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**How She Came
 To Her Own**

By AMY C. CURTISS.
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 ciation.]

The story of how Jeannette Bourne came to her own is a series of strange incidents. Yet incidents comprise but half the story, for without the workings of nature's inexorable laws they would not have occurred.

Jeannette was an orphan. Her father had died in the war between the states, and her mother had soon after gone to her long home. At the time of her mother's death Jeannette was but a year old. There was no near relative to take her, and before she was five years old she had had several homes. When she was at an age to make inquiries as to her past there was no one who knew much about it. A little money had been left for her, which was expended on an education. Then she began teaching.

Jeannette felt the loneliness of her position. When she was a schoolgirl and saw other girls going at vacation time or the end of a term to their homes she would be heartbroken. And when she became a teacher she would regret that there were such intervals of work as vacations. When she was twenty-two years old, having saved some money, she resolved to pass the summer vacation in a trip abroad. Joining a party, she went for a short trip to the continent of Europe, reaching England late in August.

While Jeannette was sightseeing in London she went to a loan collection of old portraits. One portrait especially attracted her attention. It was that of a young British officer in the uniform of the latter part of the eighteenth century. As she stood before this picture a very singular sensation took possession of her. It was something wistful, akin to that love which exists between parents and children, brothers and sisters. Several times she went back to look at the face which seemed to beam kindly upon her through its blue English eyes. The last time she returned to it a lady also looking at it said to her:

"What a strong resemblance you bear to the portrait. Had the officer not lived a hundred years ago I should suppose him to be your brother."

"I don't even know who he was," replied Jeannette, secretly pleased that a resemblance should have been remarked. The lady had a catalogue in her hand and turned to the number fixed to the portrait.

"No. 72," she read, "Captain Hugh C. Bourne, Royal artillery; killed in America at the battle of Monmouth."

Jeannette looked at the lady with many emotions.

"Why, my name is Bourne," she said. "Indeed."

"Yes, and I am from America."

"Well, then," said the lady confidently, "I am sure you are one of his grandchildren."

Jeannette was advised to apply for information concerning the portrait to the managers of the exhibition. She did so and learned that it had been lent by Alonzo Warrick-Bourne, the owner of a country estate not far from London, where he spent most of his time. The next day she appeared at the manor house on the property and inquired for the owner. She expected to find a middle aged or elderly man and was surprised to find one about her own age. She told him her story. He sat listening to it with marked attention. When she had finished he sat for some time mute, then said:

"I've always believed that I was holding property that did not rightfully belong to me, and I am now of the opinion that your having seen Captain Bourne's portrait will open up a case that will sooner or later take it away from me."

"That is not my object," said the girl. "All my life I have been lonely. I wish only to find some of my own flesh and blood."

"There are old papers," the young man continued, "which hint at a secret marriage on the part of Hugh Bourne while in America with a lady named Hildreth."

"My father's name was Hugh Hildreth," said Jeannette, surprised. "And that was his father's name too."

"In that case," said the young man, with a touch of mournfulness in his tone, "there was such a marriage, and Hugh Bourne's descendants are the rightful owners to this property. At the time of his death America was a far country and little was known here of his life there. Not supposing him to have been married and he having no brothers or sisters, his property passed to the nearest of kin, a cousin, my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Warrick. Her son, my grandfather, took the name of Bourne in addition to his own. That name has come down to me with the property. You have only to bring proofs of Hugh Bourne's marriage and that you are his heir and I will turn over to you the property."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"I think it probable," said the young man, "that I shall go to America and satisfy myself whether or no I am holding some one else's property. If so, I shall surrender it."

And such was his decision. The same ship that carried Jeannette back to her duties took her relative. There he found in the records of one of the smaller cities of New Jersey entered while General Howe was commanding the British forces in that region a record of the marriage of Hugh Bourne and Jeannette Hildreth. Why after her husband fell at Monmouth the wife failed to claim what was hers is doubtless a lost story.

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