

# BRIDE and GROOM SENT TO LIVING DEATH by the DEAD

## Curse of Leper's Skull Falls on American and Pretty Filipino Wife.

**A** STRANGE and gruesome tragedy of love and war, as it entered into the life of Philip J. Allingdean, a young American soldier, is related by Capt. Edward H. White, who returned to Chicago recently after five years' military service in the Philippines.

Phil was one of the most daring and dashing boys that wore Uncle Sam's uniform in the archipelago," said Capt. White. "He did not belong to my company, but I saw and heard much of him during the fighting and afterwards. His tall form, soldierly bearing, and lively manners first attracted my attention as we sailed up the Pasig river and into the Laguna de Bay, coming to relieve the weary and exhausted troops that our late allies, the Filipinos, were wearying in the town of Calamba, thirty-seven miles south of Manila. Col. Kiffin's men, consisting mainly of the Twenty-first regular infantry, were glad to get away from there. They had occupied the place for several months and were worn out with fever and other diseases of the country, so much so that they seemed unconcerned that the enemy had boldly dug trenches right in front of them and had established a kind of siege. Their place was now taken by my regiment and a Tennessee battalion, all fresh and hoary troops. All told, we were about 1,700 strong. The little brown Tagalos who lined their trenches north and west of us, probably numbered 4,000. Col. Robert L. Bullard, who commanded us, obtained permission to attack the besiegers, and at 2 a. m., under cover of darkness, we moved out to the work.

### Fighting in Dense Jungle.

"Although December, the vegetation was thick and rank, the weeds growing high on the deserted haciendas, laid waste by continuous war, and the thick jungle in parts impassable. However, pushing on through the clumps of bamboo and other wild growths, we found ourselves at daylight within six yards of the enemy's trenches. At eight of us the Tagalos began to blaze away, and their fire developed as our line of skirmishers advanced by rushes and replied. Three men dropped in company G before we opened up and gave our artillery a chance. Meanwhile we made a flanking movement, Parker on the right, Taylor on the left. The Tagalos were offered by two Japs and some halfbreeds, and they held out for two hours, though their aim was bad and their powder poor. But when our deadly enfilading bullets began to whistle along their trenches, strewn them with dead and wounded, the brown men broke and fled.

### Cannons Made of Gas Pipe.

"Such cannons as they left behind them—sections of gas or other piping, inclosed in layers of bamboo, bound with iron hoops, and mounted on old cartwheels. To discharge one of these formidable pieces was in itself an act of daring. "Thenceforth for three days we pursued them from one town to another—through Santa Rosa, Binayan, and Montinapat. They did not even defend any of the famous forts erected by the Spaniards.



SGT. ALLINGDEAN AND WIFE



PACO CEMETERY, MANILA. WHEN A PERSON CANNOT PAY RENT, THE BODY OF HIS DECEASED RELATIVE IS PUT IN THE FILE.

"Phil Allingdean picked up one of those bleached, homeless skulls, thrown upon the ground near a cemetery, made the inevitable quotation from Shakespeare, and, in callous exuberance, began to laugh and crack jokes. Suddenly a Spanish soldier, whom we had released from the natives, became excited and horror-stricken. This Spaniard could speak tolerable English.

### Picks Up Leper Skull.

"Drop it, soldier, drop it, what you do is evil. It is unlucky; it is unlucky to handle a leper's skull and to laugh. *Abajo, curamba—pique esta muy mala!*"

"Unlike the other skulls, this one showed a kind of roughness, a feathery sloughing off of the bone. Phil dropped the horrible thing in double quick time.

"But we had small time to bother about omens or superstition of any kind, and we continued our march. The natives in general, men, women, and children, fled at our approach into the woods and thickets, whence it took some pains to coax them back again, for the Spaniards had given them a most uncomplimentary account of us, painting us as ferocious monsters. In every town we took we left a garrison. Sometimes the retreating enemy would line up and

### REAR GUARD BURYING PHILIPINO AS THE COLUMN ADVANCES

show fight, usually with disastrous results to themselves; for their white garments against the green background made them easy marks for our sharpshooters, and they fell in rows.

