tior and walked nonchalantly away.

tor abroad. Two keen eyes had watch-

strange people their gestures and fa-

The act of the little rat faced sailo

he rat faced sailor had half drawn his

Professor Porter had already disap-eared into the jungle, whither he was eing followed by the fussy Samuel T.

Philander, his secretary and assistant.

Esmeralda, the negress, was busy

rting her mistress' baggage from the

pile of bales and boxes beside the cab-

in, and Miss Porter had turned away

to follow Clayton when something

most simultaneously—the sailor jerked out his weapon and leveled it at Clay-

on's back, Miss Porter screamed a

warning, and a long, metal shod spear

shot like a bolt from above and passed

ntirely through the right shoulder of

CHAPTER IX.

At the Mercy of the Jungle,

LAYTON turned and rushed back

with drawn weapons, peering nto the jungle. The wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground.

Clayton, unseen by any, picked up ne fallen revolver and slipped it in-

de his shirt; then he joined the sail-

ed Jane Porter, and the young man

urned to see her standing, wide eyed.

watching us," he answered. "I won-der now who that spear was intended for? It for Snipes, then our ape friend

"By Jove! Where are your father

and Mr. Philander? There's some one

or something in that jungle, and it's

armed, whatever it is. Ho! Professor!
Mr. Philander!" young Clayton shouted. There was no response.

"What's to be done. Miss Porter? I

can't leave you here alone with these

cutthroats. You certainly can't ven

ture into the jungle with me, yet some

one must go in search of your father.

He is more than apt at wandering off

aimlessly, regardless of danger or di-rection, and Mr. Philander is only a

trifle less impractical. I have it! You

"I have one. With it you and Es-meralda will be comparatively safe in

this cabin while I am searching for

your father and Mr. Philander. Come,

call the woman, and I will hurry on.

when he saw the door close safely be-

hind them Clayton turned toward the

Some of the sailors were drawing the spear from their wounded com-rade, and as Clayton approached he

asked if he could borrow a revolver from one of them while he searched

can use a revolver, can't you?"

They can't have gone far."

Jane Porter did as he suggest

"Yes-why?"

"I dare say Targan of the

could it have been?" whis

toward the scene. The sailors stood in a frightened group,

The revolver exploded harmlessly

the air, and the seaman crumpled

with a scream of pain and terror.

And then three things happe

used her to turn again toward the

ng the scene intently.

cial expressions told him much.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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In ten days he was quite sound gain except for a terrible, baif heale car which, starting above his left eye an across the top of his head, en It the right ear. It was the mark left by Terkoz when he had torn the scalp

During his convalescence Tarza to fashion a mantle from the ain all this time in the cabin. But he nd the bide dried as stiff as board, and, as he knew naught of tan-ning, he was forced to abandon his

few garments he could from one of the men of Mbonga's village, for he ad decided to mark his elevation from the lower orders in every possible manner, and nothing seemed to him a more distinguishing badge of manhood than ornaments and ciothing.

To this end, therefore, he collected

the various arm and leg ornaments had taken from the black warriors who ing when a great crashing of branches

About his neck hung the golden chain om which depended the diamond in-usted locket of his mother, the Lady At his back was a quiver of ar ng from a leathern shoulde other piece of loot from some

of rawhide fashioned by himself support for the homemade scal-in which hung his father's huntknife. The long bow which had n Kulonga's bung over his left

The young Lord Greystoke was in-deed a strange and warlike figure, his mass of black bair falling to his shoul-ders behind and cut with his hunting nife to a rude bang upon his fore-ead, that it might not fall before his

his face. All the ages had hair upo



irs, but the black men were entirely airless, with very few exceptions.

True, he had seen pictures in his sooks of men with great masses of hair upon lip and cheek and chin; but nevertheless, Tarzan was afraid. Alteretheless, Tarzan was afraid.

And so he learned to shave, rudely and painfully, it is true, but nevertheless effectively.

> CHAPTER VIII. His Own Kind.

HEN he felt quite strong again after his bloody battle ape, Tarzan set off one morning toward Mbonga's village. He was moving carelessly along a winding jun-gle trail instead of making his progress through the trees when suddenly he

ing out in alarm, as thou

Turzan easily distanced them. not d they see his silent passage above ir heads nor note the crouching fig satted upon a low branch abe of them beneath which the trail led

Tarzan let the first two pass beneath him, but as the third came swiftly on the quiet noose dropped about the black throat. A quick jerk drew it

the victim, and his fellows turned to see his struggling body rise as by magic slowly into the dense foliage of With shrieks they wheeled once more

and plunged on in their effort to es Tarzan disnatched his prisoner quick

ly and silently, removed the weapons and ornaments and-greatest joy of all -a handsome doeskin breed which he quickly transferred to his own person.

