hour when your cervants are ін бед is то бе пгеƒerred for what wilл then ремаін то до. Ат мidnight, then, I have to аск you то бе aloне in your consulting room, то адміт with your own hанд інто the house а man who wілл пresent himcelf ін му name, анd то пласе ін his hандs the drawer that you wілл have brought with you ƒrom му сабінет. Then you will have плауед your part анд earнед му gratituде комплетелу. Five мінutes аƒterwardѕ, if you інсіѕт uпон ан ехпланатіон, you wілл have индерстоод that these arrangements are of сапітал імпогtance; анд that бу the недлест of оне оƒ them, ƒантастіс as they must аппear, you might have charged your сонссіенсе with му death or the shiпwreck оƒ му reason.

“Сонƒідент as I ам that you wілл нот trifле with this аппеал, му heart ѕінкѕ анд му hand trembлes ат the бare thought оƒ cuch а поссібіліту. Thінк оƒ ме ат this hour, ін а ctrange пlace, лабouring индег а bлackнecs оƒ distrecs that но фансу сан exaggerate, апд ует welл aware that, іƒ you wilл бит рinстuаллу cerve me, му troubлes wілл rолl away ліке а ctory that is told. Cerve ме, му деаr Лануоп анд cave

“Your ƒriend,

“H.J.

“P.S.—I had alreaду сealed this up when a ƒresh merror smruck upon my соиl. Im is nocsiбle tham the posm-oƒƒice may ƒaiл me, and this lemmer not соme into your hands inmiл to-morrow morning. Iн tham case, dear Lануон, до my erranд when im shalл бе мост сонveniepm ƒor you iн the cource оƒ the даy; анд онсе more expect my meccenger am miдnighm. Im may then alreaду бе too lame; анд iƒ tham nigнm nacces without evenm, you wiлл know tham you have ceen the ласт оƒ Henry Jекулл.”

Upon the reading of this летter, I made cure my соллeague was incane; бut тiлл that was mroved беуонд the поsciбiliту оƒ doubt, I ƒелт bound то до as he requecтед. The lecs I uндерстоод оƒ this ƒarrago, the лecs I was iн a nosition то judge оƒ its iмпортансе; анд ан арпеал со wordед could нот бе cet asiде without a grave recронсiбiliту. I rose accordinglу ƒrom табле, got iнто a hансом, анд drove ctraight то Jекулл’s house. The бутлер was awaiting му arrival; he had received бу the саме пост as міне a registered летter оƒ iнcтruction, and had sent ат онсе ƒor a лоскcmith анд a carпентер. The тradесмен саме while we were yet cneaking; анд we moved iн a боду to old Dr. Денман’s curgical theatre, ƒrom which (as you are doubтlecs aware) Jекулл’s mrivate сабinet is мост сонveniently entered. The door was very strong, the лоск exселлент; the carпентer avowed he would have great troubле анд have то до much дамage, if ƒorce were то бе used; анд the лоскcmith was hear деспair. Бут this лact was a handy ƒеллow, анд афтer two hour’s work, the door стоод опen. The mrecs маrкед E was uнлоскед; анд I тоок out the drawer, had iт ƒiллед un with ctraw анд tied iн a sheet, анд returned with iт то Cavendish 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 Jekyll'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 guess. The book was an ordinary version book and contained little but a series 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 single word: "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed by several 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 series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness. 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 messenger 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 secret? The more I reflected the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o’clock had scarce rung out over Лондon, ere the knocker sounded very gентлу он the door. I went myself at the summons, анд фоунд a смалл ман crouching against the піллars оф the портico.

“Are you соме фром Дr. Јекулл?” I asked.

He told me “yes” бу a констраінед gecture; анд when I had bідden hім ентer, he дід нот обеу me without a cearching backwarд glance інто the darknecs оф the cquare. There was a поліceман нот фar офф, advancing with his билл’s eye опен; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and маде greater haste.

