THE

Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

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THE STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL,
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Skyland, Page Co., Va.

ON STONY MAN MOUNTAIN.

Oh! how lovely and enchanting,
To be dwelling on the height
Of this grand and lofty mountain,
Decked with trees and flowers bright.

Joyous songs the birds are singing,
With the stars and clouds so nigh,
Holy thoughts to me are winging
From the angel world on high.

Oh! the glorious view around us,
Touched with golden, sparkling beams;
Hear the song, "God's love is boundless"
In the rushing mountain streams.

A DAY OUT OF DOORS

In Touch With Nature.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1898.

The scenes we witnessed yesterday were truly wonderful. Early morning found us all at the Cliff, watching the fleecy clouds which filled the Valley. We traced a resemblance to the great falls of Niagara, then we seemed to see mountains of snow—a break in the clouds gave the appearance of a distant lake, etc. The sky over head was beautifully blue, thus we were literally "above the clouds." Gradually the mist, gathering into masses, began ascending "Kettle Canyon," and finally enveloped us all in a subtle mist of whiteness.

Later, two of us climbed the Peak, when the outlook was vast indeed! Here dissolving views were before us, floating shadows on valley and mountain, thus were formed and dissipated before our eyes. All seemed to melt into oneness, so soft was the effect,—and such coloring! Lovely, indeed!!

When afternoon came, all was changed. Storm clouds had gathered, giving the aspect of great solemnity and grandeur. This time, instead of a veil of white mist, was a veil of rain; the depth and richness of color were indescribable. The Valley was beautified by a refreshing shower. The clouds were charged with electricity, lightning appeared to shimmer in golden gleams of light from cloud to cloud—a scene inspiring one to deep thought.

When the sunset hour came, all was centered in light, all the scenic effects of the day illuminated and concentrated into a few short moments. One felt like holding still and listening to the voice of Nature as it spoke so potently through the silence. N. A. P.

BUGLE NOTES.

We are sorry to chronicle in this issue of THE BUGLE CALL the departure of Miss Belle Evans, who left here to visit friends in West Virginia. It is hard to say when the departure of any one was so deeply regretted, and we hope when she reads this number of THE BUGLE CALL she will realize, in some measure, what an important factor she was in the Camp social circle. We believe Miss Evans will be a fixture here during future seasons, for certainly no one ever appreciated the charm of out-door life or the natural beauty of our surroundings more than she. The whole Camp turned out to say a parting word to her.

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A Progressive Euchre party was given by Mr. G. Freeman Pollock at the "dining hall" July 23rd. Though every one exhibited intense interest in the game, none objected to the several intermissions which were filled in by delicious fudge caromels, prepared by Mrs. Sprague for the occasion. The prizes, consisting of two subscriptions to THE BUGLE CALL, two sets of stationery, and a black snake skin, tanned and ready for belting, were taken respectively by Miss Evans, Miss May Merillat, Mr. H. W. Craigin, Miss Minor and Miss Ada Townsend. So enjoyable was the evening that rumors of another such euchre party in the near future give more than pleasant anticipations.

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The campers who braved the elements and gathered on the "Cliff" after supper July 28th witnessed a most unusual spectacle. From the southwest over New Market Gap a heavy thunderstorm was approaching; the huge clouds rolled up in dark and threatening array; came swiftly nearer and nearer, illuminated by flash upon flash of vivid lightning and accompanied by a continuous and menacing rumble. We had but to turn, and there in contrast to this fierce warring of the elements was the peaceful moon in a clear blue sky. We lingered between these two scenes till a stiff breeze accompanied by the patter of rain warned us to hasten to our tents. With the party was Miss Frances Wyatt, of Baltimore, who was spending her first evening in Camp. She has taken apartments recently vacated by Miss Evans. Having received notice of the time of her arrival, the campers were prepared to give her a most enthusiastic welcome. Prof. C. W. M. Black, who was expected to arrive at the same time, did not materialize. The young ladies of camp had arranged to give him a grand reception at Furnace Spring, when a full chorus was to sing "When Blackie Leads the Bloomer Girls." We fear Mr. Black would have been overcome with emotion had he been so fortunate as to arrive when he was expected.

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We were joined on Saturday, July 23rd, by the Misses Merillat, of Washington, D. C. These young ladies are making ideal campers; are ready for all the tramps proposed, and entertain no fears of a trip to White Oak Canyon.

BUGLE NOTES.

Short skirts are adopted this year by all the ladies of Camp, and are looked upon as a great comfort.

* * *

July 25th we had our first "Country Gentleman" corn. The table is now supplied from the Camp garden with radishes, kale, lettuce, beets, cabbage, yellow summer squash, potatoes, cucumbers, string beans, onions and sweet corn.

