

overwhelming that until the Germans had time to recover from the shock at least, the loved and longed-for land would again reflect the glow of the French eagles, its hills reverberate the shouts of triumphant French soldiery, and the line of demarcation be once more, if only for a day, the sullen and rumbling waters of the German Rhine.

All this and much more is the Frenchman's vision by day and his dream by night. The more enthusiastic look, far beyond the boundary and see themselves once more in hostile array on German soil and headed for Berlin. It is because Boulanger partakes more or less of these fanciful hopes and feelings that they rally around and thrust honors upon him, and because of this that he is as dangerous now as Louis Napoleon was the week before he overturned popular government and established a brilliant Empire on its ruins. It is but for Boulanger to order, the populace to obey.

No one can tell what a day may bring forth at any time or in any place; but we are strongly impressed with the idea that any one who makes a study of current events can now come much nearer foretelling the near future of France than for a long time past. In the meantime, we can afford to wait and watch, believing that affairs of great moment are not far off.

### TOO ATTENUATED.

THE two latest cutting sensations have caused a good deal of nervousness among the more timid class of the population—especially women and children and weak-minded men. These imagine that the Tumblety wave has reached Salt Lake. With the exception of two cutting affairs that occurred a short time since, there appears to have been no genuine assault of an alarming character—they will probably yet be shown to have resulted from a drunken squabble; and but for the "Ripper" ripple that has floated over the world, even those would not have drawn such widely popular attention as they did.

The incidents of the night of Jan. 28,—the principals in which were Fewgate, night clerk at the Cullen hotel, and Morgan, an employe of Wm. Showell—are somewhat peculiar. It is somewhat difficult to get anything clear on the subject, it being alleged that both the parties named give varied versions of their respective experiences, as if it be-

came necessary in their opinion to change the stories to cover up original self-evident improbabilities.

Take the case of Fewgate: As to how he received the cut across the forehead is best known to himself. The main point is as to how he received that terrible cut down the neck and across the bosom—of his shirt. This long, continuous slash is the only evidence on the surface that the deed was done by Dr. Tumblety. We say "on the surface" advisedly, as the cut neatly penetrated the victim's linen. No one but an adroit ripper could have avoided making some sort of an abrasure of the skin. This fact shows scientific manipulation with the knife that could only be exercised by one well acquainted with the anatomy of a boiled shirt. The cut betrays careful work, and therefore indicates the ear-marks, if not the knife marks, of Dr. Tumblety. The question in the public mind now is whether the shirt was on a table or on the corpus of its owner when it was mortally wounded. The trade ought to note this cut in shirts.

The coat sleeve—formerly belonging to a navy blue coat but, now appended to "an 'orrible tale"—which was found on the sidewalk bears similar evidence, so we are informed, of the expert slasher. If any one should see a man knocking around the streets with a one-armed navy blue coat, he should take him at once to Mr. Fewgate for identification. Seeing that the sleeve of the garment was left without the arm being in it, it may be well to hunt for the coat. Otherwise a search might have been instituted for the man. If the arm had been there, and the ragged edge of the limb fitted to the lacerated end of the stump, this would have been strong presumptive evidence that the villain had been secured.

The affair of young Morgan, an employe of William Showell, is equally mysterious. It appears that when the ripper or, snorter, or whatever he ought to be called, struck at Morgan he missed him. Had he aimed another blow at him he doubtless would have hit him precisely on the same spot, and inflicted a similar injury.

Morgan is a young man of courage. He went immediately home to procure a pistol. It is evident, however, that he was not aware that he didn't have one till he got home. He seized a butcher knife and, after cracking some jokes about "Jack the Ripper" with his mother, with

blood in his eye he hunted Dr. Tumblety, or whoever he may be, who aimed a blow at him and struck a vacuum. Morgan found the villain and stuck the blade of his weapon into his stomach. However, either the digestive apparatus of the bloodthirsty prowler were of the rhinoceros order or he had been eating a hearty supper of something tough. The blade penetrated a short distance, the holder gave it a twist, and it broke.

If anybody happens to see a man around town that has a languid look about the eye, as if he had about an inch and a quarter of cold steel in his stomach, he should report accordingly, that the piece of metal and the broken knife may be compared. If they fit, then another villain is secured.

It may just as well be stated now as at any time that the "suspender buckle" business is too stale. Shirt bosoms, coat sleeves, and tough stomachs are not much in advance of it.

A little more of this and an investigation of a searching character will be made a matter of popular demand. The creators of panics among timid people should not be permitted to go scot free.

A RECENTLY published statement shows that during the last sixteen years the continental powers of Europe have expended no less a sum than \$7,500,000,000 on preparations for war which has not yet come, and the number of men whom they could immediately bring into the field has risen from 8,142,000 in that same period to 10,480,000. Even the last-named enormous number, however, represents only the forces on a war footing; and when to this is added the partially-trained men in the second and final reserves, we reach the goodly total of 28,000,000 soldiers likely to be made to take a hand in the struggle that is bound to ensue soon. The annual cost to the taxpayers of continental Europe for the support of these defenders of their several countries, aside from all other expenses, reaches the round sum of \$800,000,000. It may be said after this, without much exaggeration, that the average European taxpayer lives "with a soldier strapped on his back."

Fear not to do good, my sons, for whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap; therefore if ye sow good, ye shall also reap good for your reward.

Doc. and Cov.