### Save Beautiful Halfbreed Girl.

"At the close of one hotly contested action we found a young woman lying amid a row of slain, a beautiful mestizo girl, who had fainted on the corpse of her brother, a young officer, killed in the engagement. On our approach she recovered consciousness and regarded us with looks of horror, then frantically sought to recall her dead brother to life. It was a sad scene, many of the men were deeply moved, and the girl's beauty and distress seemed to make a special impression on Sergeant Phil Allingdean. That evening some of her friends ventured within our lines, and the body of the young mestizo hero was interred in the jungle.

"Besides being beautiful, the girl was intelligent, and also well educated. Her home, which was large and comfortable, was only a short distance from the scene of fight, and there, when we pushed on, a small guard was left under charge of Sergeant Allingdean. It was the last I saw of the sergeant for three years.

"There is no need to tell how, in pursuance of some mysterious military tactics, we received orders to evacuate the towns we had taken at the cost of some lives and many wounds (which had to be taken afterwards at cost of a great many more lives and wounds)—and retire to Calamba, to join the large column.

"Our invasion of the southern district entailed the capture of fortified bridges and several large and important towns. Often, however, it was lucky that the natives could not shoot straight, ran short of match loads to make gun powder, or placed too much reliance on their ludicrous bamboo cannon.

"One day, walking on the Luneta at Manila, to my surprise and pleasure I met Sergeant Allingdean with a fine young woman, whom he introduced as his wife. She was the former mestizo girl. They had been married nearly a year, living happily in the hill country north of Manila amid groves of banana and coconut, enjoying the brimming measure of domestic happiness in the tropics. Of late, however, the wife had displayed some symptoms of illness, and her devoted husband had taken her to the big city to consult a leading physician. I wished them all happiness, and they went on their way.

"Two hours later Allingdean called on me at my quarters. I was appalled at the sudden change in the man. He



was haggard and trembling, witted and collapsed. I asked him what had happened, but for minutes his emotion kept him speechless, as between great sobs he endeavored to speak.

### Finds His Wife a Leper.

"My wife—a leper!" were the words I at length distinguished, and I felt a thrill of horror at mention of the terrible disease. There flashed on me the memory of the heap of skulls in the Philippine cemetery of Allingdean's act, and the Spaniard's warning. "Also, poor Yorick, I know thee well," the sergeant had quoted. Poor fellow, I thought, he found a Yorick that now he knows with a vengeance. But I dismissed the matter from my mind as a stupid fancy and a mere coincidence.

"They have taken her away from me," he muttered; "they have shut her up in the pesthouse, Saint Lazaro hospital, to be sent to the leper island Cullon. We are to be parted forever, unless I have the disease developing in myself, as they tell me I may have, and," he cried desperately, "as I hope, I die."

"In vain I tried to console him. The man's sorrow was deep, and deeper yet next day, when his wife, apparently a picture of health and strength, was conducted on the ship that was to bear her to the leper colony, that dreadful place of living death, from which none return.

"It was not their last parting, however. Since returning home I have heard that Allingdean, having betrayed unmistakable symptoms of the disease, has gone to join his wife on the leper's island."

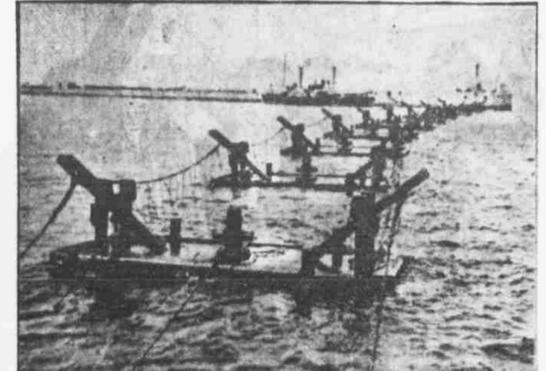


PRINCE ALBERT AT BAT.



