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the fellow that was with me, "I am going back to Peters Street," and a Jew across the street that I owed a dime to called me and asked me about it, and I paid him that dime. Then I went on over to Peters Street and stayed there awhile. Then I went home and I taken fifteen cents out of my pocket and gave a little girl a nickle to go and get some sausage and then I gave her a dime to go and get some wood, and she stayed so long that when she come back I said, "I will cook this sausage and eat it and go back to Mr. Frank's", and I laid down across the bed and went to sleep, and I didn't get up no more until half past six o'clock that night, that's the last I saw of Mr. Frank that Saturday. I saw him next time on Tuesday, on the fourth floor when I was sweeping. He walked up and he said, "Now remember, keep your mouth shut", and I said, "all right," and he said, "If you'd come back on Saturday and done what I told you to do with it down there, there wouldn't have been no trouble." This conversation took place between ten and eleven o'clock Tuesday. Mr. Frank knew I could write a little bit, because he always gave me tablets up there at the office so I could write down what kind of boxes we had and I would give that to Mr. Frank down at his office and that's the way he knew I could write, I was arrested on Thursday, May 1st, Mr. Frank told me just what to write on those notes there. That is the same pad he told me to write on. (State's exhibit A). The girl's body was lying somewhere along there about #9 on that picture (State's Exhibit A). I dropped her somewhere along #7. We got on elevator on the second floor. The box that Mr. Frank unlocked was right around here on side of elevator. He told me to come back in about forty minutes to do that burning. Mr. Frank went in the office and got the key to unlock the elevator. The notes were fixed up in Mr. Frank's private office. I never did know what became of the notes. I left home that morning about seven or 7:30. I noticed the clock when I went from the factory to go to Nelson and Forsyth Streets, the clock was in a beer saloon on the corner of Mitchell Street. It said 9 minutes after 10. I don't know the name of the woman who was with Mr. Frank on