THE

Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

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SPECIAL CAKE-WALK NUMBER.

VALE.

M. E. S.

STONY MAN CAMP, SEPT. 1, 1898.

Hail, "Stony Man," with cloud mist crowned,
Thrice blessed ye dwellers there.
The ground ye tread is holy ground,
The air breathed, heaven-born air.

To those who scale thy rocky height,
(It has been done, and can)
Come dreams of rapture and delight,
Oh! glorious "Stony Man."

"The' lost to sight, to memory dear"
Each path o'er hill and dale,
Tho' rough and steep, brings heaven near;
Hail, "Stony Man!" All hail!

LONGING.

BY MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK.

I am longing to be straying
Far from all familiar things,
Where the cooling breezes swaying,
And on flowers bright displaying—
Butterflies their gorgeous wings.

Like the birds, oh! how enchanting,
I would fain direct my flight
Over garden, lawn, and fountain,
Over valley, over mountain,
Fairest scenes would greet my sight.

But the time is growing nearer
For my spirit's upward flight,
When my vision will be clearer
And the Future grows still dearer
In the day that knows no night.

STONY MAN CAMP, Va., Sept. 1, 1898.

LAWN FETE.

The reporter for THE BUGLE CALL, when a boy once took part in a debate, subject, Resolved, "that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than realization." He argued for the affirmative and won and from that day on has been a firm believer in his side of the question; but now his faith has been shaken, for surely no one could fully anticipate the pleasures of the afternoon spent at Mr. Heaton's summer camp at Indian Rock on the occasion of his "lawn fete," August 23. At first dark clouds threatened rain; but cool, partially cloudy weather followed by a beautiful sunset, added not a little to the joy of the afternoon.

The guests were received at the rustic entrance to Indian Rock by Mr. Heaton, assisted by Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Boyd and the Misses Merillat. Scattered around the grounds, beneath the shade trees and among the rugged rocks, were tables enveloped in flowers and ferns, and covered with savory viands. When the guests had assembled, Mr. Heaton arose and read the following poem of welcome which he had written for the occasion:

WELCOME TO INDIAN ROCK.

Read at a Lawn Party given Aug. 23, 1898, to the guests of Stony Man Camp.

All welcome to the guests who flock
To-day like birds to Indian Rock,
And lend their beauty, wit and grace
So briskly to this garden place;
All welcome to the guests who lend
Their charming talent, to the end
That music and dramatic art
May give each sense a bliss apart.
Here shall smooth pathways lead your feet
Mid beds of mountain flowers sweet
To sloping lawn whereon the dance
May once again your joy enhance,
While William a triple extract hand
Gives music with inspiring hand;
To shaded ledge from whence the eye
Shall many a distant range descry
And view, bathed in the sunlight's glow,
The fertile valley far below.
Here may each guest find full content
In gay pavilion, bordered tent,
By tables with a feast select
Beside the floor in form bedecked,
Or in the dainty Lodge arrayed
By timely mountain nymphs who aid
Your host in every earnest plan
To please alike the inner man
And inner woman, and employ
Even the craving home boy.

Now changed the scene that we survey
In present social converse gay
From scenes a hundred years ago!
Then trees that yet above us grow
Doubtless beheld the red man here
Securely camped without a fear
Of any pale face, though their gaze
Saw his keen axe the forests raze
Adown the spreading vale to yield
Him harvests from each furrowed field;
His musket ever primed at hand
To hold his hut and conquered land
Here the red warriors long defied
On pathless heights the Saxon pride
Of new possession, venturing down
These wild steep canons with a frown
Of hate upon their brows to smite
Their foes with wily craft by night,
The fire brand and deadly bow
Their vengeance spreading far below.
For, with untiring silent feet,
They gained once more this rude retreat
Amid the clouds to grimly rest
Like scornful eagles in their nest.
Here did they, with a lighter care,
Pursue the deer or bait the bear
Or shape, when life was dull and sore,
The flint heads of the dart and spear
Which now we sometimes gladly find,
Here the squaws in patience grind
The maize they cultured in the rough
Perchance where Sam gets 'garden stuff,'
Or made the gorgeous battle gear
Of braves whom they might well revere,
While each pappoose with blinking eye
Scorned, in its chieftain blood, to cry.

