

Just as soon as we had given the cord, which was attached to the bells, two or three good pulls, and set the deep-toned melodies (?) afloat on the midnight air, we stole softly in the shelter of the trees to that place where our ladder touched *terra firma* directly beneath my window, our retreat being covered by a dense growth of lilac bushes, which grew at the south side of the school. One by one we ascended the ladder, and when we had all entered the room, at least what we supposed to be the entire force of the Kro-Kum-Club, we tiptoed carefully to our rooms, all save Harry Brantford and myself, for through our room we had entered. In our haste to get to our respective rooms, we had forgotten to "count noses," but of course we were all there.

We expected the Professor would make a visit to each room immediately and see who were absent, if any, but luckily this was not carried out on this particular evening. We heard a stir down stairs, in the vicinity of the Professor's room, which we rightly interpreted to be the teachers and Professor investigating; but at last all settled down, quiet was restored, and Harry and I were sleeping soundly. Suddenly we were aroused from our slumbers by some one stealing in at our window. Both of us jumped out of bed, half asleep, and blurted out, "Friend or foe, advance and give countersign."

It chanced that our password that evening was "Egypt," and when we had told Jack Ashley of it the day before we had sought to impress it upon his memory by telling him that Egypt was the country on whose stamps the pyramid appeared. As we rushed towards the intruder, we listened breathlessly for that magic word, but it was not forthcoming; he blurted out, "Nicaragua," and with a mighty push we shoved the intruder backwards, heard a crash and a splash below, not thinking how he had managed to ascend to our window; in fact, we were two-thirds asleep; we jumped into bed and were soon asleep.

Some time after that, probably an hour, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and was aware some one had been shaking me. Rising to a sitting posture in the bed, I saw some one before me. I touched Harry, and soon both of us were gazing into the Stygian darkness trying to penetrate its depths.

Just then, a sullen voice said, "Well, you boys played a low-down, mean trick on me." We recognized the voice of our fellow-companion, Jack Ashley, and we were now fully awake. "Why, how's that?" we asked, much surprised. "Why, you ran off and left me," he continued, "and after pulling that bell-rope, I had to wait until the storm blew over before I dared come in. Then I came under this window and found the ladder still hanging from the window and came up. I was trying to get in when you and Harry halted me, and when I was asked the countersign I thought of the stamp that had the pyramid on and answered, 'Nicaragua.' You pushed me out, and I fell right into the hoghead of rain water. I tished myself out, and here I am."

We nearly killed ourselves with laughter at his philatelic blunder in giving the countersign. But Jack went to his room, leaving us to wonder how we were so careless as to leave that ladder hanging from our window. Had it been left till morning it would have convicted us, sure. Jack changed his clothes and hung his wet garments in the closet to dry, and thus our little adventure cost us nothing. We soon tired of our pranks and thereafter pursued our studies with more energy. Jack is now a systematic and enthusiastic collector, and we often laugh over our college pranks and his so nearly fatal, to us, philatelic blunder.

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR.

BY GUY W. GREEN.

The young collector lives within,
A realm of perfect bliss;
His pulses thrill as if aroused
By love's impassioned kiss;
The sky assumes a brighter hue,
The earth has gladder grown;
He looks on happiness and joy,
And claims them for his own.

What matters it if album fail
To prove exactly new,
If stamps are fastened side by side
With Smither's patent glue,
If sundry issues find a place
They ne'er have known before,
Or margins show where sticky hands
Have turned the pages o'er.

What matters it if revenues
Are given postal place;
If handsome hordes of counterfeits
Lend crowded pages grace;
If envelopes are cut to shape
Or heedless thrown aside;
Or Australians have found repose
Where Finlands should abide.

What matters it if watermarks
Have never caused him groans,
If shades and dies and "outer lines"
He haughtily disowns;
If white and pink are both the same
To his excited mind,
Or grilles that range from large to small
Seem all of equal kind.

The young collector, spite of all,
Is happy as the day;
He treads a path that seems to him
A bright and shining way;
I'd not disturb his dream of bliss
Nor darken smiling skies,
Since time will tear the veil aside
That hangs before his eyes.

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

LOCAL SOCIETIES.

BY W. CULLEN BROWN.

SECOND PAPER.

ORGANIZATION completed, proper management and running of a local society constitutes the life of the society. A ship with a dozen captains will not be successful; a man with two masters cannot serve both. The same argument applies to a local society. Its management must be in skilful, intelligent hands, not left to the members in general, for, if this is done, a very mixed state of affairs will result.

In our last paper we had reached that stage where the first meeting was called. Now this first meeting is as it were the testing time, in which all the energies which the organizer can bring to bear will be required. Perfect order is first to be desired, but hard to secure, especially if the collectors are of the younger class. When your meeting is called to order, nomi-