

OPENING IN AUSTRALIA

FOR AMERICAN INVESTORS

ONE OF THE LARGEST TREES OF THE WORLD.

(Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
 SYDNEY, New South Wales, April 2.—There is a big opening in Australia for American trade. The country is just ripe for the advent of our drummers. The people are friendly and every American salesman I have met is doing good business. We sell over \$1,000,000 worth of goods annually in New South Wales, or more than \$50 per family of the population. American goods are sold in all the stores, and American farming implements are used on nearly every farm. Three-fourths of the reapers and mowers come from the United States. There are thousands of American plows and tens of thousands of our axes and saws. The Australians like our hatchets. They call them tomahawks and evidently think we got the pattern from the Indians. Our carpenters' tools are in demand, especially augurs, bits and braces, and seven-tenths of all the saws used come from Philadelphia.

American notions for Australians.
 American notions are sold everywhere. In Townsville, in Northeastern Australia, I saw patent camp chairs with the Yankee trade-mark on them, our cut clamps and collar buttons are in common use, and there are all sorts of knick-knacks, marked American and sold as such. I dropped into a store the other day which advertised American candies, and asked the tall young lady clerk from what city they were imported. She replied they were made in Sydney, but they called them American because they thought this would make them sell better.

The Australians smoke American tobacco. They use finecut and plug, shaving off the plug for their pipes. The brands sold are almost unknown in the United States, showing that the market is quietly worked by some of our little-known tobacco firms, the larger ones not realizing the extent of this market. In New Guinea our tobacco is used as money. So many plugs will buy you a dinner, a suit of clothes or a wife, the tobacco currency being more common than gold and silver. The cigars smoked by the Australians chiefly come from Manila, and the trade in Philippine tobacco is growing.

Best Spenders on Earth.
 I have spoken of the New Zealanders as spenders. The Australians are quite as extravagant. In New South Wales the average is over \$200 per year for each family. The people of all classes dress well and live well. The women of Melbourne know how to put on their clothes as well as those of any city of similar size in the United States. Many of them wear American shoes, paying a duty of 75 cents on every pair. They wear costly hats and bonnets, and in midwinter nearly every girl has her furs. The business men, as a rule, wear silk hats and good clothes. The fitting is not quite as fine as that of

our American tailors, but far better than that of London. Clothes cost about as much in Melbourne and Sydney as in New York, and American styles seem to be in demand.

A great deal of our lumber comes to Australia, not only in the shape of boards and logs, but in paper, and now the Australian newspapers are printed on American wood pulp. Many of the publishers use American type. Within the past few years the linotype has been coming in, and a salesman of one of the American firms tells me that he has scattered such machines throughout the colonies. He gets about \$3500 for each machine, and does a business which is largely cash.

The leading American typewriters are well-known here. Some of the agencies have business colleges connected with them, and rent and sell machines in the same way as in America. You can buy all kinds of American cameras here, and the American bicycle is to be seen everywhere. So far no wagons to speak of have been imported, but there is a good demand for parts of our carriages and wagons, and I think this field might be developed.

Pond of Show.
 The Australian is fond of show. He likes a good horse and a good buggy, and some of the rubber-tired rigs which are now being made in America might be sold here at a profit.

One of the best pushers of American trade in Australia is our Consul at Sydney, George W. Bell. He is well acquainted with the markets and is doing considerable good. He tells me that many of our goods sold here are marked as made in Germany and that some of the importations come via London. This is so of fencing wire, both barbed and smooth, of which a vast deal is used, and also of silver-plated ware, watches and clocks.

Their coats, cottens and other clothes, the supply comes chiefly from England and the Continent. There is no attempt to push American goods of this kind, and that several shipments of corn had been imported from the Pacific states by that state to feed its cattle and sheep. There has been a great drought and the stock has died by the thousands. One man who had 15,000 sheep and nothing to feed

them, paid \$40 a ton for American corn. He soaked it and then fed it, and as a result saved his flock.

