

scarcely rises above zero. It is the fault of my blood, not of my will ; for my will says fight :—You noisy persons, who carry 36 degrees, and a high head, you have no merit in facing bullets : but it is possible to equalise all ponderations, and this is what I am about to do, I have already made the trial, and the proof is sure. My blood is at eighteen ; a glass of rum will cause it to rise to twenty-one, a second to twenty-four, a third to twenty seven, a fourth to thirty, and two others to thirty-six.

While thus speaking, my friend tossed down six glasses of Jamaica Rum.

—Now, said he, I am upon par, go instantly for my antagonist, I will not wait till tomorrow, you must run, it is time, for I want to profit by my 36 degrees. My courage must not be allowed to evaporate.

I hastened away, but it was half an hour before I could meet with the person I sought for. When I returned, my friend was not to be found, his adversary made me responsible for the quarrel, and I was obliged to fight in the other's place.

I saw him two days after, and told him that I had done all that was necessary for his honor, but complained of his cowardice.

—You will pardon me, he replied, you remained too long away, and I was perceptibly losing. I wished to again raise myself to equilibrium, got to 39—my legs bent under me, and I was carried home. But I am still determined to fight, and hope soon to meet the rascal who has injured me.

I have since heard that they had met, but that nothing had been said on the subject. My friend has been ever since, unfortunately, either above or below ; but he tells me, that as soon as he again finds his equilibrium he will send me word.

(*L'Entr'Acte.*)

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## LONDON & PARISIAN FASHIONS

FOR APRIL.

(From the Court Journal.)

THE most favourite novelty of the moment is *marceline*. This material is much employed for pelisses, and for dresses in