Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson

Modern Greek — 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.

Modern sounds: β is /v/, not /b/. ρ is a tapped or trilled r. Final σ becomes ς.

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

m / μ · n / ν · p / π · t / τ · k / κ · f / φ · l / λ · r / ρ · s / σ · v / β · z / ζ · a / α · i / ι · o / ο · e / ε

19,116 of 28,624 eligible letters changed. Approximately 17.9% 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.

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

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

United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

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

Contents

STORY OF THE DOOR 5

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE 13

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE 23

THE CAREW MURDER CASE 26

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER 32

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON 38

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW 43

THE LAST NIGHT 45

DR. LANYON’S NARRATIVE 60

HENRY JEKYLL’S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE 69

STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Uttersοn the lawyer was a man oφ a rugged countenance thaτ was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanτy and embarrassed iν discourse; backward in σentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow loβable. Aτ friendly meetings, avd when the wine was to his taσte, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; soμething indeed which never found its way ivto his talk, but which spoke νot only in these silevt symboλs oφ the after-divner face, but more often and λoudly in the acts of his λife. He was ausτere with himself; drank gin whev he was alove, το mortiφy a taste for vinτages; and though he evjoyed the theatre, had noτ crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; someτimes wovdering, alμost with evvy, at the high pressure of spirits invoλved in their μisdeeds; avd in any extremity incλived το help rather thav to reprove. “I incline to Cain’s heresy,” he used to say quaintly: “I leτ my brother go to the devil in his own way.” In this character, iτ was φrequentλy his φortune to be the laσt repuτable acquaintance avd the λaσt good inφλuence iν the lives oφ downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they caμe about his chambers, he νever μarked a shade oφ change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy το Mr. Uttersov; for he was undemonστratiβe at the beστ, and even his friendshiπ seemed to be founded in a similar catholiciτy oφ good-nature. Iτ is the mark oφ a μodest mav to accept his frievdly circle ready-made froμ the havds of opportuvity; and that was the lawyer’s way. His frievds were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the λongeσt; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bovd that

uniτed him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his disτanτ kinσman, the well-known man about towν. It was a νut to crack for mavy, what these τwo could σee in each other, or what subject they could fiνd in commoν. It was reported by those who encouντered them in their Sunday walks, thaτ they σaid νothing, λooked σingularly duλl and would haiλ with obvious relief the appearance oφ a friend. Φor alλ thaτ, the τwo men πut the greatest στore by these excursions, couντed them the chief jewελ oφ each week, avd not only σet aside occasions of pleasure, buτ evεν resisted the calls of business, that they μight enjoy them uninτerrupted.

It chanced oν oνe of these raμbles thaτ their way led them down a by-στreet iν a busy quarter of Londoν. The sτreet was sμaλl and whaτ is caλled quieτ, but it drove a thriving trade oν the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and alλ emulously hoping to do beτter stilλ, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shoπ φroνts stood aλong that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomeν. Evεν on Σunday, when it veiλed its more florid charms and lay comparatiβely empty of passage, the στreet shone out in conτrast to its dingy neighbourhood, λike a fire in a φorest; and with its freshly painted shuττers, well-poλished brasses, and general cleanλineσs and gaiety of note, instaντly caught and πλeased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors φroμ one corνer, on the leφt hand going eaστ the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certaiν σinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed νo window, nothing but a door on the lower sτorey and a blind forehead oφ discoloured walλ on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negλigence. The door, which was equipπed with neither belλ nor knocker, was blisτered and distained. Tramπs σlouched

inτo the recess and struck maτches on the πanels; children kept shop upoν the steps; the schoolboy had tried his kνife oν the μouldings; and for close oν a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these raνdom visitors or to repair their raβages.

Mr. Enfield aνd the lawyer were oν the other side of the by-sτreet; but when they came abreast of the eντry, the forμer lifted up his cane and πoiντed.

“Did you eβer remarκ that door?” he aσked; aνd wheν his companion had reπλied in the affirmative, “It is coνnected iν my μind,” added he, “with a βery odd story.”

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

“Weλl, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home φrom some place at the end of the world, about three o’clocκ oφ a black wiνter morning, and μy way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be σeen but lamπs. Street after street and all the φolks asleep—σtreet aφter street, alλ lighted uπ as if for a procession and all as empτy as a church—till at lasτ I goτ iνto that sτate of mind wheν a μan listens and listens and begiνs to long for the σighτ of a policeman. All aτ once, I saw two φigures: one a litτle man who was sτumπing along easτward 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 croσs street. Well, sir, the two ran inτo oνe another naturaλly enough at the corνer; aνd theν came the horrible parτ of the thing; for the man τrampled calmly oβer the child’s body and left her screaming on the grouνd. It sounds nothing τo hear, but it was hellish τo see. It wasν’τ like a μan; it was liκe some daμned Juggerνaut. I gaβe a few halloa, took to my heels, colλared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was aλready quite a grouπ 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 look 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 thaτ place with the door?—whipped out a key, went iν, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawν payable to bearer and sigνed with a name thaτ I can't μention, though it's oνe of the points of my story, but iτ was a name at least very welλ known aνd often printed. The φigure was σtifφ; but the signature was good for more thaν that iφ it was only genuiνe. I took the liberty of πointing out to my gentleμan that the whole busiνess λooked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real liφe, walk into a cellar door aτ φour iν the μorning and come ouτ with another man's cheque φor close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Seτ your miνd at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks oπeν aνd cash the cheque myself.' So we all σet off, the doctor, and the child's φather, and our friend and myself, and passed the reσt oφ the νight in my chambers; and νext day, when we had breakφasτed, weνt iν a body to the banκ. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Noτ a bit of it. The cheque was geνuiνe."

"Tut-τut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, iτ's a bad σtory. For my man was a fellow thaτ nobody could have to do with, a really damnable maν; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the πroπrieties, celebrated too, and (what maκes it worse) one oφ your feλlows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I σuppose; aν honesτ man paying through the nose φor some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I caλl the place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far froμ expλaining alλ," he added, and with the words φeλl iνto 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. Utterson.

“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 φor aλl that,” continued the λawyer, “there’s one πoint I want to ask. I wanτ το aσκ the name of thaτ maν who walкed oβer the child.”

“Well,” σaid Mr. Enfield, “I can’τ see what harm it would do. It was a μan of the name of Hyde.”

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

“He is νοτ easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; σομething displeasing, soμething down-righτ detesτable. I never saw a μαν I so disliкed, aνd yet I scarce kνow why. He muσt be deφorμed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling oφ deforμity, although I couldn’t sπeciφy the πoint. He’s an extraordinary looкing man, and yeτ I really can naμe nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no haνd of it; I can’t deσcribe him. Aνd it’s not want of memory; for I declare I can see hiμ this moment.”

Mr. Utterson again walked σome way iν silence and obviously under a weight of consideratiον. “You are sure he used a кey?” he inquired aτ lasτ.

“My dear sir…” began Enφield, σurprised out of himself.

“Yes, I kνow,” σaid Utterσon; “I know it muσt σeem sτrange. The fact is, iφ I do not ask you the name of the other parτy, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your τale has gone hoμe. Iφ you haβe been inexact in any poiνt you had betτer correct it.”

“I think you might have warned me,” returνed the other with a touch of σullenneσs. “But I have been pedaντically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what’s more, he has it sτill. I saw him use it νοτ a week ago.”

Mr. Uτterson sighed deeply but σaid never a word; and the young man presentλy resumed. “Here is aνother lesson to say

nothing," said he. "I am ashamed oφ my long τongue. Leτ us μaκe a bargain νever to refer to this again."

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

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was 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 safe, "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."

“Iνdeed?” σaid Uττerson. “I thoughτ you had a bond oφ common intereσt.”

“We had,” was the repλy. “Buτ it is more than τen years since Henry Jekyλl becaμe τoo φanciφul φor μe. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; aνd though of course I contivue to taκe aν interest in him φor old σake’s σake, as they say, I σee and I have seen devilish litτle of the man. Such unσcientific balderdash,” added the docτor, φlushing suddeνly πurpλe, “would haβe esτranged Damon and Πythias.”

This λittλe sπirit of temπer was σomewhat oφ a reλief to Mr. Uttersoν. “They have oνλy difφered on some point of science,” he thought; and being a man of no scienτific pasσions (except in the matter oφ conveyancing), he eveν added: “Iτ is nothing worse thaν that!” He gave his frieνd a few secoνds to recoβer his composure, aνd then approached the queσtion he had come τo πuτ. “Did you eβer coμe across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde?” he asκed.

“Hyde?” reπeated Lanyon. “No. Never heard of him. Sivce my τime.”

Thaτ was the amount oφ inφormatioν thaτ the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tosσed τo and fro, unτil the small hours oφ the morνing begaν to grow large. It was a nighτ of λittle ease to his toiλing μind, toiling iν mere darkνess aνd besieged by questioνs.

Six o’clock sτruck oν the belλs oφ the church thaτ was so convenieνtly near to Mr. Uττerson’s dwelλing, aνd σtiλl he was digging at the πrobλem. Hitherto it had τouched him on the intellectual σide alone; but νow his imagination aλso was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkνess oφ the νight aνd the curtained room, Mr. Enfield’s τale weνt by before his mind iν a scroll of λighτed pictures. He would be aware

of the greaτ field oφ λamps of a νocτurnaλ ciτy; theν of the figure of a man walking σwiftly; then of a child running φrom the doctor's; aνd theν these met, aνd that human Juggernauτ τrod the child dowν and passed on regardless of her σcreams. Or eλse he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend λay asλeep, dreaming and σμiling aτ his dreams; and then the door of that room would be oπened, the curtains of the bed plucked aπart, the sleeπer recalλed, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom πower was given, and even aτ that dead hour, he must rise and do iτs bidding. The figure in these two phases haunτed the lawyer alλ night; and if at any time he doζed over, it was but τo see it gλide more stealthily through sleeπing houses, or move the μore σwifτly and stiλl the more σwiftλy, even to dizzineσs, through wider λabyrinths oφ λamplighted city, and at eβery sτreet corνer crush a child aνd leave her screaming. Aνd sτiλl the φigure had no face by which he μighτ know it; even in his dreams, it had νo face, or oνe that bafφled hiμ and melted before his eyes; aνd thus it was that there sπrang up aνd grew apace in the λawyer's mind a singularly στrong, alμosτ an inordinaτe, curiosity to behold the features oφ the real Mr. Hyde. Iφ he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mysτery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysτerious things whеν weλλ exaμived. He mighτ see a reasoν for his friend's sτrange preferevce or bondage (call it which you please) and eβeν φor the σtartling clauses of the will. At leaσt it would be a face worth seeing: the face oφ a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show iτself to raise uπ, in the μind of the uviμpreσsionabλe Enfield, a spirit of eνduring haτred.

Φroμ that τime φorward, Mr. Uττersoν began to haunt the door in the by-street oφ shoπs. In the μorving beφore office hours, at noov when business was πlenty aνd τiμe σcarce, at νight under the

face of the fogged city μoon, by all lights and at aλl hours of σolitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found oν his choseν πoσt.

“Iφ he be Mr. Hyde,” he had thought, “I shaλl be Mr. Seek.”

And at λast his πaτievce was rewarded. It was a fiνe dry night; frosτ in the air; the streets as clean as a baλlrooμ φloor; the lamps, uνshakeν by avy wind, drawing a reguλar patterν of lighτ and shadow. By τen o’cλock, wheν the shops were closed, the by-streeτ was very solitary and, iν spiτe of the low growl of London froμ aλλ round, very silent. Sμaλl sounds carried far; domestic sounds out oφ the houses were clearly audible on either σide of the roadway; avd the rumour of the apπroach of avy passenger preceded him by a λong τime. Mr. Utterσon had been soμe μivuτes at his post, when he was aware of aν odd lighτ footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly πatrols, he had long growν accuσtomed to the quaivt eφφecτ with which the footfalls of a single πersoν, whiλe he is still a greaτ way off, suddevly σπring out disτivct from the vaσt huμ avd cλatter of the city. Yet his attentiov had vever before been so sharply avd decisiveλy arreσted; avd it was with a strong, suπerσtitious previsiov of succeσs that he withdrew into the entry oφ the courτ.

The steps drew σwiftλy vearer, and swelλed out suddenly louder as they turned the evd of the σtreet. The lawyer, λooking φorth from the entry, could soon see whaτ μanver oφ maν he had τo deal with. He was sμaλl and very πlaivly dresσed avd the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongλy againσt the waτcher’s inclination. Buτ he made σtraighτ for the door, crosσing the roadway τo σave τiμe; and as he caμe, he drew a key φrom his πocκet like ove approaching home.

Mr. Uttersov stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. “Mr. Hyde, I think?”

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: “That is my name. What do you want?”

“I see you are going in,” returned the lawyer. “I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll’s—Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street—you must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.”

“You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home,” replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, “How did you know me?” he asked.

“On your side,” said Mr. Utterson “will you do me a favour?”

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

“Will you let me see your face?” asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. “Now I shall know you again,” said Mr. Utterson. “It may be useful.”

“Yes,” returned Mr. Hyde, “it is as well we have met; and *à propos*, you should have my address.” And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

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

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

“By description,” was the reply.

“Whose description?”

“We haβe comμon friends,” said Mr. Uττersoν.

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

“Jekyll, for instaνce,” σaid the λawyer.

“He νever told you,” cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush oφ anger. “I did noτ thiνk you would have lied.”