One who has not visited Australia can have no idea of the need of food in time of drought. Within the past 10 years millions of sheep have died of hunger and vast numbers of cattle. This state of New South Wales had 62,000,000 sheep in 1891. It has not more than 41,000,000 now. Within 10 years the number has fallen off more than 20,000,000. Estimating each sheep at \$2.50, this means a loss of \$50,000,000 in the capital stock of the squatters in one state only. There have been large losses in South Australia, Victoria and Queensland. I am told that numbers of sheep die almost every year, and that the losses during the past 10 years have been almost continuous.

The ditches are made with huge plows constructed of logs in the form of a V. The end is shod with iron, and a team of eight or 10 oxen drags the plow along the course desired for the stream. This makes a broad furrow, forming the canal, at which the stock can drink. There are many canals of this kind from 15 to 30 miles long, and some even longer.

Where Hens Lay Boiled Eggs.
 Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles under the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Out in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to feed their hens on boiled eggs. The dry lands are hotter than Sahara. Much of them is desert, and the sun beats vertically down upon the continent during the hottest part of the year, three hours every day, in traveling across it.

Australia is as long from one side to the other as from New York to Salt Lake City, and the greater part of it is covered with granite sand. It has no cooling winds to speak of, and the sand and rock bottle up the heat and give it out again. The "cogging" men put up the desert some years ago, records that he once hung his thermometer graduated to 127 degrees in the shade, and that the mercury broke and broke the tube. Its temperature must have been at least 128



ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S NEW ARTESIAN WELLS THE GREAT BOTTLE TREE

degrees in the open air outside, which is said to be the highest temperature recorded in any part of the world.

For three months during that trip the temperature averaged over 101 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and the air was so dry that Captain Sturt writes "that every screw fell out of his boxes, his combs split up into hairs, the lead dropped out of his pencils, his hair ceased to grow and his finger-nails became as brittle as glass."

A Desert Continent.
 There is no continent which has so much dry land as Australia. It is a great dry heart, with a few patches of green about the edges. On the east side facing the Pacific is a long range of mountains, roughly speaking running north and south, and the most of the good land lies between those mountains and the sea. West of the mountains vast plateaus begin and extend on and on, spotted here with low rocky ranges for more than 3000 miles. The land falls slightly as it goes toward the west, but at the end it is still 1000 feet high. It is 2000 feet high at the east, and in the Australian Alps or the Eastern range it rises to more than 7000 feet. There is a general slope toward the south in some places so great that the continent falls to the level of the sea, and where the best sheep farms of Australia. Nearly all of its basin is taken up by squatters. The greater part of it is fenced, and in certain sections the lands are worth as much as good farming lands in the United States.

The Australian Lakes.
 Australia has no fresh-water lakes to speak of. Its biggest lakes are salt, and there are very few of these. The most of them lie in South Australia, the largest is called the lake district, a region about 100 miles long. At the bottom of this is Lake Torrens, about 100 miles long, with Lake Gardiner to the west of it. North of Lake Torrens is Lake Eyre, which is larger, and to the northwest Lake Amadeus, which is also of good size. All these lakes are salt. They are surrounded by flats of treacherous mud crusted with salt. Some parts of them are dry for years at a time, when a wet season will fill them and cause grass to sprout up all about them.

You need not go far in Australia to hear of the horrors of the drought. You can easily meet a man who has lost a fortune by dry weather. Men sometimes go crazy on their stations far off in the interior because the rain fails to come. They have thousands of acres and tens of thousands of sheep, and they have to sit and watch the animals die before their eyes, knowing they cannot feed them. The droughts clear the land of everything green. The pastures become as bare as the roads and the sheep stagger about nosing in the dust for the seeds of grasses and trees. Sometimes trees are cut down to give them food. One man who had 400 acres of land kept 100 men busy cutting off the branches of his apple oak and other trees to feed the sheep. They eat the leaves and even the small twigs. This same man had another force skinning dead sheep and another whose business it was to lift up the sheep when they fell down and could not rise of their own accord. This is to keep them from the carrion crows, which hover about overhead and pick out their eyes if they fall.

