

## A CLEAR CASE OF DESTINY

A heavy shower of rain had left me stranded in the ancient and sleepy city of Elcheater. The coat of arms, had enough at the best of times, were so sloppy as to put bicycling out of the question. I knew nobody in the town, and as there is only one place of interest—the cathedral—I went there.

In doing this I believe I was spending an idle hour. As a matter of fact, I was unconsciously fulfilling the object for which I was probably brought into the world.

The building appeared to be empty, and I amused myself reading the tablets that recorded the lives of worthy people who existed generations ago. I found them interesting, for my own name happens to be Clutton, and though I have never troubled myself about family "trees," I knew that we came from the west of England. In other words, the knights and ladies who lay in Elcheater cathedral were in all probability my ancestors. I wish that they had had the foresight to leave me some "family property."

Wandering through the cloisters, I came across a living picture of much greater interest and beauty than the images of stone and iron lying around me.

It was a young lady who was sketching a corner of the building, and making a frantic attempt to do justice to the wonderful arches and quaint windows.

In order to get a peep at her face, I made a pretense of examining a monument close at hand. It was erected to the memory of Sir Francis Clutton, 1155-1201. His legs were crossed at the knees, which signified he had fought in three crusades, and had it not been that some barbarous visitor had broken off the gentleman's nose, he would have made a most imposing figure.

I took the liberty of standing for a moment by her side to see her work. "If you will excuse my saying so," I ventured, "you have drawn that arch wrong. It is out of perspective."

"I know it is," she answered, with a little moue. "But I can't get it right. Are you an artist?"

"I wish you would show me how to get the wreath of leaves in so that it doesn't seem to be standing on one leg."

I took her place on the camp stool, and, on another piece of paper, made a rough drawing of the corner which had puzzled her.

"What a number of people of the name of Clutton are buried here!" I said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, yes; they used to be a great family in days gone by," she said. "Henry VIII. took them away when he was reforming the church. The Cluttons didn't change their religion fast enough. Edgar Clutton was the last of them. But he deserved to be punished," she added. "He did a shabby thing."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"He was betrothed to his cousin, Dorothy Clarence, and killed her."

"And what became of Mistress Dorothy Clarence?"

"She went into a convent. They say she died of a broken heart, and soon afterwards Sir Edgar was executed for high treason."

"A severe punishment," I suggested.

"Not at all," she said, warmly. "He was a mean wretch to behave as he did. Since those days a Clutton has never owned a acre of land in Devonshire. And they will never get back their position of land owners unless—"

She stopped.

"Unless what?" I asked.

"Well, there is a ridiculous old legend which has been handed down,

but I don't suppose it will ever come true. It runs:

"My lord shall come to his own again. When a Clutton squire weds a Clarence dame."

"So the theory is that when a Clutton marries a Clarence, and so repairs the wickedness of Sir Edgar, then prosperity will return?"

"Yes; but I am afraid that will never happen now," she said, with a little sigh. "Nobody knows what has become of the Cluttons, and the Clarences are nearly extinct."

"It appears to me," I said, "that you are superstitious about the country legends."

"I am afraid I am," she said, laughing. "because so many have come true. But this one never will."

"Are you a Miss Clarence?" I asked.

"But I am afraid I can't help those unfortunate Cluttons," she went on, "because I don't know one."

At this, I am afraid, I winked at the broken-nosed monument of Sir Francis.

"Besides," she continued, "even if I did, I couldn't give them back their property, because I haven't any."

By this time my rough drawing was finished, and she was kind enough to let me have it.

"May I keep it," she asked. "I should like to paste it in my scrap book."

"By all means. Would you like me to sign my name?"

"Yes, please, and put the date."

She really descended from those old monuments," she said.

"Not from the monuments," I answered, "but from that unfeeling brute who broke Miss Dorothy Clarence's heart."

Then she turned scarlet at some thought which struck her, and looked uncomfortable. But I could not resist the opportunity of teasing her.

"There is no doubt that you will have to marry me," I said, "and restore the Cluttons to their former glory."

"I don't see that," she said. "I don't believe in those old legends."

"I thought you said you did?"

"Yes, I believe in some of them, but not this one. Besides, I am not going to marry anyone."

By this time she had quite recovered her equanimity, and was prepared to treat the matter as a joke.

"It seems hard lines that I should be obliged to fall in love with you," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But, then, Dorothy, people never marry their ideals."

"Many thanks for your help with the sketch. It is time for me to go."