

FIRST class in natural philosophy stand up.—John Tompkins, what is attraction?"

"Dun'no, sir."

Urchin from bottom of class—"Please, sir, I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's the look that a blue-eyed gal gives to her lover."

"Right, sir. Now, tell me what inertia is."

"Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are—a feeling that a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a canary-colored velvet vest."

"Right, again—spoken like a young philosopher.—Take the head of the class—go to the foot, John Tompkins—I'll never make a philosopher of you. Next class in philosophy, stand up."

A FELLOW went, some time since, into the store of a fashionable dress-maker.

"Have you any skirts?" he asked, with a serious emphasis.

"Plenty of them!"

"What is the lowest price per cord?" said the chap.

"A cord?" replied the woman, in astonishment.

"Yes, about a cord. Up in our diggings the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise 'corded skirts,' and I thought, while my hand was in, I would take what you had corded up."

The dress-maker fainted.

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because he is used up.

Always doubt the sincerity of a girl when you see her wipe her mouth after you kiss her.

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