

seen that blood,—that blood that at first wasn't blood, it was paint, and then wasn't paint but was cat's blood or blood from somebody that was injured, and then wasn't fresh blood but was stale blood—too many of them had seen it. "On Wednesday I had no business back there, I was there one day but can't remember." "What did you go back there for?" "A crowd of us went at noon to see if we could see any blood spots." "Were you successful?" "No sir." "Who went with you?" And lo and behold, Mrs. Carson, the mother of Rebecca, had already stated that she didn't go about it, the very first person that this Mrs. Small refers to—"Well, Mrs. Carson." "Mrs. Carson went with you," I said. "Yes sir, she saw the places where the blood was said to be." "You know she was there, you are pretty sure she was there?" Mrs. Small said "Yes sir." "It looked like what?" "Looked like powder." "How much of it down there?" "A small amount, just a little, looked like some of the girls had been powdering their face and spilled powder." You know better than that. I came back to the subject, "What makes you say Mrs. Carson went down there with you?" Answer—"Because curiosity sent us down there." "Did curiosity send her down there too?" "We went back afterwards."

Now, gentlemen, somebody swore,—and I put it up to you, too,—somebody committed perjury! "You were going back yourself and went to get her?" "Yes sir." "She didn't make any objection to going down, did she?" "No sir." "Don't you know she didn't go?" "I know," she says, "that she did."

All right; if this case is founded on perjury, it's the kettle calling the pot black, and I haven't dealt in glittering generalities, I have set forth specific cases. But that isn't intended to be exhaustive, that's a mere summary of a few of these instances, they are too numerous to mention. The truth is that there is no phase of this case, where evidence was needed to bolster it up that somebody hasn't come in, you say, willingly and without pay, because, you say there is