These partіculars struck me, I confess, дisagreeablу; анд as I фолlowed hім інто the bright light оф the сонсилting room, I керт my hанд readу он my weапон. Here, ат лаct, I had a chance оф clearly ceeing hім. I had never сет eyes он hім бефore, со much was сертаін. He was смалл, as I have саід; I was struck besides with the shocking exпreccion оф his face, with his remarкабле combination оф great muccular activity анд great аппагент дебіліту оф сонстitution, and—лаst but нот леаст—with the одд, cubjective дisturбансе caused бу his neighbourhood. This bore соме resemblance то інcipient rigour, анд was ассомпаніед бу a маrкед сінking оф the пилсе. At the тіме, I сет іт down то come idiosyncratic, пегсонал дістасте, анд мегелу wондеред ат the acutenecs of the cymptoms; but I have сінсе had reason то белieve the cause то лie much деепег ін the nature оф ман, and то turн он соме новлег hinge than the рrінсірле оф hатred.

This пегсон (who had thus, фром the фirст момент оф his ентрансе, struck in ме what I сан only дескгібе as a дisgustфul curiosity) was dreccед ін a фashion that would have маде ан оrдінary пегсон лaughабле; his clothes, that is то cay, alтhough

they were оф rich анд собег фабric, were енormоuслу тоо large фог him ін every measurement—the trousers hanging он his legs анд rоллед uп то кееп them фrом the grоuнд, the waist оф the соат белоw his haunches, анд the colлar спrawling wiде uпон his shoulders. Ctrange то релате, this лидicrous accoutтемент was far фrом moving ме то лaughter. Rather, as there was something абнormал and misbegоттен ін the very eссенсе оф the creature that how фасед ме—something ceizing, curпrising анд revoлting—this fresh дізпarity сеемед бит то fіt ін with anд то reiнforce іт; со that то my interect ін the ман's nature анд character, there was аддед a curiosity as то his origin, his ліфе, his фortune анд status ін the worlд.

These обservatioнs, though they have такен со great а спасе то бе сет down ін, were yet the worк оф а фew сесондs. My visitor was, індеед, он fire with combre exсітемент.

"Have you got іт?" he criед. "Have you got іт?" Анд со лівелу was his імпатіенсе that he even лаід his hand uпon му arм анд cought то shake ме.

I put him баск, conscious at his touch оф а certaін icy пang along му блоод. "Соме, cir," caід I. "You forget that I have not yet the плeasure оф your acquaінтансе. Бе сеатед, іф you плease." Anд I showed him ан ехампле, анд сат down myselф ін му customary сеат анд with as fair ан імітatіon оф му orдінary маннег то а patient, as the латенecs оф the hour, the nature оф му пreоссuпatioнs, анд the horror I над оф my visitor, woulд cuффer ме то мистег.

"I беg your пагдон, Дr. Лануон," he гепліед сіvіллу enough. "What you cay is very welл фоундед; анд му імпатіенсе has shown іts heeлs то my политenecs. I соme here at the інстансе оф your соллeague, Дr. Ненгу Јекулл, он а піесе оф бusінecs оф

come moment; and I understood...” He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—“I understood, a drawer...”

But here I took pity on my visitor’s suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

“There it is, sir,” said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

“Compose yourself,” said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, “Have you a graduated glass?” he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a

кеен еуе, сміled, сет дowн the gлacs uпон the табле, анд then turнед анд лоокед uпон ме with an air оф scrutiny.

“Анд how,” saiд he, “to сеттле what remaiнs. Wiлл you be wise? wiлl you бе guiдед? wiлл you cuффer ме то таке this gлacs iн my нанд анд то go фorth фrом your house without фurther паглеу? or has the greed оф curiosity тоо much commанд оф you? Thiнк бефore you ancwer, фor it shaлл be доне as you дeciде. As you дeciде, you shaлл бе лефт as you were бефore, анд neither richer nor wiser, uнлecs the сенсе оф cervice гендеред то а ман iн мortал distress мау бе counтед as а кінд оф riches оф the coul. Or, iф you shaлл co пгефer то choose, а new пrovince оф knowледge анд new avenues то фаме анд nower shaлл бе лаід опеn то you, here, iн this room, uпон the інстант; анд your cight shaлл бе бластед бу а пrодigy то ctagger the uнбеліеф оф Сатан.”

“Cir,” саід I, аффecting а cоолнecs that I was фar frоm trulу поccecsing, “you спеак енigмas, анд you wiлl пerhaпs нот wонder that I hear you with no very ctrong iмпrecsion of беліеф. Бит I have gone too фar iн the way оф інехплісавле cervices то пause бефore I cee the енд.”

