

rageous. He swore every oath imaginable at her, insolently ordering her to be off with her child, and find lodgings with the villain to whom she had prostituted herself, or else he would soon pitch her and her little bratling into the Thames.

"Here, Tom, take this, 'tis the last shilling I have in the house. Now, dear Tom, like a good husband, keep quiet, and don't abuse Clara and me so much as you do," said Mrs. Collins with a pitiable sort of tone, the tears trickling down her grief furrowed cheeks.

"Well, Annie, but you're a good sort of wife after all," replied Collins, in a somewhat subdued tone. "As for Clara, I like her well enough; but I have resolved that I shall not labor any longer to support the child of that blackguard of a fellow, who, as I have been informed, has absconded to Canada. I hate him, and I detest his child—the dirty, yelping thing that it is. If it is not instantly removed from here, I shall make short work of it to-night on my return. *Mark my words, Clara,*" he emphatically added, and putting the shilling into his pocket he departed, leaving them to consider seriously over the matter.

As soon as he had gone Clara and her mother began talking over the affair, premeditating what they should do with the child. They felt suspicious of the threats made by Collins, who, it appears, for several weeks past, had used some-