

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"You don't seem altogether happy in here," a cheery voice calls out at this moment, as Shell's somewhat mocking face appears at the open window.

"Happy!" cries Ruby derisively. "Would you feel happy caged up with a couple of young bears? The children have been behaving shamefully."

"Have they?" returns Shell in a tone which denotes doubt, as she steps in over the low window ledge, and gently begins to stroke Meg's hair, which has become disheveled through her various emotions.

The child nestles up against her side, clasping her skirts firmly, as if for protection, while Bob indulges in a vigorous welcoming nod, for he knows he is not allowed to speak.

"Yes, they have given me quite a headache," pursues Ruby, pressing her hand to her brow. "I shall be fit for nothing the rest of the day if I can't get rid of it. I wish you would hear the children read for me."

"Why should I?" answers Shell bluntly. "As you know, I disapprove of their coming here; and I told you from the first to expect no help from me!"

Shell speaks in French, that the children may not understand; but Meg guesses with the quick instinct of childhood that she is refusing to take charge of them.

"You hear me read, Sell?" she lipps with a look of almost piteous entreaty on her baby face. "Me will be good."

Shell looks down for a moment with unrelenting eyes—then she catches Meg up in her strong young arms, gives her a resounding kiss, and turning to Ruby, says—

"All right—if you are tired I don't mind looking after them till they are fetched—only I don't profess to be a good hand at teaching."

"I wish you wouldn't be so rough with them," says Ruby, rising from her chair with a sigh of intense relief. "Now us is happy!" cries Bob, sliding down from his chair and stretching his small arms with delight as Ruby disappears.

"But us must go on with our lessons," says Shell gravely.

"All right," acquiesces Bob, as he begins to hunt for their reading book. "You sit down in the big chair and have Meg on your lap, like you did last time; and I can stand beside you."

"My dear children, isn't it rather hot for that kind of arrangement?" expostulates Shell, as Meg springs into her arms, whilst Bob installs himself with his arm around her neck. But the children only know that they love her, and want to be as near her as possible; any such minor consideration as the state of the thermometer is a matter of supreme indifference to their inexperienced and consequently selfish little minds.

That evening, as luck will have it, when the children come in to dessert, their father begins to question them as to their conduct.

"I hope you were both very good children this morning?" he says, helping each to a plentiful supply of strawberries.

"No, pa—us wasn't berry good," falters Meg, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks.

"Dear me—that is very sad, Meg!" says Robert Champey, with a laughing glance across the table at Ted. "How did you misbehave yourselves?"

"I didn't know tree times four," replies Meg, looking deeply abashed.

"That was extremely wicked of you," says her father smiling.

"And, now that Meg has made an open confession of her sins, we must hear your enormities, Mr. Bobby," laughs his uncle. "How did you offend Miss Wilden?"

Bob heaves a profound sigh.

"I did somefink dreadful," he says in a low ashamed voice.

"Something dreadful?" repeats Ted, looking intensely amused. "Come—out with it."

"Papa, dear, don't be angry wid Bob—he didn't know," interposes Meg, suddenly, laying hold of her father's arm and hugging it vigorously.

"Dear me, this is getting alarming! What did you do, Bob?" asks Mr. Champey with real interest.

Bob takes a kind of gulp to swallow down his fear—and then he says in an awestruck voice—

"I pulled her hair out."

"Good gracious—whose hair?" asks his father, looking startled.

"Miss Wilden's," explains Bob, much alarmed at the sensation his announcement had created.

"You young villain!" exclaims his uncle. "What induced you to attack a lady like that?"

"I didn't attack her," says poor Bob, on the verge of sobs. "I just pulled out her pins for fun, when she was setting my copy, and then all her hair tumbled down on the carpet."

"Not all," hastened to explain Meg—"only a lot of it."

Ted Champey is seized with a violent fit of coughing, which sends him over to the window for relief, whilst his elder brother as suddenly develops a cold, which necessitates a vast amount of handkerchief play before he speaks again, then he says quietly to Bob—

"That was very ungentlemanly of

you, and if I hear of your being rude again I shall punish you."

CHAPTER V.

This threat from his usually indulgent father has such a depressing effect on Bob's spirits that he makes up his mind to eschew temptation for the future.

"Miss Wilden won't love you if you don't behave like a gentleman," continues the father severely, as an appropriate ending to his reprimand.

"Us don't love Miss Wilden," here interrupts Meg with great dignity—"she is a nasty cross old ting."

"Nonsense, Meg!" says her father, placing his hand under her chin and smiling down into her eyes. "If you don't love Miss Wilden, I am afraid you must be a hardened little wretch, for—"

with a dreary sigh—"alas, she is only too devoted to you!"

Meg shakes her head in an uncompromising way, and repeats, with a determined little pout—

"Us don't like her—us loves Sell."

"Yes, us loves dear Shell," chimes in Bob eagerly. "She tells us lovely stories."

"My dear misguided children, your affection for Miss Shell is decidedly misplaced," here interrupts their uncle, returning from his post at the window. "She doesn't like boys and girls at all."