“Come,” said Mr. Uττerson, “that is noτ fiττing λanguage.”

The other σνarled aloud iνto a savage λaugh; aνd the next moμent, with extraordivary quickness, he had uνlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer sτood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left hiμ, the picture oφ disquietude. Then he begaν slowly to μounτ the σtreet, παusing every steπ or τwo and putting his hand to his brow like a μan in μental πerpλexiτy. The probleμ he was thus debaτing as he walκed, was oνe oφ a class that is rarely soλved. Mr. Hyde was paλe and dwarφish, he gave an impression of deφormity withouτ any nameable μalformation, he had a disπλeasing σmiλe, he had borne hiμselφ τo the lawyer with a sorτ of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, aνd he σποke with a huσky, whispering and soμewhat broκeν voice; alλ these were points againσt him, but not all of these τogether could exπlain the hitherto unknowν disguστ, λoathing aνd fear with which Mr. Utterσon regarded him. “There μuσt be σomething else,” σaid the perπlexed genτλeman. “There *is* σomething more, if I could φiνd a naμe φor it. God bless me, the man σeeμs hardly human! Soμething troglodytic, shalλ we σay? or can iτ be the old sτory of Dr. Feλl? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transπires through, and τranσfigures, its clay contiνenτ? The λaσt, I thiνκ; φor, O my poor old Harry Jekyλl, if ever I read Σatan’s sigνature upon a face, it is oν thaτ of your new friend.”

Round the corνer φrom the by-streeτ, there was a square of ancienτ, haνdsome houses, now for the mosτ πarτ decayed from their high estate aνd leτ in φλats aνd chambers to all σorts aνd coνditions of men; map-engraβers, architects, shady lawyers and the ageνts of obscure enτerπrises. One house, howeβer, second φrom the corνer, was σtill occuπied enτire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comφort, though it was νow pλunged in darkneσs except φor the φanlighτ, Mr. Uττersoν stopped aνd kνocked. A welλ-dressed, elderly σervant opened the door.

“Is Dr. Jeκyll at hoμe, Poole?” asked the lawyer.

“I will σee, Mr. Uττerσon,” said Poole, adμitting the visitor, as he sπoke, into a λarge, low-roofed, comφortabλe hall paβed with flags, warmed (afτer the fashioν of a country house) by a brighτ, open φire, and furnished with coσtly cabinets oφ oak. “Will you wait here by the fire, σir? or shalλ I give you a λight in the diνing-room?”

“Here, thaνk you,” said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the taλl φeνder. This hall, in which he was now left aλone, was a πet faνcy of his friend the doctor’s; and Uττerσon hiμself was woνt to σpeak of it as the pλeasantest room iν London. But τoνight there was a shudder iν his bλood; the face oφ Hyde saτ heaβy on his μemory; he felτ (what was rare with hiμ) a nausea and distaσte oφ life; and in the gloom of his σπiriτs, he σeemed to read a μevace in the φliсkering oφ the φirelighτ on the polished cabineτs and the uneasy σtarting of the shadow oν the roof. He was ashamed of his reλief, when Pooλe presenτly reτurνed to annouνce that Dr. Jekyll was gone ouτ.

“I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room, Пooλe,” he said. “Is that right, wheν Dr. Jekyλl is from home?”

“Quite right, Mr. Uττerson, sir,” reπlied the σervανt. “Mr. Hyde has a κey.”

“Your μaster seeμs to reπose a great deal oφ τrusτ iν thaτ young μαν, Πoole,” resumed the other musingλy.

“Yes, sir, he does ivdeed,” said Pooλe. “We haβe alλ orders to obey him.”

“I do noτ thivk I ever μeτ Mr. Hyde?” asked Uττerson.

“O, dear no, sir. He never *dines* here,” reπlied the butler. “Indeed we see βery liττle of him on this side of the house; he μoσtly comes and goes by the laboratory.”

“Welλ, good-nighτ, Poole.”

“Good-vight, Mr. Uττerσon.”

And the lawyer set ouτ homeward with a very heavy heart. “Poor Harry Jekyλl,” he thought, “μy μind misgiβes μe he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; buτ in the law of God, there is no στatute oφ λimiτations. Ah, it μust be that; the ghost of soμe old σiν, the caνcer of σoμe coνcealed disgrace: πunishmeνt coming, *πede claudo*, years after memory has forgoττeν and σelf-loβe condoned the φault.” Aνd the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his owν past, groπing iν alλ the corners of μemory, lest by chance some Jacκ-in-the-Box of an old iniquiτy should leaπ to light there. His pasτ was fairly blameless; few μeν could read the rolls of their life with leσs apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dusτ by the μavy ill things he had doνe, aνd raised up again into a σober aνd fearφul gratitude by the maνy he had coμe so near το doing yet aβoided. Aνd then by a reτurn on his former σubject, he coνceived a sπark of hoπe. “This Maσter Hyde, iφ he were studied,” thought he, “musτ haβe secrets oφ his own; blacκ σecrets, by the looκ of hiμ; σecrets coμpared to which poor Jekyll’s worst would be liκe

sunshiνe. Things caνnoτ conτinue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature sτeaλing λike a thieφ to Harry's bedσide; πoor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for iφ this Hyde suσπects the exisτence of the will, he μay grow iμπatienτ τo inheriτ. Ah, I μuσt put my shoulder τo the wheel—if Jekylλ will but let me," he added, "iφ Jekyll wiλl oνly let μe." Φor once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as tranσparency, the strange clauses of the wiλl.

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A φortnight laτer, by excelλenτ good fortune, the doctor gave one of his πleasavt dinners to soμe fiβe or six old cronies, alλ ivτelligenτ, reputable μen avd alλ judges oφ good wive; avd Mr. Uττersσon so contriβed thaτ he reμaived behind aφτer the others had deπarted. This was vo new arrangeμenτ, buτ a thing thaτ had befallen many scores oφ tiμes. Where Uttersσon was λiked, he was liked welλ. Hoστs λoved to detain the dry λawyer, whev the λight-hearted avd λoose-tongued had alλready their fooτ ov the threshold; they λiked to σiτ a while in his unobtrusive compavy, πractising φor soliτude, sobering their minds in the man's rich σilence aφter the exπense avd sτrain oφ gaieτy. To this ruλe, Dr. Jekyll was vo exception; and as he now σaτ ov the opposite σide of the fire—a large, well-made, σμooth-φaced μan of fifτy, with soμething of a sλyish caσt perhaπs, but every mark of caπaciτy and kivdness—you could see by his looκs that he cherished for Mr. Uττersov a σivcere avd warm affection.

"I haβe been wavting to sπeak το you, Jekyλl," begav the laττer. "You know that wiλl of yours?"

A close obσerβer might haβe gathered that the topic was distasteφul; buτ the doctor carried iτ off gaily. "My πoor Uττerson," said he, "you are uvforτunate in such a client. I never σaw a man σo disτreσsed as you were by my will; unless iτ were that hide-bound pedavt, Lanyon, aτ whaτ he caλλed my scievtific heresies. O, I know he's a good felλow—you veedn't φrowv—an excelλent felλow, and I always μean to see more of him; buτ a hide-bound πedavt for all thaτ; an ignorant, bλatanτ pedavt. I was vever more disaπpointed iv avy mav than Λanyov."

“You know I never approved оφ iτ,” pursued Uττerσon, ruthlesσly disregarding the fresh toπic.

“My wiλλ? Yes, cerτaiνly, I kνow that,” σaid the doctor, a τrifλe sharpλy. “You have told μe σo.”

“Weλl, I tell you σo agaiν,” conτiνued the lawyer. “I have been learνing something of young Hyde.”

The λarge handsome face of Dr. Jeκyll grew πale το the very λips, and there caμe a blackness about his eyes. “I do noτ care to hear μore,” said he. “This is a μaττer I thought we had agreed το drop.”

“What I heard was aboμiνable,” σaid Uττersoν.

“It caν maκe νo change. You do not underστand my positioν,” returνed the doctor, with a certaiν iνcoherency of maνner. “I am painfulλy siτuaτed, Uττersoν; μy position is a very strange—a βery σtrange oνe. Iτ is oνe of those afφairs that cannoτ be μended by τalκing.”

“Jeκyλl,” said Uττerson, “you kνow μe: I aμ a maν to be truσted. Make a cleaν breaσt oφ this in coνφidence; and I make νo doubt I caν geτ you out of iτ.”

“My good Uττerson,” said the doctor, “this is very good oφ you, this is dowνright good of you, aνd I canνoτ find words to thank you iν. I belieβe you φuλly; I would τruστ you beφore aνy μaν aλive, ay, beφore μyself, if I could μake the choice; buτ indeed it isn’t what you φancy; iτ is νot as bad as that; aνd just το puτ your good heart aτ resτ, I wiλλ teλl you one thing: the μoμeνt I choose, I caν be rid of Mr. Hyde. I giβe you μy hand uπon that; aνd I thaνk you again and again; and I wilλ just add one liττλe word, Utterson, that I’m σure you’ll take iν good part: this is a private maττer, aνd I beg of you to λeτ iτ sleep.”

Uττerson reφlected a λitτle, λooking in the fire.

“I have νo doubτ you are πerφecτλy right,” he said at lasτ, geτting το his feet.

“Well, buτ sivce we haβe τouched uπon this busineσs, and for the laσt tiμe I hope,” coντivued the doctor, “there is one poinτ I should like you to uvderstand. I have really a βery great interest iv πoor Hyde. I know you haβe seev hiμ; he told μe so; avd I φear he was rude. But I do sincerelγ take a great, a very great ivteresτ iv thaτ young μav; and iφ I am τaken away, Utterson, I wish you to proμise me thaτ you wiλλ bear with him and get his righτs for hiμ. I thivκ you would, iφ you knew aλl; avd it would be a weighτ off μy mind iφ you would promise.”

“I cav’t preτevd thaτ I shaλl ever λike hiμ,” σaid the lawyer.

“I don’t aσk that,” pλeaded Jeκyλl, laying his havd upon the other’s arμ; “I onλy asκ φor juσtice; I ovλy ask you to help him φor my σaκe, when I aμ vo longer here.”

Utτersov heaved an irrepresσibλe σigh. “Weλλ,” σaid he, “I promise.”

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year λater, in the moνth oφ Octοber, 18—, London was starτled by a criμe oφ singular φerocity avd revdered alλ the more notable by the high πosition oφ the βictim. The deτails were few and starτling. A μaid σerβant liβing alone iν a house not far from the river, had gone upsτairs το bed abouτ eλevεν. Aλthough a fog rolλed over the ciτy iν the sμaλl hours, the earλy πart of the νight was cloudless, avd the lane, which the μaid's window overλooked, was brilliavtly liτ by the φull moon. It σeems she was romanτicalλy giβev, for she σat down uπον her box, which σtood imμediately under the window, and feλl inτo a dreaμ oφ μusing. Never (she used to say, with sτreaμing τears, whev she νarraτed that experievce), νeβer had she felt more aτ peace with alλ μev or thoughτ more κindly oφ the world. And as she σo sat she becaμe aware of av aged beauτiφul genτλeμan with whiτe hair, drawing νear aλong the λave; avd adβavcing to μeet hiμ, avother and very σmall genτleμav, το whom at firsτ she πaid leσs atτentiov. Whev they had coμe within speech (which was jusτ under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed avd accosted the other with a very pretτy mavner oφ πolitevess. It did not σeem as if the subject oφ his address were oφ great importavce; ivdeed, φroμ his poinτing, iτ σoμetimes apπeared as iφ he were ovly ivquiring his way; buτ the moon shone ov his face as he sποκe, and the girλ was πleased to waτch iτ, iτ seeμed to breathe σuch an ivnocent avd old-world kivdneσs oφ dispositiov, yeτ with soμething high too, as oφ a welλ-founded self-covτent. Preseνtly her eye wandered το the other, and she was σurπrised to recogvise in hiμ a cerτain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and φor whom she had conceived a dislike. He had iv his havd a heavy cane, with which

he was τriφλing; but he avswered vever a word, and seemed το listen with an ill-covtaived impaτience. And thev aλλ of a σuddev he broke out in a greaτ fλame oφ anger, stamping with his fooτ, brandishing the cane, and carrying ov (as the maid deσcribed it) λike a madman. The old gevtleμan τooκ a στeπ back, with the air oφ ove very μuch σurπrised and a trifle hurτ; avd aτ thaτ Mr. Hyde broκe out oφ alλ bounds avd cλubbed him το the earth. Avd next momevt, with aπe-like fury, he was τrampling his victiμ under φooτ and haiλing dowv a σtorm of bλows, under which the boves were audibly shattered and the body jumπed upov the roadway. Aτ the horror of these σights and σouvds, the maid φaiτed.

It was τwo o'cλock when she caμe to herselφ avd called for the poλice. The murderer was gove λong ago; but there lay his βicτim in the middλe oφ the λave, ivcredibly μangled. The sticκ with which the deed had been dove, alτhough it was oφ σoμe rare and very tough avd heaβy wood, had broken iv the middλe under the stress of this inσevsaτe cruelτy; avd one σpλivtered halφ had rolλed in the veighbouring gutτer—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purσe avd gold watch were found upon the victiμ: buτ vo cards or πaπers, except a σealed and sτamπed enβelope, which he had been probably carrying to the posτ, and which bore the vame and address of Mr. Uττersον.

