BUGLE NOTES.
(The following articles were prepared for the last issue of the Bugle Call, but they were unfortunately left out—Ed.)

Our curiosity has been aroused for the past week by a rumor circling round Camp that Mrs. Boyd was at work upon two "first prizes" for Mr. Pollock's next progressive euchre party. What are these prizes? And when is the party to be? were the questions uppermost in our minds. At last the evening came and Mrs. Sprague was the fortunate winner of the latter's first prize, while for the gentlemen's Seymour Craigiu and Paul Jameson scored evenly, the latter being finally successful.

These prizes consisted of beautiful boxes, made from the natural moss covered birch bark, lined with pink satin, a very dainty combination,—one for handkerchiefs and the other for neck ties. The second prizes and booby were provided by Mr. A. G. Heaton, and were won by Miss Margaret Marilat, Mr. Seymour Craigiu, and Miss Ada Townsend, who is considered very lucky in carrying off the booby.

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Among the guests we have had the pleasure of greeting this week are Mrs. Jas. L. Murphy, of Washington, D. C., Rev and Mrs. Clarence Eberman, of Lancaster, Pa., Prof. Cha. Black, of Wilbraham. Mass., Mr. Robert Black of Nashua, N. H., and Miss Bond, of Washington. Prof. Black's arrival even at this late date, (Aug. 6th) is a timely one, inasmuch as he has saved the veracity of some of the old campers who talked of him and promised his appearance from day to day, all season, until many who are speeding their first season here, were just beginning to believe him a myth. Better late than never!

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At last the much-talked-of trip to White Oak Canon has been made, and it turned out to be the most eventful one ever started from Camp. The first incident, before even the start was made, was a "strike" by the baggage carriers which caused the whole crew of them to be ordered off the grounds by the "Little Chief." This resulted in a series of exciting incidents, which were followed by a terrific thunder-storm and cloud-burst just as the party reached the camping ground, which lasted six hours. A cave was found in which the little group took refuge, built a fire and remained during the night, while the great bulk of water, some hoisted by the flames, some icy cold, raged and leaped from gorge to gorge and over precipices and through these—the whole furnishing a complete beggars description, and one that probably will never be witnessed again. This fortunate little band of seven consisted of Mrs. Sprague, Miss Frances Wyatt, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Nita Pollock, Mr. Pollock and one other gentleman. A full description of this exceptional trip will be given in subsequent columns of the Bugle Call.

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The ladies of "Cliff Cabin" gave an impromptu dance on the evening of their return from White Oak. When supposed to be making up lost sleep, they were flying round issuing invitations and in half an hour all the young people who had collected. Jesse and Nelson were furnishing music for the old-fashioned square dances, the two-step and the waltz. As William was not present Miss Kate Evans called the figures and certainly it is to be congratulated on her success.

* * *

Wednesday afternoon, Mr. A. G. Heaton left here for a short visit to Philadelphia, and expects to return on or before Aug. 18th, and bring two of his sons and possibly some other gueste with him. Mr. Heaton entered so heartily into the Camp life that his absence even for a day is quite noticeable. The euchre party of Tuesday evening was given several days in advance of the date fixed in honor of Mr. Heaton's departure.

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A List of Tramps Which May Be Conveniently Taken From Stony Man Camp.

The first and easiest walk from Camp is to the summit of this mountain, where there are three distinct peaks from each of which may be had different views of the surrounding country, and should all be visited. Just back to the Peak may be taken in about twenty minutes, being not over one half a mile. Points of interest around the Peak are Stony Man Copper Mine, Glen Beulah, the Jumping-Off Cliff and the Rest. A mile beyond Stony Man is Little Stony Man, to which is one of the most difficult tramps or climbs rather, around here, and from it one can get a fine view of the Free State Hollow and the lovelier peaks and ranges of Stony Man mountain.

A short and easy trip is to Bushy Top which commands a splendid view; and half mile further on and below is Miller's Head, which can be reached only by a very rough walk. Many guests lost considerable interest in visiting the Parks' home, where the Camp laundry is located, and many go because it is a pleasant walk of one mile. About two miles beyond Parks' is Crescent Rock, a most enchanting spot, which no visitor to Stony Man should fail to see. A mile and a half beyond Crescent Rock is the Hawk's Head, a lofty mountain affording unparalleled views. The Richards Copper Mine due southeast from Parks' place, is also full of interest to trampers, with its deep, mysterious old shaft and beautiful specimens of copper ore. On the way there you should ask to be shown the "Cathedral"—an impressive grove of sproce and hemlock. The gigantic boulders one-eighth of a mile back of Camp are interesting places for rambles; and not a visit to Leila's Rock and a five-minute rest in "Polly's" Cave be
Omited. Very near Camp are Furnace Spring, Lover's Leap, Lover's Cliff and "Sunnest Rock." Of course the crowning trip is to White Oak Canon which, however, is quite difficult for all save the strong tramps. Two other trips fully as difficult, but not so long, are the ascent of Kettle Rock and Franklin's Cliff. A delightfully easy trip is to the Free State with return by way of Hugh's River. And finally are the one-day trips to Old Bag and Mary's Rock, which can only be undertaken by the hardiest. We believe this gives a list of the most interesting points around Stony Man, and should be carefully preserved by the prospective camper, that he may not fail to ask to see them all.

