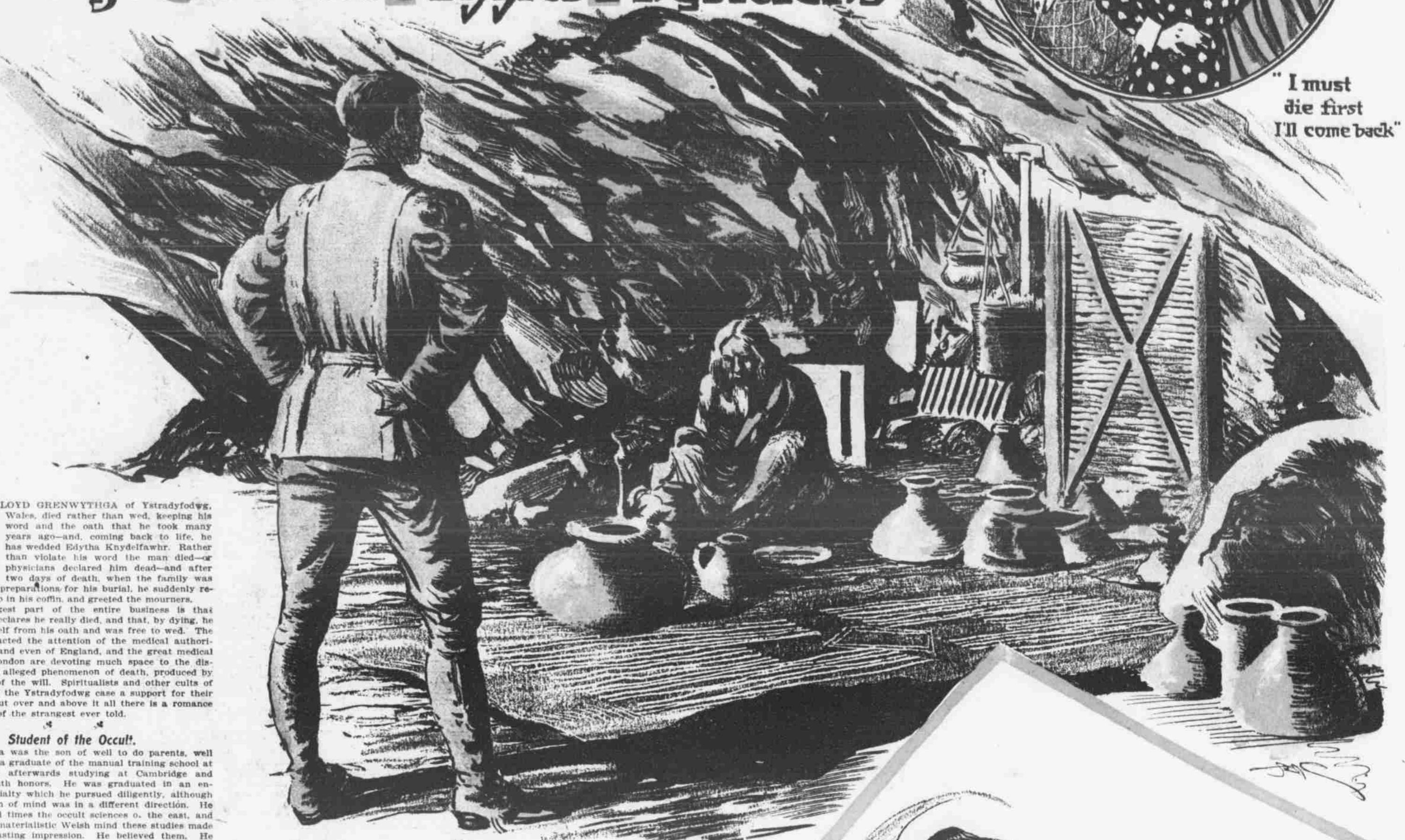


# "I Will Die before I Wed" he said, and after Dying Came back to life and Wed Strange Case that Puzzles Physicians



"I must die first  
I'll come back"



**L**LOYD GRENWYTHGA of Ystradfydwg, Wales, died rather than wed, keeping his word and the oath that he took many years ago—and, coming back to life, he has wedded Edytha Kyndelfawhr. Rather than violate his word the man died—or physicians declared him dead—and after two days of death, when the family was beginning the preparations for his burial, he suddenly re-appeared, sat up in his coffin, and greeted the mourners.

The strangest part of the entire business is that Grenwythga declares he really died, and that, by dying, he absolved himself from his oath and was free to wed. The case has attracted the attention of the medical authorities of Wales and even of England, and the great medical journals of London are devoting much space to the discussion of the alleged phenomenon of death, produced by direct power of the will. Spiritualists and other cults of the like see in the Ystradfydwg case a support for their contentions, but over and above it all there is a romance which is one of the strangest ever told.

## Student of the Occult.

Grenwythga was the son of well to do parents, well educated, and a graduate of the manual training school at Ystradfydwg, afterwards studying at Cambridge and graduating with honors. He was graduated in an engineering specialty which he pursued diligently, although his entire turn of mind was in a different direction. He studied at odd times the occult sciences, the east, and on his stolid, materialistic Welsh mind these studies made a deep and lasting impression. He believed them. He even practiced them.

There was, about that time, in Ystradfydwg a girl named Eileen McGinnis, whose father was an Irish rigger, and with this pretty, saucy, vivacious maid of Erin the handsome heavy Welsh mining engineer fell in love. Her father was in charge of the loading of coal ships and the transference of coal to the docks and yards. Grenwythga was the engineering expert in charge of the works.

