

the language, "Completely unstrung," and now he changed it in your presence and said "almost completely unstrung."

You tell me that this man that called for breakfast at home, as Durant called for bromo seltzer in San Francisco, this man who called for coffee at the factory, as Durant called for bromo seltzer in San Francisco, you tell me that this man Frank, the defendant in this case, explains his nervousness by reason of the automobile ride, the view of the body,—as this man Durant, in San Francisco tried to explain his condition by the inhalation of gas,—you tell me, gentlemen of the jury, that these explanations are going to wipe out the nervousness that you know could have been produced by but one cause, and that is, the consciousness of an infamous crime that had been committed?

Old Newt Lee says that when he went back there that afternoon he found that inside door locked,—a thing that never had been found before he got there at four o'clock, a thing that he never had found. Old Newt Lee says that Frank came out of his office and met him out there by the desk, the place where he always went and said "All right, Mr. Frank," and that Frank had always called him in and given him his instructions. But Newt Lee says that night, when he went into the cellar, he found the light, that had always burned brightly turned back so that it was burning just about like a lightning bug. You tell me that old Jim Conley felt the necessity to have turned that light down? I tell you that that light was turned down, gentlemen, by that man, Leo M. Frank, after he went down there Saturday afternoon, when he discovered that Conley wasn't coming back to burn the body, to place the notes by the body, that Conley had written, and he turned it down in the hope that the body wouldn't be discovered by Newt Lee during that night.

Monday evening, Harry Scott is sent for, the Pinkerton man—and it didn't require any affidavit to hold old Scott down to the truth, though after my experience with that man Darley, I almost trembled in my boots for fear this