

the dynamite caps, the wad-cutter, box of wads, tin of powder, cocoa-tin, the fuse, and the stuff I thought was dynamite, were all there. The powder-flask produced is the one that was in the drawer, also box of caps produced; also box containing wads and other articles produced were in the drawer. There was money in the cocoa box in notes and silver. It was there when the place was searched. There was a wad-cutter there; he became possessed of it about Easter; I saw my husband cut wads with it. He got a piece of board underneath, and then he got a piece of an old bandbox, which was kept on the shelf in the sitting-room on the side nearest the door, and cut the wads. He put the bandbox back again on the shelf when he had done with it. The remains of the same box were on the same shelf when the police searched on the 1st June. My husband was arrested on the 5th June. The police removed the revolver the same day after my husband was arrested. Four of them came for it; one of them was accused. I had been to that drawer that day before the police came. I went to get some money to employ a lawyer. I gave Dowd £6 out of the cocoa-tin, which was then in the drawer. The wad-cutter was there then, and the powder-flask, the box of wads, box of caps, fuse, and tin of ground powder, revolver, and other little boxes containing ointment, "Rough on rats"; dynamite caps were there also. Benjamin, when he came, got the revolver from the drawer. All the articles I have just mentioned were in the drawer when Benjamin took the revolver. He put all the things out on the bed and put them back again in the drawer on this occasion. He gave the revolver to Constable Healy. I afterwards learnt that Mr. Bunny was my husband's lawyer. I met Mr. Bunny in the train one morning. I went to town by the same train. He told me something. I went home and took Mr. Bunny the wad-cutter, and a little box of wads produced, about two days after. There was a tin containing some quail on a shelf on the right-hand side of the fireplace. On the 1st June, when the police searched the house, they were not plucked. The tin produced is the same. Detective Benjamin opened the tin and looked in; he did not take anything out, and made no remark. They were shot on the Wednesday and Thursday before; I cooked them on the Sunday—the day after the police were there—for dinner. I know Frederick Greaves; he is my brother-in-law. I saw him on Sunday. We dined at about one o'clock. Greaves did not stay to dinner. I showed him the quail; I was cooking them at the time. I saw Dowd that afternoon. John Dowd, my brother, he came before tea. He had some of the quail for tea. We had not finished it all for dinner. The next day—after my husband's conviction—I went to Mr. Jellicoe's office and instructed him. On the Wednesday the witnesses attended at my house to see Mr. Jellicoe. I showed the drawer produced to Mr. Jellicoe, with what was in it. The powder-flask, wad-cutter—no, the wad-cutter was not there—the box of caps, tin of ground powder, fuse, the empty tin I kept my money in, box of dynamite caps. Mr. Jellicoe took the drawer away that evening with the contents, also the biscuit-tin produced. On the following Sunday Mr. Jellicoe took the old bandbox away. He asked me to take it down from the shelf; I did so and gave it to him. It was in the same state as now. The police saw it there when they searched. I had not been asked about the bandbox before that, or about anything for making wads. Benjamin took it down on the 5th June when my husband was arrested, and took some lollies out of it and gave some of them to one of my youngsters. I had odds and ends in it. I afterwards went to Mr. Bunny's office and got the wad-cutter and box of wads from Mr. Bunny's clerk. He got them from Mr. Bunny's bag. I gave them to Mr. Jellicoe.

*By Mr. Bell.]* Mr. Bunny said the evidence against my husband was the paper. I afterwards—two days afterwards—gave him wad-cutter and wads. John Dowd came to me at my house after Chemis was arrested. He was staying with me when I got the wad-cutter and wads. On the 1st June there were £7 or £8 in notes in the tin in the drawer. The police did not look in the tin. The notes were in the tin. My husband told me that Jack Mack had told him that Hawkings had had an accident up the road. He told me this on the morning of the 1st June, when he came back from serving the milk. I cannot say if he said he was dead. I cannot remember. He had his breakfast, and then went away to work about 8 o'clock a.m. He came home on Saturday about four o'clock. I had no conversation with him; he turned to work directly he came home. No one but the police, who came in the evening, were at the house that day. I did not go to Kaiwarra. I had no conversation with any one that day until the police came. I was in the kitchen when the police arrived; my husband was outside chopping wood. I was bathing the children. Some of the children told me there were some gentlemen speaking to "Dada." I did not at the time know it was police. They came into the kitchen. I did not then know they were police. My husband first spoke, and told me to light a candle, "The police have come to search the house." I lit the candle. I did not say anything. Benjamin said candle-light was no good, and took the lamp down and lit it. I sat on the chair, and started to feed the baby. I first spoke when I saw Campbell and Benjamin search my husband's clothes that he had on. Just the time it took to light two candles and a lamp; it might be a minute, perhaps. I then asked what was it all for. I had not to that time asked any question. I did not know what it was for. I knew Hawkings was dead, because my husband had said he had met with an accident. He came home at dinner-time and had said he heard Hawkins was dead; he comes home to his dinner when he is working near the house. He did come home to dinner that day. I thought when I said I had not heard any conversation with anybody, you meant strangers. Only my husband told me at dinner-time, in middle of the day, that he had heard that Hawkings had had an accident, and was dead. With that exception, I did not see my husband till he came home and passed the time of day and went to his work. I did not ask what the police were there for when my husband said they had come to search the house. I did not speak till they were searching his clothes. I then said, "What is it all for?" I spoke to them all. I twice asked the question. I was feeding the baby then; none of them answered me. I remained nursing the baby at the table, although I did not get a reply. Mr. Thomson remained in the kitchen. The detectives and my husband went into the bedroom. While I was alone with Mr. Thomson he spoke to me about the stove, and how many children I had. I did not ask him any questions at all; the man was a stranger to me. Benjamin brought a gun out, and put his finger in. Benjamin