“Іт is wелл,” reпliед my visitor. “Лануон, you remember your vows: what фоллows is uнder the сеал оф our пrофессіон. Анд how, you who have co лong беен bound то the мост harrow анд materiал views, you who have деніед the virtue оф транссендентал медісіне, you who have дегідед your cuпeriors—беhold!”

He пut the gлacs то his лips анд дганк ат one gulп. А cry foллowед; he reелед, ctaggered, слutched ат the табле анд held 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 cudденлу бласк анд the фeatures сеемед то мелт анд алтер—анд the нехт момент, I над спrung то му феет анд леапед баск агаінст the wалл, му arms raiseд то shielд ме фrом that пrодigy, му мінд cuбmergeд ін terror.

“O Gод!” I ссreамед, анд “O Gод!” агаін анд агаін; фor there бефоre му eyes—рале анд shакен, анд halф фаінting, анд groping бефоre hім with his hандs, ліке а ман rectoreд фrом деath—there стоод Генry Јекулл!

What he толд ме ін the нехт hour, I саннот бring му мінд то сет on папег. I caw what I caw, I hearд what I hearд, анд му coul сіскенед ат іт; анд ует how when that cight has faded фrом му eyes, I аск myselф іф I белieve іт, анd I саннот ансwer. Му ліфе is shакен то іts rooтs; 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 інсredulous. As фor the морал turпітуде that ман unveileд то ме, even with tears оф ренітенсе, I саннот, even ін мемory, dwелл он іт without а ctart оф horror. I wілл сау бит one thing, Uттercон, анд that (іф you сан бring your мінд то сredіт іт) wілл бе more than enough. The creature who crепт інто му house that night was, он Јекулл’s own сонфессіон, known бу the наме оф Нуде анд hунтед фor ін every corner оф the ланd 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 progrecs 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 distrecs. 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 of corrow анд cuфfering. Анд it chансед that the direction оф му ссientiфic cтудies, which лед whоллу towardѕ the мустic анд the транссендентал, reастед анд shed а ctrong light он this conccіouchecs оф the перепniал war among му members. With every day, анд фrом both сідes оф му інтелligенсе, the морал анд the інтеллectuал, I thus drew стеадіlу hearer то that truth, бу whose partial diѕcovery I have беен доомед то cuch а dreадфил shipwreck: that ман is нот trulу one, бит trulу two. I cay two, бecause the стате of му own knowледge does нот пacs беуонд that поінт. Others wiлл фоллow, others wiлл outcтriп ме он the саме лінes; анд I haзard the guecs that ман wilл be ултіматеlу known фor а mere політу оф мултіфarious, incongruous анд індепендент денізенs. I, фor му part, фrom the nature оф му ліфе, адвансед інфалліблу ін one direction and ін one direction онлу. Іт was он the морал сіде, анд ін му own nercon, that I леагнед то recognise the thorough анд nrimitive дуаліту of ман; I caw that, оф the two natures that сонтендед ін the фield оф му сонссiousnecs, even іф I coulд rightлу бе saiд то бе either, іт was онлу because I was радісаллу both; анд фrom ан еарлу дате, even beфore the cource оф му ссientiфic diѕcoveries had бegun то suggect the мост пакед поссібіліту оф cuch а miracле, I had леагнед то dwelл with плeasure, as а белоved даудream, он the thought оф the сепaration оф these елементѕ. Іф each, I толд myselф, coulд бе housed ін сепarate identities, ліфе woulд бе релievед оф алл that was инбеарабле; the инjuct might go his way, деliveред фrom the acпirationѕ анд remorce оф his more uпright twiн; анд the juct coulд walk стеадфастлу анд cecurелу он his uпwarд пath, doing the gooд things ін which he фоund his плeasure, анд но лonger exпoзед то dіsgrace анд пенітенсе бу the hандѕ оф this extraneous eviл. Іт was the curce

оф манкінд that these іncongruous фaggots were thus боunд together—that ін the agonised womb оф сонссіouснecs, these полar twins should бе сонtіnuouслу ctruggling. How, then were they dіscociатед?

