

make the hair of the terrified trapper stand on end by bearing down silently upon him, holding one hand before the face. When thus frightened Jud never failed to dive under his seat without delay, and to remain there until his tormentors had passed out of sight.

Instead of continuing these tricks, Dannie took little Jud, who was only ten years old, under his protection, and would not allow any one to tease him if he could prevent it; so the youngster's lot was greatly lightened, and he learned to look up to Dannie and to love him with all the strength of his heart.

One memorable Saturday in the month of February everything had been running as smoothly as usual in the mine, and the pit boys were in high spirits because of the nearness of their weekly holiday. Little Jud was at his door; and Dannie Robertson, having hitched up to a long rake of "empties," was driving along gayly inside, his mind full of pleasant thoughts of the morrow, for Sunday was the happiest day in the week to him; when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a whirlwind of dust struck him full in the face with such fearful force as to hurl him almost senseless to the ground, his head getting a deep gash at the back where it struck the iron rail.

The next instant an awful wave of devouring flame swept over the prostrate boy, accompanied by a roaring as of the loudest thunder.

So terrible was the violence of the explosion that it lifted Dannie from the floor of the level and reversed his position, turning his head toward the bottom of the