

"Enlightened doctors usually," I said, with scowl severe,
 "First diagnose you *there* before they diagnose you *here*.
 Aha! 'tis hydrocephalus! The chances now are grave;
 Nothing can save this infant's life—but yours I'll try to save."

"Bear down a little more, poor dear," the mother interposed;
 "No, not so much, I tell you, for the *os* is—nearly closed—
 Bestill—by Jove you've done it now!"—"Done what?" the mother said,
 "The sharp coccygeal-bones," I hissed, "have tapped the offspring's head."

"I tell you it's the waters broke,"—"I tell you that it's not—
 She bore down, and she smashed its head—the only head it's got.
 But stay!—perhaps your right, for now, after the bag is burst,
 I notice there's *another* head, and smaller than the first."

"Perhaps it is her maiden head," the jeering mother cried—
 "There, take a little drink, poor dear, and *I'll* sit by your side."
 "I think it is a maiden's head," I muttered in a minute;
 "Where is that flannel that you had—you'd better wrap it in it."

"Of all the doctors in the town, for that dull man to bring,"
 She shrieked again, "will you, or *I*, tie up its navel string?"
 Next thing the raptured grandmother with lard had rubbed it down,
 And from the woodshed called the father to behold—his own!

The two then to the kitchen went, where loud the infant bawled;
 And I approached the mother once again—and grew appalled;
 For there I found another head (exactly like the first)
 But hardly liked to handle it, for fear that it would burst.

I reached out for the vaseline, and in a moment more,
 A second infant sprang to light with an astounding roar;
 Amazed at the phenomenon, I had sufficient sense
 To tie the cord, and see in all the hand of Providence!

Meanwhile the firstborn yelled so loud, they did not hear me call,
 Thinking the second's squawling but an echo from the wall,
 I wrapped it in a petticoat, and to them went with it,
 That shut the hateful mother up—and sobered *him* a bit.

"This is *your* work (she turned on him) this is *your* work, I say;
 And the poor dove half dead with care, and no rest any day!
 This is the sort of man that *you* have proved yourself to be!
 My God, you men, you men, have you the face to look at me?"

But it shall not occur again—and you shall sweat for it—"
 The husband here emphatically, but briefly, answered "Nit."
 And I went back, and for the after birth performed my best—
 See Playfair (if you have your copy still) for all the rest.

The dissolute young carpenter to whom I sent my duns,
 I was not long in learning did not chance to be in funds;
 And so to settle up the score he built—deride him not!
 A little wooden building at the rear end of my lot.

BACULAVADUS (1674-1737).

DR. G. A. PETERS was married ten days ago to Miss Meredith,
 daughter of the Chief Justice.

Dr. GEO. BINGHAM, of Isabella Street, was married a few weeks
 ago to a popular Kingston lady.