

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III. THE GRANGE.

Grant was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

ing country. In the distance rose the granite peaks of Leven Moor, divided from us by a tract of undulating and highly-cultivated land, along which white puffs of smoke from time to time revealed the presence of the Exborough and Bradford Railway.

A FATAL MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IV. GRANT'S STORY.

My father belonged to that you in England would call a family; we don't know much of those distinctions in birth, a University man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged me to leave London. I don't need to say anything more about these things just now, except that they had nothing to do with my character.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III. THE GRANGE.

Grant was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III. THE GRANGE.

Grant was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III. THE GRANGE.

Grant was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."