

**A Romance in Real Life.**

**HEIRESS AND DOCTOR BROUGHT TOGETHER BY A CRIPPLE.**

In his charming little story, "Wanted, a Match-maker," Paul Leicester Ford tells how a fashionable New York society lady, young and handsome, fell in love with and married the doctor at the hospital where she had taken a ragged newsboy, who had been run over by her carriage.

Now there comes from New York an account of an actual happening on much the same lines. Quite recently the engagement was announced there of Dr. Russell A. Hibbs, surgeon-in-charge of the Orthopedic Hospital, and Miss Madeline Cutting, the handsome daughter of the wealthy Colonel Walter Cutting, of Pittsfield.

The story of their coming together is as romantic as anything ever conceived by novelist or playwright. Although one of the idols of New York society, Miss Cutting preferred working among the sick and crippled of Pittsfield to the gay round of social festivities.

While visiting the House of Mercy about two years ago, Miss Cutting's attention was drawn to little George Hesse, a cripple with hip disease. This mite of a boy, the son of a poor German widow, with crutches by his side, a pale, pinched face and big sorrowful eyes, was destined to play the part of Cupid in her career, although she never dreamt of it at the time.

There was little hope for him, the local doctors said. They were about to perform an operation, which they were afraid would prove fatal. Miss Cutting begged them to put it off until she had consulted a New York specialist. She was advised to visit the Orthopedic Hospital, and thither she wended her way. To Dr. Russell A. Hibbs she explained the whole case. He was a Southerner, and his sense of chivalry was touched by the imperious eagerness of the beautiful woman, who appealed to him to run up to Pittsfield to see the little cripple. It was against hospital rules. But he made an exception, and went. She returned to Pittsfield. Dr. Hibbs followed the next day.

It took only a few moments' examination for the skillful surgeon to tell that the treatment of the boy's case, and the proposed operation, were wrong.

"It will kill him," he said. "The only chance is for the child to be put under treatment at our hospital in New York."

Early the next morning, just after daylight, the little cripple was bundled up, taken into a carriage with Dr. Hibbs and Miss Cutting, and borne away to New York.

So wrapped up in her little charge was Madeline Cutting that she became his nurse. Dr. Hibbs explained to her the whole treatment. She even insisted on being allowed to put on and remove the bandages, and dress the foul abscesses. It was something that many a trained nurse would have revolted at. But Ma-

deline Cutting went through every detail of it dully without minding.

Quite unconsciously Miss Cutting came to think of Dr. Hibbs as someone more than a co-worker for charity. She saw in him a man who even outdid herself in his devotion to the poor and helpless.

In being with him from day to day, in tending her whole soul into the work that he was doing, the work that he so loved best, she found the greatest happiness in her life. So the two worked hard and planned together, with never a declaration of love, but with a deep and silently growing affection.

They formed a sort of tacit partnership to help poor and crippled children. When one case was benefited, others followed, and as the children improved they returned to Pittsfield, and others took their place.

And thus the work of charity went on, whilst week by week the ravages of Cupid were telling their tale on the heart of doctor and lady alike.

Then came the formal announcement of their engagement, and with it a shock to the ultra-fashionable New Yorkers, who had pictured for Miss Cutting a wealthy husband. Dr. Hibbs is 38, tall, and well built.

A few days after the announcement of the engagement Dr. Hibbs arrived at Pittsfield with a new brace for little George Hesse. Next day the doctor and his fiancée drove over to the small tenement in which the cripple lived, and whilst he adjusted the brace, Madeline Cutting dressed the little fellow's abscesses, just as she had done in the hospital at New York.

The wedding is to take place towards the end of the year. It will be at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, in Pittsfield, and the little edifice will not be able to hold the army of friends and the poor who will crowd it to shower benedictions on the bride, whom they look upon as little less than an angel.

As the care of the hands forms an important part of a lady's toilet, Wilton's Hand Emollient is highly recommended as a useful, pleasant preparation for softening the skin. By its use all roughness and chappings are avoided, and the hands kept white and smooth. It is both soothing and refreshing. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/6.

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**Should a Woman Make a Will?**

Very few women, unless possessed of property of actual money value, think of making wills, yet a moment's reflection shows how unwise this is. We may not possess much from a worldly point of view, yet we all have something which will have to be disposed of when we can no longer use it. Apart from the friction which often arises over the distribution of even the smallest trinkets, it is best to leave instructions for their disposal.

One knows which relative or friend will best value a particular article. One would not leave a brooch to the cousin that has dozens, or some of your music to a friend who does not know one tune from another.

Making a will will not cause untimely death, and it does not necessitate getting in a lawyer. One has only to get two persons, not interested in the will, to witness the signature of it. Another point probably to be gained lies in the fact that if a married lady makes a will when in good health her husband may do likewise.

Many men without property, merely in receipt of a salary, do not make a will because they have only their life assurance money to leave. They ignore the fact that in the event of their dying intestate the widow will only get a portion of that money, the remainder being kept for equal distribution among the children when they come of age.

It is, therefore, advisable for everyone to make a will, and for women to set the good example.

**A Bucketful of Diamonds**

An extraordinary story is told in the Cape papers as a sequel to the sentence of death passed upon the man Swartz, who, while on a search for buried diamonds, murdered his companion.

It is said that Cecil Rhodes, while travelling near the possessions of the then great Kafir chief, Magato, in 1890 was invited to pay the native fortress a visit.

Magato asked Cecil Rhodes if he had ever seen a bucketful of diamonds, and received a negative reply.

The Kafir chief said something to the induna, and two natives brought out a bucket filled to the brim with precious stones, of the finest colour and of perfect lustre.

Mr Rhodes, finding them to be valuable diamonds, asked Magato how he had got them. The reply was that they had come at different times as presents from his native subjects who worked in the De Beers Mines.

Mr Rhodes estimated the value of the stones at from two and a half to four and a half millions sterling.

Several syndicates tried to persuade Magato to sell the diamonds, but he always refused.

Magato, before his death, divided the stones up into parcels, and distributed them amongst his indunas. It is supposed that some of the diamonds were afterwards buried, and it was to search for one of these parcels of hidden treasure that Swartz formed the fatal expedition.

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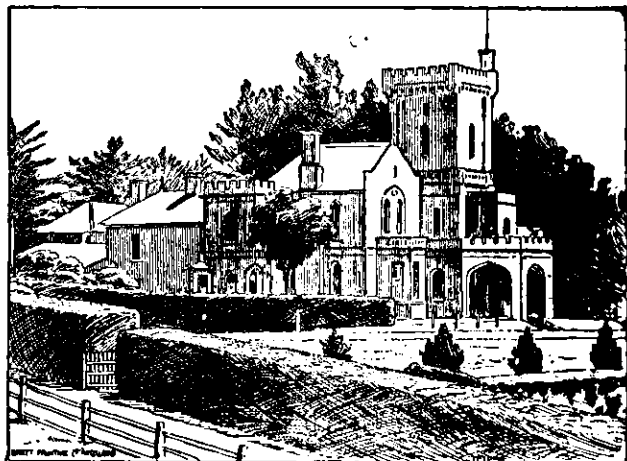
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