

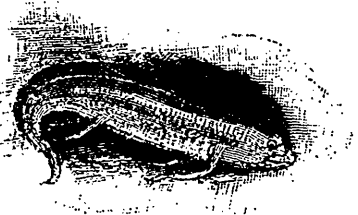


CAMEL.

We may take as an example the *Lepidosiren*, or Mud-fish, which is a very odd being indeed, half reptile and half fish, with one or two peculiarities which do not strictly belong to either.

This strange animal inhabits some of the smaller African rivers, which run dry during the hot season, while the mud of their beds is burnt as hard as a brick. As soon as the water becomes low, the lepidosiren begins to burrow, and after a considerable amount of labour contrives to bury itself at some little distance beneath the surface, very much in the attitude of a fried whiting. Having accomplished this feat, it proceeds to pour out a quantity of thick slime, which completely envelopes its body, and protects it from the hardening clay. And then it passes into profound torpor, from which it awakes only when the autumn rains dissolve its dwelling place.

I was present once when a big lump of clay, containing a lepidosiren, was opened. In the centre of the block was an oval cell, or cocoon, thickly lined with hardened slime. And in the midst of the slime, still tightly coiled up, was the lepidosiren—unfortunately, dead.



LEPIDOSIREN, OR MUDFISH.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

WINTER SOUP.



	Average Cost. d.
1 Pound Shin of Beef	8
2 Ounces Pearl Barley	
4 Onions	
3 Potatoes	
1 Carrot	2
1 Teaspoonful Salt	
1 " Pepper	
2 Quarts Water	
	<u>10</u>

Soak the barley twelve hours in cold water (half a pint). Cut the meat in small pieces, put into a large saucepan with pepper, salt, and a pint and a half of cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, skim thoroughly, add the barley with the water in which it was steeped, then all the vegetables, the onions and carrot peeled, scraped, and cut very small, the potatoes pared and cut in quarters. Simmer all very gently for three hours, and serve very hot with toasted bread cut in squares.

THE BEST BOOK.—Dr. Johnson tells us that he visited William Collins the poet during his last illness. Collins confessed that he then cared for only one Book. Johnson took it into his hand; it was a New Testament. "I have but one Book," said Collins, "but that is the best." During his youth he had wandered from the fold into the desert, but trial had revealed to him the miseries of the shepherdless soul. His marble monument in Chichester Cathedral is a beautiful poem and an eloquent sermon. His lyre and poems lie neglected on the ground, while his Bible lies open before him. Only in his Bible did he find the green pastures and the still waters that refresh the world-weary soul.