Rabbits and Kangaroos.
 During these droughts the rabbits die as well as the sheep. They drop dead outside the rabbit fences. You may see kangaroos lying here and there dead upon the plains, and I have been told that even the birds drop dead from the trees. The Riverina country is one of the best sheep-raising districts of Australia. It produces some of the finest wool, and is noted for its excellent grass. In the drought of 1895 it looked as though a fire had swept over it. The most of it was as clean as a baseball ground. It could not have been more bare if it had been plowed. There was not a green sprout or any sign of vegetable life to be seen. Last year much the same condition pre-

valled in parts of Queensland. There were tracts covered with dead sheep, cattle and horses, and dead emus and kangaroos were lying about all over the country. This and other droughts have caused a reduction in one district of 64 per cent of the sheep and other districts even more. It is said that the drought of 1898 shortened the wool clip almost 12 per cent, and it decreased the lamb crop in New South Wales about 3,000,000 head.

Hundreds of Artesian Wells.
 Within the past few years the governments of Australia have been preparing to resist these droughts. They have been sinking artesian wells, making dams and putting up waterworks. The droughts in many parts of the country are such that for nine months the sheep can feed on the dry grasses if they can only get water, and of late the water in many places has come from artesian wells. The chief danger has been in overstocking, so that the sheep eat all the grass and, notwithstanding the drinking water, die of starvation.

There are in Queensland alone 350 artesian wells and a number more are being put down. Already more than 2,500,000 gallons of water are being pumped. The average depth of the wells is in the neighborhood of 500 to 1000 feet. Some of the wells are very deep. There is one at Winton which was sunk 400 feet before it struck water, and there are many down 3000 and more. One well flows 5,000,000 gallons a day, another 4,000,000 and another 2,000,000. In New South Wales a large number of holes, as they are called, have been sunk, and several of them are flowing from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 gallons a day.

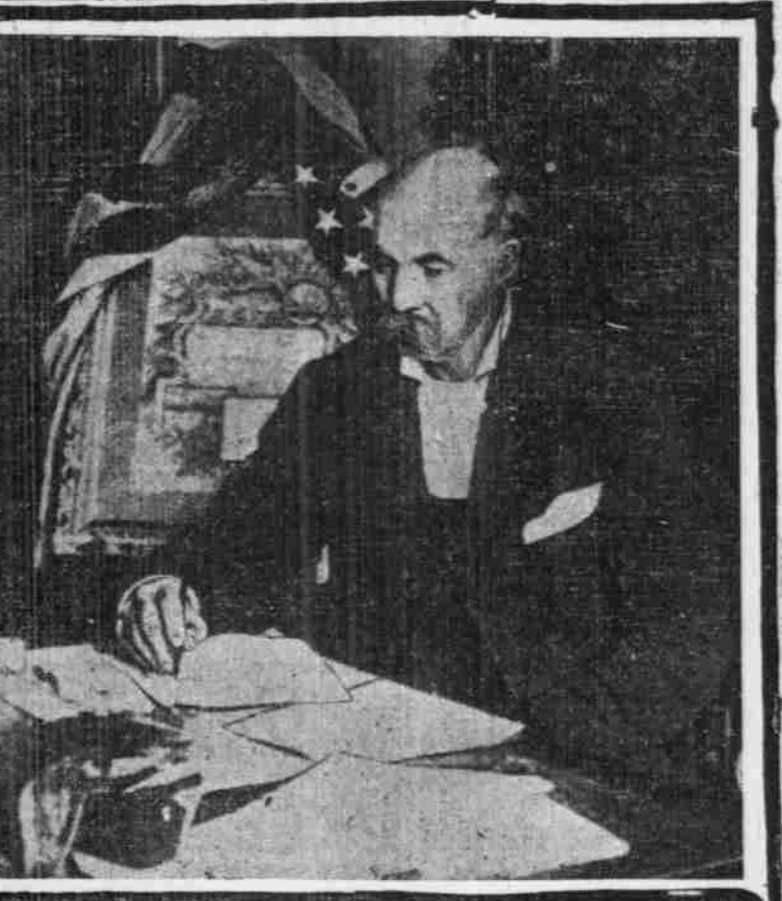
A singular thing about the wells is that the water is very hot. The water is hot enough to scald a dog, and, indeed, a dog that fell into the stream of one of them the other day was killed. The water is slightly salt, and it contains some soda, but the sheep drink and thrive upon it. It cools, of course, as it runs off, being conducted in ditches and pipes over the pastures.