Taking the body across his shoulder. he moved more slowly through the trees toward the little palisaded vilage, for he again needed arrows.

As he approached quite close to the nclosure he saw an excited group sur-counding the two fugitives, who, trem-

The villagers were worked up into a state of panic, but wise Mbonga afected to feel considerable skepticism garding the tale and attributed the hole febrication to their fright in the ace of some real danger.

"You tell us this great story," he said. "because you do not dare to speak the truth. You do not dare admit that when the tiger sprang you ran away and left your comrade. You are cow-

Scarcely had Mbonga ceased speak

blacks to look up in renewed terror. The sight that met their eyes made even Mbonga shu

Turning and twisting in the air came the dead body to sprawl with a sickning limpness upon the ground at

With one accord the blacks to their heels, nor did they stop until the last of them was lost in the shadows

Again Tarzan came down into the village and renewed his supply of ar-rows and ate of the offering of food which the blacks had made to appease

to the gate of the village and prop a way that the dead face seemed to be peering round the edge of the gate-post down the path which led to the

inting, to the cabin by the beach. It took a dozen attempts on the part of the thoroughly frightened blacks to re-enter the village, past the grinning face of their dead fellow, and when they found the food and arrows gone they knew, what they only too well feared, that the evil spirit of the jun-

gle was abroad. of the jungle died, for was it not true and it was the young man who stood that none left alive in the village had at the boat's bow to lift her high and ever seen him? Therefore those who dry upon land. She gave him a brave had died at his hands must have him and paid the penalty with their

As long as they supplied him with arrows and food he would not harm it was ordered by Mbonga that in ad-dition to the food offering there should also be laid out an offering of arrows for this Munango Keewati, and this

was done from then on. When Tarzan came in sight of the beach where stood his cabin a strange and unusual spectacle met his vision. On the placid waters of the land-locked harbor floated a great ship, and on the beach a small boat was drawn

But, most wonderful of all, a num-ber of white men like himself were moving about between the beach and

Tarzan saw that in many ways they were like the men of his picture books. He crept closer through the trees until he was almost above them

There were ten men, swarthy, sun tanned and villainous looking fellows. Now they had congregated by the boat and were talking in loud, angry tones, with much gesticulating and shaking

Presently one of them, a dwarfed, mean faced, black bearded fellow with a countenance which reminded Tarsan most daily he whetted his keen knife of Pamba, the rat, laid his hand upon and scraped and whittled at his young the shoulder of a giant who stood next him and with whom all the others had

been arguing and quarreling.

The little man pointed inland, so that
the giant was forced to turn away tion indicated. As he turned the me fuced man drew a revolver from his belt and shot the giant in the back.

The big fellow threw his hands above his head, his knees bent beneath him, and without a sound he tumbled forward upon the beach dead.

Tarzan puckered his brows into a frown of deep thought. It was well, thought he, that he had not given way to his first impulse to rush forward and greet these white men as brothers. They were evidently no different om the black men, no more civilized han the apes, no less cruel than Sa-

For a moment the others stood looking at the killer and the giant lying lead upon the beach.

Then one of them laughed and slap-ped the little man upon the back. There were much more talk and gestle-ulating, but less quarreling. Presently they launched the boat and all jumped into it and rowed away

vard the great ship, upon whose leck Tarzan could see other figures

When they had clambered aboard Tarzan slipped to earth behind a great tree and crept to his cabin, keeping it ilways between bimself and the ship Creeping in at the door he found everything had been ransacked books and pencis strewed the His His weapons and shields and other little store of treasures were lit-

wave of anger surged through him. The new scar upon his forehead stood uddenly out, a bar of inflamed crimon against his tawny hide.

Quickly he ran to the cupboard an earched in the far recess of the lower shelf. Ah! He breathed a sigh of re tief as he drew out the little tin box and, opening it, found his greatest treasures undisturbed.

photograph of the smiling ced young man and the little puzzle book were safe.

What was that? His quick ear had caught a faint but liar sound.