* * *

Mrs. and Miss Graham have taken up their residence in the Durham cabin, and are charmed with their location. In fact, we have thus far had no grumblers in Camp, and not a word of discord to mar the harmony of our happy mountain gathering.

* * *

The heavy rains of July 21st, 22nd and 23rd were a God-send to the water supply around Camp. The newly discovered spring which furnishes the Camp was in danger of becoming dry, but, thanks to Nature's generous restorative, we are secure from such a misfortune for a long while.

* * *

Two new pets have come into Camp since the last issue of THE BUGLE CALL. McKinley, a promising young ground hog, and Simon, a fine game rooster.—Speaking of pets, we are glad to note the scarcity of rattlesnakes; not a single one has been seen in the vicinity so far this season, and we think the mountain is rid of them entirely.

* * *

There was a heavy thunderstorm Tuesday afternoon which compelled every one to keep indoors. The day was rather a dull one in Camp, but the evening was pleasantly spent in the different cottages in the enjoyment of luxurious open fires with the logs piled high. At Cliff Cabin a little company gathered, and forming a semi-circle, pretended to represent the various members of a minstrel troup, with the fire for an audience, and it seemed to crackle and sputter out its approval at each member of the programme. Mr. S. B. Mason acted as interlocutor, and Miss Kate Evans answered his questions in the most approved minstrel style. Mrs. Sprague, in a becoming and appropriate costume, gave an imitation of "Rastus on Parade."

BUGLE NOTES.

Sunday, July 24th, was one of the most serene and beautiful days we have experienced this summer. One party of trampers visited the Peak in the forenoon, and all during the day most all of the tents and cabins had their groups of visitors, singing sweet songs and chatting pleasantly. In the evening, on the back veranda of Cliff Cabin, a crowd gathered, and sat in the clear moonlight, singing cheerfully until bed time.

* * *

After our Sunday dinner the help in the kitchen began singing hymns, William leading off with, "Chillun, Get on Board." Nancy shouted while waving a lump of dough in each hand. Nelson was "leading the way," flourishing a dish-towel in one hand and a huge dinner plate in the other, and Jesse and Lillie joined hands and sang with a will. All were so excited that they did not even notice that they were observed by a large number of the guests who had paused to hear the music, and who were well repaid for their time. If you wish to see a crowd of happy "darkies" come to Stony Man Camp kitchen.

* * *

To Miss Margaret Merillat and Mr. Blount Mason is due the credit of turning our former "cake walk" ground into an excellent tennis court. The work was completed Saturday morning, July 30, and, with continual use, will soon be in fine condition. Miss Merillat is a tennis lover and plays a good game, and we think the court will prove a source of much pleasure to our young people this season. The court is supplied with everything except rackets; so, young people, please bring your rackets with you. We also want to say to amateur photographers that the dark room promised you so long ago is now at your disposal. The carpenters finished their part of the work last week, and you may have an unlimited supply of cold water and all the darkness you want. The only charge made to guests for the use of this room is a sample for our scrap-book of each successful picture. This scrap-book is to contain the work of amateurs visiting Camp, and we hope all of them will be willing to contribute to the cause.

At dinner July 27th the following bill was found posted in the "dining hall":

THEATRICAL
PERFORMANCE,
JULY 27TH
In the Dining Hall.

First Appearance of
Miss Ada L. Townsend
—and—
Miss May Jameson
: : : : In the One Act Comedy : : : :
A Fair Encounter.

All are invited. No Admission.
BUGLE CALL AT 8.15.
Curtain Rises at 8:30 Sharp.

We have tried nearly every form of amusement, but never before have we gone into the field of amateur theatricals. Consequently it is not to be wondered at that intense interest was shown in the above announcement. Mr. Pollock as stage-manager, spared no pains in giving the young lady performers every facility for a complete production, and the result was beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Miss Ada Townsend as the bright, attractive Lady Clara St. John, and Miss May Jameson as the eccentric Lady Grenville did excellent work, and the whole performance was most creditable to these young ladies and highly gratifying to their audience. They were loudly applauded, and at a curtain call were presented with a beautiful basket of wild flowers, from which streamed wide white satin ribbon. The "dining hall" was gracefully decorated with fox pine, golden rod and yellow daisies. The curtains were deep red, and the audience looked upon the stage through a perfect frame work of evergreens so that the effect was very pretty. The overture and intermission were creditably rendered by the Camp Orchestra. The morning following the play, as Miss Townsend and Miss Jameson entered the "dining hall" they were greeted by a round of applause from the breakfast table which goes far to attest the popularity of the two young ladies. They have promised us one or two more performances during this season, for which even now there seems to be "standing room only."

