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Poetry.

FINDING FAULT.

To speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults, and wh has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well,
To find your own defects to cure,
Ere other's faults you tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short comings lid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word can do
To th se we little know,
Remember curses, chicken-like,
S metimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of other's faults until
You have none of your own.

THE CRISIS OF A LIFE.

It was a chilly evening in the early spring of the year 1487, and the streets of Florence were almost deserted. A stranger wandering along her lonely thoroughfares would hardly have been able to realize how fair and beautiful the city could appear under other and more genial aspects.

Scarcely a soul was stirring, for the hour and the times were dangerous, as the dagger of the midnight assassin was never sheathed in those days. But wind and weather are but trifles when the interests of those we love are at stake.

Slowly tracking their way along one of the broadest streets of the city might be seen an old man leaning upon the shoulder of a youth of noble bearing. Their condition of life could not well have been told from their personal appearance, for they were both enveloped in long cloaks, after the Italian fashion, but the half-dozen well-armed serving men who followed closely at their heels showed that they were of aristocratic rank. The old man was very old—his beard was frosted with the snows of many winters, and he was bowed down with the infirmities of many years, although much remained to show what once he had been. The youth was tall and upright, and the assistance he rendered to his aged friend added a grace to his every action.

They walked in silence, as if engaged on some errand of importance, and not even a word passed between them. Soon they arrived at the palace of the grand duke, and after some parley at the entrance, their little party was admitted.

Let us now ascend the broad flight of marble steps before them and enter the great council chamber where the sovereign ruler of Florence is wont to deliberate with his nobles upon the grave affairs of State. On each side of a long table covered with velvet cloth, upon which is worked the ducal arms, are scattered the grave senators, upon whose decision now hangs the life or death of one of their own order.

Judgment has not yet been recorded, for the culprit has many friends, and although the grand duke had undoubtedly absolute power of life and death over all his subjects, and though he was well-known to be strongly biased in this particular case, there were certain reasons why he wished his own decision to be confirmed by the voice of the patricians whom he had summoned that night to his assistance.

In those days men were tried and sentenced after a very different fashion from that which now prevails in our civilized countries. The will of the sovereign, in fact, was alone sufficient to pardon or condemn without even the formality of a trial or examination. In this case it is not to wondered at that the inclination of the grand duke should be prejudiced, for he himself was personally interested. He was in the flush of manly vigor, not very long having assumed the reign of government, but had already become proficient in "the vices of Kings." Old Orsini, a patrician of wealth and ancient family, had a fair and lovely daughter. The grand duke had seen her and fallen desperately in love with her, although he was formally betrothed to the daughter of a neighboring potentate, and knew that the maiden herself was promised in marriage to a young noble of his own court. In a moment of ungoverned impulse he had offered an insult to the young girl such as never could be forgiven. Unfortunately for himself at that moment her brother, young Orsini, entered. Overmastered by imprudent but natural indignation at the grevious affront offered his sister, and his Italian blood boiling in his veins, he drew his poniard and rushed upon the prince. Quick as thought a nobleman, who was present, interposed his own person between the duke and the enraged brother, and himself received the blow, which, however, did not eventually prove fatal.

Young Orsini, who made no resistance, was arrested on the spot and conveyed, closely guarded, to a dungeon. He would doubtless have been ordered to immediate execution but that the duke being himself personally implicated in the matter, desired to show his impartiality in the matter by at least the form of a trial.

Already for more than an hour and a half the solemn council had deliberated and at last, though with great reluctance, they had arrived at a decision which they knew was in accordance with the will of the duke. Yet many of the nobles present, putting themselves in the place of Orsini, and considering the great provocation which he had received, had suggested the very extenuating circumstances which presented themselves to their minds. This, however, they did in a cautious, careful way, for they knew the strong passions of the duke and his ungovernable rage when thwarted, and they were well aware that however he might try to conceal his feelings, he was watching every look, noticing every whisper, and would never forget or forgive what might chance to be said. Appeals of mercy would have been useless, for the offender was prejudged. They knew this too well, and no voice was heard in opposition as the duke, after briefly alluding to what had transpired, stated that the young count must necessarily suffer for high treason.

At this moment a page entered and announced that old Count Orsini (the father of the accused) and Count Felice, were in waiting, and begged to be admitted. This was expected, for, from the very moment when his dearest friend had been incarcerated up to the present hour, Count Felice had been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain his pardon. The grand duke knew well the object of their visit, but his purpose was unchanging. The councilors, too, had expected this visit, and many of them rejoiced that the old man had come to plead for his son at the last hour, and inwardly prayed for his success.

A word from the grand duke and the suppliants were admitted. Every one present was painfully struck with the aspect of the old man, for a few short days had aged him considerably, and the anxiety of the young count for the safety of his friend was depicted on his countenance.

