

friends; how we could pay up all our back debts, look the whole world in the face, never have to dodge a creditor, and run our paper without the sheriff's assistance. It was with just such thoughts as these in our head that we accepted Mr. Kingsley's invitation to take a drive up the North Thompson River and look over the dredging grounds on the west side. Four of us started on Tuesday morning from the Dominion Hotel about 8 o'clock, in a two-horse rig, the sun shining brightly and a well furnished hamper stowed away behind. The ferry had to be crossed, a feat which was accomplished successfully, although we couldn't help thinking what a boon the bridge would be. The road was in perfect condition, and after driving a couple of miles or so we stopped to examine the contents of the hamper just to see if anything had been forgotten. Nothing was lacking but a corkscrew, which difficulty was soon overcome, and we sampled it all round to make sure. Once more we started, bowling along merrily, with scores of crows on either side keeping us company, probably knowing that we hadn't a gun in the party. It seems a pity there is not a bounty on these pests, for there is no doubt they work considerable havoc with the eggs of our game birds, besides carrying off young chickens. Mr. Noble's ranch was the next place we stopped at, that gentleman coming out to greet us in his usual cheery manner. Again the contents of the hamper came into prominence, Mr. Noble extending us a welcome to come into the house, an offer of which we could not avail ourselves as we

were in a hurry to get to the dredging grounds, but promised to call on our way back to investigate the gold bearing banks of the creek that runs into the Thompson close by. We were informed that \$4 to \$5 a day had been made on that creek by some prospectors a few years ago. One of our party was promised a young sucking pig provided he could lasso it, but he evidently thought there would be too much exertion required for he declined the offer.

From here on up to Donald McAuley's the river takes a bend in the form of a letter S, there being an enormous dredging bar in the centre. It was pointed out that the banks on both sides of the river was composed of nothing but auriferous gravel, all of which could easily be handled with a dredge. We passed through McAuley's ranch following a road leading to the river. Here we tied up the horses, fed them, and shouldering pick, shovel and pan started off on our hunt for gold. A bench covered with boulders of a few pounds weight was the first spot to try. These were easily shoveled on one side and a spadeful of gravel thrown into the pan which Mr. Kingsley proceeded to wash, whilst another tried his luck washing dirt on the shovel. In a couple of minutes the pan was nearly empty with the exception of a little black sand, which on being scattered disclosed to our anxious gaze several small flakes of gold, some as large as a pin's head. That was satisfactory so far, so we decided to try another spot lower down the river, going out on to a big bar where it looked as if some one else had been working with a rocker. Here