

ladies, that although we are Make-a-Nickels, we also make engines and gas, we give the title of B. S., (Button Shoe), to those staying long enough. Pass in, pass in, if you don't ride your horse young man, you will never pass.

Ring Two.

Gentlemen and those among you: look, look, we are going to feed them! What are we going to feed them? Rods, chains, pins, guns and bridge abutments; bending moments, railroad ties and freshmen. Coagulate, gentlemen and I will give the topography of our ring.

The gentlemen on the left is the affable only original sleep producer in captivity. He is the only agent Morpheus has travelling with this mammoth production. The stunt will be to construct railways to the home of the god of Sleep. In thirty seconds—think of it, gentlemen—in the short space of thirty seconds he will construct this railroad and transport you to the Garden of Dreams, where you will be the captive of “dewy-feathered sleep” until the sound of the class bell releases you.

Next in line, is the wonderful Wells, “Army’s” only competitor. He will run an aerial line from here to the land that knows no rest. There will be something doing every minute of the time. I will leave it to you to choose which of these rides to take.

The great feature of this ring, gentlemen, is the great pair, Dean and Penn. They will survey the river Styx for the purpose of finding a suitable point at which to bridge the river. They will then tear down the Bridge of Sighs and will construct it across the Styx. The object of their work is this: It is a fact accepted by most people both in and out of the profession, that after an engineer has completed his work, he receives an invitation to go to hell. As we are not a skeptical class and have been trained to practice economy and to play the game safe, we have taken this means of putting one over Mr. Charon, who, because of a lack of competition has been able to demand enormous tolls from passengers bound for the land of fire and brimstone. We are just about to start, gentlemen so don't delay, Look! Look! We are going to feed them.

Ring Three.

Charges, Charges, Charges, but not a charge for you! We are going, gentlemen, going, NOW! Gentlemen, we are not a practical bunch, but with your kind attention, I will show you why there will be no charge for you in this ring. We are the only live attraction in this circus, in fact our exhibition becomes so dangerously live, as to permit the possibility of lifelessness. However, gentlemen, don't run away until you have seen our ring, then you will go home with a smile on your face. We have cornered the market on everything electrical. We have the juice of all the currents in creation and elsewhere. Our performers are kings of their kinds. Among them is Mr. Snow, who, strange to say, is a very warm-hearted man. He will exhibit a power plant designed by himself, a plant large enough to furnish all the heat and light used on this planet. It was due to Mr. Snow's philanthropic nature,