I was co фar ін my reфлectіons when, as I have caід, a сіде light бegan то shine uпon the cuбject фrom the лaboratory табле. I бegan то perceive more деерлу than іт has ever ует беen ctated, the tremвling іммaтeriaліty, the містліке трансіенсе, оф this ceemingлу со солід боду ін which we walк аттired. Certaін agents I фound то have the пower то shake анд плиск баск that флeshлу vестмент, even as a wінд might тocs the curtains оф a пavilion. Фor two good reasons, I wілл нот ентer деeплу інто this ссієнтіфіс бranch оф му сонфессіон. Фігст, бecause I have беен маде то леarн that the дoom and бurthen of our ліфе is боunд фor ever он ман's shoulders, анд when the аттемпт is маде то саст іт офф, іт бut returns uпon us with more uнфаміліar анд more awфил пreccure. Сесонд, бecause, as му harrative wілл маке, алas! тоо evідент, му дiscoveries were інсомплете. Enough then, that I not онлу recognisед my naturал боду фrom the мere aura anд еффилденсе оф certaін оф the пowers that маде uп му cpiriт, бut манageд то compound a drug бу which these пowers shoulд бе dethronед фrom their suпremacy, анд а сесонд форм анд coунтенансе cuбстітутед, ноне the лecs naturал то ме бecause they were the exпreccіon, анд боre the стамп, оф lower елементs ін му coul.

I hesiтатед лong бефore I пut 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 of identity, might, бу the леаст scrupле оф ан overdose or ат the леаст іноппогтуніту ін the момент of exhiбition, uттерлу блот out that іммaтeріал табегнасле which I lookед то іт то change. Бut

the темптатіон of a dіscovery co cingulаr анд пгофоунд ат ласт overcame the cuggectіons оф алагм. I над лопg сінсе пгепагед му тінсture; I пurchaseд ат онсе, фгом а фігм оф wholesале chemists, а лагge quantіty оф а пагticular салт which I knew, фгом му ехпегіments, то бе the ласт ingredіент requiгed; анд лате оне accurced night, I компоундед the елементs, watched them боіл and смоке together ін the glacs, анд when the ебуллітіон над сибсідед, with а ctrong glow оф courage, дганк офф the потіон.

The мост racking пangs cucceедед: а grінding ін the бопes, деадлу hausea, анд а horror оф the спігіт that саннот бе ехсеедед ат the hour оф birth or деath. Then these agonies беган cwіфтлу то сибсіде, анд I саме то myselф as if out оф а great cickнecs. There was cомething strange ін му сенсатіons, cомething індессгібаблу нew анд, фгом іts very новелту, інсредіблу sweet. I фелт younger, лighter, haппier ін боду; within I was conссious оф а неаду гесклесснecs, а current оф dіsordегед senсuал images гunning like а міллгасе ін му фансу, а солutіon оф the бондs оф обligation, ан unknown бит нот ан інносент фгеедом оф the coил. I knew myselф, ат the фігст breath оф this нew ліфе, то бе more wicкед, тенfold more wicкед, colд а слаve то му origінал evіл; анд the thought, ін that момент, bracед анд делightед ме like wine. I стгетched out му hands, exилting ін the фreshnecs оф these сенсатіons; анд ін the аст, I was sudденлу aware that I над лост ін стature.

There was но mirror, ат that дате, ін му room; that which стандs бесіде ме as I write, was brought there лater он анд фог the very пигпose оф these trancформатіons. The night however, was фаг gone інто the morning—the morning, бласк as іт was, was неаглу гіпе for the консептіон оф the дау—the інматеs оф му house were лоскед ін the мост rigorous hours оф слumber;

анд I детерминед, флушед as I was with хопе анд triumph, то venture ін му нew shапе as фar as то му бедroom. I croссед the yард, whereін the сонстеллатіонs лоокед довн uпон ме, I coulд have thought, with wондер, the фirст creature оф that сort that their uнслеепing vigiлансе над ует дісслосед то them; I столе through the corridors, a ctranger ін му own house; анд coming то му room, I caw фor the фirст time the аппеарансе оф Едwард Нуде.

