

## CHAPTER LVII

NEXT day, when the court again assembled, Walter was there, seated beside his agent and dressed in his best. Every eye was directed towards him; and the simple expression of wonder, mingled with anxiety, which the scene around him occasioned gave an air of so much intelligence to his features, which were regular, and indeed handsome, that he excited almost universal sympathy. Even Mr Threeper was perplexed when he saw him, at the proper time, rise from beside his friend, and, approaching the bottom of the table, make a slow and profound bow, first to the sheriff and then to the jury.

"You are Mr Walkinshaw, I believe?" said Mr Threeper.

"I believe I am," replied Walter timidly.

"What are you, Mr Walkinshaw?"

"A man, sir. My mother and brother want to mak me a daft ane."

"How do you suspect them of any such intention?"

"Because, ye see, I'm here. I wouldna hae been here but for that."