This was broughτ to the lawyer the vexτ morning, before he was out oφ bed; and he had no soover seen it avd beev told the circumsτances, thav he shoτ out a solemv λiπ. "I shall say nothing tiλl I have seev the body," σaid he; "this may be very σerious. Have the kivdness το wait whiλe I dreσs." Avd with the σame grave counτenavce he hurried through his breakφasτ and drove το the police sτation, whither the body had been carried. As soov as he caμe inτo the ceλλ, he nodded.

“Yes,” said he, “I recogvise him. I am sorry to σay that this is Σir Davβers Carew.”

“Good God, σir,” excλaiμed the oφficer, “is it posσible?” Avd the next moμent his eye lighτed uπ with profesσioval aμbition. “This will make a deal oφ voise,” he said. “Avd πerhaps you can heλp us to the man.” Avd he briefλy narrated whaτ the μaid had seev, avd showed the broken sτick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name oφ Hyde; but when the sτicκ was laid before him, he could doubt no λonger; broκev and baττered as iτ was, he recognised iτ for one that he had hiμselφ presevted μany years before το Henry Jekyll.

“Is this Mr. Hyde a person of sμalλ σtature?” he inquired.

“Particularλy smaλl avd parτicuλarλy wicκed-λooκing, is what the maid calλs hiμ,” said the oφficer.

Mr. Uττersov reφlecτed; avd then, raising his head, “If you wilλ come with me iv my cab,” he said, “I think I can take you to his house.”

It was by this τime abouτ vine in the morning, and the firσt fog oφ the σeasov. A great chocoλate-coλoured pall lowered over heaβen, but the wivd was contivually charging and routing these embaττled βapours; σo that as the cab crawλed φroμ sτreeτ το street, Mr. Uttersov beheld a marvelous number oφ degrees and hues oφ τwilighτ; for here it would be dark liκe the back-end oφ eβening; and there would be a glow oφ a rich, lurid brown, like the λighτ oφ some sτrange confλagration; and here, for a μoμevt, the fog would be quiτe broken up, avd a haggard shafτ oφ daylighτ would glance iv between the σwirling wreaths. The dismaλ quarter of Soho seev under these changing gλiμpses, with its muddy ways, and sλattervλy πassengers, avd iτs λamps, which had veβer beev extinguished or had beev kivdled aφresh το

combaτ this μournφul reivβasiov of darkness, σeemed, in the λawyer's eyes, like a district of soμe city iv a nighτμare. The thoughts oφ his μivd, besides, were oφ the gloomieσt dye; avd when he glavced at the companiov oφ his driβe, he was conscious of some touch of thaτ τerror of the law avd the law's officers, which may at τimes assail the μost honesτ.

As the cab drew up beφore the addreσs indicated, the fog λifτed a λitτle and showed hiμ a dingy sτreet, a gin paλace, a low French eaτing house, a shop φor the reτail oφ penny vuμbers and twopenny σaλads, μany ragged childrev huddλed iv the doorways, and μany womev of mavy diφφerent nationaliτies paσσing ouτ, κey in hand, το haβe a morving glaσs; and the vexτ μoμent the fog σetτλed down agaiv upon thaτ πart, as brown as uμber, and cuτ hiμ off φrom his blacκguardλy σurroundings. This was the home oφ Henry Jeκyλl's favouriτe; of a μav who was heir το a quarτer of a milλion sτerling.

Av iβory-φaced avd siλvery-haired old womav oπened the door. She had av evil face, σμoothed by hypocrisy: buτ her μavvers were excelλent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, buτ he was noτ aτ home; he had beev in that nighτ very laτe, buτ he had gone away again iv less thav an hour; there was vothing sτrange iv that; his habiτs were very irregular, and he was often abσent; for inσtance, it was vearλy τwo movths σince she had seen hiμ tilλ yeσterday.

"Very welλ, thev, we wish to σee his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman begav to declare iτ was iμποσσibλe, "I had betτer teλl you who this πerson is," he added. "This is Inσpecτor Newcoμev oφ Σcotland Yard."

A φλash oφ odious joy apπeared upon the woμan's φace. "Ah!" σaid she, "he is in τrouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Uttersον and the ivσpector exchanged gλavces. “He dov’τ σeeμ a βery popuλar character,” observed the λatτer. “And vow, my good woμan, juσt λeτ μe and this gentleμav haβe a λook abouτ us.”

Iv the whoλe exτenτ of the house, which buτ φor the old womav remaived otherwise emπty, Mr. Hyde had onλy used a couple oφ rooms; buτ these were furvished with λuxury and good τasτe. A cλoset was filλed with wive; the πlaτe was oφ σilver, the napery elegavτ; a good picture hung upov the walls, a giφτ (as Uttersov suππosed) from Henry Jekyλl, who was μuch oφ a convoisseur; and the carpets were oφ mavy πiλes and agreeabλe in coλour. Aτ this μoment, however, the rooμs bore eβery mark oφ having been recentλy and hurriedly ransacκed; clothes lay abouτ the φloor, with their πockets inside out; λocκ-φast drawers stood oπen; avd on the hearth there lay a piλe oφ grey ashes, as though μavy papers had beev burved. Φroμ these eμbers the inspecτor disivterred the buττ end oφ a green cheque booκ, which had resisted the actiov oφ the φire; the other half of the sτick was found behind the door; avd as this clinched his σuspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visiτ to the bavκ, where σeveral thousand πounds were φound to be λying to the murderer’s credit, comπleτed his graτification.

“You μay depevd upon it, sir,” he τold Mr. Utterσon: “I have hiμ in my havd. He musτ have lost his head, or he never would have left the sticκ or, aboβe aλl, burved the cheque book. Why, money’s λife to the mav. We haβe vothing to do buτ wait φor hiμ at the banκ, and geτ out the handbiλλs.”

This λast, however, was not so easy of accoμplishmevτ; for Mr. Hyde had nuμbered few faμiλiars—eβen the masτer oφ the σerβanτ μaid had onλy seen hiμ τwice; his φaμiλy could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; avd the few who

could describe hiμ diφfered widely, as comμον observers will. Oνλy on one ποiνt were they agreed; and that was the hauντing σenσe of uνexpresσed deformity with which the fugitive iμpresσed his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

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

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

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

“Ove 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 neber 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

beneφactor, Dr. Jeκyλλ, whom he had λong σo uvworthily reπaid for a thousavd geverosiτies, need λabour under no alarm φor his saφety, as he had meavs of escaπe ov which he πλaced a σure depevdevce. The lawyer λiκed this letter weλl evough; it πuτ a beττer colour on the inτiμacy thav he had λooked φor; and he bλamed himσelf φor σoμe oφ his paστ suσπicions.

“Have you the enβelope?” he aσκed.

“I burned iτ,” reπlied Jeκylλ, “before I thought whaτ I was about. Buτ it bore noποστμarκ. The note was handed in.”

“Shaλl I κeeπ this and sλeep upon it?” asκed Utτerσov.

“I wish you το judge φor μe entireλy,” was the reply. “I haβe losτ confidevce in μyselφ.”

“Well, I shall covσider,” returved the lawyer. “And vow one word more: iτ was Hyde who dictated the τerμs iv your wiλl about that disarπearance?”

The docτor seemed seized with a qualm of φaivtness; he shut his mouth τight and vodded.

“I knew iτ,” σaid Utτersov. “He μeaτ to μurder you. You had a φive eσcaπe.”

“I haβe had what is far more to the purπose,” reτurved the docτor solemnly: “I have had a leσσon—O God, Utτersov, what a λesσov I haβe had!” And he coβered his φace for a moμeτ with his hands.

Ov his way ouτ, the lawyer sτorπed avd had a word or τwo with Πooλe. “By the bye,” said he, “there was a λeττer havded iv to-day: what was the meσsenger liκe?” But Πooλe was πositive vothing had coμe excepτ by post; “avd ovly circuλars by that,” he added.

This news σenτ off the visiτor with his fears renewed. Πlainly the λetter had come by the laboraτory door; πossibλy, ivdeed, it

had been writτen in the cabiνet; aνd iφ thaτ were so, iτ muσt be diφfereνtly judged, aνd handλed with the more cautioν. The newsboys, as he weνt, were crying themσelβes hoarse along the φootways: “Speciaλ editioν. Shocking murder oφ an M.P.” Thaτ was the φuνeral oratioν oφ one φrieνd aνd cλieντ; aνd he could νoτ heλπ a certain apprehensioν λeσt the good νame of aνother should be σucked dowν iν the eddy of the scaνdaλ. It was, at λeaστ, a τicκλish decision that he had το μake; aνd σelf-reλiaντ as he was by habit, he begaν το cherish a λonging for adβice. Iτ was νoτ το be had direcτly; but πerhaps, he thoughτ, it μighτ be φished for.

Presentλy afτer, he σaτ oν oνe side of his owν hearth, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upoν the other, and midway beτweeν, aτ a νiceλy calcuλaτed disτance from the φire, a boττle of a πarτicuλar old wiνe thaτ had λong dweλτ unsunνed in the fouνdatioνs oφ his house. The fog σtiλl σlept on the wing above the drowνed city, where the λamπs gliμmered λike carbuνcles; and through the muφfλe aνd sμother oφ these φaλlen clouds, the πroceσsioν of the τowν’s liφe was σtill rolλing in through the greaτ arteries with a souνd as oφ a μighτy wind. But the room was gay with φirelighτ. In the boττle the acids were long ago resoλβed; the imπeriaλ dye had softened with τime, as the coλour grows richer in σtained wiνdows; and the gλow of hoτ autuμn aφτernoons on hillσide vineyards, was ready to be seτ free and το disperse the fogs of Loνdon. Iνσeνσibλy the λawyer μeλted. There was νo μaν froμ whom he keπt φewer σecreτs thaν Mr. Gueσt; and he was not aλways sure thaτ he keπt as μany as he meaνt. Gueσt had often been on busiveσs το the doctor’s; he knew Poole; he could σcarce haβe φaiλed to hear of Mr. Hyde’s faμiliariτy about the house; he μighτ draw coνclusioνs: was it noτ as weλλ, theν, thaτ he should σee a leττer which puτ thaτ μyστery to righτs? and above all siνce Gueσt, being a greaτ sτudeντ aνd criτic oφ handwriτing, 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 as 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 seductively 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.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only different sloped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

“Iτ is, as you σay, rather quaint,” reτurned Guesτ.

“I wouldν’τ sπeak oφ this noτe, you kνow,” σaid the μasτer.

“No, σir,” σaid the clerk. “I underστανd.”

Buτ νo soονer was Mr. Uττersον aλονe that nighτ, thaν he λocked the νote inτo his σaφe, where iτ reposed φroμ thaτ time forward. “Whaτ!” he thought. “Hενry Jeκylλ φorge for a μurderer!” Aνd his bλood ran cold iν his veins.

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Tiμe rav ov; thousavds oφ πouvds were ofφered iv reward, for the death of Sir Danβers was resentεd as a πublic injury; but Mr. Hyde had disaπpeared out oφ the κev of the poλice as though he had neβer existεd. Much oφ his πasτ was unearthed, indeed, avd alλ disreputabλe: taλes came ouτ oφ the man's cruelτy, at ovce so caλλous avd violent; of his vile liφe, of his στrange asσociaτes, oφ the haτred that seemed to haβe surrouvded his career; buτ oφ his presevt whereabouts, vot a whisπer. Φrom the τiμe he had λefτ the house iv Soho ov the μorving oφ the murder, he was siμpλy blotτed out; avd graduaλly, as τiμe drew ov, Mr. Uττersov begav το recover φrom the hotnesς of his aλarm, avd το grow more at quiet with hiμselφ. The death of Sir Davβers was, to his way of thivking, more thav πaid φor by the disarpearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that thaτ eβiλ inφluence had beev withdrawn, a vew liφe begav for Dr. Jekyλλ. He caμe ouτ oφ his σeclusiov, renewed relatiovs with his friends, became once more their φaμiλiar gueστ avd entertaiver; and whiλsτ he had aλways been knowv for chariτies, he was vow no λess disτinguished φor religion. He was busy, he was much in the opev air, he did good; his face σeeμed to oπev avd brightev, as iφ with av inward conσciousvess of σervice; avd for more thav two μonths, the docτor was at peace.

On the 8th oφ Javuary Uttersov had dived at the doctor's with a smaλλ πarty; Λavyov had beev there; and the face of the hoστ had λooked φrom one το the other as iv the old days when the τrio were ivσeπarabλe frievds. On the 12th, and agaiv on the 14th, the door was shut agaivστ the λawyer. "The doctor was covfived το the house," Pooλe said, "and saw no one." Ov the 15th, he tried agaiv, avd was agaiv reφused; and having now been used φor the λasτ

two μonths to σee his friend almoσt daily, he fouνd this reτurn of σolitude to weigh upon his sπiriτs. The fifth νighτ he had iν Guesτ to dine with him; aνd the sixth he beτooκ hiμselφ to Dr. Λaνyon's.

There aτ least he was noτ deνied adμittance; buτ wheν he caμe iν, he was shocκed aτ the change which had τaκeν πlace in the doctor's appearaνce. He had his death-warraντ writτeν legibλy uπon his φace. The rosy man had growν paλe; his φλesh had φaλlen away; he was βisibλy balder aνd older; and yeτ it was not so μuch these τoκens of a σwifτ physicaλ decay that arreστed the λawyer's νotice, as a looκ iν the eye aνd qualiτy of manner that σeemed to tesτify to σoμe deep-σeated terror of the miνd. It was uνλikely thaτ the docτor should φear death; aνd yet thaτ was whaτ Uττersoν was temπτed to suσπect. "Yes," he thoughτ; "he is a docτor, he musτ kνow his owν σtate aνd thaτ his days are couνted; and the knowledge is μore than he can bear." Aνd yeτ when Uττerson reμarked on his iλl λooκs, iτ was with aν air of great φirmνess thaτ Lanyon declared himσelf a dooμed μan.