**A Personally Conducted Tour Through Free State Hollow.**

The following sketch of a trip to Free State Hollow will prove interesting, especially to those who have visited the place. The ladies who took the trip are Miss Wyatt, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Margaret Merillat, and Miss Juliette Graham. A more spunky crowd of trampers never left Camp. Although a most difficult walk the party took it with as much ease as if on a shopping expedition. For Miss Merillat and Miss Graham this was the first long walk, and it must be said right here they are trampers from "way back."

There were only five of us—the Little Chief and four girls, to say nothing of two dogs—but we possessed the courage of many more, for despite some threatening clouds and discouraging prophecies we left the Camp for Free State Hollow, which we were assured, was a ten-mile tramp.

What "Free State Hollow" I should like to know, but Miss Corbin, who is one of the leading citizens, could not inform me. He did confess to having seen some "big doin's" there, and looks as though he could tell interesting tales.

After our five mile tramp, however, it was about Mrs. Corbin and her pretty sister, Edmony, who prepared a most delicious dinner for us, that our interest chiefly centered. Such home-cured bacon, noisy in the fire, cherry preserves, and milk! There were other things, of course, but those items of the menu attracted us most strongly. All the cooking was done in dinner pot and skillet over the open fire.

The Hollow is quite a patriarchal little settlement, it seems—the stronghold of the Nicholson family. We were all delighted to trace characters and localities those which were described in Elizabeth Carroll Shipman's recent story, "Edmony."

Indeed, it was Edmony and one of her "beaux"—I am not authorized to announce an engagement, that belonging to the province of the society reporter—who met us in the corn field as we entered the Hollow.

"Edmony, are you married yet?" some one asked, with the freedom of an old friend.

"Law, no!" Edmony replied, tossing her pretty head, with its crisp waves of hair, the color of corn silk. She was highly amused and a bit flattered, I think, when we told her of her Ecliptic adventures in Miss Shipman's story.

The other side of the mountain life, its sordid prose, was illustrated in a cabin at which we stopped on our way down—a cabin occupied at the moment by six children ranging in age from six months' old twins to a girl of perhaps fourteen. In answer to our inquiry for her mother, she replied in a voice accented with the coloring of unaccustomed to speech as to those who were there Thursday, August 4th. The trip down was made by the usual route, with the customary stop at "Sis Dodson's Willie's," whose blackberry patch proved an entangling snare, then on to the camping ground. There dinner was enjoyed, savoury in itself, and rendered still more so by the Sputter's sauce of hugger, and then the campers proceeded to indulge in the doldrums, produced by good conscience, good scenery and a good dinner. But alas! for human plans, the storm god was abroad, and the glen grew dark and weird as the heavy clouds sank lower on the mountain tops. Soon his presence was announced by large rain drops, which increased to a steady pour and then to a torrent. Every rock seemed a spring and every tree a fountain, and the campers, with a patience born of helplessness, endured as best they might. Resolving that in case of a heavy storm the situation be untenable, the Little Chief had gone to find dryer quarters, and at the first let up the party started, bag and baggage, for a cave above the third fall. Up they went, over rocks slippery with rain,—through aretes, over gullies, through every crevice in the rock near by, and every leaf,—under trees which sent down additional showers as the wind tossed their limbs,—until, in spite of difficulties, they reached such a point of vantage that they could look far down the glen to other slopes and peaks, seen but dimly through the veil of mist which made even their rugged outlines exquisitely soft. Then onward and upward, until from behind a jutting rock there broke a ruddy glare. In a small cave at the foot of a lowering cliff roared a fire of huge logs, lighting up every crevice in the rock near by.

**A Stanza in Nature's Poem.**

Many and many a party has visited White Oak, but to few, if any, has the spirit of the Glen vouchsafed to show herself in such varying moods as to those who were there Thursday, August 4th.
and bringing out the figures of the men in bold relief, but powerless indeed to lift the thick pall of darkness which might have thrown over the stream were it not for the welcome haven reached the elements again put forth all their strength. The flood-gates of heaven seemed welcomed, and the steady roar of the rain was only broken by the rushing of the thunder. While the silent streams, nay the silent night, was thoroughly undermined or too slippery for safety, so the party climbed cautiously along the over-hanging banks where a mis-step would have plunged them into the swift current below. Up the face of the black cliff forming the Cataract Falls they crept, testing each ledge before trusting their weight to it,—regardless of the little streams, borne in the night, which rushed so merrily from every crack and crevice, and drenched them with such cheerful bedfellows,—never daring to look down at the dizzy depth, until, with a supreme effort, they reached the top, and could see the whole tortuous length of the fall with the volume of water dashed heavily down. A little farther, and they halted in breathless admiration at their first glimpse of the Bridal Veil. A hundred feet above them it spread, a dazzling mass of whiteness, a fairy veil drawn over the rugged cliff in sparkling, shimmering beauty, while high above it, on either side, rose another, steadily in the far, far distance, as thy ghostly light of the moon sifted through tangled underbrush to a faint view. While some watchers stood in awe and wonder, others made their way to the bottom of one of the great falls, and there, under the shadow of the moon sitting through heavy clouds,—drenched and blinded by the driving spray, they clung to the nearly perpendicular walls, lost to all sensations save those of the rushing, mighty waters hurled from the crag above into the mass of boiling foam at their feet.

As the hours stole on the night became gloriously clear, the moon shone unimpeded until daybreak brightened the heavens, and the rising sun crimsoned such fleecy clouds as still floated lazily against the blue. Nothing could have been more peacefully beautiful, and only the swollen stream remained to toll of the wild night that had just passed. As the party started on their homeward tramp, now beauties came in sight at every turn. The rocks in the bed of the stream were either completely submerged or too slippery to be crossed.
Marble in chic costume of white and dressed "a la Pompadour," of every one. Mrs. Fred J. and dressed "a la Pompadour," maiden hair ferns, hair powdered and dressed the dance, and now we tender our thanks for so delightful an event.—appeared in a light gauzy silk, with powdered hair, tastefully decorated the sprays of golden-rods. Among the gentlemen's costumes must not be overlooked the jaunty bicylce suit wore by Prof. Black, who carried fastened in his belt a large bouquet of nasturtiums; nor that of Mr. F. Eberman, who represented an East Indian prince with pince-nez glasses and dress. The most imposing figure, Mr. Scofield looked very handsomely in a Moorish costume. Mr. Blount Mason, who came as a little four-year-old, dressed Kate Greenway fashion, looked quite fetchingly from whether his broad hat and was responsible for a great part of the fun during the evening. Paul Jamison, in his simple low-necked gown of white muslin, carried out the part of a little girl charmingly. Master Seymour Craigie was daintily crowned in white, tastefully decorated with garlands of fern and golden-rods. He made a most attractive girl, his flowing flame locks—beauitiful in purpose, for to the eye of the reporter they bore a suspicious resemblance to raveled rope,—being crowned with ox-eyed daisies. Although so well known to all the campers, his most intimate friend could not have recognized in the gay and coquettish Rosalie, the business-like manager of our Camp, Mr. Pollock. He wore a ballet costume of black silk with crimson flounces on the skirt, and bows of crimson velvet trimming the waist. His hair was banged, curled and powdered. His hat was a crimson Gainsborough straw, elaborately trimmed with black ostrich plumes, with sprays of gladiolus, just to match the straw, arranged under the broad brim, giving a dash of sauciness which combined with the arrangement of crimson gladiolus across the dress made his appearance all that could be desired—especially as it inspired one young lady present to compose an appropriate little poem, which together with a bouquet of flowers, the Little Chief found at his plate at dinner next day.

**BUGLE NOTES.**

Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, the ladies of Cliff Cabin gave a farewell dance to Miss Kate Evans, and as usual, ladies came to play an important roll. After the dance had progressed a while, a proposition was made to practice a few figures for the coming 

"A German," Mrs. James L. Murphy and the Little Chief led the figures and for over an hour the other couples followed, showing by their keen interest in the dance that the "German" will be counted among the greatest events of the season. It must be confessed, however, that this evening's enjoyment was added a touch of sadness, for did it ever occur to you that one whose place cannot be filled was going from our midst? In losing Miss Evans we lose one who has added by her cheerful disposition and engaging manners to every social event and trumph of the season.

The demand for cabins this season has been greater than ever before, but the demand for tents has not been so great. Consequently as the cabin room is very limited, we have not been able to accommodate over forty guests at one time. Many people who desire the cabins would be perfectly satisfied with the tents if they only knew how comfortable the tents are. Although this season has been a damp one, Mrs. Boyd and little Reginald have occupied a tent during the entire summer and the little one has not had even one cold. Next year Mr. Pollock expects to have another cabin similar to the one built by Mr. Metzger, except a little larger. It will be situated on the edge of the field only a few rods from the dining hall, to which already the shingles and logs are being hauled. Although we have had larger crowds at Camp, there has never been a more appreciative one. Without exception, the people have proven the theory advanced by Mr. Pollock in the spring, that fifty people could live together in absolute harmony. No cliques, no setas, but all as one family in our social intercourse. This season has been a bright star in the list of seasons, the inspiration with it to be the model after which coming seasons may be fashioned. With many of the delightful friends we have met this year coming back next summer, together with many of our old friends who will be back again, the season of '99 is certain to prove a marvelous success socially, numerically, and we hope financially.

**Tuesday evening, August 9th, the rain fell in torrents, so all the young people remained in the dining hall after dinner, and for three hours were entertained by the various talented members of the company. The recitations by Miss Townsend, "Seein Things at Night," a selection from Brer Rabbit stories, and the "Song of the Spinning Wheel," sent up wild cheer from the audience. Miss Jamison recited in her natural and most charming style. After the rig was forgotten.

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