Most of the land north and west of the lakes is desert. If you will draw a line across the continent from the lakes to the mouth of the Victoria River you will block off one of the biggest deserts of the world. The desert block will be one-sixth as big as the whole United States, and it will contain almost no vegetation of any kind except thorny scrub and thorny grasses. This is the case with nearly all Western Australia, with the exception of the settled portion at the south.

The scrubs are peculiar to Australia. They are a sort of dwarf eucalyptus trees, or dwarf acacias. The mallee scrubs, the mallee scrubs look like willow or reeds. The bushes grow close together, so that there are often 10 in a square foot of ground. They grow twice as high as your head without a branch, and as you look over them you see nothing but a mass of dark brown bushes reaching on and on for miles. Here and there roads and paths are cut through them which look like avenues or aisles.

They make the country gloomy in the extreme, and, added to the dreary eucalyptus trees, the vast deserts and the lack of variety in the scenery, have given it the title of the "Never, Never Country," or the land of despair. The extent of the mallee scrub is enormous. In South Australia there is an unbroken tract about twice the size of the State of New York which is entirely covered with mallee, and you will find it in all parts of Australia.

The mallee scrub is a sort of thorn bush. The bushes grow close together, and they become matted so that it is almost impossible to make your way through them.



GEORGE W. BELL, AMERICAN CONSUL AT WORK IN OFFICE AT SYDNEY

Grasses and Trees.
 Among other curiosities are the grasses. There are trees here which grow looking for all the world as if a great stump had sprouted out in grass on all sides and on the top.

The spinifex or the porcupine grass is one of the terrors of the explorer. It covers much of the sandy plains to such an extent that it is almost impossible to travel over them. It is a hard, spiny grass, which grows in little hills from one foot and a half to five feet in diameter. It is always found in the dry country, and its mere existence is an evidence that there is no water near by.

They are very destructive to both horses and men. The horses' feet are so cut that they sometimes have to be killed or are left to die upon the desert.

But I could write much about the queer vegetation of Australia. I see new trees every day, and the queerest of all is the great bottle tree, which looks for all the world like a gigantic champagne magnum with leaves growing out of the cork. Everywhere I go I see eucalyptus trees.

They are the dreariest forests that I have ever traveled through. Some of them have long thin leaves which hang downward as though they were weeping. They are always green and they shed their bark in strips. The bark hangs down for all the world like disheveled hair, making you think that all nature has gone into mourning, and they are ever green. The mallee scrub, which is very high, comparing with the big trees of California. There was one recently felled which measured 400 feet, said to be the tallest tree in the world.

per day. There are not many who follow the life of a tramp because they like it. It is often had habits that put men on the road. They drink or gamble, and having lost their job and exhausted their credit, are compelled to move on to strange scenes and amid new faces. Once down, it is very hard for a man to cover his former standing. And don't forget that there are many good men obliged to take to the road, temporarily. I met several who always paid their way when they had money, and offered to work for a meal, when they had none. And I firmly believe that a kind word and a hot cup of tea would often save a man from despair and crime.

Living among this class for a time, I got quite an insight into their lives, and learned that a pipe of tobacco and a glass of beer is the only solace or pleasure that many men in these United States look forward to. They have long ago given up all hope of ever having a home, or being anything but a loafer or idler. On the other hand, there are many others who look forward to finding employment somewhere, with agreeable surroundings, that they may settle down, and become citizens again. Most men, in a short time, become tired of tramping about, foiners, weary, "busted" home-cover friends, and the ranks of the great army are constantly recruited from the host of fools who don't know when they have a good thing, and who, by their follies, are forced out on the road.

It is a life of hardship and hard work, deprived of all the comforts and pleasures of a home, and when the logger gets to town, which is usually about once a month, after pay day, he is sometimes a little wild in his recreation, and you can't blame him very much.

