

card?" (I had a couple iv dozen printed a purpos afore I started.) He took it, and, turnin' to the window, read—"Mr. Thadeus O'Toole, Pig, Pork, and Bacon. Merchant, Dublin, St. Petersburg, and China. Purveyor to the Queen, Emperor of Rushia, and other Potentates. Armies supplied, Cities relieved, and Countries re-victualled on the shortest notice. Orders punctually attended to. Pigs forwarded by Balloon post, if necessary." "Umph!" ses he, lookin' rather dark at the last line, "this has the appearance iv tamperin' wid the enemy." "Only a flight of fancy," ses I, "my lord, and intirely out iv the ordinary coorse iv business." "I think so," ses he, "a pig in a balloon would indeed be rather a strange flight. But," ses he, again smilin', "I thought that pigs, pork, and bacon meant all the same in your language." "So they do, Giniral," ser I, gettin' more familiar wid him, "its the vicissitudes iv life that makes the difference. A pig," ses I, "in the mornin' iv life, beloved and respected by its relations, and admired by its master, is 'a pig;' cut down in its pride, like Julius Sasir; while the tears iv its family are fallin', and the loss weighin' heavy on them, its 'pork;' but when its intirely forgotten, and the grief passed away, by that time its 'bacon.'" "Ah!" ses the Giniral, heavin' a deep sigh, "I'm afraid, Mr. O'Toole, when our time for bein' pork arrives we'll