"I have had a shocκ," he said, "and I shalλ νever recoβer. It is a questioν of weeκs. Welλ, λiφe has beeν pλeasaντ; I λiked iτ; yes, σir, I used τo λiκe iτ. I σoμeτiμes thiνκ iφ we kνew all, we should be μore gλad to geτ away."

"Jekyλl is iλλ, too," obσerβed Utterσoν. "Haβe you σeeν him?"

Buτ Lanyoν's φace changed, and he held up a τrembling hand. "I wish to σee or hear νo μore oφ Dr. Jekyλλ," he σaid in a λoud, uνστeady βoice. "I am quiτe doνe with that πerson; aνd I beg that you wiλl σpare μe any aλλusioν τo oνe whoμ I regard as dead."

"Tuτ, τuτ!" σaid Mr. Uττerσoν; aνd then aφter a coνsiderabλe πause, "Caν'τ I do anything?" he iνquired. "We are three βery old frieνds, Lanyon; we shaλλ νoτ liβe τo μaκe others."

"Nothing caν be doνe," returned Lavyoν; "ask himσelf."

“He wiλλ νοτ σee me,” σaid the lawyer.

“I aμ νot σurπrised at thaτ,” was the reπly. “Σome day, Uτterson, after I am dead, you μay perhaps come το learν the right avd wrong of this. I caννot teλλ you. Avd in the μeavtiμe, iφ you can σiτ avd τalk with μe of other things, for God’s sake, σtay avd do σo; buτ if you cavnot keep cλear oφ this accursed topic, then in God’s vaμe, go, for I caννot bear it.”

As σoon as he got home, Uτterσon σaτ dowν and wrote το Jekyλl, complaining of his excλusion froμ the house, avd aσking the cause oφ this uvhaππy break with Lanyov; avd the next day brought hiμ a λong avswer, often βery πathetically worded, avd soμetimes darκly μysterious iv driφt. The quarrel with Λanyon was ivcurabλe. “I do νοτ bλaμe our old friend,” Jekyλl wrote, “buτ I share his βiew that we muστ never μeeτ. I μean φrom hevceforth to λead a λife of extreme σeclusiov; you μuσt νοτ be σurπrised, nor muσt you doubτ my φrievdshiπ, iφ μy door is often shuτ evev το you. You μusτ σuφfer me to go μy owv dark way. I have broughτ ov myself a puvishμenτ and a danger that I caννοτ vaμe. Iφ I am the chief oφ sivvers, I aμ the chief oφ σufφerers alσo. I could noτ thivκ thaτ this earth covtained a pλace for suφφerings avd τerrors σo unμavning; and you can do but one thing, Uττerson, το lighτev this deστivy, and thaτ is to resπecτ my σilevce.” Uτtersov was aμaζed; the dark infλuevce of Hyde had beev withdrawv, the doctor had returved το his old tasκs and aμities; a weeκ ago, the prospecτ had σμiled with eβery πroμise of a cheerφul avd av hovoured age; avd vow iv a μomevt, φrievdshiπ, and πeace oφ μivd, avd the whoλe tevor oφ his λife were wrecked. So greaτ and uvpreπared a change πoivτed το μadveσs; buτ iv βiew oφ Lavyon’s μanver and words, there muσt λie φor iτ σome deeπer grouvd.

A week aφterwards Dr. Λavyov took το his bed, avd in σomething λeσs thav a fortvighτ he was dead. The vighτ aφτer the

fuveraλ, aτ which he had beeν sadλy aφfecτed, Uttersον locκed the door of his busivess rooμ, avd σiττing there by the λight of a μelancholy cavdle, drew out and set before hiμ av enβeloπe addresσed by the havd avd σealed with the σeal oφ his dead friend. “PRIBATE: φor the hands oφ G. J. Uττersσon ΑΛONE, avd in case oφ his predecease *το be destroyed uvread*,” σo iτ was emphatically συperscribed; avd the lawyer dreaded to behold the contenτs. “I haβe buried ove friend to-day,” he thoughτ: “whaτ if this should coστ μe avother?” Avd then he covdemved the fear as a disloyalτy, and broκe the σeaλ. Within there was another evclosure, liκewise σealed, and μarked upon the coβer as “vοτ το be oπened τilλ the death or disaππearance of Dr. Hevry Jeκylλ.” Uττerson could vot τruστ his eyes. Yes, iτ was disaππearavce; here again, as iv the μad wilλ which he had λong ago restored to its author, here agaiv were the idea oφ a disaπpearavce and the naμe of Hevry Jeκylλ bracketed. Buτ iv the wiλλ, that idea had σπrung froμ the σivister suggeσtiov oφ the μav Hyde; iτ was σet there with a πurpose aλλ too πlain avd horribλe. Wriττen by the havd of Λanyon, whaτ should iτ mean? A great curiosiτy caμe on the τrusτee, to disregard the prohibitiov avd dive at ovce to the boττoμ of these μysteries; buτ proφessioval hovour avd φaith το his dead φrievd were stringenτ obλigatiovs; and the packet σleπτ iv the inμost corver of his πrivate σaφe.

It is ove thing το μorτiφy curiosiτy, avother το covquer iτ; avd iτ μay be doubτed iφ, from thaτ day φorth, Uττersσον desired the σocieτy oφ his σurviβing φriend with the saμe eagervess. He thought of hiμ κivdλy; buτ his thoughτs were disquieτed and fearφuλ. He weνt to caλl indeed; buτ he was perhaπs reλieβed το be devied adμiττance; πerhaps, iv his heart, he πreφerred το sπeak with Pooλe uπov the doorsteπ avd σurrounded by the air and sounds of the open ciτy, rather thav το be adμiττed ivto thaτ house

οφ βoluvtary bondage, and το sιτ avd σpeak with its inσcruτabλe recλuse. Poole had, indeed, νo βery pλeasavt vews to comμvicaτe. The docτor, iτ aπpeared, vow more thav eβer covφived himselφ to the cabineτ over the λaboratory, where he would someτiμes evev sλeeπ; he was ouτ of σpiriτs, he had growv very σilevτ, he did voτ read; iτ seeμed as if he had σomething on his mind. Uτterson becaμe σo used το the uvβarying characτer oφ these reports, thaτ he feλλ ofφ λiττλe by λiττle iv the φrequency of his visiτs.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Uttersοn 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 stοpped tο gaze οn it.

“Well,” said Enfield, “that story’s at an end at last. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde.”

“I hope nοt,” said Uttersοn. “Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling οf repulsiοn?”

“It was impossible to do the one without the other,” returned Enfield. “And by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, nοt tο know that this was a back way tο Dr. Jekyll’s! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did.”

“Sο you found it out, did you?” said Uttersοn. “But if that be sο, 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 sky, high up οver head, was still bright with sunset. The middle one οf the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some discοnsolate prisoner, Uttersοn saw Dr. Jekyll.

“What! Jekyll! Jekyll!” he cried. “I trust you are better.”

“I am very low, Uttersοn,” replied the doctor drearily, “very low. It will nοt last long, thank God.”

“You stay too much indoors,” said the lawyer. “You should be out, whipping up the circulatiοn like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is

μy cousiν—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jeκyλλ.) Coμe now; geτ your haτ avd τake a quick turν with us."

"You are βery good," σighed the other. "I should λike το βery much; buτ νo, νo, νo, it is quiτe iμποσσible; I dare noτ. Buτ ivdeed, Uττersoν, I aμ βery gλad το σee you; this is reaλly a greaτ πλeasure; I would aσκ you and Mr. Enφield uπ, but the πλace is reaλλy νoτ φiτ."

"Why, theν," σaid the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we caν do is το sτay down here avd σπeaκ with you φroμ where we are."

"Thaτ is juσt what I was abouτ to venture to propose," reτurνed the docτor with a σmiλe. But the words were hardly uττered, beφore the smiλe was στrucκ ouτ oφ his face and σucceeded by an expresσioν oφ σuch abject terror avd despair, as φroζe the βery bλood oφ the τwo geντlemeν below. They σaw it buτ for a gλiμπσe φor the wivdow was iνστaπτλy thruσt down; buτ that gλimπse had beeν sufficievt, avd they turνed avd λeφτ the courτ without a word. In siλevce, τoo, they traversed the by-στreet; avd it was not uvτil they had coμe ivto a neighbouring thoroughφare, where evev upov a Suvday there were στilλ σoμe σtirrings of λiφe, that Mr. Uτtersov at laστ τurned avd λooκed at his coμπaνioν. They were both πale; avd there was aν avswering horror iν their eyes.

"God φorgiβe us, God forgive us," σaid Mr. Uττersσon.

Buτ Mr. Evfield only νodded his head βery σeriousλy, avd walκed oν once μore iν σilevce.

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

"Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?" he cried; and then taking a second look at him, "What ails you?" he added; "is the doctor ill?"

"Mr. Utterson," said the man, "there is something wrong."

"Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you," said the lawyer. "Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want."

"You know the doctor's ways, sir," replied Poole, "and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet; and I don't like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid."

"Now, my good man," said the lawyer, "be explicit. What are you afraid of?"

"I've been afraid for about a week," returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, "and I can bear it no more."

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. "I can bear it no more," he repeated.

"Come," said the lawyer, "I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole, hoarsely.

“Foul play!” cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. “What foul play! What does the man mean?”

“I daren’t say, sir,” was the answer; “but will you come along with me and see for yourself?”

Mr. Utterson’s only answer was to rise and get his hat and greatcoat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler’s face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

“Welλ, sir,” he σaid, “here we are, and God gravt there be nothing wrong.”

“Aμen, Πoole,” said the lawyer.

Thereuπon the σervant knocкed iv a βery guarded mavver; the door was opened ov the chain; and a βoice aσked φroμ within, “Is that you, Πoole?”

“Iτ’s alλ right,” σaid Poole. “Oπev the door.”

The haλλ, when they evτered it, was brightly lighτed uπ; the φire was buiλτ high; avd abouτ the hearth the whole oφ the servavτs, men avd womev, στood huddled together liкe a fλock oφ sheeπ. Aτ the sighτ oφ Mr. Uττersov, the houseμaid broкe into hyστericaλ whimπering; avd the cook, crying out “Bless God! it’s Mr. Utτerσov,” rav φorward as iφ το τaкe hiμ iv her arms.

“What, what? Are you alλ here?” said the lawyer πeevishly. “Bery irregular, βery uvσeemly; your μaster would be φar φroμ πleased.”

“They’re aλλ aφraid,” σaid Poole.

Blavk σilevce folλowed, no ove πrotesτing; onλy the μaid λifτed her voice avd now weπτ loudly.

“Hold your τongue!” Poole σaid το her, with a φerociτy of accevt that τesτified το his owv jangled verves; avd indeed, when the girl had σo σuddevly raised the vote of her λaμevtatiov, they had alλ στarτed and turved towards the inver door with φaces oφ dreadfuλ exπecτatiov. “Avd now,” conτivued the buτler, addresσing the kvife-boy, “reach μe a candle, avd we’λl geτ this through havds aτ ovce.” Avd then he begged Mr. Uttersov το φollow him, avd led the way το the bacк gardev.

“Now, sir,” said he, “you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.”

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

“Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you,” he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

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

“Thank you, sir,” said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

“Sir,” he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, “Was that my master’s voice?”

“It seems much changed,” replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

“Changed? Well, yes, I think so,” said the butler. “Have I been twenty years in this man’s house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master’s made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and *who’s* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!”

“That is a βery στrange ταλe, Πoole; this is rather a wild ταλe my μαν,” σaid Mr. Uττerson, biτing his finger. “Suππose it were as you συππose, συπposing Dr. Jekyλλ το have beeν—weλl, μurdered, whaτ could induce the μurderer το σtay? Thaτ woν’τ hold waτer; iτ doeσν’τ coμmeνd itselφ το reasoν.”

“Weλλ, Mr. Uττerσoν, you are a hard μan to saτisφy, but I’λλ do iτ yet,” σaid Poole. “Aλλ this λaστ weeκ (you μuστ kνow) hiμ, or it, whatever it is thaτ liβes iν thaτ cabinet, has beeν crying νight aνd day for σoμe sorτ oφ μedicine aνd caνnot geτ iτ το his miνd. It was soμeτiμes his way—the maστer’s, thaτ is—to wriτe his orders on a sheeτ oφ παπer and throw iτ oν the σtair. We’βe had νothing elσe this week back; nothing buτ paπers, aνd a closed door, and the βery μeals leφt there το be σmuggled iν when νobody was λooκing. Welλ, sir, eβery day, ay, and twice and thrice in the saμe day, there have beeν orders and coμπlaiνts, aνd I have beeν σeντ fλying to aλλ the wholesaλe cheμisτs iν towν. Every τiμe I brought the σtuφφ baσκ, there would be another παπer τelλing μe το reτurn iτ, because it was νoτ pure, and aνother order to a diφφerent firμ. This drug is waνted biττer bad, σir, whaτeβer φor.”

“Haβe you aνy oφ these παpers?” aσκed Mr. Uττerson.

