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if Dannie had
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It was a trying ordeal through which the poor boy had now to pass. Dave fulfilled his threat only too well, and Dannie's life was made wretched by his pitiless taunts and the outspoken contempt of the other men in the mine.

"I'm not a coward," the tormented trapper would say to himself. "Dave knows very well I'm not, and it's awfully mean of him to call me such names."

The fact of the matter was that the driver did know it very well indeed, but he had hoped to win money from Tom Hogan through Dannie's prowess, and the boy's persistent refusal to fight nettled him sorely.

It was therefore an unspeakable relief to the latter when the overman, pleased with the fidelity and promptness he showed as trapper, promoted him to the driver's box, giving him a route over in another part of the mine from that in which he had been working. He thus got out of reach of Dave's ridicule and could perform his day's duties in comparative peace.

He now in his turn had a trapper to lord it over, and was able, if he chose, to take satisfaction out of him for the insults and indignities he had had to bear himself. But that was not the way Dannie looked at the matter. Poor little Jud Farris' experience in the mine had been a very trying one. Naturally of a nervous temperament, the drivers soon discovered his failing and took pleasure in frightening him half out of his wits. A favorite trick was to blow out their lamps, rub their hands with matches until the phosphorus caused them to shine with a ghostly glimmer, and then