

button-holed Crossaway, whom he knew and trusted, and asked him to lookout that no designing person should get Tipton, Junior, into his clutches—"for, to tell you the truth," he said, "Ned's a little fresh yet." Crossaway readily promised, and though he never told his friend of his colloquy with the old gentleman, which would hardly have done, he kept a silent watch over Tipton. That young man was not exactly inclined to be wild, though he loved fun, and there was no telling what he would do under a sudden impulse. He had a lively spirit, and the knowledge that he had a large bank account at his back made him at times rather reckless and imprudent. Crossaway was a thorough soldier, a born leader of men. He was over six feet in height, splendidly proportioned, and accounted the best swordsman in the regiment. He cared little for society, but read historical and military works continually, and was so well posted that Colonel Preston used to say in confidence that there was no officer under his command he would so readily trust in an emergency or consult in a difficulty as Crossaway. The latter had gained his captaincy at the time of the regiment's arrival in Halifax while Tipton was still first-lieutenant. The reason for that was that Crossaway had made a business of his profession, for he had joined for life. while Tipton