at his touch ofa certain icy pang along my blood. “Come, sir,’ said I.  
“You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be  
seated, if you please.” And I showed him an example, and sat down  
myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my or-  
dinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of  
my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer  
me to muster.  
  
“I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon,” he replied civilly enough. “What  
you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels  
to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr.  
Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I under-  
stood...” He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see,  
in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the  
approaches of the hysteria—“I understood, a drawer...”  
  
But here I took pity on my visitor’s suspense, and some perhaps  
on my own growing curiosity.  
  
“There it is, sir,” said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the  
floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.  
  
He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his  
heart: I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his  
jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for  
his life and reason.  
  
“Compose yourself,’ said I.  
  
He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of  
despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered  
one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the  
next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control,  
“Have you a graduated glass?” he asked.  
  
I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him  
what he asked.  
  
He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few min-  
ims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mix-  
ture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the