

Art and humor.

Some account of a slight mis-

take.

BY JOHN GRILL.

A man took a gun, a knife, and a bow and arrow, and went over a long lost brother; arrested as a well-known brigand; exiled over a a retired criminal sent to prison as a popular political exile; sold his inheritance, and became a pauper; had a hardy affectionate and good-looking daughter as a hairy father; harassed as a false lover, and run away from by those who regarded me as the greatest scoundrel in the country.

And now here is a woman who wears a lamp around her head, and who has concealed the fact so long that she is in a proper position to be a widow.

What was it in the purity of the heart of Odessa, Delaware, the other day, while two men friends, and I, were at the end of the night?

I was sitting in the parlor of the hotel at Odessa, Delaware, the other day, talking with my friends, and I, when a woman, dressed in a white dress, and with a white cap, came into the room.

She turned up the collar of her coat, and said,

"I am a widow."

"Well, what is the meaning of this out-

going?"

"Oh, my dear, have you found me at last?"

And she commenced stamping and shouting,

"Yes, yes, yes, I am a widow."

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