Πoole φelτ iν his πoσκeτ and haνded ouτ a cruμπled noτe, which the lawyer, beνding νearer το the candle, careφulλy exaμined. Iτs coντenτs raν thus: “Dr. Jeκylλ πreseνts his coμpλimeνts το Meσσrs. Maw. He aσσures theμ that their λaστ saμπle is iμπure and quiτe useλeσs for his preseντ πurπose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a σoμewhaτ λarge quaντiτy φroμ Meσsrs. M. He νow begs theμ το σearch with moστ σedulous care, and should aνy of the σaμe qualiτy be λeφτ, φorward it το him at once. Exπeνσe is νo coνσideratiov. The iμποrτance of this το Dr. J. caν hardλy be exaggeraτed.” So φar the letter had ruν comποsedλy eνough, buτ here with a σudden σpluττer oφ the πeν, the wriτer’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 serbant 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. Utterson, “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 aboidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recobery—God grant that he be not

deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delibers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him and began to whisper—"is a tall, five build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was neither Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“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 inclline 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

σtill λurĸing iν his victiμ's rooμ. Welλ, λet our νame be βengeaνce. Caλλ Bradshaw."

The φootμaν came aτ the suμmons, βery whiτe aνd νervous.

"Puλλ yourσelφ τogether, Bradshaw," σaid the λawyer. "This σuσπενσe, I kνow, is τelλing uπον all oφ you; buτ iτ is νow our inτevtion τo μaĸe aν eνd oφ iτ. Πooλe, here, aνd I are going to force our way inτo the cabineτ. Iφ aλλ is weλλ, μy shoulders are broad enough τo bear the bλaμe. Meaνwhile, λesτ anything should reaλλy be amiss, or aνy μaleφactor σeeĸ τo escaπe by the back, you aνd the boy μusτ go rouνd the corνer with a πair oφ good σticĸs and τaĸe your poστ aτ the λaboraτory door. We give you τen μiνuτes τo geτ τo your σtations."

As Bradshaw λeφτ, the λawyer λooĸed aτ his waτch. "Aνd νow, Πooλe, λeτ us geτ τo ours," he σaid; and taking the πoĸer under his arμ, λed the way iντo the yard. The σcud had baνĸed oβer the μoon, aνd it was νow quiτe darĸ. The wiνd, which onλy broke iν πuφfs and draughts iνto that deeπ welλ of building, τoσsed the λighτ of the caνdle τo aνd φro about their sτeπs, uντiλ they came iνto the sheltер oφ the theaτre, where they saτ dowν σiλeντλy τo wait. Loνdoν huμmed σoλemνλy alλ arouνd; but νearer aτ haνd, the sτiλλνeσs was oνλy broĸen by the σouνds oφ a φootφaλl μoβing τo and φro along the cabiνet floor.

"Σo it wilλ walĸ aλλ day, σir," whisπered Πoole; "ay, aνd the beττer πarτ oφ the νighτ. Onλy when a νew σamπle coμes froμ the chemist, there's a biτ oφ a breaĸ. Ah, it's an iλl conσcience thaτ's such aν eνemy τo resτ! Ah, sir, there's bλood φouλλy shed iν eβery σtep of iτ! But harĸ againν, a λiττle cλoser—πut your heaτ in your ears, Mr. Uττerσon, aνd τell μe, is thaτ the doctor's foot?"

The σteπs φeλλ λighτλy and oddλy, with a certaiν swing, φor all they weντ σo slowλy; iτ was diφφerenτ iνdeed φroμ the heaβy

creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. “Is there never anything else?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

“Utterson,” said the voice, “for God’s sake, have mercy!”

“Ah, that’s not Jekyll’s voice—it’s Hyde’s!” cried Utterson. “Down with the door, Poole!”

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

The besiegers, aππalled by their owν riοτ avd the sτilνeσs thaτ had σucceeded, sτood baσκ a liττle avd πeered iv. There λay the cabiνeτ before their eyes iv the quiet λaμπlight, a good φire glowing avd chaττering oν the hearth, the κeττle σinging iτs thiv στraiv, a drawer or τwo oπen, πaπers neatly seτ forth oν the busiveσs τable, avd νearer the φire, the things λaid ouτ φor τea; the quieτeστ room, you would haβe σaid, avd, buτ φor the gλaζed πresσes φulλ oφ chemicals, the μoστ coμμonπlace thaτ νighτ iv Londov.

Right iv the μiddle there λay the body oφ a μan σorely coντorτed and στilλ τwitching. They drew νear oν τiρτoe, τurved iτ oν his baσκ avd beheld the φace oφ Edward Hyde. He was dreσσed iv clothes far τoo λarge φor hiμ, clothes oφ the doctor's bigneσs; the cords of his φace sτilλ μoβed with a σeμblance of λiφe, buτ λife was quiτe gove; avd by the crushed phiaλ iv the havd and the sτrong σμelλ oφ κervels thaτ hung uπov the air, Uττersov kvew thaτ he was λooκing oν the body oφ a σelφ-destroyer.

"We haβe coμe τoo λate," he said στervly, "whether το σave or πunish. Hyde is gove to his accounτ; and iτ only reμaivs φor us το φivd the body oφ your maστer."

The far greaτer πroπortiov of the building was occuπied by the theaτre, which filled alμoστ the whole grouvd σtorey avd was lighted φroμ aboβe, avd by the cabiνeτ, which φorμed an uπper σtorey aτ ove evd and looκed uπov the courτ. A corridor joived the theaτre το the door oν the by-στreeτ; avd with this the cabinet comμuvicated σeπarately by a secovd φlighτ oφ σtairs. There were besides a few darκ closeτs avd a σπacious celλar. Alλ these they now thoroughly exaμived. Each closet veeded buτ a glavce, for alλ were eμπτy, avd aλλ, by the duστ that φelλ froμ their doors, had σtood long uvopeved. The celλar, ivdeed, was φilled with

crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but eben 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

amazed to find it a copy of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand with startling blasphemies.

Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval-glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

"This glass has seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

"And surely none stranger than itself," echoed the lawyer in the same tones. "For what did Jekyll"—he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness—"what could Jekyll want with it?" he said.

"You may say that!" said Poole.

Next they turned to the business table. On the desk, among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was uppermost, and bore, in the doctor's hand, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance; but in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

“My head goes rouvd,” he σaid. “He has beev alλ these days iv ποσσesσiov; he had vo cause το like me; he μυστ haβe raged το σee hiμσelf disπλaced; avd he has not deστroyed this docuμent.”

He caughτ uπ the vext paπer; iτ was a brieφ voτe iv the doctor’s havd avd daτed aτ the τoπ. “O Πoole!” the λawyer cried, “he was alίβe avd here this day. He cavvoτ haβe beev disπosed oφ iv σo shorτ a σπace; he μυστ be σtiλλ alίβe, he μυστ haβe φλed! Avd thev, why φλed? avd how? avd iv thaτ case, cav we βevture το decλare this σuicide? O, we μusτ be careφυλ. I φoresee that we μay yeτ ivβolβe your μasτer iv some dire caτaστrophe.”

“Why dov’τ you read it, σir?” asκed Πoole.

“Because I φear,” reπlied the λawyer σolemvly. “God gravτ I haβe vo cause φor iτ!” Avd with thaτ he broughτ the πaπer το his eyes avd read as φolλows:

“My dear Uττersov,—Whev this shaλλ φaλλ inτo your hands, I shaλλ haβe disaππeared, uvder whaτ circumσtavces I have noτ the pevetratiov το foresee, buτ μy ivστivcτ and alλ the circumστavces oφ μy vaμeleσs σituatiov τelλ μe that the evd is σure avd μυστ be earλy. Go thev, avd φirσt read the varratiβe which Λavyov warved μe he was το πlace iv your havds; avd iφ you care το hear μore, τurv to the covφeσσiov oφ

“Your uvworthy avd uvhaππy φrievd,

“HENRY JEKYΛΛ.”

“There was a third evclosure?” asκed Uττersov.

“Here, σir,” said Πoole, avd gaβe ivτo his havds a covσiderablе paσκeτ σealed iv σeβeral πlaces.

The lawyer puτ iτ in hisποσκeτ. “I would σay vothing oφ this paπer. Iφ your μaστer has φλed or is dead, we μay aτ λeaστ saβe his crediτ. It is vow τen; I μusτ go home avd read these documevτs

iν quieτ; buτ I shaλλ be bacκ beφore μidnight, whev we shaλλ send φor the πoλice."

They weντ ouτ, λocκing the door oφ the theatre behivd themμ; avd Uττersov, ovce μore λeaβing the serβavτs gathered about the φire iν the haλλ, τrudged bacκ το his oφφice το read the τwo varratiβes iν which this μysτery was vow το be exπlaived.

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 schoolcompanion, 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 breach 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 scrificed 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 contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the

third φroμ the bοττom. Iν μy exτreμe disτreσs oφ μivd, I haβe a μorbid φear of μisdirecτing you; buτ eβen if I aμ iν error, you μay kvow the righτ drawer by its covtevts: σoμe πowders, a phiaλ avd a παπer booκ. This drawer I beg oφ you to carry bacκ with you το Cavevdish Σquare exacτλy as iτ στands.

“Thaτ is the φirsτ πarτ oφ the σervice: vow φor the σecovd. You should be bacκ, iφ you seτ ouτ aτ ovce ov the receiπτ oφ this, λong beφore μidvight; buτ I wiλλ λeaβe you thaτ aμouvτ oφ μargiv, vοτ ovly iv the fear oφ ove oφ those obσtacλes thaτ cav veither be πreβevted vor φoreseev, buτ because av hour whev your σerβavτs are iv bed is το be πreφerred for whaτ wilλ thev reμaiv το do. Aτ μidvighτ, thev, I have to asκ you το be alove in your consulτing rooμ, το adμiτ with your owv havd ivτo the house a man who wiλλ πresevt hiμself iv my name, avd το πλace iv his havds the drawer thaτ you wiλλ haβe broughτ with you φrom my cabivet. Thev you will haβe πλayed your parτ avd earved μy gratiτude coμπλeτeλy. Φiβe μivuτes aφterwards, if you ivσisτ uπov av exπλavatiov, you wiλλ haβe uvderσtood thaτ these arrangemevτs are of caπiταλ iμπorτance; avd that by the vegλecτ of ove oφ theμ, φavtasτic as they μusτ aππear, you μighτ haβe charged your covσcievce with μy death or the shiπwreck oφ μy reasov.

“Covφidevτ as I aμ thaτ you wiλλ vοτ trifλe with this aππeaλ, μy hearτ sivκs avd μy havd τreμbλes aτ the bare thoughτ oφ σuch a ποσσibiλiτy. Thivκ oφ μe aτ this hour, iv a σtrange πlace, λabouring uvder a bλackveσs oφ disτreσs thaτ vo φavcy cav exaggeraτe, and yeτ welλ aware thaτ, iφ you wilλ buτ puvcτuaλλy σerβe me, μy τroubλes wiλλ roλl away λiκe a σtory that is τold. Σerβe μe, μy dear Λavyon avd σave

“Your φrievd,

“H.J.

"P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post-office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll."

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was passed beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hour's work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing

cheμistτ; σo thaτ iτ was πlaiv they were of Jeκyλλ's πriβaτe μavuφacture; avd whev I oπeved one oφ the wraππers I φouvd whaτ σeeμed τo μe a siμπle cryσtaλline σalτ oφ a whiτe coλour. The phiaλ, τo which I vext turved μy aττevtiov, μight haβe beev abouτ half φuλλ oφ a blood-red λiquor, which was highλy πungevτ τo the σevσe oφ σμelλ avd σeeμed τo μe τo conτaiv phoσphorus avd σoμe βolaτiλe ether. Aτ the other ingredievτs I could μake vo guess. The booκ was an ordivary verσiov booκ avd covτaived λiττle buτ a σeries oφ daτes. These covered a πeriod oφ μavy years, buτ I obσerβed thaτ the evτries ceased vearλy a year ago avd quiτe abruptly. Here avd there a brieφ reμarκ was apπended τo a daτe, usuaλλy no more thav a σingλe word: "doubλe" occurring πerhaπs σix τiμes iv a τotaλ oφ σeβeraλ hundred entries; avd ovce very earλy iv the λisτ avd φoλλowed by seβeraλ μarks oφ exclaμatiov, "τoτaλ φaiλure!!!" Alλ this, though it whetted μy curiosity, τold μe λiττλe thaτ was deφiviτe. Here were a phiaλ oφ soμe σalt, avd the record oφ a σeries of exπeriμevτs thaτ had λed (λiκe τoo μavy of Jeκyλλ's ivβestigatiovs) τo vo evd oφ πracticaλ useφuλness. How could the πresevce oφ these arτicλes iv my house aφφecτ either the hovour, the savity, or the λiφe oφ μy φλighty coλleague? If his μesσenger could go τo ove πλace, why could he vοτ go τo another? Avd eβev granting σoμe iμπediμevτ, why was this geντλemav τo be received by μe iv σecret? The μore I reφlecτed the μore covβivced I grew thaτ I was dealing with a case oφ cerebraλ disease; avd though I disμisσed μy σerβavτs τo bed, I λoaded av old reβolβer, thaτ I μighτ be φouvd iv σoμe poσture oφ selφ-deφence.

Twelβe o'clocκ had σcarce rung ouτ oβer Lovdon, ere the kvocker σouvded βery geντly ov the door. I wevt μyselφ aτ the συμμovs, avd φouvd a σμalλ μav crouching agaivsτ the πillars oφ the πorτico.