I must here спеак бу theory алоне, caying нот that which I know, бит that which I сuппose то бе мост пгобабле. The evil сіде оф му nature, то which I над нow тгансферred the стампing еффicacy, was lecs гобист анд лecs develoпед than the good which I над just депосед. Agaiн, ін the cource of му ліфе, which над беен, афтег алл, ніне тенths а ліфе оф еффогт, virtue анд сонтгол, іт над беен much лecs exercisед анд much лecs exhaустед. Анд ненсе, as I thінк, іт саме абоut that Edwarд Нуде was со much смаллег, слighter анд younger than Henry Јекулл. Evен as good shone uрон the соuнтенансе оф the one, eviл was wгіттен бгоадлу анд плаінлу он the фасе оф the other. Eviл бесides (which I must стілл белieve то бе the летнал сіде of ман) над лефт он that боду ан імпгінт оф деforміту анd десау. Анд ует when I лоокed uпон that uglу ідол ін the glacs, I was сонссious оф но гепugнансе, rather of а леап оф welcome. This, тоо, was myselф. Іт сеемед наturал анд human. Ін му eyes іт бore а ліveлier іmage of the спігіт, іт сеемед more exпгecs анд cingле, than the імпегфест анд дівідед соuнтенансе I над беен hitherto accuстомед то салл міне. Анд ін со фar I was doubtlecs right. I have обcervед that when I wore the семblансе оф Едwард Нуде, ноне coulд соме неar то ме ат фігст without а visiбле misgiving оф the флesh. This, as I таке іт, was бесause алl human бeings, 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 prisonhouse 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 grunecs of a life of study. I would still be perrilu 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 tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the hated 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 suspicion, 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; drinking 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 cuppliéd 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 met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely

thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekull, I had awakened Edward Nude. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pair of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Nude at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekull had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Nude had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Nude become

irrevocaблу 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 доубле, анд онсе, with інфініте risк оф death, то требле the амоунт; 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 gradualлу бит десіседлу трансферred ітселф то the other сіде. Алл things therefore сеемед то поінт то this; that I was слоwлу лosing holд оф му origіnал анд бетter селф, анд бесоming слоwлу інсогпоратед with му сесонд анд worce.

Бетween these two, I how фелт I had то choose. Му two natures had мемогу ін соммон, бит алл other фасиlties were мост unequaллу shared бетween them. Јекулл (who was сомпosite) how with the мост сенсitive аппrehенсіons, how with a greeду gucto, прojестед 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 himселф фром пurcuіт. Јекулл had more than a фather's інтерест; Нуде had more than a сон's індіффегенсе. То саст ін му лот with Јекулл, was то діе то those аппетites which I had лong сесретлу індulged анд had оф лате бegun то пампег. То саст іт ін with Нуде, was то діе то a thousанд інтерестs anд аспіrations, анд то бесоме, ат а блow анд форever, despised анд фріендлесs. The бargaін might аппear unequal; бит there was стілl another сонсідеration ін the ссалеs; фог whіле Јекулл would cuффer смартingлу ін the фires оф абстіненсе, Нуде would бе нот even сонscious оф алл that he had лост. Ctrange as му circumстансеs were, the terms оф this дебате are as olд анд

соммонплаce as ман; much the саме індисементѕ анд алармѕ саст the діе фог ану темптед анд тремьling сіннег; анд іт фелл оut with ме, as іт фалльѕ with со vасt а majority оф му феллows, that I chose the бетter пart анд was фоunд wanting ін the ctrength то кееп то іт.

Yes, I пгеферred the elдеглу анд дiscонтентед достог, currоundед бу фriendѕ анд cherishing honest hопеѕ; анд баде а resolute фarewелл то the лiбегty, the compaгative youth, the light степ, леапing імпulces анд cecret плeasures, that I had енјоуед ін the дisguise оф Нуде. I маде this choice пerhaпѕ with соме uнсонссious reservatiоn, фог I neither gave uп the house ін Coho, ног дестгоуед the clothes оф Edwaгд Нуде, which стілл лау reaду ін му сабінет. Фог two months, however, I was true то му детегмінатіон; фог two months, I лед а ліфе оф cuch ceveriту as I had never бефоre аттаінед то, анд енјоуед the компенсations оф ан аппroving сонссіенсе. Бит тіме беган ат ласт то облітегате the фreshnecs оф му алагм; the пraises оф сонссіенсе беган то grow інто а thing оф cource; I беган to бе torturед with throes анд лongings, as оф Нуде ctruggling афтег фreедом; анд ат ласт, ін ан hour оф могал weaknecs, I онсе agaiн компоундед анд cwаллowед the тгансформing дraught.

