pale, flickering light of the candle, the hoe and shovel laid bare before us a sight, the horrible ghastliness of which will haunt me to my dying day.

That night, Poole and I, in company with an undertaker, laid away to its rest in a quiet spot in the cemetery, all that remained mortal of Harry Jekyll. On the dead man's breast I found the manuscript that follows.

CONFESSION OF EDWARD HYDE.

My name is Edward Gorman Hyde. I was born in New York, in 1840. I came of a good family, and am a graduate of Columbia College. My folks were wealthy and influential; I had plenty of pocket-money, and consequently was a wild youth. Owing to financial losses, followed shortly by the death of my parents, I was compelled to seek my own livelihood while yet a young man. I had always had a passion for the stage, and even as a boy had displayed much talent in that direction; naturally I drifted into the profession, and with small beginnings, in the course of a few years, I made a name for myself in character portrayal. But my old vices of the college days clung to me, and with returning prosperity I gradually drifted into the old ruts. What with hard work and dissipation I soon wrecked my nervous system, so much so that I could not go through my parts with the old vim. Then it was that I took the step that wrecked my life. I resorted to opium to quiet my nerves and help me through with my stage-work. Night after night I infused new temporary life into my veins with the aid of the cursed drug. As time went on I found myself taking it at frequenter intervals, and finally if I neglected to make use of the opium less than three or four times a day, I suffered untold agonies. The end is only too evident. Gradually my powers slipped away from me; I drifted from one stage to another, each time a little lower; my little hoard of money saved from my brilliant days was soon gone, until, one never-to-be-forgotten summer, I found myself without friends, money, or home. I became a miserable, wandering wreck of humanity, sometimes an object of pity, more often of kicks and contempt. Then, when it seemed that life was scarcely worth the living, and I almost longed for death (would to God it had come), help came in the form of Dr. Jekyll. It was in this way: I had been tramping around the upper part of the State of New York. Toward the close of a hot summer day, I entered a small village not far from New York City. I solicited a supper, and then wandered about, in an aimless sort of way, till, long after dark, I found myself near the tavern, and I determined to ask for a lodging for the night. There was a group of men on the porch, and I went around the side to the back. There was a light on the ground-floor, and as I passed the open window I thought I heard a deep groan, as of some one in pain. Stepping to the window, I looked in. There on the floor lay a man, writhing in awful agony. His eyes seemed about to burst from their sockets, and his tongue, swollen and purple, lolled out of his mouth, while his bloodless fingers spasmodically grasped at the carpet. Jumping into the room, I knelt by his side and tried to quiet him. It seemed to me that he was dying, but I was powerless to help him. I was about to leave him and go in search of help, when I noticed that he tried to reach a bottle standing near on the carpet. Failing, his eyes sought mine; I understood, and it was but the work of a moment to get the bottle and force some of its contents down his throat. The effect was instantaneous; his muscles relaxed their rigor, and his eyes closed; he lay perfectly still. I feared he was dead, but placing my hand on his heart, I found it still beating.

After awhile he came out of the faint, and in less than an hour was sitting up in a chair telling me the cause of his trouble. He gave me the name Dr. Jekyll, and said that he was an English doctor, traveling. Before the night was over I knew his secret, and he knew my history. He believed he had found the drug which would change a man into another being. He had come to this quiet spot to make a first trial. Then if death resulted no one would ever know