mean? His desire to know urged him strongly to ignore Lanyon's wishes and get to the bottom of this mystery; but professional honour and loyalty to his dead friend prevented him, and the envelope was put to rest in the drawer of his private safe.

It is doubtful whether Utterson was so eager, after that day, for the company of his remaining friend. He thought of him kindly, but his thoughts were anxious and fearful. When he went to call, perhaps he was rather relieved to be refused entry. Perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole on the doorstep, surrounded by the fresh air and familiar sounds of the city. Poole had, in fact, no pleasant news to give him. The doctor hardly ever left his study in the laboratory building, and sometimes he even slept there. He was miserable, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unchanging nature of these reports that his visits gradually became less frequent.

Chapter 7 The Face at the Window

It happened one Sunday when Mr Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr Enfield, that their way lay once again through the side street, and when they reached the laboratory door, they both stopped to look at it.

'Well,' said Enfield, 'that story's at an end, at least. We shall never see Mr Hyde again.'

'I hope not,' said Utterson. 'Did I ever tell you that I once saw him and shared your feeling of disgust?'

'It was impossible to feel anything else,' Enfield replied. 'But you must have thought me stupid for not knowing that this was a back way into Dr Jekyll's! It was partly your own fault that I ever found that out.'

'So you found it out, did you?' said Utterson. 'In that case, let's

step into this yard and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I'm anxious about poor Jekyll; even outside, the presence of a friend might do him good.'

The yard was very cool and rather dark, though the sky, high overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half open; and the person sitting beside it, taking the air with a miserable look on his face like some hopeless prisoner, was Dr Jekyll.

'What! Jekyll!' Utterson cried. 'I hope you're better?'

'I'm in a very poor state,' replied the doctor in a tired voice. 'But it won't last long, I thank God for that.'

'You stay inside too much,' said the lawyer. 'You should be outside, taking exercise, like Mr Enfield and me. Let me introduce you: my cousin Mr Enfield, Dr Jekyll. Come now. Get your hat, and take a quick walk with us.'

'You're very kind, and I'd like to very much,' the doctor sighed. 'But, no, no, no, it's quite impossible. I don't dare to. But I'm very glad to see you, Utterson; this is really a great pleasure. I'd ask you and Mr Enfield to come in, if this place were fit for guests. I'm afraid it isn't.'

'Why then,' said the lawyer good-naturedly, 'the best thing we can do is to stay out here, and speak with you from where we are.'

'That's just what I was going to suggest,' the doctor replied, with a smile. But the words were hardly spoken when the smile was suddenly struck from his face, and it was followed by an expression of complete terror and uncontrollable misery that froze the blood of the two gentlemen below the window. They only saw it for a moment, as the window was immediately closed; but that moment had been enough, and they turned and left the yard without a word. In silence, too, they walked along until they turned the corner into the next street, where even on a Sunday there were people about. Then Mr Utterson stopped and looked