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eyes and long, black lashes and brows, dark-brown hair and whiskers. His complexion, too, was fresh and ruddy—not with a rosy spot on either cheek, like a head upon a sign-post—but all in one general glow, from health and exposure. His hands, however, looked fine and delicate; and his dress somewhat puzzled the cottagers at first; for it was of that sort which might have belonged to several classes. It was all of one material, except the shoes and the covering for his head, being of a black-and-white woollen check, then not so commonly worn by gentlemen as now; and when he entered he wore a plain Lowland bonnet, which might have suited a grazier or good Cheviot farmer, perhaps, better than himself; for a certain sort of harmony was wanting between the person and the dress, and it was this discrepancy which, as I have said, puzzled the family of Ben Halliday.

As the moments passed by, however, their doubts ceased. There was no mistaking the station of their guest after a quarter of an hour was gone. The southern tongue, the clear, distinct, and rapid articulation, the grace and ease of every movement, the unconscious dignity of carriage, even when playing with the boy,