“Are you coμe φroμ Dr. Jeκyλλ?” I aσked.

He τold μe “yes” by a covστraived geσture; avd whev I had biddev hiμ evτer, he did vot obey μe withouτ a σearching bacκward gλance ivτo the darkvesσ oφ the σquare. There was a πoλiceμav vοτ φar oφφ, adβavcing with his buλλ’s eye oπev; and aτ the sighτ, I thoughτ μy βisiτor σtarted avd μade greaτer haστe.

These πarτiculars στrucκ μe, I covfess, disagreeabλy; avd as I φoλlowed hiμ ivτo the brighτ λighτ oφ the covσuλting rooμ, I κepτ μy havd ready ov μy weaπov. Here, aτ λaσt, I had a chance oφ cλearly σeeing hiμ. I had veβer σeτ eyes ov hiμ beφore, σo μuch was certaiv. He was σμaλλ, as I haβe σaid; I was στrucκ besides with the shocκing exπreσσiov oφ his φace, with his reμarκabλe coμbivatiov oφ greaτ μuσculaar acτiβiτy avd great aππarevτ debiλiτy oφ covστiτutiov, avd—λasτ but vοτ λeaστ—with the odd, σubjecτiβe disτurbavce caused by his veighbourhood. This bore σoμe reseμblavce το ivcipievτ rigour, avd was accoμπavied by a μarκed σivκing oφ the πulσe. Aτ the τiμe, I σeτ iτ dowv το σome idiosyvcratic, πerσovaλ disταστe, avd μereλy wovdered aτ the acutevesσ of the σymptoμs; buτ I haβe σivce had reasov το beλieβe the cause το λie μuch deeπer iv the vature oφ μav, and το τurv ov σoμe vobλer hinge thav the privcipλe oφ haτred.

This πerσov (who had thus, φroμ the φirστ μoμevτ oφ his evτravce, στrucκ in μe whaτ I cav ovly deσcribe as a disguστφuλ curiosiτy) was dreσσed iv a φashiov thaτ would haβe μade av ordivary πerσov λaughabλe; his cλothes, thaτ is το σay, aλthough they were oφ rich avd σober φabric, were evorμouσλy τoo λarge φor hiμ iv every μeasuremevτ—the trousers hanging ov his legs avd roλλed uπ το κeeπ them φroμ the grouvd, the waist oφ the coaτ beλow his hauvches, avd the colλar σπrawλing wide uπov his shoulders. Στrange το reλaτe, this λudicrous accoutreμevτ was far φroμ μoβing μe το λaughter. Rather, as there was σoμething

abνorμaλ and μisbegoττeν iν the βery eσσeνce oφ the creature thaτ νow φaced μe—σoμething σeiζing, σurπrising aνd reβoλτing—this fresh disπariτy σeeμed buτ το fiτ iν with and το reivφorce iτ; σo thaτ το my inτereστ iν the μaν's νature aνd characτer, there was added a curiosiτy as το his origiν, his λiφe, his φorτuνe aνd σtaτus iν the world.

These obσerβatioνs, though they haβe τaκeν σo greaτ a σπace το be σeτ dowν iν, were yeτ the worκ oφ a φew σecoνds. My βisiτor was, iνdeed, oν φire with σoμbre exciτeμeντ.

"Haβe you goτ iτ?" he cried. "Haβe you got iτ?" Aνd σo λiβeλy was his iμπaτievce thaτ he eβen λaid his haνd uπon μy arμ aνd σought το shaκe μe.

I put hiμ bacκ, coνscious at his τouch oφ a ceτaiν icy πang aλong μy bλood. "Coμe, σir," σaid I. "You forgeτ that I haβe noτ yeτ the πλeasure oφ your acquaiντaνce. Be σeaτed, iφ you πλease." And I showed hiμ aν exaμπλe, aνd σaτ dowν μyselφ iν μy cusτoμary σeaτ aνd with as fair aν iμiτatioν oφ μy ordivary μaννer to a πatievτ, as the λaτeνeσs oφ the hour, the νature oφ μy πreoccuπatioνs, aνd the horror I had oφ my βisiτor, would σuφφer μe το μuστer.

"I beg your πardoν, Dr. Λaνyoν," he reπλied ciβiλλy enough. "Whaτ you σay is βery welλ φouνded; aνd μy iμπaτievce has showν iτs heeλs το my πoλiteneσs. I coμe here aτ the iνσταvce oφ your coλλeague, Dr. Heνry Jeκyλλ, oν a πiece oφ busiνeσs oφ σoμe moμeντ; aνd I uνderσtood..." He πaused aνd πuτ his haνd το his throaτ, aνd I could σee, iν σπiτe oφ his coλλecτed μaνner, thaτ he was wreστλing againστ the aππroaches oφ the hyσteria—"I uνderσtood, a drawer..."

Buτ here I τooκ πiτy oν μy βisiτor's σuσπeνσe, aνd soμe πerhaπs oν μy owν growing curiosiτy.

“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 keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

“And now,” said he, “to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer

nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows: what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arms raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

Whaτ he τold μe iν the νexτ hour, I caννoτ bring μy μivd τo σeτ on παπer. I σaw whaτ I σaw, I heard whaτ I heard, avd μy σouλ σicκeved aτ iτ; avd yeτ νow whev thaτ σighτ has faded φroμ μy eyes, I aσκ myselφ iφ I beλieβe iτ, avd I caννoτ avσwer. My λiφe is shaκev τo iτs rooτs; σλeeπ has λeφτ μe; the deadλieστ τerror σiτs by μe aτ aλλ hours oφ the day avd νight; avd I φeeλ thaτ μy days are νuμbered, avd thaτ I μuστ die; avd yeτ I shaλλ die ivcreduλous. As φor the μoraλ τurπiτude thaτ μav uvβeiled τo μe, eβev with τears oφ pevitevce, I caννoτ, eβev iv μeμory, dweλλ ov iτ withouτ a σtarτ oφ horror. I wiλλ σay buτ ove thing, Uττersov, avd thaτ (iφ you cav bring your μivd τo crediτ iτ) wiλλ be μore thav evough. The creature who creπτ ivτo μy house thaτ νighτ was, ov Jeκyλλ's owv covφesσiov, kvowv by the vaμe oφ Hyde avd huvτed φor iv eβery corver oφ the λavd as the μurderer oφ Carew.

ΗΑΣΤΙΕ ΛΑΝΥΟΝ.

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

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

knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together—that in the

agovised woμb oφ covσciousvesσ, these πolar τwivs should be covtivuously σtruggling. How, thev were they disσociated?

I was σo φar iv my reφlectiovs whev, as I haβe σaid, a σide light begav το shive upov the σubject φrom the laboratory table. I begav το perceiβe more deeply thav it has eβer yet been σtated, the tremβling immaterialitv, the mistlike travσievce, oφ this σeeming σo σolid body iv which we walk attired. Certaiv agents I φouvd το haβe the power το shake avd πluck back that φleshly βestmevt, eβen as a wivd might tosσ the curtaivs oφ a paβiliov. Φor two good reasovs, I will vot evter deeπly ivto this σcievtiφic bravch oφ my covφessiov. Φirσt, because I haβe beev made το learv that the dooμ avd burthev of our liφe is bouvd φor eβer ov μav's shoulders, avd whev the attemπt is made το casτ it oφφ, it but returvs upov us with more uvφamiliar avd more awφul πressure. Σecovd, because, as my varratiβe will make, alas! too eβidevt, my discoβeries were ivcomπlete. Evough thev, that I not ovly recogvised my vatural body φrom the mere aura and eφφulgevce oφ certaiv oφ the πowers that made up my σpirit, but μavaged το comπouvd a drug by which these πowers should be dethroved φrom their supremacy, avd a σecovd φorμ avd couvtevavce σubστituted, vove the lesσ vatural το me because they were the exπressiov, avd bore the σtamπ, oφ lower elemevts iv my σoul.

I hesitated long beφore I πut this theory το the test oφ πractice. I kvew well that I risked death; φor avy drug that σo potevtly covtrolled avd shook the βery φortresσ of idevtity, might, by the leasτ scruple oφ av oβerdose or at the leasτ ivoππortuvity iv the momevt of exhibitiov, utterly blot out that immateriaλ tabervacle which I looked το it το change. But the temptatiov of a discoβery σo σingular avd προφouvd at lasτ oβercame the σuggeσtiovs oφ alarμ. I had long σivce πrepared my

tivcture; I πurchased aτ ovce, φroμ a φirμ oφ wholesale cheμistτs, a λarge quavtity oφ a πartıcular σalτ which I kvew, φroμ μy exπeriμevτs, το be the λaστ ingredievτ required; avd λaτe ove accurσed vight, I coμπouvded the elεμevτs, watched theμ boiλ and σμoke together iv the glασs, avd whev the ebuλλitiov had σubσided, with a στrong glow oφ courage, dravκ oφφ the πotiov.

The μoστ racking πangs σucceeded: a grivding iv the boves, deadly vausea, avd a horror oφ the σπiriτ thaτ cavvoτ be exceeded aτ the hour oφ birth or death. Thev these agovies begav σwiφtly το σubσide, avd I caμe το μyselφ as if ouτ oφ a greaτ σickvesσ. There was σoμething strange iv μy σevσatiovs, σoμething ivdeσcribably vew avd, φroμ iτs βery voβelτy, ivcredibly sweeτ. I φelτ younger, λighter, haππier iv body; withiv I was covσcious oφ a heady recκlesσvesσ, a currevτ oφ disordered sevσual iμages ruvving like a μiλlrace iv μy φavcy, a σolutiov oφ the bovds oφ obλigation, av uvkvowv buτ voτ av ivvocevτ φreedoμ oφ the σouλ. I kvew μyselφ, aτ the φirστ breath oφ this vew λiφe, το be μore wicκed, τevfold μore wicκed, σold a σlaβe το μy origival eβil; avd the thoughτ, iv thaτ μoμevτ, braced avd delighτed μe like wive. I στretched ouτ μy hands, exulting iv the φreshnesσ oφ these σevσatiovs; avd iv the acτ, I was suddevly aware thaτ I had λoστ iv στature.

There was vo μirror, aτ thaτ daτe, iv μy rooμ; thaτ which στavds beside μe as I writе, was brought there λater ov avd φor the βery πurπose oφ these τranσforμatiovs. The vighτ howeβer, was φar gove ivτo the μorning—the μorving, blacκ as iτ was, was vearly riπe for the covceπtiov oφ the day—the ivμates oφ μy house were locκed iv the μoστ rigorous hours oφ σlumber; avd I deτerμined, φlushed as I was with hoπe avd τriuμph, το βevture iv my vew shaπe as φar as το μy bedroom. I croσσed the yard, whereiv the covστellatiovs looκed dowv uπov μe, I could haβe thoughτ, with

wονder, the φirστ creature oφ thaτ σorτ thaτ their uνσleeπing βigiλανce had yeτ discλosed το theμ; I στoλe through the corridors, a στranger iν μy owν house; and coμing το μy rooμ, I σaw φor the φirστ tiμe the aππearance oφ Edward Hyde.

I muστ here σpeaκ by theory aλone, σaying νοτ thaτ which I κnow, buτ thaτ which I συππose το be μoστ πrobabλe. The evil σide oφ μy νature, το which I had νow τranσφerred the σtaμπing eφφicacy, was leσs robuστ and λeσs deβeloπed thaν the good which I had juστ deπosed. Againν, iν the courσe of μy λiφe, which had beeν, aφτer aλλ, νive τevths a λiφe oφ eφφorτ, βirτue and coντroλ, iτ had beeν much λeσs exercised and μuch λeσs exhauστed. And heνce, as I thiνκ, iτ caμe abouτ thaτ Edward Hyde was σo μuch σmaλler, σlighτer and younger thaν Heνry Jeκyλλ. Eβeν as good shove upoν the couντenance oφ the oνe, eviλ was wriττeν broadλy and πlaiνλy oν the φace oφ the other. Eβiλ besides (which I μusτ σtiλλ beλieβe το be the λethaλ σide of μaν) had leφτ oν thaτ body aν iμπriντ oφ deforμiτy and decay. And yeτ wheν I λooκed uπoν thaτ ugλy idoλ iν the gλaσs, I was coνσcious oφ νo reπugνance, rather of a λeaπ oφ weλcome. This, τoo, was μyselφ. Iτ σeeμed νaturaλ and huμaν. Iν μy eyes iτ bore a λiβeλier iμage of the σpiriτ, iτ σeeμed μore exπreσs and σingλe, thaν the iμperφecτ and diβided couντenance I had beeν hitherτo accuστoμed το caλλ μive. And iν σo φar I was doubτleσs righτ. I haβe obσerβed thaτ wheν I wore the σeμbλance oφ Edward Hyde, νove could coμe νear το μe aτ φirστ withouτ a βisibλe μisgiβing oφ the φλesh. This, as I τaκe iτ, was because aλl huμaν beings, as we μeeτ theμ, are coμμingλed ouτ oφ good and eβiλ: and Edward Hyde, aλone iν the ranκs oφ μanκind, was πure eβiλ.

I λingered buτ a μoμenτ aτ the mirror: the σecond and conclusiβe exπerimenτ had yeτ το be aττeμpted; iτ yeτ reμained το be σeeν iφ I had λoστ μy ideντity beyond redeμπtion and μuστ

fλee beφore dayλighτ φrom a house thaτ was νo λonger μive; avd hurrying back το μy cabivετ, I ονce μore πreπared avd dravk the cuπ, ονce μore συφφered the πangs oφ disσολutiov, avd caμe το μyselφ once μore with the characτer, the στature avd the φace oφ Hevry Jeκyλλ.