BUGLE NOTES.

The arrivals at Camp July 24th were Mrs. Louise Pollock, Mrs. and Miss Graham, of Washington, and Mr. Soultzer, of Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Pollock is located in the rustic birch cabin formerly known as the "Shingle House," but now called the "Garden Cottage" owing to its close proximity to the beautiful flower garden which adorns the Camp grounds this season. This miniature botanical garden is surrounded by a stone wall four feet high, and is now almost in full bloom. The gladiolas, of which there are over one hundred varieties, will attain their greatest glory in August, making a magnificent display. Cannas in orange, crimson, yellow and white, besides numerous other flowers are now in bloom. Probably the most attractive plants in the garden are the red and yellow water lilies.

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A curious spectacle was presented last Friday when the Little Chief, in his mountain garb of russet velvet corduroy, was seen on the back of a tiny burro, or donkey, with ears as long as its head, gamboling around the Furnace Field. We understand he was trying the little animal with a view to purchasing several of them as an addition to our Camp outfit. Though very small they are strong and sure-footed, and would be just what is needed for carrying the heavy luggage to White Oak Canyon, and would add much to the pleasure of the trip by their quaint actions and picturesque appearance. Also, the ladies could ride them to Crescent Rock, Copper Mine, and other points of interest too far distant for some of them to walk without fatigue. We hope the next issue of THE BUGLE CALL will see these little donkeys permanently established in Camp.

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Shortly after supper, July 26th, an impromptu dance was announced to take place at Cliff Cabin. Most of the ladies who were invited danced in their bicycle skirts and considered themselves very fortunate to be able to enjoy a dancing party without spending the best part of an evening dressing for it. A very pleasant feature of the evening was an old fashioned country quadrille, sixteen persons in set. Fully half of the young ladies present were at their first Camp dance and to all the affair was most enjoyable. Beginning with Tuesday at 4. p. m. a dancing class will be formed and continued twice a week to assist such guests as are not up to form in our dances, all guests who do not dance or who wish to improve in round dancing are cordially invited to attend the class which holds its sessions on Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 to 5 p. m.

The sketch entitled "Moonlight and Firelight" gives a realistic picture of "gypsy evening" which drew every one in Camp to the Furnace Field, Saturday, July 30.

Mrs. E. S. Sprague has undoubtedly wonderful qualifications as a palmist, and her readings, which are given for entertainment and pleasure only, are scarcely short of miraculous. So many campers wished to have their palms read that it was decided to have a regular "gipsy evening," thus giving to everyone a chance. Mrs. Sprague had previously sent to Baltimore for a most effective costume which she wore on this occasion. A huge bon-fire was built near to where a small tent had been erected. Animal skins and rugs and rustic chairs were scattered round for the comfort of the Queen and the guests. We leave the the description to one of our talented lady guests.

MOONLIGHT AND FIRELIGHT.

By F. W., of Baltimore.

Last Saturday night old Stony Man looked down on a scene which must have warmed his cold heart to the core. On the dim slope so close beneath him a roaring bon-fire blazed and sparkled, flinging high in the air its glowing sparks, as though defying the silvery moon which touched all objects so softly with its transforming light. Under a tent near by was throned a Gipsy queen, radiant in her scarlet and bangles, and eager worshipers waited at her shrine, longing to wrest from her knowledge of the mysterious future. Beyond lay a group of men, whose voices rose and fell in the pathetic cadences of native negro songs, which the night breezes wafted up to the peak above them. As the firelight rose and fell, seemingly with the flow of the voices, it brought out the luminous eyes of the Gipsy queen, or the eager face of her listener,—here a fair face and dainty gown,—there a sturdy form stretched carelessly on mother earth, and on them all the serene moon still shed her benison. But listen! Echoing from range to range come mighty thunder crashes, forked lightnings shame the feeble firelight, and borne on the wings of the wind come heavy storm clouds, filling the valley, shrouding old Stony Man and veiling the star-lit heavens. Then the scene changes. In a rustic cabin to the soft, yet lively, music of violins and banjos, a merry group, unmindful of the storm, turn and swing, bow and retreat in the mazes of a Virginia reel,—peals of thunder are met by peals of laughter,—lightning flashes by gleams of wit,—and with songs and laughter, joke and happiness, the time goes all too quickly. Then as the sma' wee hours come near, the dancers separate, each with a bright memory which will lighten many a weary hour in after life. Was that an added ray of moonlight, or did a gentle smile really soften that stony face?

