

ARTIST'S KIT ON WHEELS

Description of a Perambulating Studio Abroad in Illinois.

HOW THE AFFAIR WAS RIGGED UP

Conveniences Cleverly Arranged by a Woman—Valuable Suggestion for Artists Seeking Plain Air Effects.

As a group of festive picnickers were passing some of the most picturesque and lovely spots on Rock River, Ill., a few days since, they observed a curious looking object in the distance.

Some one ventured to suggest that it might be a pop-corn roaster and soda fountain combined, but was met with the jeering retort that one would hardly select a cool sequestered dell for setting up in such a business.

On nearer approach it became evident that two women were engaged in some sort of occupation within the inclosure.

"Well, if they are only women," exclaimed one of the party, "I am going to satisfy my curiosity," and she boldly advanced to the subject of debate.

What she found was in reality a perambulating studio, invented by one of the artists at work inside, who had become a hand-body-wreath of dragging around stool, umbrella, easel, camera, paint and brushes; of having to seek shelter when it rained; of being obliged to remain indoors when it was cold, of enduring the heat, cold and moisture of the ground; and what is worse, working in its reflected light, and a thousand other ills that only out-of-door artists know.

In view of these discomforts she had designed this studio-wagon, which a carriage maker had made for her at a cost hardly above that of an ordinary wagon. It was perhaps six feet long and from two to three



PREPARING FOR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

feet wide. In the top were two skylights with canvas sides which could be let down when a cart, not a studio, was wanted.

The bottom was neatly covered with matting and held two comfortable chairs, one back of the other, in which the artists were sitting.

In front of each chair were firm steely rests for their canvases. On all sides were convenient places in which to slip sketches. Slides covered with black oil-cloth were at hand to slip in whenever it was desirable to shut off a part of the light, and others of plate glass for use if one wished to paint during a storm.

LOST THE PRESIDENCY.

Two Men Who Might Have Had a Term as Executive Mansion.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says: Mr. Benjamin Silliman describes his experiences at the whig convention of 1840, and the most interesting of them is the story of the manner in which two men threw away a chance to become president of the United States.

A Common Phenomenon Under Discussion by Railroad Men.

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A writer in a recent issue of the Railway Age discusses the matter at some length. It appears that it has not yet been determined whether the movement of the rails is with or against the direction of heaviest travel, but there is no doubt that there is a movement, sometimes of considerable amount.

As to the general direction of rail movement, aside from specific instances, R. G. Ward, formerly engineer in charge of maintenance of way, South Carolina railroad, who is supported by other authorities, says: "Heavy loads pulling constantly in one direction have a tendency to drive the rails in the opposite direction."

The railway commissioners of New South Wales, after making an investigation, reported three instances, as follows: "In one case the rails on a double-track road traveled both together in the direction of the traffic; in another, on a double road, the outer rail on the down line moved in the direction of the traffic, while the rail near the way on the double tracks remained stationary; and in still another case, also a double road, the rail nearest the middle way moved more than the outer rail, but in the direction of the traffic."

STORY OF A FAMOUS HOAX

How a Tenderfoot Was Introduced to High Life in New York.

FIGHTS ARRANGED FOR HIS BENEFIT

Recollections of the Pranks Played on a Visitor by American Actors—And They Cost a Pretty Penny, Too.

In years not long past the belief was pretty general among travelers from foreign shores that civilization in the United States was confined to a very narrow strip of land on the North Atlantic coast.

The impression took an exaggerated form. They believed that savage Indians overran the country outside of a few cities and that scalping affairs and ghost dances were every-day occurrences.

What is regarded as the greatest joke of this class was perpetrated on Philip Lee, husband of Adelaide Nelson, and the chief perpetrators were W. J. Florence and E. H. Sothorn of happy memory.

The story is told by Megarage in the Philadelphia Times as it came to him from the lips of Florence. "Philip Lee," said he, "was the husband of the beautiful and gifted Adelaide Nelson, since whose death we have never seen a Juliet upon the stage to equal her.

Lee was the son of an English clergyman, and in demeanor and apparel was a gentleman. He accompanied his wife to this country, not as her business manager, but simply as her husband.

He was a harmless, pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, with but little knowledge of American ways. It is not true, as has been frequently stated, that he knew so little of this country that he expected to see buffaloes plunging down Broadway and Indians tomahawking people in Central park.

The Leg Act.