"Not like little boys and derls?" repeats Meg, quite taken aback by such an extraordinary statement.

"No, indeed—in fact she gave me to understand that she almost hated them," repeats Ted, much amused at the children's look of horror. "So I strongly advise you not to waste your young affections on such an unresponsive object."

The warning, being clothed in words beyond their understanding, makes no impression on the children's minds, but their strong preference for the younger sister strikes their father forcibly, and he catches himself murmuring more than once in a wondering tone—"Us loves Sell; us loves dear Shell!"

After that it often happens that Ruby, under some trifling pretext or other, shifts the burden of her self-imposed task on to Shell's young shoulders—she has a headache, or is busy, or has letters to write; and then Shell, taking pity on the poor children—who are sure to have a rough time of it if Ruby is disinclined for them—devotes her morning to their instruction and amusement.

She bribes them to be good at their lessons by the promise of a romp in the grounds when their task is completed; and so it happens that Robert Champey, chancing to drive over himself to fetch them one late June morning, comes upon an unexpected and to him a charming sight.

On a moss-grown mound at the front of a copper-beech sits Shell in a dark print gown, with her bright hair coiled around and around with daisy-chains, which the children's busy fingers have been weaving, whilst she tells them a wonderful tale from Fairyland.

So engrossed are all three that they do not become aware of the intruder's approach until he has descended from the trap, and walked quietly to within a few paces of their resting place; then a shout of "Papa, papa!" from Meg rouses them all from their ideal world to a realistic one.

Shell starts from her lowly seat, crimson to the very roots of her hair, and puts on as forbidding a look as she can well assume.

"Oh, pa, it is so jolly; you come and listen, too!" cries Bob, eager that his father should participate in their enjoyment. "The princess is shut up in a dark room, because her wicked god-mother won't allow her ever to see the sunshine, and the prince is keeping guard outside her tower with a carriage and six, to carry her away to an island blazing with light if he gets the chance."

"Rather trying for her eyes, won't it be? I should be inclined to recommend her a pair of spectacles till she gets used to the glare," laughs Robert Champey as he shakes hands with Shell.

But Shell has become fossilized. She shakes hands limply, puts on a stolid conventional expression, and, drawing her small figure up to its fullest height, tries to look exceedingly dignified. Her efforts are somewhat marred by the daisies so profusely twisted around her head; but, as she is happily forgetful of their presence, they do not trouble her.

"Sell, dear, she didn't have blue spectacles, did she?" cries Meg, shocked at such a very unromantic suggestion.

"I don't know, I am sure," responds Shell in a tone of cold indifference.

"But oo does know," cries Meg, waxing impatient, and shaking Shell's skirts in her anxiety to have the doubt settled.

"I am afraid my children are wearying you, Miss Shell," says their father rather stiffly. "But I have just come over to carry them away."

"I find the easiest way to keep them quiet is to tell them stories," says Shell bluntly and ungraciously.

"I am very sorry that you should be put to so much trouble, particularly as you dislike children," remarks Mr. Champey, with a curious and rather

satirical glance at her flower-decked head.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" answers Shell condescendingly.

"Now then, young monkeys—if you are ready we may as well start," he says, pointing to the trap which is waiting in the avenue. "I am going to take you for a drive right around by the sea."

"Take Sell too, pa," pleads Meg, catching her father's hand and fairly jumping with delight.

"With pleasure, if she will only consent to go," is his ready answer, whilst he darts an amused glance at the girl's flushed vexed face.

"No, thanks—I hate driving," responds Shell curtly.

"You seem to have a great many detestations, Miss Shell," says the gentleman sarcastically.

"I have," is Shell's laconic answer.

"Well, then, since we can't persuade you to accompany us, we may as well start. Come children!"—and, making no effort to shake hands, he raises his hat politely.

A latent fear that she has been inhospitably assailed.

"Won't you go up to the house?" she asks almost eagerly.

"No, thank you—since I have been fortunate enough to meet with the children here. Good morning."

"Good morning," answers Shell stiffly, and quite ignoring the two little faces that are turned up to her for a good-bye kiss.

"Papa, is us naughty?" asks Meg as she trots over to the trap beside her father.

"I hope not. Why?" he demands absently.

"Cause Shell didn't kiss us," answers Meg in a wondering tone.

"Kiss you!" repeats her father, laughing. "She looked far more likely to bite."

But, all the same, as he makes the assertion a memory of Shell as he first came to her, with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, and the two children kneeling beside her, rises before his mental vision.

"Well, have you got rid of those little tormentors?" asks Ruby languidly, looking up from her book as Shell enters the room.

"Their father has just come for them," answers Shell shortly.

"Their father—oh, where is he?" cries Ruby, starting from her chair. "I want to consult him about Bob's writing; and I must speak about the nurse; I am afraid she is not very careful—Meg's hands were quite dirty this morning. Where is he—where did you leave him?"

"He is down by the sea; I didn't leave him—he left me," answers Shell drily.

"Why did no one tell me he was here?" asks Ruby angrily.

"I didn't come to the house; I was in the drive with the children, and he picked them up there."