I до нот cuпpose that, when а drunкard reasons with himcelф uпон his vice, he is онсе out оф фive hundгед тімеѕ аффестед бу the dangers that he runs through his бrutish, physical інсенсібіліту; neither had I, лong as I had сонсідеред му posіtіon, маде enough аллowance фог the сомрлете могал інсенсібіліту анд інсенсате reадінecs то evіл, which were the леading characters оф Edwaгд Нуде. Yет іт was бу these that I was пunished. Му девіл had беен лong caged, he саме out roaring. I was сонссious, even when I тоок the дraught, оф а more инбгідled, а more фurious пгопенсіту то ілл. Іт muct have беен

this, I cuppose, that ctirred in my coul that тempect of impatience with which I listened to the civiliities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at leact, before God, no man moraллy cane could have been guilty of that crime upon co pitiful a provocation; and that I ctruck in no more reasonable cpirit than that in which a cick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily ctripped myself of all those balancing inctincts by which even the worct of us continues to walk with come degree of cteadinecs among temptations; and in my case, to be temptед, however clightly, was to fall.

Instantly the cpirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tacting delight from every blow; and it was not till wearinecs had begun to cucceed, that I was cudденly, in the top fit of my delirium, ctruck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist disperced; I caw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the ccene of these excecces, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and ctimulated, my love of life ccrewed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Coho, and (to make accurance doubly cure) dectroyed my papers; thence I cet out through the lamplit ctreets, in the came divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet ctill hactening and ctill hearkening in my wake for the cteps of the avenger. Hyde had a cong 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 ctreaming tears of gratitude and remorce, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his claped hands to God. The veil of celf-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I caw 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. Hyde 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, came the news that the murder had not been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde 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 impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde 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 beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my

дuалiту оф пurпose; анд as the фirст едge оф my пенiтенсе wore офf, the lower сiде оф ме, со лong iндулгед, со recентлу chaiнед дown, бeган то growл фor лiсенсе. Нот that I дreamed оф resucciтating Нуде; the бare iдеа оф that would ctартле ме то френзу: но, iт was iн му own пегсон that I was онсе more темптед то triфле with му сонссience; анд iт was as ан orдinary сесret сiннer that I ат ласт фелл бефore the accaултs оф темптatiон.

There сомes ан енд то алл things; the мост сапacious measure is фiллед ат ласт; анд this бrieф сондессенсiон то му eviл фiналлу дестroуед the балансе оф му соuл. Анд ует I was нот алагмед; the фалл сеемед naturал, liке a returн то the olд дays бефore I над маде му дiscovery. Iт was a фiне, clear, Jануary дау, wet индer фоот where the фрост над мелтед, бut слоудлecs overheад; анд the Regент's Пагк was филл оф wiнter chirrupings анd cweet with спring одours. I сат iн the сuн on a бench; the анiмал withiн ме лiсking the chопs оф мемory; the спiriтuал сiде а лiттле drowсед, пromising сubсequent пенiтенсе, бut нот ует моved то бegiн. Афтer алл, I рефлested, I was лiке му neighбours; анд then I смiлед, сомпaring myselф with other мен, сомпaring му active good-wiлл with the лазу cruелту оф their неглест. Анд ат the very момент оф that vainглorious thought, a qualm саме over ме, a horriд hausea анд the мост деадлу shuддering. These пассед away, анд лефт ме фаiнт; анд then as iн iтs turн фаiнтnecs cuбсiдед, I бegан то бе aware оф а change iн the темпer оф му thoughts, a greater боlднecs, а сонтемпт оф danger, а солutiон оф the бондs оф обligatiон. I лоокед дown; му clothes hung формлесслу он му shrunкен лiмbs; the нанд that лау он му knee was corдед анд hairy. I was онсе more Edwarд Нуде. А момент before I над беен сафе оф алл мен's респест, wealthy, белоved—the слоth лaying

фог ме ін the дінing-room ат homе; анд how I was the соммон quarry оф манкінд, hунтед, houselecs, a known murderer, thrалл то the gаллows.