Now all is changed, or so it seems,
Yet still the poet's fancy deems
Some parody of olden time
May linger for his fleeting rhyme.
Behold a Little Chief is here
Who still at times pursues the deer,
The tribe of Tuckahoes defies
And gives, as better fortunes rise,
Fresh cheeks to valley pioneers
Who fain would wrest the camp he rears
And who, at last, can but confess
Each season brings him new success.
Here, for the little chieftain's mate,
Fair squaws still gaudy trappings make
Here for his aid at night they scream
When direful beasts invade their dream,
And bend the knee in tribal dance,
Or listen while his songs entrance.
Here dwells chief 'Too serene for Wrath'
And chief 'Head quiet, show the Path'
And good chief 'Always with his Squaw'
And old dance chief 'Big Pictures Draw'
And the young warriors 'Walking Pine'
And 'Lively Oriole' in line
With 'Merry Squirrels,' 'Snowy Hair'
And 'Jolly Rabbit' plump and fair.
And others in the chieftain row,
Then many homely squaws we know.
Their heaven upon the warpath gone,
Who bloom (though in their tents alone
They may entreat the silent tear)
And bear the fruits of wholesome cheer.
Squaw 'Mind her Business and Pappoose'
And squaw 'In tiny Chieftain's Noose'
And the trim dance squaw 'Butterfly
Whose nimble feet our watch defy,
And young squaw 'Humming Bird' is here
With others at our camp fire dear,
And many maidens we could name
Whom braves should only win by fame
And prowess worthy of their grace
And charm of character and face.
Who, while these braves are few or far
Let nothing their enjoyment mar
But lead the old a lively dance
And teach the young idea advance.
All these, in this harmonious band,
We welcome with a cordial hand
And soon in thought to greet as well
The guests that in our memories dwell
Of other weeks and seasons bright,
That all may share the true delight
Which, in this mountain atmosphere
Draws natures in them golden meters
Into a kinder, fuller trust
Of friendship honest, helpful, just.

A. G. HEATON.

This was met by a most appreciative outburst of applause, which had not yet died away when Mr. W. H. Cragin began the greeting to the host which had been prepared by Miss Stamper:

GUESTS GREETING.

A Garden Party, did ye say?
Ah! joyfully lead ye the way.
Hie away to Indian Rock
The witching fair all gaily flock.
"Indian Rock" 'tis fitly named.
Picturesque Heaton place far famed.
Behold the skill! This unique waste
Laid out with such artistic taste.
Its charms, too subtle to define,
Artist soul alone could design.

Tis true its lawns are not extensive,
But its granite walls all-defensive.
Aeons agone, from Nature's throes,
These giant boulders slow uprose;
Yes, ages of life and death combin'd
Ere creeping tendrils softly twin'd.

Lichen, moss, fernlet er'ry where!
Did host e'er offer feast more rare?
In city, or town, did guest e'er find
Host more courtly, generous, kind?

Call ye not this the highest art
In the simple ways of the heart?
See! welcoming wigwam widespread,
Leafy garlands swinging o'erhead.

A step—up rugged, rocky steep,
Lo! behold Kettle Canon deep!
Anon, witches its kettle will boil—
Ah! view them, e'en now, at their toil!
Mark, from rolling pore, expanding soil
Steaming vapors sinuously coil!
Ha! e'en to verge of Indian Rock
Guests wend, to feast unbidden, knock.

Harken, as twilight shadows fall,
The bird her mate belated call!
After lies the Valley at rest,
Slowly sinks the sun in the west!

Here, assembled as grateful guest,
At our noble hosts' kind request,
Those wondrous scenes on soul impress'd
This day will remember—most blessed.

MATTIE F. STAMPER.

STONY MAN CAMP, August 23, 1882.

Then followed recitations by Miss Jameson and Miss Townsend, several songs by a little group of the guests up on the high rocks and the reading of an appropriate selection from Geraldine by Miss Uila Pollock.

At the conclusion of the programme salads, caromel and vanilla ice cream and other dainties that reflected great credit on the host's assistants were served, after which the guests in couples entered the cosy cabin and partook of hot chocolate and wafers and received bon bon caps.

The company had been presented with different colored badges and now each gentleman found the lady wearing his color and led her out for the dance.

The ever changing panorama presented by the beautiful dresses, the bright and happy faces, the moss-covered boulders, the delicate ferns and stately trees, made a picture that will never be effaced.

