He shrank back quickly: "That's my name; What do you want?" I told him my name, and friendship for Jekyll, and that I desired to see Dr. Jekyll, merely to gain time. As he kept his face turned from me, I asked to see it. After some hesitation he showed it, with a defiant look. "Now I shall know you again," I said; "it may be useful." "Yes," he sneered, "'tis well we have met, and, apropos, you should have my address," and he gave a number in Soho. "Good God!" I thought, "can he, too, be thinking of the will?" That man was all that Enfield painted him. He was pale and dwarfish; he gave an impression of deformity without any namable malformation; he had borne himself to me with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering, and somewhat broken voice. All these were points against him, but not all these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust and loathing with which I regarded him. If ever I read Satan's signature on a face, it was on that man's. How it haunted me! Where had I seen it before? for seen it I certainly had. There was something strangely familiar about those features, but I could not place them.

A year passed, in which I learned little else of Hyde except that he enjoyed Jekyll's house as his own; indeed, the servants had strict orders to obey him. It was from Poole, Jekyll's butler, that I heard a strange thing that troubled me as much as it puzzled me. Although Jekyll and Hyde were often about the house, no one had ever seen them there at the same time or together, and that it was only when Dr. Jekyll was absent that Mr. Hyde appeared, although Dr. Jekyll was often seen going into Hyde's quarters. This only served to strengthen a vague, horrible suspicion that was slowly forming itself in my mind, but my thoughts were directed from it by the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, father of the beautiful girl to whom Harry Jekyll was engaged to be married. It was with feelings, almost of joy that I heard of the identification of the murderer with the man Hyde; and then I was filled with dismay to find that the weapon used was a heavy stick which I myself had presented to Harry Jekyll.

We searched the rooms of Hyde in vain; he had disappeared utterly, and left no clue.

On the afternoon after the search, I called on Dr. Jekyll. I was conducted down-stairs, and across the court to the building containing the doctor's laboratory. I had never been there before, and I looked about me with much curiosity. The room I entered was large and empty, dusty and deserted, but at the farther end was a pair of stairs, at the head of which was a baize-covered door. Through this I reached Jekyll's cabinet. By the fire sat Jekyll himself, looking very pale and nervous. He did not rise, and I noticed that the voice in which he greeted me sounded unlike his own, but, still, strangely familiar. The interview that followed is best given by Mr Stevenson.

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

The doctor shuddered. "They were crying it in the square," he said; "I heard them."

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

"Utterson, I swear to God!" cried the doctor, "I swear I will never set eyes on him again. I bind my honor to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And, indeed, he needs no help; you don't know him as I do; he is safe, quite safe; mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," he said, "and for your sake I hope you may be right."

"I am quite sure," replied Jekyll; "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But I want your advice. 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."