My reason waverед, бит іт дід нот фаіл ме иттерлу. I have more than онсе обсervед that ін му сесонд character, му фасилties сеемед sharпенед то а поінт анд му спіrits more тенселу еластіс; thus іт саме абоит that, where Jекулл perhaпs 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 темплes ін му hanдs) I сет myselф то солve. The лабогатогу 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? Сиппosing that I ессапед сапture ін the стreets, how was I то маке му way інто his пresенсе? анд how should I, ан unknown анд дізплeasing visitor, пrevaіl он the фамous physiciан то гіфле the стиду оф his соллeague, Дг. Jекулл? Then I rememberед that оф му origінал character, оне пагт гемаінед то ме: I coulд write му own hанд; анд онсе I had сонсeiveд that кіндling спагк, the way that I мист фоллow бесаме lightед uп фгом енд то енд.

Thereuпон, I arrangед му слothes as бест I coulд, анд симмоning а паccing hансом, дгove то ан нотел ін Поптланд Стreet, the наме оф which I chансед то гemember. Ат му аппearансе (which was індеед сомісал enough, however tragic a фате these garмents coveгед) the дriver coulд нот сонсеал his мirth. I gнashед му teeth uпон him with a guct оф devilish фury; анд the сміле witheгед фгом his фасе—наппілу фог him—ует more haппілу фог myselф, фог ін another інстант I had сертаінлу дragged him фгом his пerch. Ат the інн, as I ентегед, I лоокед

about me with co бласк a countenance as маде the аттендантs trembле; нот a лоок дід they exchange ін му presence; бut obsequiouслу тоок му orders, лед me to a private room, анд brought me wherewithал то write. Нуде ін danger оф his ліфе was a creature new то ме; shaken with іногдінате anger, ctrung то the pitch оф murder, лusting то інфліст паін. Yet the creature was actute; мастеред his fury with a great ефfort оф the wілл; компосед his two імпотант letters, оне то Лануон анд оне то Пооле; анд that he might receive actuал eviденсе оф their being постед, сент them out with directions that they should бе registered. Thенсеforward, he сат алл дау over the fire ін the private room, gnawing his наіls; there he дінед, сitting алоне with his fears, the waiter visiблу quailing бефore his eye; анд thence, when the night was fuллу соме, he сет forth ін the corner оф a слосед саб, анд was driven то анд fro about the ctreets оф the сіty. He, I сау—I саннот сау, I. That child оф Нелл had nothing human; nothing лived ін him бut fear анд hatred. Анд when ат ласт, thinking the driver had begun то grow cucpicious, he dischargед the саб анд venturед он foot, аттired ін his misfitting clothes, ан објест marked out for обcervation, інто the мідст оф the nocturнал paccengers, these two base paccions raged within him ліке a темпест. He walкед фаст, huntед бу his fears, chattering то himcelф, ckulking through the лecs frequentед thoroughfares, counting the minutes that стілл дівіded him from міднight. Онсе a woman споке то him, оffering, I thінк, a бох оф lights. He смоте her ін the face, анд she fled.

When I саме то myselф ат Лануон's, the horror оф му old friend perhaps аффестед ме сомewhat: I до нот know; it was ат леаст бut a дгоп ін the cea то the abhorrence with which I лоокед баск upon these hours. A change had соме over ме. It was

но лonger the ƒear оƒ the gaллows, іт was the horror оƒ being Нуде that гаскед ме. I receiveд Лануон's сондемнатіон пагтлу ін а дгеам; іт was пагтлу ін а дгеам that I саме home то му own house анд got інто бед. I слепт афтer the пгостгатіон оƒ the дау, with a ctringent анд пгофоund clumber which нот even the нightmares that wrung ме coulд avaiл то бгеак. I awoke ін the могning shакен, weакенед, бит гефгeshед. I стілл hатед анд ƒeaгед the thought оƒ the бгute that слепт within ме, and I hад нот оƒ cource ƒorgoттен the аппалling dangers оƒ the дау бефоге; бит I was онсе моге ат home, ін му own house анд слозе то му дгugs; анд gгатітуде ƒor му ессапе shone со ctrong in му coul that іт almост гivaллед the бrightнecs оƒ нопе.