Running to the window he looke toward the harbor. Another boat was being lowered from the ship. Soon he saw many people clambering over the sides of the larger vessel and drop-ping into the boats. They were com-

or a moment longer Tarzan watchwhile a number of boxes and bun-s were lowered into the waiting Then as they shoved off from the ship's side the ape man snatched up a piece of paper and with a penci printed on it several lines of strong. well made, almost letter perfect char-

with a small sharp splinter of wood. Then, gathering up his precious tin box, his arrows and as many bows ars as he could carry, he has ed out of doors and disappeared into the forest.

when the two boats were beached on the silvery sand it was a strange tment of humanity that clam

Some twenty souls in all there were if the fifteen rough and villa earing seamen could have been said possess that immortal spark since they were, forsooth, a most filthy and bloodthirsty looking aggregation. The others of the party were of dif-

stooped shoulders were draped ill fitting though immaculate ck coat. A shiny silk hat added to ngruity of his garb in an Afri-

The second member of the party was a tall young man in white ducks, while directly behind came another elderly an with a very high forehead and a fussy, excitable manner.

After these came a huge negrees

othed like Solomon as to colors, her great eyes rolling in evident terror first toward the jungle and then toward the cursing band of sailors who were removing the bales and boxes from the boats

The last member of the party to disembark was a girl of about nineteen, and pretty smile of thanks.

In silence the party advanced toward the cabin. It was evident that, what-ever their intentions, all had been deided upon before they left the ship. They came to the door, the sailors carrying the boxes and bales, followed by the five who were of so different a class. Then the men put down their burdens, and then one caught sight of

the notice which Tarzan had posted.
"Ho, mates!" he cried. "What's here? This sign was not posted an hour ago or I'll eat the cook."

The others gathered about, craning heir necks over the shoulders of those efore them, but as few of them cou ead at all, and then only after the nost laborious fashion, one finally urned to the little old man of the top hat and frock coat.

"Hi, perfesser," he called, "step for 'rd and read the bloomin' notice." Adjusting his spectacles, the profes

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN, HE KILLER OF BEASTS AND MANY BLACK MEN.

DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICE
ARE TARZAN'S.

TARZAN WATCHES.
TARZAN OF THE APES. "Who the devil is Tarzan?" cried the llor who had before spoken.

"He evidently speaks English," said he young man. "But what does Tarzan of the ape

mean?" cried the girl. "I do not know, Miss Porter," re plied the young man. "unless we have discovered a runaway simian from the London zoo, who has brought back a European education to his jungle home. What do you make of it, Professor Porter?" he added, turning to the old-

"I reckon the daffy old bot

growled the rat faced sailor. "Keep a civil tongue in your h cried the young man, his face paling in anger at the insulting tone of the sailor. "You've murdered our officers and robbed us. We are absolutely in your power; but, so help me, you'll treat Professor Porter and Miss Porter with respect or I'll break that neck of yours with my bare hands—guns or

no guns."

William Cecil Clayton stepped se close to the rat faced sallor that the latter, though he bore two revolvers and a villainous looking knife in his belt, slunk back abashed.

"You coward?" cried the young man.
"You've never dared shoot a man until
his back was turned. You don't date

got dead, had regained his composure

This man, Snipes, had assumed the He turned his back full upon the former leader, and so little time had The sallor's hand crent sivis to the elapsed that none of his companions had as yet questioned his authority. outt of one of his revolvers; his wicked eyes glared vengefully at the retreating form of the young Englishman

Clayton's only response was a shrug of the shoulders, but as he left them What he would have done will never be known, for there was another fac- be picked up the spear which had armed the son of the then Lord Greyed every move of the party from the collage of a nearby tree. Tarzan had stoke strode into the dense jungle. Every few moments he called aloud en the surprise caused by his notice.

and while he could understand nothing the names of the wanderers. The watchers in the cabin by the beach of the spoken language of these heard the sound of his voice growing ever fainter and fainter, until at last it was swallowed up by the myriad noises of the primeval wood.

in killing one of his comrades had aroused a strong dislike in Tarzan, and When Professor Archimedes Q. Po ter and his assistant, Samuel T. Phinow that he saw him quarreling with the fine looking young man his anilander, after much insistence on the mosity was still further stirred. He part of the latter, had finally turned fitted a poisoned arrow to his bow and drew a bead upon the rat faced sailor, their steps toward camp they were as completely lost in the wild and tangled out the foliage was so thick that he byrinth of the jungle as two human oon saw the arrow would be deflected beings could be, though they did not by the leaves or some small branch, and instead be launched a heavy spear know it.

It was by the merest caprice of for tune that they headed toward the west from his lofty perch.