After the dance the couples grouped themselves among the rocks to watch the sunset and sang the favorite twilight song, "Evening Shades Around Us Gather."

BUGLE NOTES.

A letter received the other day by one of our party contained the following: "BUGLE CALL just received and I wonder if the editor realized when he started his little paper what a pleasure it would be to the old campers who are now exiles."

A SKYLAND DEBATE.

[EDITORS NOTE.—The four debaters were native residents of the Hawksbill Valley.]

On the evening of Monday, August 22nd, the Camp enjoyed an unusual treat in the form of a debate by members of the Stony Man Debating Club. The fame of the debaters, as well as interest in the question, secured a full house, every person in Camp being found in the dining-room eagerly awaiting the opening of the oratorical contest.

The question was, *Resolved*, That the love of woman has had more influence over the mind of man than the love of money.

Mr. Pollock presided, and introduced the first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. Samuel Sours, who, in a touching manner, gave his reasons for taking up the side which he upheld. "I stand before you as the friend of woman. My mother was a woman; my grand-mother was a woman; my great-grand-mother was a woman, and if it was not for a woman, where would I be? Where?" he demanded in an impassioned burst of eloquence, "is that man, that boy, who does not cherish his mother?" Mr. Sours continued by giving a proper definition of love, "a palpitation from the mind and heart." He further stated that he travelled up and down this mountain not for money, oh, no! but for the sake of his dear little wife. "Money is but dirt of the earth stamped with "U. S. of Ameriky." He concluded by citing historic examples of woman's influence over man, Mother Eve over Father Adam, Samson and the wisest man on Earth who far surpassed the lilies of the field in gorgeous array, and had 700 wives!

Mr. Andrew Sours, the famous Blacksmith orator, opened for the negative. "Honorable Committee, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the House: The last speaker went on with great extent, like a whirlwind going up the field. What's he working for?—not woman—but the money he gets." The speaker closed with a graphic description of his opponent's sad plight if he attempted to go to Luray to the circus, provided with only his woman's influence instead of money.

General Charles Hooker Sours, of Mexican war fame, was the second speaker on the affirmative, and expressed his great astonishment at the stand taken by the last speaker. "If the world was heaped with money and no women, where would your world be? God made woman for man's glory. A man will put his life in sticks for woman." He had seen men who loved the very ground their girls walked on. "Husbands, love your wives" is the command of Holy Writ.

The second speaker on the negative was Mr. Jasper Young, the auburn-haired Demosthenes of the Hawksbill Valley. Mr. Young's sledge-hammer logic and vigorous arguments, enunciated while he ran his fingers through his pompadour locks, were highly appreciated by the audience. He admitted that he had been "scared so bad as to get heart disease," and was besides "sorter ignorant," but expected to take his own time and accomplish his purpose. He was a great woman-lover, but men have more love for dollars than for the ladies. "Columbus came to 'Ameriky' for gold, not for the Indian ladies." More men have been killed for love of money than for love of women.

Samuel Sours, on his second appearance, said that he felt "like small potatoes and few in a hill," but was still large enough to dispose of his opponents, one of whom has had three wives, while his father had had four.

Andrew Sours thought that Sam was "somewhere between the hawk and the buzzard," and was again much surprised at his discourse.

Charles Hooker Sours, in answering a point about the necessity of money in order to secure a marriage license, told of a case in which a man traded pumpkins for it. "He needn't have that for no outcome."

Jasper Young, in answering the last speaker, said: "I put him as a sparking character. If he was in a road with a girl on one side and a ten-dollar bill on the other, I'd hate to trust him with the money."

Sam Sours briefly summed up the debate, and closed with the poetical quotation:

"He spends all his money
And calls her his honey
To show her he is solid on his love."

We regret that lack of space compels us to give but the briefest mention of the arguments, and to omit many points which the audience received with great enthusiasm and uproarious applause.

The judges, Messrs. Bates and Craigin and Mrs. Sprague awarded the debate to the affirmative.

PROF. C. W. M. BLACK.