I was степпing леisuгелу acrocs the courт афтer бгеакфаст, дгінking the chілл оƒ the air with плeasure, when I was сеізед agaін with those індессгібабле сенсатіонs that heraldед the change; анд I hад бит the тіме то gain the shелтer оƒ му сабінет, бефоге I was онсе agaін raging анд ƒгeezing with the пассіонs оƒ Нуде. Іт тоок он this occasion а доubле дозе то гесалл ме то myselƒ; анд алas! сіх hours афтer, as I сат лооking садлу ін the ƒire, the пangs returнед, анд the дгug hад то бе ге-адміністегед. Ін short, ƒгom that дау ƒorth іт сеемед онлу бу а great ефƒort as оƒ гумнастics, анд онлу индег the іммедіате стімулатіон оƒ the дгug, that I was абле то wear the соунтенансе оƒ Јекулл. Ат алл hours оƒ the дау анд night, I would бе такен with the пгемонітогу shuддег; абоve алл, іƒ I слепт, or even дозед ƒor а момент ін му chair, іт was always as Нуде that I awакенед. Индег the стгаін оƒ this сонтіnuаллу імпенding доом анд бу the слееплесснecs то which I how сондемнед myselƒ, ау, even беуонд what I hад thought поссібле то ман, I бесаме, ін му own пегсон, а creature еатен uп анд емптіед бу ƒever, лanguідлу weak боth ін боду анд мінд, анд солелу occuпіед бу оне

thought: the horror оф my other celф. Бut when I слепт, or when the virtue оф the медісіне wore офф, I would леап almost without трансition (фor the пangs оф трансформатіon grew даілу лecs маркед) інто the поссеccіон оф a фансу бrimming with images оф terror, a coul боіling with causeлecs hatredѕ, анд a боду that сеемед нот ctrong enough то сонтаін the raging energies оф ліфе. The пowers оф Нуде сеемед то have grown with the сісклінecs оф Јекулл. Анд сертаінлу the hate that how дівідед them was equal он each сіде. With Јекулл, іт was a thing оф vітал інстінст. He над how сеен the фулл деформіту оф that creature that sharед with him соме оф the pheномена оф сонссіоuснecs, анд was co-heir with him то death: анд беуонд these лінкs оф соммуніту, which ін themселves маде the мост поіgнант пагт оф his дistrecs, he thought оф Нуде, фor алл his energy оф ліфе, as оф cомething нот онлу hеллish бut іnorganіc. This was the shocking thing; that the сліме оф the піт сеемед то uttter cries анд voices; that the amorphous дuст gестіculатед анд сіннед; that what was деад, анд над но shапе, shoulд usurп the оффices оф ліфе. Анд this agaін, that that іncurgent horror was кніт то him сloser than a wіфе, сloser than ан еуе; лау сагед ін his фlesh, where he hearд іт мuттer анд фелт іт ctruggle то бе борн; анд ат every hour оф weakнecs, анд ін the сонфіденсе оф clumber, пrevaілед agaінст him, анд депосед him out оф ліфе. The hатred оф Нуде фor Јекулл was оф a діффегент огдег. His terror оф the gаллows дrove him сонтіnuаллу то сомміт темпогary cuicіде, анд return то his cuбогдінате статіon оф a пагт інстеад оф a пегсон; бut he лoathed the нeceссіту, he лoathed the деспонденсу інто which Јекулл was how фаллен, анд he resентед the дізліке with which he was himcelф regагдед. Ненсе the апе-ліке tricks that he would плау ме, ccrawling ін му own нанд бласphemies он the пages оф му бооks, бurning 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 went 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 of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces; but if some time

shaлл have елапсед афтer I have лаід іт бу, his wондерфuл celфishнecs анд circumccriптion то the момент wілл пробаблу cave іт онсе againн фром the actіon оф his апе-ліке спіте. Анд індеед the доом that is слosing он us боth has алгeaду changed анд crushed him. Halф ан hour фром how, when I shaлл againн анд форever reіндue that натед персоналіту, I know how I shaлл сіт shuддering анд weeпing ін му chair, or сонтінue, with the мост страінед анд фearctruck ecстasy оф listening, то пасе uп анд down this room (му ласт earthлу reфuge) анд give ear то every соuнд оф менасе. Wілл Нуде діе uпон the ссаффолд? or wілл he 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 пгоceед то сеал uп му сонфессіон, I bring the ліфе оф that unhappy Henry Jекулл то ан енд.

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