"You fear, I suppose, it might lead to his detection," asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other, "I cannot say 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."

"Let me see the letter," said Utterson.

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand, and signed "Edward Hyde;" and it signified briefly that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, need labor under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence.

"That letter is a forgery," said I to myself at the time. Time ran on; as you know, thousands were offered for reward, but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, and all disreputable; tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent, of his vile life, and of the hatred which seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho, on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out.

Then came trouble from a new quarter. The suspicions which were aroused in me, before Carew's murder, were being daily strengthened and almost verified. They haunted me day and night, until at last I could stand it no longer, and I determined to confide in Lanyon. But, to my astonishment and alarm, he refused to hear anything concerning our old and warmest mutual friend, Harry Jekyll; he went further, and declined to continue his friendship. He would give no reason for his conduct, but declared, over and over again, that he had done with poor Harry Jekyll forever. Then, in the midst of my perplexity at this new turn of affairs, Lanyon took to his bed, and in less than a fortnight he was dead.

The night after the funeral, I opened a letter marked, "PRIVATE; for the hands of L. G. Utterson alone, and in case of his pre-decease, to be destroyed unread"; so it was emphatically superscribed. Within, there was another inclosure, likewise sealed, and marked on the corner as, "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." I could not trust my eyes. Yes, here it was disappearance — here again, as in the mad will which I had long ago returned to its author; here again was the idea of a disappearance, and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestions of the man Hyde; it was set there for a purpose all too plain and horrible.

Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean?

There is not much more to tell as regards what is already known. You all know the tale of that awful "last night," when, after Henry Jekyll had disappeared for over a week, the servants warned us of foul play, and we forced our way into his cabinet, only to find the miserable Hyde, who had so long escaped us, there in the throes of his awful death, but not a vestige of poor Harry Jekyll.

Then, in the midst of our fears and perplexity, I opened Lanyon's letter, containing the remarkable account of how on that stormy midnight, after the murder, Hyde had entered his (Lanyon's) office, and by means of a drug, had changed himself into Henry Jekyll, there before the eyes of Dr. Lanyon!

Then came the other still more remarkable inclosure, the letter from Henry Jekyll to Dr. Lanyon, telling of his wonderful discovery, whereby he could change his looks, his heart, his mind, his whole individuality, from the gentle Harry Jekyll to the fiend Hyde, and thence back again to Jekyll. His confession of the cruelties, and the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, while in the form of the fiend Hyde, and his despairing repentance when restored to himself; the story of his change to Hyde without the aid of the drug, while he slept, and the using of the last of that drug to restore himself to Jekyll; his fears that at any moment he would become the hunted murderer Hyde, without the means to restore himself, and his last touching farewell, coupled with the determination to destroy