"I had scarcely time to give an affirmative reply to Lee's whispered inquiry, 'Is that really William Cullen Bryant?' when there ensued the most remarkable scene which I ever witnessed in my life.

Lee was a man over six feet in height and with legs the length of which were absurdly out of proportion to the rest of his body.

He appeared to be split in almost two. One of the most famous feats upon the minstrel stage was to suddenly throw one of his feet onto a man's neck and draw the other fellow toward him.

Upon this occasion Bryant, in obedience to Gaylor's summons, had reached forth his right hand, when Seymour suddenly threw that full right leg of his across the table, caught his friend and fellow-minstrel by the back of the neck, drew him toward him and his him squarely between the eyes.

In another instant both men were on top of the table amid the soup dishes, the snoring and hissing and tearing and one another like a pair of bulldogs.

Cooper and Dickinson, who were not in the secret, became so alarmed that they got under the table, while I could only hold Lee in his chair by main force.

In the midst of the contest the table upset and the poor Englishman was almost drowned in soup. While Bryant and Seymour were making a mockery of struggling beneath the debris, Seymour, by wetting the fingers of one hand, secured a quantity of blacking from one of his shoes, and with this gave himself the semblance of black eyes.

When Seymour, of course, saw that a gentleman, always a gentleman, and declared that a true American gentleman can always be told by his willingness to settle a little difference amicably.

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Shooting Begins. "The table was set in shape again, and things went along merrily and pleasantly for some time until Philip Lee, Sothorn, became engaged in apparently a very angry and excited dispute about the merits of the north and south, in the midst of which Mr. Sothorn suddenly arose to his feet, and, drawing a revolver, fired it directly over Lee's head, with the effect of one of the wildest excitement ensued.

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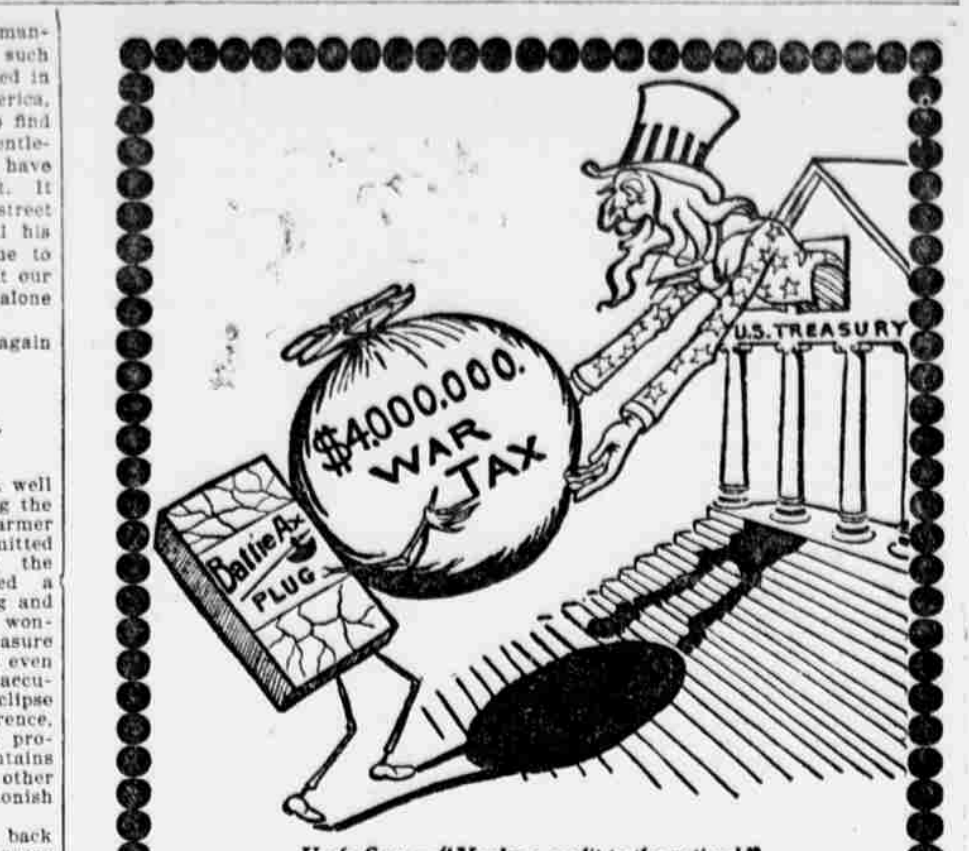
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