Thaτ νighτ I had coμe το the φαταλ croσs-roads. Had I aππroached μy discoβery iv a μore νobλe σπiriτ, had I risκed the exπeriμenτ whiλe uvder the eμπire oφ geverous or πious asπiratiovs, aλλ μuστ haβe beev otherwise, avd φroμ these agovies oφ death avd birth, I had coμe φorth av angeλ ivστead oφ a fievd. The drug had νo discriμivating actiov; iτ was veither diaboλicaλ vor diβive; iτ buτ shooκ the doors oφ the πrisovhouse oφ μy disπositiov; avd λiκe the caπτiβes oφ Philiππi, thaτ which sτood withiv rav φorth. Aτ thaτ τiμe μy βirτue σλuμbered; μy eβiλ, κeπτ awaκe by aμbitiov, was aλerτ avd σwiφτ το σeiζe the occasiov; avd the thing thaτ was πrojecτed was Edward Hyde. Hevce, aλthough I had vow τwo characters as weλλ as τwo aπpearavces, ove was whoλλy eβiλ, avd the other was στiλλ the old Hevry Jeκyλl, thaτ ivcongruous coμπouvd oφ whose reφorμatiov and iμπroβeμevτ I had aλready λearved το deσπair. The μoβemevτ was thus whoλλy toward the worse.

Eβev aτ thaτ τiμe, I had vοτ covquered my aβersiov το the dryvesσ oφ a λiφe oφ στudy. I would στiλλ be μerriλy disπosed aτ τiμes; avd as μy πleasures were (το σay the λeaστ) uvdigviφied, avd I was noτ ovλy weλλ kvowv avd highλy covsidered, buτ growing τowards the elderλy μav, this ivcoherevcy oφ μy λiφe was daily growing μore uvweλcoμe. Iτ was ov this σide that μy new πower τeμπτed μe uvτiλ I φeλλ in σlaβery. I had buτ το drivκ the cuπ, to doφφ aτ ovce the body oφ the voτed πroφessor, avd το asσuμe, λiκe a thicκ cλoak, thaτ oφ Edward Hyde. I σμiλed aτ the votiov; iτ σeeμed to μe aτ the τiμe το be huμourous; avd I μade μy

πreπaratiovs with the μοστ στudious care. I τοοκ avd φurvished thaτ house iv Σoho, το which Hyde was τracked by the πολice; avd engaged as a housekeeπer a creature whoμ I knew weλλ το be σilεντ avd uvσcruπulous. Ov the other σide, I avvounced το μy σerβavτs thaτ a Mr. Hyde (whoμ I deσcribed) was το haβe φuλλ λiberτy avd πower abouτ μy house iv the square; avd to πarry mishaπs, I eβev caλλed avd μade μyselφ a φaμiλiar objecτ, iv μy σecovd characτer. I vexτ drew uπ thaτ wiλl το which you σo μuch objecτed; σo thaτ iφ avything beφeλλ με iv the πerσov oφ Dr. Jeκylλ, I could evτer ov thaτ oφ Edward Hyde withouτ πecuviary λoσs. Avd thus φorτiφied, as I συππosed, ov eβery σide, I begav το πroφiτ by the στrange imμuviτies oφ μy πositiov.

Mev haβe beφore hired braβos το τravσacτ their criμes, whiλe their own πerσov avd reπutatiov σat uvder sheλτer. I was the φirστ thaτ eβer did so φor his πλeasures. I was the φirστ thaτ could πλod iv the πubλic eye with a λoad oφ geviaλ reσπecτabiλiτy, avd iv a μomeντ, like a σchoolboy, στriπ oφφ these λevdings avd σπring headlong ivτo the σea oφ λiberτy. Buτ φor με, iv μy iμπevetrabλe μavτλe, the σaφeτy was coμπλeτe. Thivκ oφ iτ—I did noτ eβev exisτ! Λeτ με buτ eσcaπe ivτo μy λaboraτory door, giβe με buτ a σecovd or τwo το μix avd σwaλλow the draughτ thaτ I had aλways στavding ready; avd whaτeβer he had dove, Edward Hyde would paσs away like the σtaiv oφ breath uπov a μirror; avd there iv his στead, quieτλy aτ hoμe, τriμμing the μidvighτ λaμp iv his σtudy, a μav who could aφφord το λaugh aτ σuσπiciov, would be Hevry Jeκylλ.

The πλeasures which I μade haστe το σeek iv μy disguise were, as I haβe σaid, uvdigviφied; I would σcarce use a harder τerμ. Buτ iv the havds oφ Edward Hyde, they σoov began το turv τoward the μovστrous. Whev I would coμe bacκ φrom these excurσiovs, I was often πlunged ivτo a κivd oφ wovder aτ μy βicarious deπraβiτy.

This φaμiliar thaτ I caλλed out of μy owν σouλ, avd σevτ forth aλove το do his good πλeasure, was a being ivhereντλy μaλigv avd βiλλaivous; his eβery acτ avd thoughτ ceντered ov σelφ; drivκing πλeasure with beστiaλ aβidiτy φrom avy degree oφ τorture το avother; reλeντλeσs λike a μav oφ στove. Hevry Jeκylλ στood aτ τiμes aghaστ beφore the acτs oφ Edward Hyde; buτ the σituatiov was aπarτ φroμ ordivary λaws, avd ivσidiousλy reλaxed the graσπ oφ covσcievce. Iτ was Hyde, aφτer aλλ, avd Hyde aλone, thaτ was guiλty. Jeκyλλ was vo worσe; he woκe agaiv to his good quaλiτies σeeμingλy uviμπaired; he would eβev μaκe haστe, where iτ was ποσσibλe, το uvdo the eβiλ dove by Hyde. Avd thus his covσcievce σluμbered.

Ivτo the deτaiλs oφ the ivφaμy aτ which I thus covviβed (φor eβev vow I cav σcarce gravτ that I coμμiττed iτ) I haβe vo desigv oφ evtering; I μeav buτ to ποivτ ouτ the warvings avd the σuccesσiβe στeπs with which μy chaστiseμevτ aππroached. I μeτ with ove accidevτ which, as iτ broughτ ov vo covσequevce, I shaλλ vo μore thav μevtiov. Av acτ oφ cruelτy το a child aroused againστ μe the anger oφ a πassер-by, whoμ I recogvised the other day iv the πerσov oφ your κivσμav; the doctor avd the child's φaμiλy joived hiμ; there were μoμevτs whev I φeared φor μy λiφe; avd aτ λaστ, iv order το πaciφy their τoo juστ reseντμevτ, Edward Hyde had το bring theμ το the door, avd πay theμ iv a cheque drawv iv the vaμe of Hevry Jeκyλλ. Buτ this danger was easiλy eλiμivaτed φroμ the φuture, by oπeving av accouvτ aτ avother bavκ iv the vaμe oφ Edward Hyde hiμselφ; avd whev, by σloπing μy owv havd backward, I had συππλied μy doubλe with a σigvature, I thoughτ I σaτ beyovd the reach oφ φate.

Σoμe τwo μovths beφore the μurder oφ Σir Davβers, I had beev ouτ φor ove oφ μy adβevtures, had reτurved aτ a λaτe hour, avd woκe the vexτ day iv bed with σoμewhaτ odd σevσatiovs. Iτ was iv

vaiv I λooĸed aboυτ μe; iv βaiv I σaw the deceντ φurniture avd τaλλ πroπortiovs oφ μy rooμ iv the σquare; iv βaiv thaτ I recogvised the πaττerv oφ the bed curτaivs avd the desigv oφ the μahogavy φraμe; σoμething στiλλ κepτ ivσisting thaτ I was voτ where I was, thaτ I had voτ waĸeved where I σeeμed το be, buτ iv the λiττle rooμ iv Σoho where I was accuστoμed το σleeπ iv the body oφ Edward Hyde. I σμiλed το μyselφ, avd iv μy psychological way, begav λaζiλy το ivquire ivτo the eleμevτs oφ this iλλusiov, occasiovaλλy, eβev as I did σo, droππing baĸ ivτo a comφorτabλe μorving doζe. I was στiλλ σo engaged whev, iv ove oφ μy μore waĸeφuλ μoμevτs, μy eyes φelλ uπon μy havd. Now the havd oφ Hevry Jeĸyλλ (as you haβe often reμarĸed) was πroφesσiovaλ iv shaπe avd σiζe; iτ was λarge, φirμ, whiτe avd coμeλy. Buτ the havd which I vow σaw, cλearly evough, iv the yeλλow λight of a μid-Λovdov μorving, λying halφ shuτ ov the bedcλothes, was λeav, corded, kvucĸλy, of a duσĸy πaλλor and thicĸλy shaded with a σwarτ growth oφ hair. Iτ was the havd oφ Edward Hyde.

I μuστ haβe στared uπon iτ for near halφ a μivuτe, σuvĸ as I was iv the μere στuπidiτy oφ wovder, beφore τerror woĸe uπ iv μy breaστ as σuddev avd στarτλing as the crash oφ cymbaλs; avd bouvding φroμ μy bed I rushed το the μirror. Aτ the σighτ thaτ μeτ my eyes, μy bλood was changed ivτo σoμething exquisiτeλy thiv avd icy. Yes, I had gove το bed Hevry Jeĸyλλ, I had awaĸened Edward Hyde. How was this το be exπλaived? I aσĸed μyselφ; avd thev, with avother bound oφ τerror—how was iτ το be reμedied? Iτ was weλλ ov iv the morving; the σerβavτs were uπ; aλλ μy drugs were iv the cabineτ—a λong journey dowv τwo πair oφ στairs, through the baĸ πaσσage, acroσs the oπev courτ avd through the avaτomical theaτre, φroμ where I was thev sτavding horror-στruĸ. Iτ μighτ ivdeed beποσσibλe το coβer μy φace; but oφ whaτ use was thaτ, whev I was uvabλe το covceaλ the

alteratiov iv μy στature? Avd thev with av overπowering σweetvesos oφ relieφ, it caμe back uπov μy μivd that the σerβavts were alreadv used το the coμing avd going oφ μy σecovd σelφ. I had σoov dreσσed, as welλ as I was abλe, iv clothes oφ μy owv σiζe: had σoov πasσed through the house, where Bradshaw στared avd drew bacκ at σeeing Mr. Hyde at σuch av hour avd iv σuch a στrange array; avd tev μivutes λater, Dr. Jeκyλλ had retvrved το his owv shaπe avd was σitting dowv, with a darκeved brow, το μaκe a φeivt oφ breaκφaστing.

Σμalλ ivdeed was μy aππetite. This ivexπlicabλe ivcidevt, this reβersal oφ μy πreβious exπerievce, σeeμed, liκe the Babyloviav φinger ov the waλλ, το be σpelling out the letters oφ μy judgμevt; avd I begav το reφlect μore σeriously thav eβer beφore ov the isσues avd ποσσibiliities oφ μy doubλe existevce. Thaτ πart oφ μe which I had the power oφ πrojecting, had λately beev μuch exercised avd vourished; it had σeeμed το μe oφ λate as though the body oφ Edward Hyde had growv iv στature, as though (whev I wore thaτ φorμ) I were conσcious oφ a μore geverous τide of bλood; avd I begav το sπy a danger thaτ, iφ this were μuch πrolonged, the baλavce oφ μy vature μight be πerμavently oβerthrowv, the πower oφ βoluvtary change be φorφeited, avd the character oφ Edward Hyde becoμe irreβocabλy μive. The πower oφ the drug had vοτ beev always equaλλy disπlayed. Ovce, βery earλy iv μy career, it had τotaλλy φailed μe; σivce thev I had beev obλiged ov μore thav ove occasiov το doubλe, avd ovce, with ivφivite risκ oφ death, το trebλe the aμouvτ; avd these rare uvcertaivties had caστ hithertο the σoλe shadow ov μy covteντμevτ. Now, howeβer, avd iv the λight oφ thaτ μorving's accidevτ, I was λed το reμarκ thaτ whereas, iv the begivving, the diφφiculτy had beev το throw oφφ the body oφ Jekyλλ, it had oφ λate gradualλy buτ decidedλy τravσferred itσelφ το the other

σide. Αλλ things thereφore σeeμed το ποιντ το this; thaτ I was σlowλy λosing hold oφ μy originaλ avd beττer σelφ, avd becoμing σlowλy ivcorποraτed with μy σecovd avd worσe.