Clayton had taken but a dozen steps; coast of Africa instead of toward Zanzibar, on the opposite side of the volver; the other sailors stood watch-

When in a short time they reached the beach, only to find no camp in sight. Philander was positive that they were north of their proper destination, while, as a matter of fact, they were shout 200 yards south of it. Mr. Samuel T. Philander grasped Professor Archimedes Q. Porter firmly by the arm and hurried the weakly protesting old gentleman off in the direction of Cape Town, 1,500 miles to the south. When Jane Porter and Esmeralda

found themselves safely behind the cabin door the negress' first thought

inside. With this idea in view she turned to search for some means of putting it into execution, but her first view of the interior of the cabin brought a shrick of terror to her lips, and. like a frightened child, the buge black ran to bury her face in her mistress' shoulders.

Jane Porter, turning at the cry, saw the cause of it lying prone upon the floor before them-the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance reealed a second skeleton upon the bed. "What horrible place are we in?" urmured the awe stricken girl. But there was no panic in her fright.

At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still shricking Eseralda. Jane Porter crossed the room to look into the little cradle knowing what she should see there before ever the tiny skeleton disclosed Itself in its pitiful and pathetic frailty.

What an awful tragedy these ones proclaimed! The girl shuddered at thought of the possibilities that might lie before herself and her friends in this ill fated cabin. Quickly, with an impatient stamp

ner foot, she endeavored to shake off the gloomy forebodings, and turning to Esmeraida bade her cease her wail-"Stop. Esmeralda: stop it this min-

ute!" she cried. "You are only making its worse. I never saw such a big Soon the girl found that the door

two enabled them to slip it into place -the first time in twenty years. After Clayton had plunged into the jungle, the sailors mutineers of the Arrow-fell into a discussion of their

next step, but on one point all were agreed—that they should firsten to put off to the anchored Arrow, where they could at least be safe from the spears of their unseen foe. So much had Tarzan seen that day that his head was in a whirl of wonder. But the most wonderful sight of all to

nim was the face of the beautiful white Here at last was one of his own kind; of that he was positive. And the young man and the two old men, they, too, were much as he had plc-

tured his own people to be.

He did not understand anything of the motives behind all that he had seen. but somehow intuitively he liked the young man and the two old men, and for the girl he had a strange longing which he scarcely understood As for the big black woman, she was evidently connected in some way with the girl, and so he liked her also.

For the sailors, however, and espe-cially Snipes, he had developed a great hatred. He knew by their threaten ing gestures and by the expres upon their evil faces that they were emies of the others, and so be de

cided to watch them very closely. Tarzan wondered why the men had gone into the jungle. Never did it occur to him that one could become lost in that maze of undergrowth which to him was as simple as the main street of your own home town.

toward the ship and knew that the girl and her companion were safe in his cabin he decided to follow the ng man into the jungle and learn what his errand might be. He swung off rapidly in the direction taken by Clayton and in a short time heard faintly in the distance the now only nal calls of the Englishman to

Presently Tarzan came up with the hite man, who, almost fagged, was leaning against a tree wiping the per-spiration from his forehead. The ape nan, hiding safe behind a screen o foliage, sat watching this new speci men of his own race intently.

At intervals Clayton called alond, and finally it came to Tarzan that he was searching for the old men.

Tarzan was on the point of go'

caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton. It was Sheeta, the leopard. He heard the soft bending of grasses and

to look for them thuself when ne

wondered why the young white man was not warned. Could it be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan known She he so clumsy. No. the white man did not hear.

Sheeta was crouching for the spring, and then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape. and Sheeta turned crashing into the Clayton came to his feet with a

start. His blood ran cold. Never had fearful a sound smote upon his ears. was no coward, but if ever man felt the lcy fingers of fear upon his heart Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Grevstoke of England, did that day in the fastness of the African jungle. The noise of some great body crash

ing through the underbrush so clos beside him and the sound of that blood curdling shrick from above tested Clayton's courage to the limit, but he could not know that it was to that ery voice he owed his life nor that the creature who hurled it forth was his own cousin-the real Lord Grev-

The afternoon was drawing to s close, and Clayton, disheartened and discouraged, was in a terrible quandary as to the proper course to pursue whether to keep on in search of Professor Porter, at the almost certain risk of his own death in the jungle hy night, or to return to the cabin, where he might at least serve to protect Jane Porter from the perils which confronted her on all sides.