They advanced together toward the place where the ducal chair was placed upon a platform but slightly raised above the floor. The aged nobleman leaned upon the shoulder of his young companion, and as they advanced a striking contrast might be observed between the cruel features of the duke, resolved in his purpose and yet half fearing to execute it, and the anxious, pleading looks of the two before him awaiting his degree. Yet the aged noble, whose tenure of life was evidently so short, would have scorned to present a petition in his own behalf, and the young Felice was well known to be rash and daring to a fault in all things that pertained to himself. But now they came not to plead for themselves, but for one whom each loved dearer and better than his own existance.

The grand duke frowned upon them sullenly as they advanced, but at the same time making a stiff and formal show of graciousness. They bowed profoundly to him. The old man was speechless, but the eloquence of the younger gushed forth in an earnest appeal for the life of his friend, and as he knelt, and in his anxiety grasped the velvet mantle of the duke, the eyes of the spectators were suffused with tears. The grand duke alone was unmoved. With eyes averted from the suppliant, he said in stern, harsh tones:

"No, count, it is useless to plead. We have listened to all that could be said in favor of young Orsini, but it is all in vain. He has long been a turbulent and daring subject, notwithstanding our special favor shown toward him; but few thought that he would have the audacity to attempt the life of his sovereign because of the imaginary insult which he fancied his sister had received. He intended to commit treason, and in doing so he nearly committed murder. The revered senators have all agreed with me that he deserves to die, and our sentence is that he be beheaded to morrow at noon."

The young count saw that it was in vain for him to plead, even though it was for the brother of her he loved, and he rose from his knees with an expression upon his face that boded no good for the duke. But the aged Orsini, with a father's love, wailed forth one last appeal for grace:

"Let him live, my lord duke! He has offended, I know, but Christ in his mercy forgave sinners, and can your grace refuse me when on my knees I ask the the pardon of my only son? Confiscate all my property, or let me suffer in his stead, or banish my son forever, but only let him live!"

As the old man uttered these words it seemed as if his heart were rung to its utmost core.

It was, however, all useless for the old man to plead with the tyrant, who, with a gesture of impatience waves him to be silent and with a broken heart and quivering voice he turned to Count Felice and faltered:

"Let us go, my son, let us go!"

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The following morning dawned with all the glory of spring. The chilly night had given place to a day more fitting to the season, and nature seemed in one of her fickle moods, to have clad herself in her gayest robes. On such a day it seemed almost cruel to take the life of the vilest criminal, and even the vulgar hordes which gathered at the place of execution pitied the young nobleman who was to expiate with his life his too ready zeal in preserving the innocence of his sister. But the bell of the prison chapel tolled solemnly as for a departing soul, and monks and priests were waiting within, in order that when all was over they might chant the requiem for the dead. The prisoner alone appeared calm, as if sustained by some hidden power to meet his undeserved fate.

In his palace the grand duke could hear the solemn bell, and as he listened the echoes of its voice seemed to agitate him greatly. Nor can we wonder at this, for doubtless he felt himself how unrighteous was the sentence which he had passed, and very probably he called to mind the pleasant by-gone hours when young Orsini had been his bosom friend.

He watched the hands of a large and curiously constructed clock as they approached the hour of noon. Suddenly the clock struck twelve, and the sound of the prison bell ceased.

"What have I done? What have I done?" muttered the duke. "Surely it cannot be!"

Another and another clock boomed out the hour, and then all was still.

"All is over now—all over!" exclaimed the duke, and then, as if with a desire to drown unpleasant thoughts, he called for wine.

The page, who was well used to summons, entered with the wine, and at the same time announced that the Count Felice desired immediate audience.

"Let him enter," said the duke, sternly, as he raised the goblet to his lips.

The count entered, and a close observer might have noticed something strange in the expression of his eye.

Little wonder, for he was risking all. After accustomed greetings he said, respectfully:

"Your grace saw fit to reject my last petition, but I have now come to beg one favor, which, I pray you will not deny. My dearest friend has paid the penalty of his crime, and his father lies at the point of death. I have come to your grace to crave the the body of young Orsini, that we may bury it in the family vault."

The grand duke, flushed with wine, and relieved at learning what the petition really was, said, after a moment's pause:

"He is dead now, I see no reason for refusing."

He spoke mechanically, and Felice saw that conscience was at work.

"May it please your grace," he said, "to direct that the body of Orsini be delivered to me as it is, and without questioning, for Villani, the governor of the prison, owes hate to me, and I fear he may dispute my order."

"He dare not dispute *mine*," answered the grand duke, imperiously, as he sat down to the table and called for his secretary.

The secretary entered, and the duke dictated.

"To the Compte de Villani, &c.—Deliver to our well-beloved, the Compte Felice, the body of Compte Orsini. Do this without question and immediately."