At first it seemed as if the heavy, handsome, strong young Welshman had a chance, but eventually she rejected him and married a young Irish officer of a merchant ship. And it was then that Grenwythga took his strange oath. His fellows were twitting him about marriage. He arose from the table angrily.

## Vows Solemnly "Death First."

"I'll never get married until after I am dead," he declared solemnly.

The crowd roared, believing he intentionally had perpetrated a bluff, but the Welshman strode away seriously, and they, recalling his beliefs in certain eastern religions, wondered if there was anything back of his oddly worded retort.

The vow was taken fourteen or fifteen years ago—the friends do not remember which—and during all that period Grenwythga had little to do with womankind, except those women that he met at meetings of some society for research into the religions of the east, of which he was an earnest member. He attended meetings in London and once traveled to Benares to consult with students or priests.

Naturally, among the stolid, unimaginative Welsh people there was some gossip concerning the strange beliefs of the young mining engineer, but he still was popular in Ystradfydwg and among the workmen at the tin mines, of which he was supervisor. He prospered in his profession, being studious and hard working, and he cultivated himself in other directions, becoming known as a writer of force and an original thinker.

## Meets His Fate on the Water.

About a year ago the man fell desperately, passionately in love with Edytha Kyndelfawhr, daughter of a small manufacturer. She was a girl of rare beauty, dark, lissome, and fearless, who especially loved the water, and it was while rowing on the Usk, above Cardiff, that Grenwythga first met the girl. She was with a party of friends in a small sailboat, and one of them, recognizing the young engineer as he rowed by, hailed him and bade him join the party at a moonlight picnic party on the banks of the river.

It was there that they became acquainted, and it is declared to have been a case of love at first sight. The girl, scarcely 20 years old, fell desperately in love with the serious, handsome fellow, but her passion was mild compared with the storm that swept his heart. Immediately afterward the man, without warning, asked for a long leave of absence and departed for India. He had sought every opportunity to see the girl, he had paid her the most marked attentions, and one evening, amid the commonplace surroundings of her home, he told her a story which started her beautiful eyes from her pretty face in astonishment and fright. Passionately he told her of his love for her, and then, calmly and as if speaking of everyday matters, he told her that he had sworn an oath never to marry until he had died.

The girl, abashed and ashamed because she had confessed her love and permitted him to kiss her in the first ecstasies of her joy, shrank from him, and then, growing indignant and fired by her indignation, she demanded an explanation and got one such as never before girl had heard. The man calmly informed her that he intended to die, to remain dead for a period, then return to life and wed her. He left for India, leaving the girl to weep and wonder whether he was crazy.

A few weeks ago Grenwythga, pale and much more slender than he had been, returned to Ystradfydwg. His first act was to call upon Miss Kyndelfawhr. What he

## In the home of an Indian fakir



said to her no one knows, but when he left her aunt found her hysterical and weeping, frightened, and clinging to a chair for support.

Grenwythga went from there to the Engineers' club, where he ate dinner alone and in silence. The waiter who served him noticed that he ordered the lightest and simplest of dishes. Later he strode into the smoking room, and, standing inside the doorway, said quietly:

"Well, good-by, fellows."

"Going away again, Grenwythga?" asked one. "And just home at that! Whither away this time?"

"I am going on a long journey. I will never see you again."

Several of the men sprang to their feet. "What's the trouble, old man?" asked one.

"Nothing. I will die tonight."

He spoke calmly and quietly, and the men sat as if dazed by surprise. Then some tried to tell him he was foolish. A few feared he would kill himself.

"But I will return in a few days in a different form, and I hope to meet you all again."

That night Grenwythga died. At least four physicians, an undertaker, and all his friends declared he died. He was found dead in bed, with a happy smile upon his face—a smile as if of anticipation.

## Mourned as Dead by Girl.

Miss Kyndelfawhr mourned with the others. She wept bitterly at the thought of his promise to return, but she had no faith.

Preparations for the funeral were made, but because the girl told her strange story and the men related the remarks at the club there was a wait. The undertaker started to perform his offices, and started to inject a solution into his veins, but stopped. He declared there was no sign of life. The physicians, intensely interested in the curious case, made every test, and even declared that hope was gone, as they vowed they saw signs of decomposition setting in.

The death happened some time on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. Friday afternoon Grenwythga—or he who had been Grenwythga—suddenly sat up in his coffin. Slowly the blood began to pulse through the veins, the heart action strengthened, the color came back, and before the frightened watchers could recover their senses he asked feebly to be helped from the coffin. Then, seeming to revive with startling suddenness, he stood up and walked across the room. He remained for two hours in a half stupor; then, arousing from that, he asked that he be taken to his rooms and permitted to dress in order that he might call on the girl he loved.

The girl was terribly afraid at first, but her joy at regaining her lover—or getting a new one, whichever it is—was so great that she overcame her fear.

The man declares that he really died—that all of the old life went out of his body and that he is a new being—and he believes that he can wed now and still keep his vow.

One of the strangest things in connection with the entire thing is that he has forgotten everything he ever knew about the occult art. He does not know where he



"I will die tonight"

went when he visited India, and he does not even recognize those with whom he associated in the society for research.

Whether this knowledge was taken away from him for fear he might use his secret of life and death again he does not know.

He only knows that he is the husband of one of the prettiest girls in Wales.

Back to claim his bride