A TRIP THROUGH KETTLE CANON

C. W. M. B.

On Friday, September 9th, a party under the leadership of Mr. Pollock made a trip through the Kettle Canon. It was an ideal day for the purpose, clear and cool, and the party consisting of Mrs. Murphy, Miss Margaret Merillat, Miss Epler and Messrs. Blount Mason, C. W. M. and Robert Black, besides the leader, set off in fine spirits. After passing down the Old Road and enjoying the many beautiful views along it, a stop was made at the Depot to await the leader who had at the last minute been delayed by business in Camp. Soon he appeared at full speed, having had to run the gauntlet of Tuckahoes and Page county farmers, who had everything to sell from a cow to a quart of huckleberries, and we proceeded without delay to the foot of the mountain. Here we struck into a back-road and, as it seemed to proceed in the right direction, followed it till we came to a stream, which should have been Kettle Run. Up the stream we started, but it seemed strangely unfamiliar. How the last freshet must have changed the character of Kettle Canon! But yet we had never heard of any other stream in this particular hollow, and so concluding this to be the one sought, we followed up the course. A pause for rest and the disappearance of a skeptical member of the party on a reconnoitering tour was followed after some minutes by his reappearance with the announcement, "Whether or not this is Kettle Run, there is another hollow between us and Miller's Head." Up rose the leader and disappeared in the direction of Miller's Head. We thought we had lost him, but there came from his direction a succession of calls, which we followed up, until we came upon the Little Chief peacefully smoking his pipe under a tree beside the genuine Kettle Run. As we proceeded up this stream no one needed to ask whether it was the right one, or why that basin-shaped valley which we see from Camp should be called a canon. On either side of us rose the perpendicular walls of rock, now bare and black, now covered with green moss, over which the water trickled and glittered in the sunlight. Down this canon flows Kettle Run, forming now a water-fall, now a deep pool, and at times disappearing altogether beneath the rocks to come again to view further on. The views forward and back through the narrow gorges are of singular beauty, and we wish our limited time would not compel us to hurry on. We pass out of the canon proper and the character of the travelling changes. "Now we hit the mountain," announces our leader, and we soon come to believe him. The grade is steeper and the bushes thicker, but the grandeur of the scene has not vanished, only changed. For a quarter of a mile by the side of the course and a few rods away extends a line of lofty gray cliffs towering several hundred feet above us. On one of these is pointed out to us Raven Rock, an inaccessible crag where once a Confederate conscript maintained himself for months out of reach of the recruiting officers. In another place, on a ledge protected above by overhanging rock was seen the nest of a raven, who had chosen wisely the place of his habitation, for neither man nor wingless beast could ever scale the bare cliff which leads up to his rugged dwelling.

Again after climbing up a rock pile where every step sends down a small avalanche of stones, some of the party discovered a remarkable profile of a man's face.

"The last chance for water until we reach Camp," is the announcement as we come to a rock under which the stream shows itself only to slip again into concealment, and the one who stations himself to dip up the water wonders if he ever saw before such a thirsty crowd.

Now we leave the bed of the stream and follow the blazes, by which next year our telephone line will be brought to Camp. Now through bushes and briers, now over a long rock slide, a thousand feet high, at last we reach the Camp, hungry but enthusiastic over the beauties of Kettle Canon.

BUGLE NOTES.

On Friday, September 2nd, Miss B. N. Epler, of Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Azro J. Cory, of Takoma Park, Md., arrived in Camp. Miss Epler is a medical student at Johns Hopkins. Mr. Cory has made a very fine series of water colors which he has consented to loan Mr. Pollock to use for an evening's exhibition in Washington next winter. The friends of Stony Man Camp may look for invitations. We think the one which will be most appreciated is a sketch made from Bushy Top, with our comfortable "seat tree" in the foreground and the valley and mountains in perspective. Mr. Cory enjoyed his visit in Camp greatly and we count him one of us hereafter.

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A new feature of this September weather is small camp fires which are built just back of "Marble Hall" and "Mountain Dew Tent." Here in the bright firelight some read, some write, some pick fir-balsam for pillows, some pile on more wood and others loaf and all enjoy the cheerful warmth thrown out by the glowing coals.

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EXTRA COPIES

"BUGLE CALL"

ON SALE

AT THE OFFICE.

LIVING PICTURES.