As for myself, I managed to endure the hard labor for three days, and then, a few days, here and there, in logging camps, saw mills and lumber-yards, to make my living expense. In spite of the hard labor of a sort, to which I was entirely unused, sleeping in bunkhouses on the rough boards, or sometimes on a pallet of straw, I gained 25 pounds in two months, and, of course, in muscle and endurance. After a hard day's work in the woods or in a lumber-yard, one can sleep anywhere, but the next morning he will wake up stiff and lame as an old horse.

In one of my wanderings, I met a number of wild animals. At one point, near Cosmopolis, I came upon an old sea bear and her cub, where they had come down to a stream to drink. I didn't stop to acquaint myself with them, but I paid very little attention to me, except that the mother eyed me warily for fear that I might have hostile intentions. I told some young fellows in Cosmopolis about having seen bears, and I am sorry to say that they killed the mother and brought the cub and his mother's skin to Aberdeen the following day for sale. The cub was as cunning as a puppy, and did not seem to realize its loss, or to fear its captors.

The animal that I had the most fear of was the cougar, because, they are sly and treacherous, and spring on their prey unawares from some tree or fallen log. They grow in this region to a large size, and a couple of times toward midnight their blood-curdling cries caused me to quicken my footsteps to a ranch or near-by settlement.

A little girl at Labam said that while coming home from a neighbor's, about dusk, a few evenings before, she had seen a cougar in a tree by the side of the road. She stopped, and the cougar started down the tree; then she turned and ran toward the house she had just quitted. She was so frightened that she fell down twice, but she reached the house safely, although she was unable to tell the people for some time what was the matter.

I also met a rancher with a badly lacerated hand, which he said had been torn by a cougar. It seems he had gone out in the evening to look for his cows, when, hearing their bells in a patch of woods, he had tied his horse and gone along the path to foot. Some days we would have 10 or 15 at a time, and the following day perhaps only two or three. Often they will move if they hear there is better grub at the next place, or 10 cents more wages

Drop the net below for the employment.

COMING West on a home-seekers' excursion at the beginning of the year, it was my fate to get stranded in the State of Washington. At first I sought, in Seattle and Tacoma, for a first-class position as a stenographer; later, I would have been glad to take a job of any sort, if I could have found one.

After three weeks of illness my funds were exhausted. First, my overcoat went; then two suits of clothing were pawned, and then my watch and chain. Finally I came to the conclusion that the cities did not want me, and ventured into the wilderness, with no baggage except an umbrella and a handbag containing underclothing. Later I disposed of the handbag, substituting therefor blankets, a jumper and overalls. Imagine a man used all his life to office work starting out to compete with the hardy men who hew down the forests and saw the trees into lumber!

In four days' time I walked 65 miles. I passed through Olympia, which is a small city of the unburied dead, and reached the village of Little Rock, foot-sore, exhausted, disheartened, having been everywhere unsuccessful in obtaining work of any kind. Now, however, I was in a region where work is plentiful, and

I soon had my first experience of a logging camp.

There were three camps near each other, employing altogether about 200 men. Inexperienced men are generally put at work "swamping," at \$1.75 per day, and make paths through the forest, by which to reach the trees which had been selected for felling; to cut down the trees, to remove the logs, and to level up the road. We worked all day, in the mud and wet, walked a mile and a half to the cookhouse for meals, and slept upon hard boards in the bunkhouse, at night.

There are showers in those woods nearly every day throughout the eight months' rainy season. These showers to take apart, the "cogging" men put up the rigging and adjust the cables, and everything is ready for business.

The "fallers" having chopped some

notches in a tree, in these notches are placed the springboards, on which the fallers stand while they work, usually five or six feet above the ground. Having chopped into the tree about one-third of the way, on the side of which they wish it to fall, they saw two-thirds of the way through the trunk, and then a little above the chopping, so that it will settle on the chopped side and fall over that way. Then the fallers jump. Many a man has been killed by not getting out of the way of a broken tree top or branch in time.