Mr. O. D. Miller, of Sluto Mills, Rappahannock county, and Mr. W. E. Coons, clerk of the courts of Culpeper, arrived in Camp August 1st—just in time to be spectators at one of our most amusing and interesting entertainments, a phantom dance, in which twenty guests participated. Mr. H. W. Craigin, disguised as a monk, was a surprise party in himself as no one expected him to take part in the dance. Mrs. R. J. Boyd and the Little Chief contributed not a little to the merriment by appearing as the "Lemon Seltzer Twins"—so perfect was their make-up that all attempts at recognition were frustrated. The "dining hall," which was tastefully decorated with pine, tiger lillies, and golden rod, and brightly illuminated with hanging lamps, echoed and re-echoed with the merry laugh and footsteps of the dancers till midnight. So bright was the moonlight that the lamps around the Camp grounds were unnecessary, and as ghostly figures moved stealthily along the winding paths, under the sombre shadows of the chestnut grove in which the Camp is located, one might easily imagine the spirits of participants in former dances to be gathering from far and near to weep over their misfortune in not being able to respond in reality to Williams' "original figure calls."

THAT SUMMER AT STONY MAN.

"Well, I don't know where this road does lead, but one thing I'll "inshore you—it doesn't lead to White Oak, because I've been there before.

The speaker, whose steady brown eyes, clearly-cut lips and square little chin led one to expect a good deal of determination, seated herself decidedly on a mossy rock and planted two small, russet-clad feet firmly before her.

"We ought never to have separated," sighed a languorous young woman, the light of whose life had apparently gone out with the division of the party half an hour before.

"Where, oh! where has the Little Chief gone?" wailed the "Sharp Boy," disconsolately.

Of course everybody laughed, except the previous speaker.

"Ef White Oak suits you better, w'y, hits where you'd orter be,
But the little Camp at Stony Man's good enough for me!"

This parody was contributed by a sun-browned young man, with white teeth and vividly blue eyes, who had been employed up to this time in conveying water in a wobbly, collapsible cup, to the numerous short-skirted damsels of the party.

Herodias had subjected him to a careful scrutiny each time he reappeared at the spring till she knew every detail of his correct brown tweed outing costume, to say nothing of such minor facts as that the soft silk scarf at his throat just mached his eyes.

Herodias was perched on the bough of a tree a rod above the spring. Bruce had not raised his eyes to so high a point, employed as he had been with the collapsible, which now true to its colors, sank limply within itself, splashing water up his sleeve and causing him to exclaim, in mock dismay "Donnerwether!"

Then Herodias giggled,—
It was such a funny word!
And Bruce looked up—
Herodias blushed rose-red,

and that is how it was that Bruce's startled gaze rested upon a little face up among the boughs—a face made up, to his later vision of violet eyes, wild-rose cheeks and a tangle of shining chestnut hair.

He had only a glimpse, for there was a flutter of blue calico, a scramble, a rattling of loose stones and a little flying figure disappeared within the log-cabin, which showed grey-green, at the end of the path.

And here the story ends, too, except—

Well, Bruce went back to the city three days later and married the nice young woman with the square chin within three months.

He hadn't even an amateur photograph of Herodias—whose name by the way he didn't know—but his wife's clear, sensible, brown eyes sometimes seemed purple to his gaze, and then his own were not so frank and merry as usual.

If he had gone back the next summer he would not have seen Herodias.

"Herody jest kinduh peaked'n' pined," her mother said.

She had faded away with the arbutus in the spring.

J. B. G.

STONY MAN CAMP, August 4, 1899.

BUGLE NOTES.

Sunday evening, July 31st, a party visited the Peak to see the sun set and the moon rise. Altho' the sun set was not a fine one, a very unusual spectacle rewarded us for our exertions in climbing to the summit. Mr. Pollock, who is perfectly familiar with the landscape, knowing by name every peak within sight, called our attention to the Peaks of Otter, one hundred and fifty miles distant, which were plainly visible, and remained in view at least thirty minutes. The sun's rays seemed to throw a powerful searchlight upon them. Mr. Pollock says that during all his observations, covering a period of eight years, he has never before been able to discern these Peaks from Stony Man, but that they are visible from Black Rock. In the party were Miss Frances Wyatt, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Kate Evans, Mr. Mason, Mr. Pollock and the Misses Pollock.

* * *

Wednesday evening, Aug. 3d, Mr. Pollock invited the entire Camp to a "look party." Some of the representations of books were novel and humorous, and the witting conversation of the competitors was punctuated here and there by wild outbursts whenever one of them conceived a happy interpretation. Miss May Jameson and Mrs. James L. Murphy guessed the greatest number of books. Fortune favored Mrs Murphy who was the recipient of a pretty after-dinner coffee set.

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