Those among us who have known Mrs. Robert J. Boyd during former summers had only to be told that the "Living Pictures" and "Tableaux" of August 24th were to be under her personal direction to prophesy that the guests were to be treated to one of our brightest and most successful Camp entertainments. So happy was her selection of subjects and persons to represent them, that now as the whole programme reappears to the mind of the reporter, he feels it almost impossible to say which were the most beautiful and striking of the pictures. Perhaps "Rebecca and Isaac," "The Tramp," "The Fortune Teller," and "The Bachelor's Dream" were those that will be longest remembered.

The east wing of the dining hall was transformed into a dressing-room and stage. The curtains parted to show the pictures through an artistic frame of ferns, and so perfect was the management that no hitch or mistake occurred during the changing scenes. While the stage was being rearranged, after the "Pictures" for the "Tableaux" Miss Uila Pollock, in Greek costume, gave a pantomime representing the emotions in a most effective and graceful manner.

The following is a copy of the programme:

LIVING PICTURES

PROGRAMME:

1. Little Sister, : : Miss Jameson
2. Priscilla, : : : Miss U. Pollock
3. Egyptian Lady, : : Miss Minor
4. Confession of Love, : Mrs. Murphy, Blount Mason
5. Tramp, : : Perry Heaton
6. Hugenots, Miss Merillat, Mr. Hal Heaton
7. What are the Wild Waves Saying? : Paul Jameson, Seymour Craigie
8. Bachelor's Dream—Bachelor: Mr. Black
   a. Summer Girl : : : Mrs. Murphy
   b. Seaside Girl : : : Miss Jameson
   c. Winter Girl : : : Miss W. Pollock
   d. Widow : : : Mrs. Marble
   e. Tennis Girl : : : Miss Minor
   f. Dancing Girl : : : Mrs. Sprague
   g. Bride : : : Miss Margaret Merillat
9. Pantomime : : : Miss Pollock

TABLEAUX.

1. Rebecca at the Well : Mrs. Marble
2. Rebecca and Isaac : Mrs. Marble and Mr. S. D. Mason.
3. Up on the Mountain : Miss Townsend
4. Down by the Sea : Miss Jameson
5. Secrets : Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Marble, Mr. Black
6. Fortune Teller : Mrs. Sprague, Mr. H. Heaton
7. Three Fates : Mrs. Marble, Mrs. Sprague, May Merillat
8. When Grandma Danced the Minuet Miss Townsend
9. Song—Music and Dance. Miss Minor, Miss Margaret Merillat and Mrs. Murphy.

The arrivals in Camp on August 21 were Miss Fuller and Miss Medora Fuller, of Washington, D. C. They were accompanied by Capt. John B. Bartlett, of the U.S. Navy.

BUGLE NOTES.

Another delightful progressive euchre party was given by Mr. Pollock on the evening of the 23rd August. The ladies' first prize was taken by Miss Fuller and the gentlemen's by Mr. Perry Heaton; the second by Miss Cromelien and Mr. H. W. Craigin; the booby, Miss May Jameson.

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Sunday, August 28, we had the happiness to welcome again to Camp our old friends, Messrs. James L. Murphy and Philip Metzger. Mr. Murphy was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Wm. H. Connolly.

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The day before the Cake Walk was the busiest day we've known in Camp. Preparations were made on a larger scale than heretofore. Several men had been working nearly a week, off and on, to build the bonfires. The big circus tent which is used every year as a dressing tent for the participants in the Cake Walk rose as if by magic into its place at the northwest corner of the Furnace Field and immediately off the Cake Walk grounds. The scene around the grounds all day was a very interesting one. The couples were rehearsing and practicing their parts for their portion of the programme. In the evening after supper the Little Chief announced a rehearsal by moonlight on the grounds. Promptly at the call of the bugle the young people gathered in the tent. After the rehearsal was over the second bugle was blown which was a signal for the party to be joined by the rest of the campers. Then a small bonfire was started in front of the tent and while the company enjoyed the picturesque scene the colored boys entertained them with a number of their songs; after which Mr. Pollock served to the entire company a very savory dish composed baked youn "coon" and sweet potatoes, followed by genuine New England pumpkin pie. Of course "coon" is not a regular dish with the boarders at Stony Man, but all hands seemed very glad for an opportunity to taste the dish which they have so often heard sung about and spoken of. After this the party returned to spend the night in nervous anticipation of the morrow.

BUGLE NOTES.

Mr. Pollock's Drum Major suit this year was far more effective than in former years. The entire costume was blue and gold, surmounted by a tall Drum Major's bear-skin hat. After acting as Drum Major for all the numbers except two, he disappeared to reappear a few minutes later as General LaFayette, with an entire change of costume. As no one had suspected that Mr. Pollock would take part in the Cake Walk it was quite a surprise, and now while speaking of the Cake Walk we will take the advice of Mr. Heaton and announce thus far in advance that all may prepare, that prizes will be given in the Cake Walk of '99 to the couples as follows:

1st—The cake will be presented to the couple who most perfectly carry out the walk and characters which they represent, and who make the best general impression.

2nd—Prize will be awarded to the couple wearing the most elaborate costume, taking into consideration every detail of elaborateness and elegance.

3rd—Prize to be awarded to the most comical couple.

4th—For the most original couple, originality of idea and its most successful reproduction being alone considered.

5th— Prize for the best couple representing historic characters.

6th—Prize for the most artistic representation of any couple in the Cake Walk.

In all probability by next year the prizes will consist of handsome silver medals with appropriate design and inscription.

We are grateful to Mr. A. G. Heaton for the following excellent account of the Cake Walk of '98.

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One of the most interesting things in connection with the Cake Walk is the selection by the various couples of the musical numbers which they wish the band to play when they walk for the cakes. This time is always a very trying one for the band leader.

THE STONY MAN CAMP CAKE WALK OF 1898.

A Cake Walk in the minds of the general public is a grotesque pastime of the negro population. At Stony Man Camp, as guests of recent years well know, it is an occasion that puts in evidence all the beauty, grace and gallantry of Skyland and displays surprising ingenuity, taste, variety and historical information in the costumes worn.

Each year has seen an advance in this event of the season and the Cake Walk of 1898, which occurred on Friday night, Aug. 26th, scored a distinct supremacy. It took place upon the tennis court on the field, as usual, at each end of which were heaps of brush and logs as high as a hay stack, and near by, a large tent as a waiting room for participants. A line of Chinese lanterns ran from this to a semi-circle of pine trees at the west side of the court for the band which William, our courteous head waiter and chief musician, had engaged in the valley. On the east side was the judges' bench on a green decked platform, flanked by rustic benches for the spectators. The weather had favored the occasion and the night was just cool enough to make the bonfires welcome. A half moon gently illumined the field and disclosed the beauty of the scene of such subsequent animation. The bugle gave its note of preparation at 8:30 and at 9 its summons for all to appear. Mysteriously draped groups then hastened to the tent and soon the leader of festivities, Mr. Pollock, appeared in the splendor of his drum major's uniform, and, on behalf of the participants, invited Mr. Cragin, Miss Medora Fuller and Mr. A. G. Heaton to act as judges.

Then the great piles of brush were lighted and countless sparks, that eclipsed the stars above, whirled upward as the glare of the bonfires illumined expectant faces and the blare of the band told of the pageant to come. The drum major first escorted out of the tent the prodigy of the Camp, Teddy Marble, three and a half years old, attired as Santa Claus, and a jolly little Nick he made. Then came, with due interval, nine couples of guests transformed by fancy and industry into the most varied and picturesque personages. Each couple passed from the tent to the west side of the court and then crossed it toward the judges in some prearranged manner of walk or dance—often most graceful in rendition. After deferential bows to the judges, the couples then retired to the southwest corner of the court. The next then appeared.

The following programme gives the order, characters and names of the couples and individuals participating:

OVERTURE — Band.

1 Introductory March : Drum Major.
2 Santa Claus : Master Teddy Marble.
2 Gipsy Couple : Miss A. Townsend, Paul Jameson.
3 Rose and Stem : Mrs. F. J. Marble, Mount Mason.
4 Oriental Couple : Miss Ella Pollock, R. J. Boyd.
5 Rastus on Parade : Mrs. E. S. Sprague, Harry Heaton.
6 Noble Knight and Lady : Miss M. Marshal, C. W. M. Black.
7 Neapolitan Couple : Miss M. Jameson, Perry Heaton.
8 Uncle Sam and Liberty : S. M. Bates, Miss Minor.
9 The Post and Star : Miss Bond, Miss Wellesca Pollock.
10 Queen of the Camp : Mrs. Louisa Pollock.
11 Lafayette and the Marquis : Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Pollock.
12 GRAND MARCH AND REVIEW OF PARTICIPANTS.
13 Intermission : Sunshine. Band.
14 Retiring March to the Dining Hall.
15 Fancy Dress—Virginia Reel at the Dining Hall.
16 Presentation of the Cake.

The drum major retired from his duties for promotion to a Marquis sometime before the 11th number of the programme, but Santa Claus hung about until late, in expectation of his natural right to present the cake, which privilege was overlooked. The parade and review of all the participating couples by the judges was the picturesque climax of the night and impressed anew the taste and ingenuity displayed.

The prizes to be awarded were as follows:

The Cake.—To the couple approaching the judges most gracefully, with consideration also of the characters they represented.

Prize 1.—To the Most Original Couple.

Prize 2.—To the Couple of the Richest Costume, and Most Elaborate in Every Detail.

Prize 3.—To the Most Amusing Couple.

Prize 4.—To the Most Artistic Couple.

These conditions had not been previously announced and the judges found it a very difficult task to adhere to them and justly reward the competitors, several couples of whom highly deserved prizes for historic, national, or other types of costume of much taste and effect that did not come under the conditions imposed. The judges think that hereafter a week's notice of these conditions should be given so that that the taste and toil of preparation could be duly directed, and that prizes for historic or national costume might well be added to reward such interesting and instructive types in our pageant.

The decisions finally agreed upon were as follows, under the restrictions mentioned: Miss Ada Townsend and Master Paul Jameson were awarded both the cake for the grace of their entrance and the prize for the artistic beauty of their gipsy costumes. Their entrance was in the nature of a dance and their costumes were admirably designed and bright with color and gilt.

Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Pollock, as Lafayette and the Marquis, were elegantly costumed in white satin and won indisputably the prize for elaborateness and richness of attire in every detail.

The prize for the most humorous couple was as promptly and unitedly assigned to Mrs. E. S. Sprague and Mr. Harry Heaton, as Rastus and his ebony sylph Dianah on parade. The inimitable dancing of the lady and the counter point exagerations of her tall gallant won the hilarity of the entire audience literally at every turn. Mrs. Sprague wore a creton dress of red and yellow with a parasol and hat to match, and Mr. Heaton a high hat, a sunflower and a coat trimmed in buff. The prize for the most original couple was given to Miss Wellesca Pollock and Miss Bond, arrayed in newspaper costumes made with much care and taste in conventional design. They had close competitors for this prize in the 'Rose and the Stem,' to which couple, indeed, many would have awarded it. Mr. Pollock and Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Heaton and Mrs. Sprague were also, be it said, close competitors for the cake itself.

Of other couples some special mention should be made. Mr. S. M. Bates seemed especially endowed by nature for the character of Uncle Sam, and Miss Minor, in the national colors, made a very attractive and graceful 'Liberty.' The oriental couple made picturesque use of material at hand, and Miss Pollock ushered her serene lord to the presence of the judges with most exceptional grace of movement and posture.

Miss Jameson and Master Perry Heaton were very artistically dressed in light attire (as Neapolitan

Fisher Boy and Flower Girl) and made a very pretty entrance, casting and catching flowers in their evolutions. They had quite a claim for artistic consideration. In the Noble Knight and Lady couple, Mr. Black wore a marvelously made and most realistic and effective armor of silver paper complete from head to foot, which should have had a special prize; and Miss Margaret Merillat, in black Elizabethan robe, and train with buff trimmings, made a stately and beautiful consort. Mrs. Marble as 'the Rose' enhanced her beauty by a very tasteful, ruffled dress of red tissue paper and Gainsborough hat; and Mr. Mason, closely wrapped in pale green, was an amusing 'Stem' in tall conical cap. A notable feature was the entrance of genial Mrs. Pollock, on a decorated rustic chair, borne by four uniformed attendants, to take jreindly part in her son's festival.

After the awarding of the prizes, which were souvenir spoons of equal value, in suitable boxes, a procession was formed about eleven o'clock and the judges, participants, and spectators followed the Band across the field to the dining-room, which had been cleared for a dance. There a Virginia Reel was formed by the costumed characters of the Cake Walk, and enjoyed with the usual spirit. As "Uncle Sam" had been, probably, too much interested in making the Spanish dance to care to dance himself, one of the judges took a "Liberty" in dancing with Miss Minor. The large double decker parallelogram of frosted cake was given and displayed for the admiration of the company before they dispersed at midnight, and upon being distributed the next day to all guests of the Camp, was pronounced well worthy of the great Stony Man Cake Walk of 1898.