Albert, grandson of England's king, recently led his cricket team to victory, batting at neat 42.

SEA DEFENSES OF GIBRALTAR.



Gibraltar is a bluff surrounded by explosives, and England, in guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, has neglected no precautions. The photograph shows the boom defenses at the entrance of the harbor from Commercial Mole to South Mole.

MANGERS.



Curious Afghan mangers to prevent the wind blowing away the grain.

PUZZLE.



Where are the two boys?

GRAMOPHONE CONCERT IN BERLIN.



Berlin musicians are enjoying a series of gramophone concerts in Beeth's hall. Frau Gebrue, a noted singer, appears, and her accompaniments are furnished by a series of machines, each reproducing the sounds of a different instrument.



MAZE.

The puzzle in this maze is to reach the center of the top of the shamrock leaf.



SKINK.

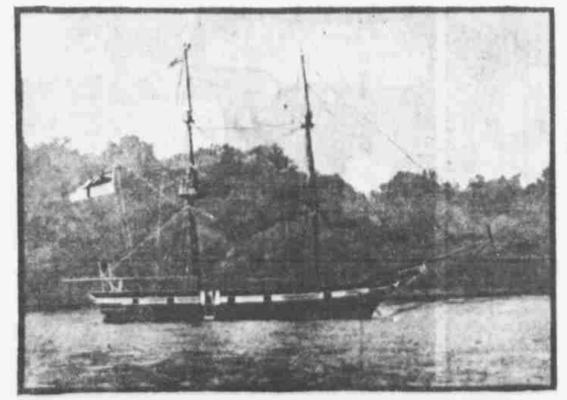
This pretty little lizard does not love to bask in the sun like most of his tribe. He burrows deep into sand, moving rapidly.



BOOMERANG.

A piece of card-board, pointed to a crescent, the corners of which are rounded off, should be placed on the tip of the finger, so that the cardboard be inclined at an angle of 45 degrees. Then, with a vigorous flip of the finger of the right hand at the extremity of the toy, it is impelled.

PRINCE EDWARD'S FIRST COMMAND.

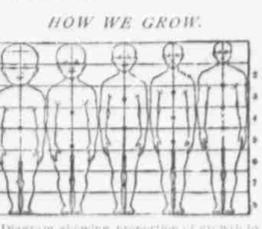


Prince Edward, son of the prince of Wales, has been given command of the little brig "King Edward VII." His brothers are the other officers.



SELF HEATING IRON.

Heated with alcohol and designed especially for the use of ladies traveling, who may have sudden occasion to press a ruffie, ribbon, collar, etc.



HOW WE GROW.

Diagram showing proportion of growth by size of the head from the first to the twenty-fifth year.

ROSE THORN.



Rose's thorn as seen under the microscope. The defensive barbed points of the rose bush are shown greatly enlarged, revealing the extreme sharpness of the prick. The subtle arrangement of the thorns is perfect.

KAFFIR GRIST MILL.



The picture shows a Kaffir woman grinding corn in a bowl.

HAY BEATERS.



This simple machine, used in Servia, is a sort of walking beam, which rises and falls as the woman advances or steps back, while a child at their feet passes the hay through.

A LAY OF TWO LOVERS.

No poet, I only know Her mouth was like a Cupid's bow:

He said, "We're in a quiet spot, I really think—just one, why not?"

I understand she showed surprise, Fierce indignation in her eyes:

Yet, all the same 'tis ever so, He placed a kiss upon HER bow:

Alas! her father saw him court her, And unkind questions asked his daughter:

And next upon the man he turns, And him with savage words he spurns:

And now the man is left alone, And just one single word does groan: