

*Mr. Dorsey.* No, they didn't see him there, I doubt if anybody else saw him there either.

*Mr. Arnold.* If a crowd of people here laugh every time we say anything, how are we to hear the Court? He has made a whole lot of little mis-statements, but I let those pass, but I'm going to interrupt him on every substantial one he makes.

*Mr. Dorsey.* He says those ladies saw Quinn—says they "saw Quinn was there before 12, and before I left there at 1 o'clock." "You saw him at that, did you?" "Yes, sir." "Now, you are sure he did that?" "Yes, sir." "You are positive he did that?" "Yes, sir"; and then Mr. Arnold comes in with his suggestion, and she takes the bait and runs under the bank—he saw how it cut. Then I came back at her again—now, just to show how she turned turtle, "You did see Frank working Saturday morning on the financial sheet?" "No, he didn't work on the financial sheet." "Why did you state a moment ago you saw him working on it?" "No, sir, I didn't."

My Lord! Gentlemen, are you going to take that kind of stuff? I know she is a woman, and I'd hesitate except I had the paper here in my hand, to make this charge, but if you, as honest men, are going to let the people of Georgia and Fulton County and of Atlanta suffer one of its innocent girls to go to her death at the hands of a man like this and then turn him loose on such evidence as this, then I say, it's time to quit going through the farce of summoning a jury to try him. If I had the standing, the ability and the power of either Messrs. Arnold or Rosser, to ring that into your ears and drive it home, you would almost write a verdict of guilty before you left your box.

Perjury! Perjury! When did old John Starnes and Pat Campbell, from the Emerald Isle, or Rosser ever fall so low that, when they could convict a negro—easy, because he wouldn't have Arnold and Rosser, but just my friend Bill Smith. And for what reason do they want to let Jim go and go after this man Frank? Why didn't they take Newt Lee? Why didn't they take Gantt? The best reason in the world