

AN EXTRAORDINARY LETTER.

The Central News says :—On Thursday last the following letter, bearing the E.C. post-mark, and directed in red ink, was delivered to this agency :—

“ 25th September 1888.

“Dear Boss,—“I keep on hearing the police have caught me, but they won't fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever, and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on ——s, and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now? I love my work, and I want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with, but it went thick, and I can't use it. Red ink is fit enough, I hope, Ha! ha! The next job I do I shall clip the ladies' ears off, and send to the police officers just for folly. Wouldn't you? Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work. Then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp, I want to get a chance. Good luck.—Yours truly “JACK THE RIPPER.”

“Don't mind me giving the trade name. Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands. Curse it. No luck yet. They say I am a doctor now.”

The whole of this extraordinary epistle (says the Central News) is written in red ink in a free, bold, clerkly hand. It was, of course, treated as the work of a practical joker; but it is singular to note that the latest murders have been committed within a few days of the receipt of the letter, and apparently in the case of his last victim the murderer made an attempt to cut off the ears, and he actually did mutilate the face in a manner which he has never before attempted. The letter is now in the hands of the Scotland Yard authorities.