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his harming the little birds, he sent it tumbling down to the ground.

There was a sharp cry of terror from the three frightened little robins as the nest fell from its support. It struck the hard brick pavement with a little thud, and then everything was still except for the chattering of the gray squirrel, who sat on his haunches on the branch where the nest had been and viewed the cruel thing he had done with a remorseless sparkle in his bright eyes.

We rushed out and picked the nest up, hoping that by some miracle the robins might have escaped being injured. But one lay quite limp and dead, and the other two were sadly bruised, and seemed ready to die of fright. We carried them tenderly upstairs and placed them, nest and all, in a basket on the window sill, and sat down to watch what would happen when the mother returned.

Presently she came flying to the elm tree with a big worm dangling from her mouth. We cannot know what she thought when she saw that the nest was gone and the gray squirrel chattering at her from the bough. She wasted no time on him—his punishment was coming later—but sent all her frightened mother's heart into a call of her little ones, and they, half dead as they were, answered her with a feeble chirp. She flew over to the window sill, showing as plainly as a creature could the alarm and grief that were in her heart. With every art known to maternal affection she strove to help them, but it was of no use; they died in a few moments. The gray squirrel sat on his haunches and watched it all with the same wicked sparkle in his black eyes.

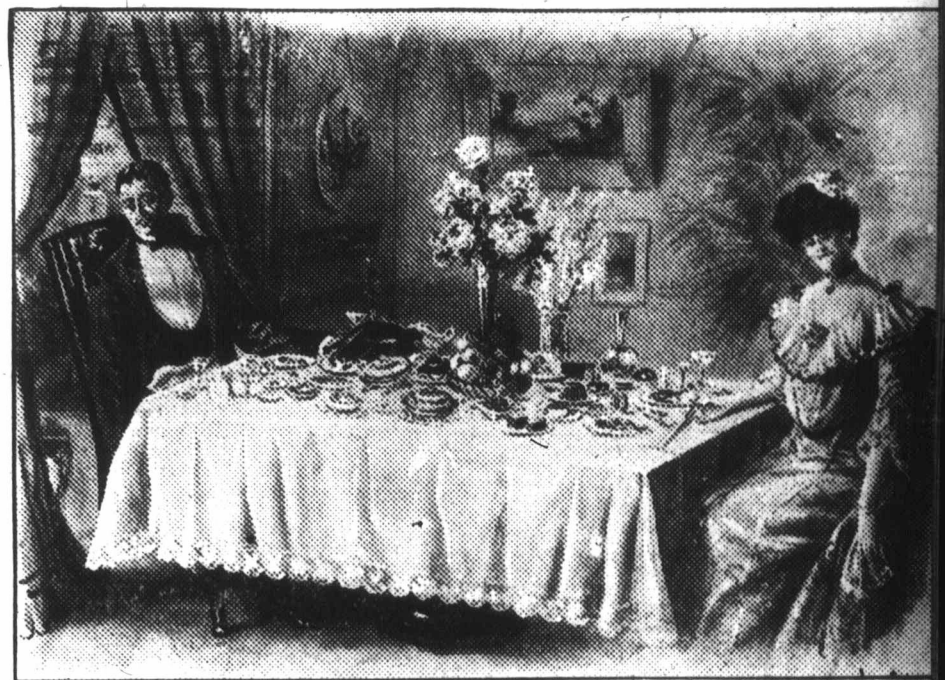
It would have been better for him if he had been less bold, less pleased with himself, and had taken thought of the punishment that might be meted out to him. When the robin had assured herself that her young ones were dead, she flew to the tree with an angry cry and went straight for those wicked, sparkling eyes as though she were bent upon tearing them out. In vain did the squirrel try to defend himself; and though he held his ground for a while against the angry mother, he presently turned and scampered down the tree pell mell, with the robin after him. Down the street he ran; but the robin flew near the ground, pecking at his head and eyes; over the fence and along on the top he raced, but always with the robin flying and chirping and pecking. We watched them until they were out of sight, and next morning we found the gray squirrel under the elm tree dead. He had been literally pecked to death about the head and eyes. We cannot tell how long the chase lasted, nor how long the unequal battle between the bird and the quadruped had been waged, but the bird had conquered.

We never saw the robin again. Whether she, too, died from the injuries received in the fight, or whether, after avenging the murder of her nestlings, she had hastened to get away from the spot where she had suffered so much, we never knew—but from that day to this the robins have built no nests in the elm tree just outside our windows.—Our Animal Friends.

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Phil Brooks, Detroit, Mich., says: "Your dyspepsia cure has worked wonders in my case. I suffered years from dyspepsia, but am now tiredly cured, and enjoy life as I never have before. I gladly recommend them."

Mrs. G. H. Crotsley, 538 Washington Street, Hoboken, N.J., writes: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets just cured the bill for children, as well as older folks. I've had the best of them. My three-year-old takes them as readily as candy, and she has only to say 'tablets' and she is cured for them."

Miss Lelia Dively, 4627 Plum Street, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I have recommended Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to everyone to know how grateful I am for Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suffered for a long time and did not know what ailed me. I lost my appetite, and I lost my color. I bought an advertisement of these tablets immediately bought a 50-cent box at the drug store. I am only on my second box, and am gaining in weight and color. I have at last something that has reached me."

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