"How very strange! But it is all your fault, taking them out the foolish way you do. I suppose you were romping like a tom-boy when he came."

"I was telling them stories."

"Anyway you were a ridiculous object," says Ruby, with such an obviously scornful sneer that Shell instinctively glances across the room at her reflection in the mirror, then for the first time becoming aware of her profuse decorations. With a sudden accession of wrath she tears the daisies from her hair, whilst tears of mortification rise to her eyes.

"I wouldn't have had him see me go for a hundred pounds," she says angrily.

"What nonsense! I don't suppose that he even noticed them," observes Ruby with cutting scorn.

"Ah, perhaps not!" murmurs Shell with a sigh of relief; and yet, thinking it over, she remembers clearly that twice or three times during their short interview she noticed an amused smile flicker over his face.

(To be Continued.)

LENGTH OF MEXICAN WAR.

Continued for Two Years Before Peace Was Declared.

The Mexican war is the best example and instruction in the time it takes to fight small wars. That took two years, and the present war is moving at express speed by its side, as might be expected after fifty-two years. Hostilities began March 18, 1846. General Mejia at Matamoras called out the Mexican troops. A month later, April 26, 1846, General Taylor called for 5,000 militia. A fortnight later, May 13, congress officially recognized the war and called for volunteers. Mexico declared war May 23, 1846. Mexico had no fleet and no army on the frontier, except some desultory levies. Monterey was not taken until four months later, Sept. 28, and Buena Vista was not fought until eight months after the war began, Feb. 22, 1847. After nearly a year of hostilities, in which our forces had been drilled and disciplined in camp and by months of campaigning, Gen. Scott sailed for Mexico and captured Vera Cruz, ten months after hostilities began—March 29, 1847. It took four and one-half months, to Sept. 14, 1847, before the City of Mexico was taken, sixteen months after hostilities opened. Peace only came in two years, in June, 1848. Yet the Mexican war is quoted as a great case of quick work in fighting.—Philadelphia Press.

What's in a Name? Letters!

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndropwlllantisillogogoch appears in the British postoffice guide as the name of a post and telegraph office in the island of Anglesey. It is said to mean, "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Disilio's church near to a red cave."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text, Proverbs, Chapter 18, Verse 24, as follows: "A Man That Hath Friends Must Show Himself Friendly."—Timely Advice.

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of anyone preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enemy in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the river Hiddekel; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honeysuckle.

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel floated till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get into better condition, but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own follies and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commendatory, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadaxe and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country-seat and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lilies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kensetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music-room and show me the bird-cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree-tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say, "Come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog-pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances."

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues, and this habit once established of universal friendliness will become as easy as it is for a syringe to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle

from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say, "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character I will take off from it twenty-five per cent for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it."

Now, supposing that you have, by a Divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back, invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking; the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands, and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand-shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse towards the robust and the jocund, while in the case of the falling health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: "If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it." We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and discouraging words. Form a conspiracy against us, and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say, "How sick you look!" though we should start out well, after meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting, we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we suspected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six pessimists would be a useless surplus of discouragement.

We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English channel, where in the storm a boat containing three men was upset and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief and a rope was thrown to one of them and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand, Nelson replied, "First give me your sword and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the ncondary sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand and God's arm and God's shoulder and God's foot; then suppose he should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could he not make? That God of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend, not a stately and erect friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day, when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said, "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door.

My four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her, "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, Divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get his love; your service, and secure his help; your repentance, and have his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven.

If God is your friend, you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health, watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two falling in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that had made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing a human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered, we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the last good-bye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-falling Friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas More, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger, so the other might be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet, after all I have said, I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Captain Sutter, a thumbful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, and the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And today I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thumbful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

The Snipe as a Surgeon.

It has just been discovered that the snipe is able to repair injuries to his own person. Whenever the snipe is wounded about the body or his leg broken he does not necessarily crawl away to some quiet nook to die. Most other birds give themselves up as dead when such a misfortune befalls them, but the snipe does not seem to mind a little thing like that. He simply flies away to some quiet spot and tears feather after feather from his side or wing, or from any other part of his body than the wounded place. As soon as the snipe has obtained three or four loose feathers he quickly strips off the downy part and allows the hard quill to fall to the ground. The down he places over the injured part, and before an onlooking bird would have time to say "Jack Robinson" the snipe has stopped the flow of blood. The crisis being over, the snipe finishes his surgical operation more leisurely. This he does by finding some cast-off feathers lying about the grass, and after tearing out the quills he lays fold after fold of the new down over the wound. The blood acts as a sort of gum to the down, so that when the snipe has finished his work he is completely out of danger. When in a few weeks nature provides some new cuticle for the snipe's wound, the artificially applied feathers are dropped, little by little, until finally the snipe's breast looks every whit as well as it was before he was hurt. The person who discovered that snipes are their own surgeons is the famous ornithologist, Fatio, who announced his interesting discovery to the International Physical Society at their recent convention in Geneva. M. Fatio says snipe do not merely stop bleeding wounds on their bodies. He has had evidence showing that they are also capable of constructing a splint to nurse broken wings and broken legs.