

Organization of Twenty-Three Men Equipped Adequately to Perform Any Service Which Might Be Demanded of It—Men With Technical Training Are Included in Its Membership—Coming Division Encampment on Crow Creek Forest Reserve, Wyo., For Two Weeks in August.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

The hands of the clock were marking the hour of 12, midnight. She had been waiting two hours for him. Her finger, from a gentle shivering, gradually increased in temperature, until the boiling point was reached. She was ready for him, and as he entered the room she opened her mouth to pour out the accumulated contents of the reservoir of her indignation. Before she could let out a word, he said:

"Look here, lovey, d'ye think marriage is a lottery?"

"She was so taken aback that she could only murmur that she didn't know."

"It ain't!" he said. The other fellows at the club have been arguing that it is, and I've been arguing that it isn't. Now can marriage be a lottery, when a fellow has only to look round him to pick out the first prize—same as I did?"

"She brought him his slippers, and five minutes later she was opening a box of sardines for him with his best and truest knife."

And Robinson winked solemnly at the canary, and glared inwardly on the virtues of the soap which is sold at Pearson's Weekly.