This order was not in the usual form, but the duke was not in the humor to attend to forms and customs. He handed the paper, after signing it, to Felice, who bowed profoundly, and then, placing it in his bosom, left the palace.

Not a moment was to be lost. Quickly as he could, without giving occasion for suspicion, he hastened to the entrance of the palace, where, a dozen of his own followers, well mounted, awaited him, when, silently mounting his horse, he gave signal, and they all rode off in speed toward the prison.

Well for them they delayed not a moment, for the hour of death had come. The condemned man was kneeling at the block, while the headsman awaited the signal for the fatal blow. Rushing up the steps of the scaffold, all breathless, Felice presented his order to the captain of the guard—Villani.

The executioner paused.

Villani scanned the paper, and seemed as if he would have urged some objection, although the grand ducal signature was too well known to him to admit of a moment's doubt as to the genuineness of the document.

"This is strange!" he said. "The execution was ordered for noon. It lacks but a few seconds to the time, and I fear—"

"Fear anything you please," said Felice, but disobey the duke's command at the peril of your life. My order states that you are to give me the body of Orsini, and whether dead or alive, you are bound to deliver that to me."

Villani could say nothing. To refuse might cost him his head. Suddenly he directed the "body" of the count Orsini to be delivered to his friend. He then went to the ducal palace to report what he had done.

Meanwhile the young count Orsini, who was thus, as it were, snatched from the jaws of death, was mounted on a horse led by one of his friend's attendants. They made toward the coast, and in a few hours were far away at sea, and before Villani had obtained an interview with the grand duke they were far beyond the pursuit of his vengeance.

How all this was done, was soon very clearly explained. The clocks in the city had been made to tell a false tale, while the prison clock alone told truly. While in the prison there yet remained fifteen minutes until the time of execution, the other clocks proclaimed that the execution was past.

When the duke gave the order for the delivery of the body, although he used to some extent, ordinary terms, he meant the *dead* "body" for his own clock deceiving him, he supposed by that time young Orsini was beheaded.

His anger can be well imagined when he learned that by means of enormous bribes the Count Felice had contrived to get all the chief clocks of the city, except the prison clock, set fifteen minutes faster. In the time thus gained he had seen the duke, and had, by a fortunate occurrence of circumstances, obtained the release of his friend. The duke gave the order incautiously, and Villani was misled by it, and thus the prisoner escaped.

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A month from the fatal day passed by, and there were sounds of joy in the grand old city of Venice,—the mother of republics. Thither the condemned nobleman and his friends had fled, and thither in vain had the grand duke sent to demand them from the doge.

Old Orsini, although now hoary with years and sorrows, had in some measure recovered in strength, and his son who had been so wonderfully preserved from a degrading death, was gay as ever, but a wiser and better man. But happier far perchance, than either was young Felice and the lovely sister of the dear friend, who by his quick-witted scheme he had rescued at the peril of his own life.

Absent or Present.

One of Louvois' Army Inspectors insisted on reporting Mirabeau absent from a review, when he was only a little late on the ground. The Major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the Inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, Monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence," and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the Inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

Cheering News to Some Advertisers.

Those people who do not believe in advertising in the newspapers will soon have an opportunity to advertise in one of their favorite mediums. An agent will soon be here who will hire all the space on the soles of gentlemen's boots. This agent will then canvass the village and obtain advertisements, which he agrees to mark with colored chalk—fresh every morning—on the soles of said boots. We heartily endorse the project, and think the plan splendid. When a man sits down and elevates his feet on a hotel or boarding house piazza, the advertiser will have the sole benefit of this splendid method, as passers by stop and read their announcements.

Let us just whisper a word to our young friends: Don't waste any time "sparring" to write poetry." Become a left-handed batsman. You can name you own terms, and, by standing in with managers of the game, make more money in a single season than the yearly receipts of any poet who ever wrote an English verse.—*Toledo Blade.*

The night was dark and cloudy, but, nevertheless, with grim determination he picked up a piece of anthracite coal and started pell-mell across the back-yard after that "confounded cat." He didn't catch the cat, but he caught the clothes-line in his teeth, and now when he smiles the corners of his mouth take in a portion of each ear.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

A Parisian loses one of his friends from whom he has time and again borrowed a V until he has sold his dog, or until Saturday after two o'clock, and bitterly mourns his loss. "You seem deeply afflicted," said a lady. "Afflicted! Oh, Madam, if you only knew how much I owe that man!"—*French paper.*

Robert Bonner has spent so many thousands of dollars in horse flesh that the Boston Commercial Bulletin thinks he is a perfect neigh-Bob. Robert Bonner has always kept the latch-string out to newspaper men, but if he does not Bulletin after this atrocity he is not the man we take him to be. Neigh, neigh, neighbor.