He disliked to return to camp with ont her father: still more be shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the hands of the nutineers of the Arrow or the hunred unknown dangers of the jungle. Possibly, too, be thought, before this he professor and Philander had returned to camp. He started, stumbling back through the thick and mated underbrush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan's surprise, the young mar was heading farther into the jungle n the general direction of Mbonga's village, and the shrewd young ape man was convinced that he was lost. The fierce jungle would make easy prey of this unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly to the beach, thought Tarzan. Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even

now stalking the white man a dozen paces to the right Clayton heard the great body paraleling his course, and now there rose mon the evening air the great beast's hunderous roar. The man stopped with upraised spear and faced brush from which issued the awful sound. The shadows were deepening;

darkness was coming on. For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid with raised spear. Presently a faint rustling of the bush be hind him apprised him of the stealthy creeping of the thing. It was gather ing for a spring when at last he saw it, not twenty feet away-the long, lithe, muscular body and tawny head

of a huge black maned lion. In agony the man watched, fearful was equipped with a heavy wooden In agony the man watched, fearful bar upon the inside. After several to launch his spear, powerless to fly. He heard a noise in the tree abov but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow green orbs before him. There was a sharp twang, like the sound of a broken banjo string, and at the same instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang, but Clayton stumbled to ne side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated king of beasts he youd, she saw framed in the tiny was appalled at the sight which confronted him. Almost simultaneousi with the lion's turning to renew the at tack a naked giant had dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute's

With lightning speed an arm that was corded with layers of iron muscle encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind, roaring and pawing the air—raised as easil as Clayton would have lifted a pet dos That scene he witnessed in the twi-light depths of an African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's

The man before him was the em-bodiment of physical perfection and giant strength, yet it was not on this he had depended in his battle with the great cat, for, mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by comparison with those possessed by Numa.

To his agility, to his brain and to his long, keen knife he owed his su-

knife time and time again into the until the great beast was tearing at der, while the infuriated beast, drawn of fury upward and backward until he stood on his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle continued a few sec-onds longer the outcome might have been different, but all was accomplished so quickly that the ion has scarce time to recover from its sur prise before it sank lifeless to the

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass and, throwing back the wild, handsome head, gave the fearnome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man naked except for a loia cloth and a few barbaric ornaments on arms and legs and on the hissant.

arms and legs and on the bre priceless diamond locket gles against a smooth brown skin. The hunting knife had been refe

to its homely sheath, and the man was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when he eaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the man in English. thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on his wondrous

strength and dexterity. The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disparagement of the service rendered or ignerance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the hon's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host. Instead he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that

Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

CHAPTER X.

The Forest God. HEN Tarzan had finished bis repast he rose and, pointing in a very different direction from that which Clayton had pursuing, started through the innels toward the point he had in-

dicated. Clayton, bewildered and confused hesitated to follow him, for he thought he was but being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest, but the ape man returned and, grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that Clayton understood what was required of him and then

left him to follow voluntarily. The Englishman finally concluded that he was a prisoner and saw no alternative but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable night of the forest

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm-a single shot and

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The negress, sobbing hysterically, bemoaned the evil day that had witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl, dry eyed and outwardly calm, was tortured by inward forebodings. She feared not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to be wander in the abysmal depths of the jungle from which now issued the ince shricks and roars, barkings and growlings of its terrifying and fearsome in

Now came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground Then for an instant all was silence. "Hush!" the girl whispered. "Hush. Esmeralda!" for the woman's sobs and

thing that stalked there just beyond A gentle scratching sound was heard on the door. The brute tried to force an entrance, but presently this ceased, and again she heard the great padded paws creep stealthly around the cabin. Again they stopped—beneath the window, on which the terrified eyes of the

groans seemed to have attracted the

girl now glued themselves. "Heavens!" she murmured, for, si houetted against the moonlit sky besquare of the latticed window the head of a huge tiger. The gleaming eyes were fixed upon her in tense ferocity.
"Look, Esmeralda!" she whispered

'What shall we do? Look! Quick!

Esmeralda cowered still closer to her nistress and glanced affrighted toward the little square of moonlight just as the tiger emitted a low, savage snarl. The sight that met the poor black's eyes was too much for the already

"Oh, Gabriel!" she shricked and slid to the floor, an inert and se For what seemed an eternity to great brute stood with its fore par

pon the sill, glaring into the room. Presently it tried the strength of the lattice with its great talons. The girl had almost ceased to breathe when to her relief the head disappeared and she heard the brute's footsteps leaving the window. But

now they came to the door again, and · His right arm encircled the lion's once more the scratching commenced, neck, while the left hand plunged the but this time with increasing force unprotected side behind the left shoul- the massive panels in a perfect frenzy Could Jane Porter have known th immense strength of that door, builded piece by piece, she would have felt

ess fear of the tiger reaching her by this avenue. For fully twenty iternately sniffed and tore at the door.

been associat result of the thorities was by Crown At the trial was ternoon.

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The girl wh named Mary. she recognize They had where she w March 16th. T remained ther when they w only two meal were present and then had Mary. One as show. She re she was work or living ther working there what wages shim. He said Toronte at 55 only two me

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