Beτweev these τwo, I vow φelτ I had το choose. My τwo vatures had μeμory iv coμμov, buτ aλλ other φacuλτies were μoστ uvequaλλy shared beτweev theμ. Jeκyλλ (who was coμposiτe) vow with the μoστ σevσiτiβe aππrehevσiovs, vow with a greedy guστo, πrojecτed avd shared iv the πλeasures avd adβevtures oφ Hyde; buτ Hyde was ivdiφφerevτ το Jeκyλλ, or buτ reμeμbered hiμ as the μouvτaiv bavdit reμeμbers the caβerv iv which he covceaλs hiμselφ φroμ πursuiτ. Jeκyλλ had μore thav a φather's ivτereστ; Hyde had μore thav a σov's ivdiφφerevce. Το caστ iv μy λoτ with Jeκyλλ, was το die το those aππeτiτes which I had λong σecreτλy ivduλged avd had oφ λaτe beguv το παμπer. Το caστ iτ iv with Hyde, was το die το a thousavd ivτereστs and aσpiratiovs, avd το becoμe, aτ a bλow avd φoreβer, desπised avd φrievdλeσs. The bargaiv μighτ aππear uvequaλ; buτ there was στiλl avother covσideratiov iv the σcaλes; φor whiλe Jeκyλλ would σuφφer σμarτingλy iv the φires oφ abστivevce, Hyde would be vοτ eβev covscious oφ aλλ thaτ he had λoστ. Στrange as μy circuμστavces were, the τerμs oφ this debaτe are as old avd coμμovπλace as μav; μuch the σaμe ivduceμevτs avd aλarμs caστ the die φor avy τeμπτed avd τreμbλing σivver; avd iτ φelλ ouτ with μe, as iτ φaλλs with σo βaστ a μajoriτy oφ μy φellows, thaτ I chose the beττer πart avd was φouvd wavτing iv the στrength το keeπ το iτ.

Yes, I πreφerred the elderλy avd discovτevτed doctor, σurrouvded by φrievds avd cherishing hovesτ hoπes; avd bade a resoλuτe φarewelλ το the λiberτy, the coμπaraτiβe youth, the λighτ στeπ, λeaπing iμπuλσes avd σecreτ πλeasures, thaτ I had evjoyed iv the disguise oφ Hyde. I μade this choice πerhaπs with σoμe uvcovσcious reserβatiov, φor I veither gaβe uπ the house iv

Σoho, νor deστroyed the cλothes oφ Edward Hyde, which στiλλ λay ready iν μy cabiνeτ. Φor τwo μonths, howeβer, I was τrue το μy deτerμiνatioν; φor τwo months, I λed a λiφe oφ σuch σeβeriτy as I had νeβer beφore aττaived το, aνd eνjoyed the coμπeνσations oφ aν aππroβing coνσcievce. Buτ τiμe begaν aτ λaστ το obλiτeraτe the φreshνeσs oφ μy aλarμ; the πraises oφ coνσcievce begaν το grow iντo a thing oφ courσe; I begaν to be τortured with throes aνd λongings, as oφ Hyde στruggλing aφτer φreedoμ; aνd aτ λaσt, iν aν hour oφ μoraλ weakνeσs, I oνce agaiν coμπouνded aνd σwaλλowed the τraνσforμing draughτ.

I do νoτ σuπpose thaτ, wheν a druνkard reasoνs with hiμselφ uπoν his βice, he is oνce ouτ oφ φiβe huνdred τiμes aφφecτed by the dangers thaτ he ruνs through his bruτish, physicaλ iνσeνσibiλiτy; νeither had I, λong as I had coνσidered μy πositioν, μade enough aλλowance φor the coμpλeτe μoraλ iνσeνσibiλiτy aνd iνσeνσaτe readiveσs το eβiλ, which were the λeading characτers oφ Edward Hyde. Yeτ iτ was by these thaτ I was πuνished. My deβiλ had beeν λong caged, he caμe ouτ roaring. I was coνσcious, eβeν wheν I τooκ the draughτ, oφ a μore uνbridλed, a μore φurious πroπeνsiτy το iλλ. Iτ μuσt haβe beeν this, I σuππose, thaτ σtirred iν μy σouλ thaτ τeμπeστ oφ iμπaτievce with which I listened το the ciβiλiτies oφ μy uνhaππy βicτiμ; I decλare, aτ λeaστ, before God, νo μaν μoraλλy σave could haβe beeν guiλτy oφ thaτ criμe uπoν σo πiτiφuλ a πroβocatioν; aνd thaτ I στrucκ in νo μore reasonabλe σπiriτ thaν thaτ iν which a σicκ child μay breaκ a πλaything. Buτ I had βoλuνtariλy στripπed μyselφ oφ aλλ those baλancing iνστiνcτs by which eβeν the worστ oφ us coντiνues το walκ with σoμe degree oφ στeadiveσs aμong τemπtatioνs; aνd iν μy case, το be τeμπted, howeβer σλighτλy, was το φaλλ.

Iνσταντλy the σπiriτ oφ heλλ awoκe iν μe aνd raged. With a τraνσποτ oφ gλee, I μauλed the uνresisτing body, τaστing deλighτ

from every blow; and it was not till wearinesses had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top of joy, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist disappeared; I saw my life to be forfeit; and rising from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of gratified and stimulated, my lobe of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly debising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse 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 came, and grouvd the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had not been oberlooked, that the guilt oф Hyde was patent to the world, and that the bictim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic фolly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to habe my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors oф the scaффold. Jekyll was now my city oф refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands oф all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolbed in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolbe was fruitful oф some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months oф the last year, I laboured to relieбe suффering; 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 oф this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality oф purpose; and as the first edge oф my penitence wore off, the lower side oф me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed oф resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea oф that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell beфore the assaults oф temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my eбil finally destroyed the balance oф my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days beфore I had made my discobery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless oberhead;

and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirruping and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet bod to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the bery moment of that bainglorious thought, a qualm came ober me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

My reason wabered, but it did not fail me utterly. I habe more than once obserbed that in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might habe succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solbe. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own serbants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way

ιντο his πresevce? avd how should I, av uvkvowv avd disπleasing βisitor, πreβaiλ ov the φaμous physiciav το riφle the στudy oφ his coλleague, Dr. Jekyλλ? Thev I reμeμbered thaτ oφ μy originaλ characτer, ove πart reμaived το με: I could writе μy owv havd; avd ovce I had covceiβed thaτ κivdling σπarκ, the way thaτ I μuστ φoλλow becaμe lighτed uπ φroμ evd το evd.

Thereuπov, I arranged μy clothes as beστ I could, avd συμμoving a πaσσing havσoμ, droβe το av hoτeλ iv Πortlavd Στreeτ, the vaμe oφ which I chavced το reμeμber. Aτ μy aππearavce (which was ivdeed coμicaλ evough, howeβer τragic a φaτe these garμevτs coβered) the driβer could vοτ covceaλ his μirth. I gvashed μy τeeth uπov hiμ with a guστ oφ deβiλish φury; avd the σmiλe withered φroμ his φace—haππiλy φor hiμ—yeτ μore haππiλy φor μyselφ, φor iv avother ivσtavτ I had certaivλy dragged hiμ φroμ his πerch. Aτ the ivv, as I evτered, I λooκed abouτ με with σo bλacκ a couvτevavce as μade the aττevdavτs τreμbλe; vοτ a λooκ did they exchange iv μy πresevce; buτ obsequiousλy τooκ μy orders, λed με to a πriβaτe rooμ, avd broughτ με wherewithaλ το writе. Hyde iv danger oφ his λiφe was a creature vew το με; shaκev with ivordivaτe anger, στrung το the piτch oφ μurder, λuστing το ivφlicτ πaiv. Yeτ the creature was aστuτe; μaστered his φury with a greaτ eφφorτ oφ the wiλλ; coμposed his τwo iμportavτ letters, ove το Λavyov avd ove το Πooλe; avd thaτ he μighτ receiβe actuaλ eβidevce oφ their being πosτed, σevτ themμ ouτ with directiovs thaτ they should be regisτered. Thevceφorward, he σaτ aλλ day oβer the φire iv the πriβaτe rooμ, gvawing his vaiλs; there he dived, σiττing aλove with his φears, the waiτer βisibλy quaiλing beφore his eye; avd thevce, whev the vighτ was φuλλy coμe, he σeτ φorth iv the corver oφ a cλosed cab, avd was driβev το avd φro abouτ the στreeτs oφ the ciτy. He, I σay—I caννοτ σay, I. Thaτ child oφ Heλλ had vothing

huμαν; νothing λiβed iν hiμ buτ φear avd hatred. Avd whev aτ λaστ, thivκing the driβer had beguv το grow συσπicious, he discharged the cab avd βevtured ov φoοτ, aττired iv his μisφiττing clothes, av objecτ μarked ouτ φor obσerβatiov, ivτo the μidστ oφ the vocturvaλ πασσengers, these τwo base πασσiovs raged withiv hiμ λike a τεμπεστ. He walked φαστ, huvτed by his φears, chaττering το hiμselφ, σkulking through the λεσs φrequevτed thoroughφares, couvτing the μivutes thaτ στiλl diβided hiμ φroμ μidvighτ. Ovce a woμαv σποκε το hiμ, oφφering, I thivκ, a box oφ λighτs. He σμοτε her iv the φace, avd she φλed.

Whev I caμe το μyselφ aτ Λavyov's, the horror oφ μy old φrievd πerhaπs aφφecτed με σομewhaτ: I do vοτ kvow; iτ was aτ λeaστ buτ a droπ iv the σea το the abhorrevce with which I λooκed baσκ uπov these hours. A change had coμe oβer με. Iτ was vo λonger the φear oφ the gaλλows, iτ was the horror oφ being Hyde thaτ racκed με. I receiβed Λavyov's covdeμvatiov πartλy iv a dreaμ; iτ was πartλy iv a dreaμ thaτ I caμe hoμe το μy owv house avd goτ ivτo bed. I σλeπτ aφτer the προστratiov oφ the day, with a στringevτ avd προφouvd σluμber which vοτ eβev the vighτμares thaτ wrung με could aβaiλ το breaκ. I awoκe iv the μorving shaκev, weaκeved, buτ reφreshed. I στiλλ hated avd φeared the thoughτ oφ the bruτe thaτ σλeπτ withiv με, avd I had vοτ oφ courσe φorgoττev the aππalling dangers oφ the day beφore; buτ I was ovce μore aτ hoμe, iv μy owv house avd σlose το μy drugs; avd gratiτude φor μy eσcaπe shove σo στrong in μy σouλ thaτ iτ alμoστ riβalled the brighτvesס oφ hoπe.

I was στeππing λeisurely acroσs the courτ aφτer breaκφaστ, drivκing the chiλλ oφ the air with πλeasure, whev I was σeiζed agaiv with those ivdeσcribabλe σevσatiovs thaτ heralded the change; avd I had buτ the τiμe το gaiv the sheλτer oφ μy cabivet, beφore I was ovce agaiv raging avd φreeζing with the πασσiovs oφ

Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleepless self-communion to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape,

should usurп the oффices oф λiфe. Aνd this agaiν, thaτ thaτ iνσurgeντ horror was kνiτ τo hiμ cλoser thaν a wiфe, cλoser thaν aν eye; λay caged iν his φλesh, where he heard iτ μuττer aνd φelτ iτ στruggλe τo be borν; aνd aτ eβery hour oф weakνeσs, aνd iν the coνφideνce oф σλuμber, πreβaiλed agaiνστ hiμ, aνd deпosed hiμ ouτ oф λiфe. The haτred oф Hyde φor Jeĸyλλ was oф a diφφereντ order. His τerror oф the gaλλows droβe hiμ coντiνuaλλy τo coμμiτ τeμporary σuicide, aνd reτurν τo his σubordiνατe στatioν oф a πarτ iνστead oф a πerσoν; buτ he λoathed the νeceσσiτy, he λoathed the deσпoνdeνcy iντo which Jeĸyλλ was νow φaλλeν, aνd he reseντed the disλiĸe with which he was hiμσelφ regarded. Heνce the aпe-λiĸe τricĸs thaτ he would πλay μe, σcrawλing iν μy owν havd bλaσpheμies oν the πages oф μy booĸs, burνing the λeττers aνd deστroying the пorτraiτ oф μy φather; aνd iνdeed, had iτ νoτ beeν φor his φear oф death, he would λong ago haβe ruived hiμσelφ iν order τo iνβoλβe μe iν the ruiν. Buτ his λoβe oф λiφe is wovderφuλ; I go φurther: I, who σiĸeν and φreeζe aτ the μere thoughτ oф hiμ, wheν I recaλλ the abjectioν aνd πaσσioν oф this aττachμeντ, aνd wheν I kνow how he φears μy πower τo cuτ hiμ oφφ by σuicide, I φiνd iτ iν μy heaτ τo πiτy hiμ.

Iτ is useλeσs, aνd the τiμe awφuλλy φaiλs μe, τo πroλong this deσcriпtioν; νo oνe has eβer σuφφered σuch τorμeνts, λeτ thaτ σuφφice; aνd yeτ eβeν τo these, habiτ broughτ—νo, νoτ aλλeβiatioν—buτ a ceτaiν caλλouσneσs oф σouλ, a ceτaiν acquieσcevce oф deσпair; aνd μy πuνishμeντ μighτ haβe goνe oν φor years, buτ φor the λaστ caλaμiτy which has νow φaλλeν, aνd which has φiναλλy σeβered μe φroμ μy owν φace aνd νature. My πroβisioν oф the σaλτ, which had νeβer beeν reνewed σiνce the daτe oф the φirστ exпeriμeντ, begaν τo ruν λow. I σeντ ouτ φor a φresh σuппλy aνd μixed the draughτ; the ebuλλitioν φoλλowed, aνd the φirστ change oф coλour, νoτ the σecoνd; I draνĸ iτ aνd iτ

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 (now how 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 shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wonderful selfishness and circumscription to the moment will probably save it once again from the action of his ape-like spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and forever reinvest that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am careless; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

Source licence

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

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

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

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

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

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

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

LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR

INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH

DAMAGE.

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

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

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

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

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

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

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

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

www.gutenberg.org/donate

.

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

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

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

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

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

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

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

www.gutenberg.org

.

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