A. G. H.

BUGLE NOTES.

Mrs. Fred. J. Marble gave a delightful dance on the evening of August 27th as a farewell to Miss Minor, who was to leave next day. Invitations were extended to the entire Camp, and those who had taken part in the Cake Walk came in their Cake Walk costumes. Not a little merriment was caused by the efforts of the dancers to keep out of the way of "Rastus," who at times occupied too much room to make it comfortable for the dainty Marquise de LaFayette and other dames of high degree. Dancing, with an intermission during which refreshments were served, was indulged in until 12 o'clock, and then as the guests were leaving a full chorus sang the new Camp farewell song composed by Mr. A.G. Heaton.

Miss Minor never looked better in her life than she did in her bright costume of our National colors with her long brown hair floating over her shoulders—and right here it might be well to remark that when the Band, during the Cake Walk programme, burst out in the strains of "The Red, White and Blue," and Uncle Sam and Liberty walked sedately over the course, it elicited more applause and enthusiasm than any other number on the programme.

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On Sunday evening, August 28th, a Song Service was held at Cliff Cabin, and as this was Mrs. Sprague's last evening in Camp the Cabin was filled to overflowing with friends who wished to spend a last evening in her genial society. Mrs. Sprague left Camp Monday afternoon, and since her departure we have all been sorrowful. Of all campers who have visited Skyland in the past years none have made more friends than she, adding to every occasion by her presence as she has. Our only consolation now that she has gone is that she leaves with the intention and expectation of spending the summer of '99 here. When it came time for her to leave the colored waiters marched down on the field, followed by a long procession of campers in twos and threes. The buglers played a march and the Little Chief led the way with his baton in hand, keeping time to the music. When we reached the tennis court some farewells were said, but almost the entire party went down the road below the Furnace Spring as far as the Gate, where the farewell chorus was sung. The words we now sing to this piece have been kindly written for us by Mr. A. G. Heaton. Sung to the tune of the "Soldier's Farewell" they express our sentiments exactly, and we thank Mr. Heaton for his happy thought. These are the words :

PARTING CHORUS.

We part, but while we grieve thee
Our comrade true believe thee.
Forget not thou sincerest,—
Let heavenly joys be dearest.
. . . . . .
Farewell! farewell! mid parting pain
We trust glad meeting here again.

Some of the more hardy trampers went with Mrs. Sprague to the foot of the mountain where the team awaited her.

THE POSTMAN.

"Hurrah the mail is coming!
The carrier is almost here,
We'll greet him with a merry cheer,
And with a voice as loud and clear
He sings: "The mail is here.
Come on now all,
Both great and small,
The mail, the mail is here."

Hurrah, the mail has come,
Hear what he says:
"My bag is full, and heavy, too,
I hope it holds good news for you;
But you must wait and see
And not impatient be,
For they have to assort the mail—
Impatience is of no avail."

Hurrah! the mail is here!
Please do not crowd!—out of his way!
Dear Postmaster, make no delay!
Tell me, have I a letter—
Or package—which is better.
Now all draw near,
The mail is here,
Hurrah; the mail is here!

L. P.

Stony Man Camp, Va., Aug. 27, 1898.

BUGLE NOTES.

The moon is now at its best, and the people here are enjoying to the fullest extent the beautiful moonlight nights. The weather has been warm, with a constant succession of beautiful clear days for nearly three weeks. On Tuesday, August 30th, a large party went to the Peak to enjoy the moon-light from there, and to witness the bonfires which had been prepared in advance. The party stayed up until nearly midnight enjoying to the fullest extent the beautiful view and the deliciously cool breezes.

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On Monday, August 29th, a party of trampers, including Miss Margaret Merillat, Mrs. Murphy, Messrs. Murphy, Connolly, Paul Jameson, Blount Mason, C. W. M. Black, Robert Black, Harry Heaton, Perry Heaton and the Little Chief, started for a trip down Dry Run Canon and up the stream. The day was very warm, but after getting deep down in the canon we found it sufficiently cool to make it necessary to keep exercising in order not to become chilly. The entire trip was made in about four hours, and we all arrived in Camp with a keen appetite.