The "buckens" next saw up the tree into proper lengths, and the "snipser" then rounded off the ends, so that the trunks can be dragged along the skid roads without catching in obstacles. Then the "hook-tender" attaches the cable to a log, and off it slides down the skid road to the saw mill, or to the cars, to be carried to and rolled into Puget Sound for rafting.

The skilled laborers in the logging camps make good wages when the weather is propitious, but when there is very bad weather they are laid off. They must have quite an outfit of blankets, gum-boots, slicker and rough clothing. Their hospital dues, of 10 per month, poll tax and other levies are deducted from their wages.

The logger gets very little recreation. He is dead tired at night and seeks his bunk at an early hour, after smoking one or two pipes of tobacco. He is bound to be dirty. There is no place to take

a bath except ice-cold creeks. His clothing is covered with mud, pitch and grease. As one of them said to me, "We are clean enough down underneath the dirt."

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that contained the nest was raised to a position where the nest and eggs were plainly visible from above. When all was in readiness, the camera was hauled up to the top of the tree with a rope.

Then came the problem of fastening it in a suitable position to take a picture. This was not very easy, when the slightest slip was liable to send the photograph or into perpetual retirement. By tying the tripod to the limbs in different places, and then passing a rope around the top of the camera and lashing it to fairly steady position.

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS AND THEIR HOMES.

(Continued From Page Twenty-five.)

As nest. One of the best ways of studying the birds is to select some spot that they frequent and then, by concealing one's self among the ferns or bushes, watch them with a field glass as they come and go.

Another nest that was photographed, with the bird, was built in a climbing rose bush, just outside the front parlor window of a residence in South Portland. There, among the roses, was an ideal home, and it did not take the birds long to find out that they were among friends,

Experience teaches all birds to treat every body as foes, until they have been proven friends, but when the friendship of a human is gained, it may be very close.

When the two little mites of the last-mentioned humming-bird nest were hatched, the old birds became tamer than ever, and fed daily from the proffered dish of honey and water. The buds on the bush that had surrounded the nest during the period of incubation had blossomed out into full-blown roses, and one large rose formed a beautiful red canopy for the little family.

In the same strip of woods, where we

have been studying the red-shafted flicker, a Louisiana or crimson-headed tanager has built its nest every year up among the fir, and raised its brood. This is one of the most beautiful native birds of Oregon, its crimson head, yellow breast and body, with black on the wings, form a beautiful contrast of colors when seen in the foliage of some dark green tree. It is almost as brilliant as its Eastern cousin, the scarlet tanager, and, in its wild, Western home has become much shyer.

The Louisiana tanager is historically interesting, because it was first discov-

ered, and subsequently described, by Lewis and Clark, in their expedition to the Northwest Territory in 1805. It was named Louisiana tanager, because of the territory in which it was found, and has no reference to the present limits of Louisiana. Arriving from the South about the first of May, the call of this beautiful bird can be heard from that time on, coming from the top of the tall, fir, where it lives and finds its food, in the bark and among the leaves. It seldom comes down near the ground, and for this reason it is not often seen, except through a field glass. The female has

none of the beauty of the male, but is of a dull, yellowish color; she seems to realize her lack of beauty, for she remains shy and quiet.

The song of the tanager is very often heard during nesting time. At that season the male is always found near the nest, where he cheers and sings to his mate from dawn till dark. It has a song something like the robin, or black-headed song sparrow, but it is shorter.

Out near the end of the limb of some tall fir is the typical nesting place of the bird, and for this reason the nest is seldom found in a position which is

accessible to the photographer. Eighty-five feet from the ground in a fir tree was the nest. To take a picture, but this was the site selected by the tanager. We photographed. Fortunately, it was not so far from the trunk of the tree as the nests are sometimes placed. The bird was not very strong, so we climbed and made the ascent easily, because of the thick growth of branches clear up to the nest. The limbs near the top of the tree were not very strong, so, as an additional safeguard, we used a couple of strong ropes lashed to the tree trunk. By the aid of a small cord, the limb

that contained the nest was raised to a position where the nest and eggs were plainly visible from above. When all was in readiness, the camera was hauled up to the top of the tree with a rope.

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WILLIAM L. FINLEY.