

going in. There were four quail in it that I had shot. Benjamin took down the tin that the quail were in, opened it, and looked in. He did not say anything; he put it up in the same place again. Some bullets were taken from the drawer. A man named Gibson gave them to me. I have not seen him since I was arrested. He gave them to me because there were some wild pigs up there in the place I had from the Hawkings's. Gibson used to shoot in the land. I told him he could go there when he liked. I used a few of the bullets. I found they were too small for my gun. Benjamin took the newspaper out of the bedroom into the kitchen. There was no newspaper in the handkerchief when he took it out. There was no newspaper taken from either of the drawers. We had the quail for dinner on Sunday. I had tea at home that day. Fred Greaves came there in the morning. I left the bandbox in the same place I took it from after I cut the piece out. It was in the same place in the sitting-room when the detectives searched. I went down the road with the police when they left, as far as my gate. They did not take the revolver with them that night, nor the documents. They left the revolver on the shelf close to the tin, and the documents on the table. I thought they had the revolver. I said, as they were leaving, "Don't you lose that revolver." Benjamin said he never took it, it was on the shelf. Benjamin went to the table where he put the papers. Benjamin said, "Did you look at them?" Thompson said, "There is nothing but bills and documents and paper in connection with the house. There is nothing we want there. There is a lease there with only Hawkings's name. I cannot make it out." Then my wife spoke up, and said, "I suppose Hawkings has a lease with only Chemis's name;" then he said no more. Before they went away there were two coats hanging up near the door. Thomson said, "Which of those coats do you wear through the day?" I said, "That one that is torn." He put his hand in the pocket, and his hand went right through. He said, "Don't you wear this one, too?" I said, "Yes; I wear it every morning when I go with the milk to Kaiwarra." Then he took from it two or three bits of newspaper from the pocket, and put them in an envelope, and put them in his pocket. My wife was behind with the baby. They said—Thomson said—"Come on with us." When we got down the road, he said, "I want you to show us the road as far as the gate." He asked me if I saw the three of them up the hill. I said, "No." He said, "We saw you." I said, "Well, I never saw you, you were looking for me." When we came to the gate, Thomson said, "We do not want you any further." I said, "You know where to find me, if I am wanted any further," and I laughed. I returned straight to the house. I took the revolver from the shelf to the right-hand drawer. I took all the documents from the table, and put them in the left drawer. My wife was about the room or the kitchen. It might have been years since I used the revolver. I kept it because I was living in a back place. It might have been loaded about two years. I was present when the gun was taken on Sunday morning. Detective Benjamin and Campbell came. It was just after cutting a bit of mangolds. Then Benjamin said, "I have come for that gun." I said to him, "Then I wish you had taken away that gun last night." He said, "Last night and this morning are the same." I said, "Last night no one would have seen you take it; to-day there are a number of people about." Benjamin then said, "Tell me this, now, was you anywhere last Friday night?" I said, "No, do not you see every night, when I come home, I have got to work—an hour and a half's work before me. I must cut that tubful of mangolds every night, and look after the horse and cows as well." "Never mind," he said, "come up and give us that gun." I said, "All right." He stopped in the back yard. I brought the gun to him. He said, "Is that gun loaded?" I said, "No, do you not know I have not got any shot." He put the ramrod down both barrels; it was not loaded. He said, "Tell me this now, when did you fire this gun, now?" I said, "Three days ago." I believe it was last Thursday morning—I showed him the spot. I showed him the spot I had fired from at the quail you saw last night. All the articles produced, the powder-flask, dynamite caps, box of caps, box of ground powder, wad-cutter, cocoa-tins, revolver, cartridges, the wads and fuse were all in the drawer when I returned the revolver to the drawer. I cut mangolds on Friday night, before the detectives came, after I had left Lee, and returned home. I did not cut mangolds on Saturday, because I have Sunday to myself. The cask produced is the one I used to fill up every night with a chopper. I believe I see the chopper there; yes, there it is. I knocked off work on Friday, the 31st May, at about 4.30. I wore the same clothes that night as I wore the next day, and the same clothes I was arrested in. I had to help Lee to put some sacks in the cart, and I got my *Post*. I got to my gate at about 4.45 or 4.50. I went up the hill. I first saw my wife at the cow-shed door. I used to leg-rope a cow for her. I leg-roped the cow for her, so that she could milk her. I went to the hay-loft, and threw down a handful of hay to each of the cows. I took the kit home. I cannot say I took my kit home before I leg-roped the cow. I did not go away from the premises that night. I was just round about the house. I did not use my gun, my stiletto, or shot-pouch that night.

*By Mr. Bell.* I was in Kaiwarra on Saturday morning. I went to deliver my milk as usual. I do not think I collected any money that morning. I cannot swear one way or another. I do not remember; it is such a long time. I was told by a man named Jack Mack; he said, "Tom Hawkings was killed last night." I asked him for particulars. He could not tell me. He did not tell me he was murdered. I spoke to Charles Collins. He told me Hawkings was hurt; Dr. Cahill had come out in a hurry. I spoke to young McCallum at my gate; he told me Mr. Hawkings was killed; he did not say he was murdered. I told him I heard it in Kaiwarra. I left McCallum at 6.50 or 6.45. I went home to breakfast. I do not know if I went to my bedroom. I went to breakfast, and to work afterwards. I spoke to a good many persons about it, but did not hear he was murdered till the afternoon. I went home to dinner in the middle of the day. I told my wife that Hawkings was dead. It was before dinner I heard that Hawkings was killed. Myself and Mr. Colter were having a drink at 11 o'clock; the barmaid told me there was foul play.

Why did you not tell your wife there had been foul play?—I suppose I told her. I would not say exactly if I told her. I might have spoken to her about it. I went back to work in the afternoon. I got home before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, about three-quarters or half an hour before