THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE by Robert Louis Stevenson. STORY OF THE DOOR Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet som ehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. H e was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in th eir misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour. No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is t he mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, n o doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they s aid nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they mig ht enjoy them uninterrupted. It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed and all emulously hoping to do be tter still, and laying out the surplus of their grains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to it s dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger. Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line was broken by the entry of a court; an d just at that point a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower st orey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligenc e. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; child ren kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had a ppeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages. Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but whe n th ey came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed. "Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and whe n his companion had replied in the affirmative. "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story." "Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, w it h a slight change of voice, "and what was that?" "Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from so me place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was lite ra lly nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep--street after street, all lighted up as if for a proc ession and all as empty as a church--till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight o f a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the ot her a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another nat ur ally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like som e d a mned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so u gly 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, t he doctor, for whom she had been sent put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, a c ordi ng to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circ umstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the d o ct or's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, wit h a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; ev er y ti m e he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with desire to kill him. I knew what was i n his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next bes t. W e to ld the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one en d of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose th e m . A nd 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 wa s th e man i n the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness--frightened too, I could see that--but carryi ng it off, sir, really like Satan. `If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' sa id h e, `I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. `Name your figu re.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he wo ul d h a ve clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischi ef, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do yo u th ink he carried us but to that place with the door?--whipped out a key, went in, and prese ntly came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the b al a n ce on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, tho ugh it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well k n o wn and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman th at t he w hole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for cl os e upo n a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. `Set your mind at rest,' says he, `I w ill stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So w a n d the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my cha mbers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to be lieve it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine." "Tut-tut," said Mr. Utter son. "I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad st a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the pro prieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of yo p pose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Bl ack Mail House is what I call the place with the door, in con f ar from explaining all," he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing. From t his he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather sudden wer of t he 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 ot a bo ut the--place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson. "No, sir: I had a delicacy," was the repl y. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it parta Y ou sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently s ome bland old bird (the last you would have thought o make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask." "A very good rul e, too," said the lawyer. "But I have studied the place g oes 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 flo ch is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so su re; for the buildings are so packed together about the w hile in silence; and then "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours." "Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield. "But fo n who walked over the child." "Well," said Mr. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde ." mething wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, somethi ng down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so d be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, alth ough I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraor di nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't des cribe him. And it's not want of memory; for I decl ar ain walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of co nsideration. "You are sure he used a key? " h d, surprised out of himself. "Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do n ot as I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you ha d be tter correct it." "I think you mig ht have warned me ," returned the other with a touch of sullenness. "But I have been ped antically exact, as you call it. The fello w had a key ; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago." Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed . "Here is anoth er lesson to say nothing," sai d he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again." "With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I s ha ke hands on that, Richard." SEARCH FOR MR. H YDE That evening M r. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat dow n to dinner without relish. It was his cust om of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume o f some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring churc h rang out the hour of twelve, when he would g o soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth w as taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. The re he opened his safe, took from the most p ri vate part of it a document endor sed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will w s 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 in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or un explained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without fur 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 Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indigna tion; 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 ubstantial mists that had so long ba ffled 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 saf e, "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 solem n butler knew and welcomed him ; he was subjected to no st age 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, re d-faced gentleman, with a sho ck of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous an d decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up fr om his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The ge niality, as wa s the way of the man, was somewhat theatri cal to t he eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two wer e old friends, old mates both at school and colle ge, both thoro ugh respectors of themselves and of each other , an d what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoye d each other's company. After a little rambling t alk, the lawyer le d up t o the sub ject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind. "I suppose, L anyon," said he, "you and I mus t be the two old est frie nds that He nry Jekyll has?" "I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of tha t? I se e little of him n ow. " "Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of comm on interest." "We had," was the reply. "But it is more th an ten years sinc e He nry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wro ng in mind; and though of cours e I continue to t ake an i nterest in him for ol d sa ke's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devili sh little of the man. Such unscien ti fic balderdash, " added the doctor, flushing su dde nly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias." This little spirit of tempe r was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They ha ve o nly differed on some point of science," he t hought; and being a man of no scien ti fic passions (e xcept in t he matter of conveyancing), he e ven added: "It is nothing worse than that !" He gave his friend a few seconds to r ecover his com posure, an d then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a protege of his--one Hyde?" he a s ke d. "Hyde?" repe ated Lany on. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time." That was the amount of infor mation that the lawyer carried back with him t o the great, dark bed on whi ch he tossed t o and fro, until the sm all h ours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in m er e darkness and beseiged by questions. S ix o'clock struck on t he b ells of the church that was so con veniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and st il he was diggin g at the pro blem. Hitherto i t had touched him o n th e intellectual side alone; but no w his imagination also was engaged, or rather e ns laved; and as h e lay and to ssed in the gros s darkness of the ni ght and the curtained room, Mr. Enf ield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of l ig hted pictures. H e would be aware of the gre at field of lamps of a no cturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running f ro m the doctor's; and then these met, and tha t human Juggerna ut tr od the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would se e a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and th en the door of that room would be opened, the curta in s of the bed pluc k ed apart, the sleeper reca lled, and lo! ther e would s tand by his side a figure to w hom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and d o its bidding. Th e fi gure in these two phase s haunted the lawyer all nigh t; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the mor e swiftl y and still the more swi ftly, even to dizziness, thro ugh wider labyrinths of lampli ghted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screamin g. And still the fig ure ha d no face by which he m ight know it; even in h is dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there s prang up and gre w apace in the law yer 's mind a singularly st rong, almost an in ordinate, curiosity to behold t he features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he th o ught the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altoget her a way , as was the habit o f mysterious thin gs when well examined. He mi ght see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it whic h you please) and even for the startling clause of the will . At leas t it would be a fac e wort h seeing: the face of a man wh o was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise u p, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of end uring hatred. Fro m that time forward, Mr. Utterson beg an to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office h o urs, at noon when business was plenty, and time scar ce, a t night under the f ace o f the fogged city moon, by all lig hts and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on h is chosen post. "If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Se ek." And at las t his pa tience w as rewarded. It was a fine dry nig ht; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken b y any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and sha do w. B y ten o'clock, wh en the s hops w ere cl osed the by-street was very solitar y and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds car ried far; domest ic sounds out of the houses we re cle arly audible; either sid e of the roadway; and the rumour of the ap proach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some min utes at his post, when he w as awar e of an odd t footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly pat rols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a sin gl e person, while h e i s still a gre at way of udden ly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clat ter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrest ed; and it was with a st rong, superstitiou s p revisio n of success that he withdrew into the entry of the co urt. The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned th e end of the street . T he lawyer, looking f o rth fro m the entr y, could soon see what manner of man he ha d to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed and the look of him, even at tha t distance, went s omehow strongly against th e watcher 's i nc lination. But he made straight for the door, cros sing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like on e approaching ho me. Mr. Utterson stepped out and to uched him on the sho ulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?" Mr. Hyde shra nk back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and tho u gh he did not loo k the lawyer in the face, he answered co ol ly enough: "Tha t 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 n a me; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might adm it me." "You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, bu t still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked. "On your side," said Mr. Utt er son "will you do me a favour?" "With pleasure," replied the oth er. "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 pr etty fixedly for a few seconds. "Now I sh all kno w you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful." "Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "It is as well we have met; and apr opos, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho. "Good God !" thought Mr. Ut terson, "can he, too, have been thinking o f the w ill?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address. "And now," said t he other, "how did you know me?" "By description," was the reply. "Whose description?" " We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson. "Common fr iends," echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?" "Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer. "He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. "I did not think you would have lied." "Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language." The other snarle d aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door an d disappeared into the house. The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the s treet, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem h e was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and d warfish, h e gave an impre ssion of deformity without an y nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderou s mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voi ce; all these were points again st him, but not all of these to gether could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly hu ma n! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's sign ature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend." Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and cond itio ns of men; map-engraver s, archit ects, shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied e ntire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plun ged in darkness exce pt for the fanlight, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door. "Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole? " asked the lawyer. "I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a l arge, lo w-ro ofed, comfortable hall paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?" " Her e, th ank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his frie nd the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. Bu t ton ight th ere was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished ca bine ts and the un easy s tarting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that D r. Jekyll was gone out. "I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room, Poole," he said. "Is that right, wh en Dr . Jekyll is from home?" " Q uite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key." "Your master seems to repose a great dea l of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other musingly. "Yes, sir, he does indeed," said Poole. "We have all orders to obey him." "I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson. "O, dear no, sir. He never dines here," replied the butler. "Indeed we see v ery little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory." "Well, good-night, P oole." "Good-night, Mr. Utterson." And t he l awyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is i n deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is n o statute of limitations. Ay, it must be th at; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace: punishment coming, PEDE CLAUDO, y ears after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corn er s of memory, least by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the d ust by the many ill things he had done , an d raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided. An d then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master Hyde, if he were studied," t hought he, "must have secrets of his o wn ; bl ack secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poo r Harry, what a wakening! And the dang er of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, I must put my should ers to the wheel--if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his m ind's eye, as clear as transparency, t he strange clauses of the will. DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doc tor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men and all jud ge s of good wine; and Mr. Utterson so c ontrived that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen ma ny scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when t he light-hearted and loose-tongued had a lready their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit a while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no excepti on; and as he now sat on the opposite sid e o f the fire--a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a stylish cast perhaps, but every mark of capac ity and kindness--you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection . "I have been wanting to speak to you, J ek yll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?" A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; b ut the doctor carried it off gaily. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never sa w a man so distressed as you were by my wi ll; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow--you needn't frown--an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; a n ignorant, blatant pedant. I was ne v er more d isappointed in any man than Lanyon." "You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregar ding the fresh topic. "My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so." "Well, I tell you so again," continued the l aw y e r. "I have been learning something of young Hyde." The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, a nd there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop." "What I heard was abo min able," said U tterson. "It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain i ncoherency of manner. "I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange--a very strange one. It is one of thos e affairs that cannot be mended by talking." "Je kyll," said Utterson, "you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; a nd I make no doubt I can get you out of it." "My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I can n ot find word s to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you fancy; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one th ing: the moment I c h oose, I can be rid of M r. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little w ord, Utterson, that I'm sure you'll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep." Utterson reflected a little, looking i n the fire. "I have no dou bt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet. "Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have r eally a very gre at interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him a nd get his ri g hts for him. I think you w ould, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise." "I can't preten d that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer. "I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm; "I only ask for justice ; I only ask you to help hi m for my sake, when I am no longer here." Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise." THE CAREW MURDER CASE Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18--, London was startled by a crime o f singul ar ferocity and rendered a ll the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A m aid servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the c ity in the small hours, the early p art of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilli antly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under th e window , and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an ag e d beautif ul gentleman with whit e hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small ge ntleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the ol d er man bow ed and accosted the o th er with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his addre ss were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it some times appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon s h one on his fac e as he spoke, and the gir l was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kind ness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and sh e was surprised to recognise in him a c ertain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a disl ike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-conta ined impatience. A nd then all of a sudden he br oke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, a nd carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and a t that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next momen t, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly sh attered and the body ju mped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fa inted. It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim i n the middle of t he lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, alt hough it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half h a d rolled in the neighbouring gutter--the other, without doubt, had been carri ed away by the murderer. A purse and gold watch were found upon the victim: but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped enve lope, which he had b e en probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson. This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it and been told the circumstances, than h e sh ot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the p olic e s tation, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded. "Yes," said he, "I recognise h im. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew." "Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with pro fes si onal ambition. "This wi ll make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to the man." And he briefly n arrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick. Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he co uld doubt no longer; brok en and battered as it was, he recognized it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll. "Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired. "Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer. Mr. Utterso n reflected; and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I thin k I can take you to his house." It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continu ally charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvelous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a gl o w of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite b roken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, wit h i t s muddy ways, and slatternly p assengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloo miest dye; and when h e glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror o f the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest. As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy str eet, a gin palace, a lo w French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, m any ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next mome nt the fog s ettled down again up on that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. T his was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling. An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. S he had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy: but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in less tha n an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday. "Very well, then, we wish to see h is rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard." A flash of odious joy a p peared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done? " Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And n o w, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us." In the wh ole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll , w ho was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay abou t t he floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the h earth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt e nd of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where s e v eral t housand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification. "You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson: "I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would h a v e left the stick or, above all, burned the cheque book. Why, money's life to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank, and get out the handbills." This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; f o r Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars--even the master of the servant maid ha d only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widel y , as common observers will. Only on one point were they agreed; and that was t he haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders. INCIDENT OF THE LETTER It was late in the afternoo n , w h en Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at o nce 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 indiffere n tl y known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bough t the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the b l ock a t t h e 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 sen s e of str a ngeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager student s and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and th e li ght falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight o f 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 larg e r oom 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 grat e; a lamp w as 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 co l d hand and bade hi m welcome in a changed voice. "And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?" The doctor shuddered. "They were crying it in the square," he said. "I heard them in m y dining-room." "One word," s aid 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 b ind my honour to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an e nd. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do; he is safe, he is quite safe; mark my words, he will never m ore be heard of." The lawyer list ened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pre tty 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 s ure of him," replied Jekyll; "I have ground s 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 judg e wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you." "You fear, I suppose, th at 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 qu own character, wh ich this hateful business has rather exposed." Utterson ruminated awhile; ite done with him. I was thinking of my 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 benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily rep aid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past susp icions. "Have you the envelope?" he asked. "I burned it," replied Jekyll, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in." "Shall I keep this and sle ep upon it?" asked Utterson. "I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself." "Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?" The doctor seemed sei zed with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded. "I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape." "I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly: "I have had a lesson--O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have h ad!" And he covered his face for a moment with his hands. On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a w ord or two with Poole. "By the bye," said he, "there was a letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?" But Poole was positive nothing had come except by po st; "and only circulars by that," he added. This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the l etter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the m ore caution. The newsboys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse along the footways: "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P." That was the funeral oration of one friend and client