





### BUGLE NOTES.

Scarcely had the mail arrived on the evening of July 16th, when our Camp was thrown into a wild state of delight by the longed-for tidings that Santiago had fallen. In a moment the cry was taken up and cheer after cheer given by the guests assembled on the dining-hall piazza. Even the cooks and waiters went wild with delight; and the shouting of fire-arms and smell of gun powder contributed not a little to the outburst of patriotism. Then the "Little Chief" called out his employes and set them to work preparing a huge bon-fire. As if by magic the brush and logs rose in a conical mass, twenty feet in air, on the jagged edge of "The Cliff." As darkness closed around the torch was applied, and the promise of the Little Chief to celebrate the victory by having the biggest bon-fire of the season was more than fulfilled. Then came cheers for the army, the navy, Santiago, Uncle Sam, Stony Man and the Little Chief. The Furnace Field was aglow with light from the far-reaching flames, and the breezes carried to the surrounding peaks the heartfelt strains of "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of Liberty, of thee, I sing!"

"Jack" is the name of our pet coon. He has been with us since he was a tiny ball of fur, three years ago. At first he was allowed to roam around the Camp at his own sweet will, but now he is chained on a platform under a spreading chestnut tree. Jack mostly spends his days sleeping, but at night is quite lively. He loves fresh cherries and ham bones—"nice and sweet"—is very gentle, and allows the ladies to scratch his head. As he keeps himself very clean he was quite indignant several days ago when one young lady refused to pause at his platform, saying disdainfully, "all coons look alike to me!"

Every one who comes to Camp gets sleepy. This is peculiar to the place. Immediately upon arrival each one is taken with a drowsiness which is surpassed only by the fierce appetite which follows—so the new comer is interested for the first few days in eating and sleeping only. The next symptom is a desire for tramping, dancing, or joining in any pastimes that may be proposed.

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One of the old land-marks of the Camp has passed away. Sheppie is no more. To all who knew this faithful dog, this will be sad news, indeed. Of all wise, sympathetic dogs, Sheppie headed the list. She was a Scotch collie, and first gained our admiration several years ago, when by her aid a mountaineer captured a large and fierce wild-cat; Sheppie, by seizing and holding the animal, enabled the mountaineer to bring his prize into Camp. The man who owned the dog was afterward employed by Mr. Pollock as watchman during the winter months, and thus Sheppie became a permanent resident. Her particular friend was Miss Ella Bates, whose cabin she made her home for the two past summers. She also singled out Mr. Black as her friend, but we are sure these two will not be the only ones to shed a silent tear for her loss. Sheppie seemed to have no particular sickness, but grew gradually weaker and weaker till a sight of her was really pathetic.

On Tuesday, July 12, Mrs. E. S. Sprague and Miss Kate Evans left camp for a two weeks' journey in the vicinity of the Great Lakes. They spend the whole time on the private car which met them at Luray, except when sailing or driving to points of interest not directly on the route of their car. But even with this delightful trip in view they were loath to leave Stony Man; and now we are looking with pleasure to July 25th, when they again will be with us. On the evening of their departure Mr. S. Blount Mason gave a "consolation" dance, and though we were filled with vain regrets at the absence of our two friends, the bracing atmosphere and fine music furnished by the Camp Orchestra, together with our host's cheerful hospitality, made us highly enjoy the evening.

Misses Ida Daly and Grace Ravenburg, members of a party of four young ladies who occupied the "Darkam Cabin" last season, will take an extended tour through the north. The Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain will be visited by them. We extend to them our best wishes for a pleasant journey.

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Bright and early Monday, July 11th, a party started from Camp for a one day trip to White Oak Canyon. In the party were Miss I. P. Evans, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Welleska Pollock, Miss Virginia Minor, Mr. C. T. Daly, Mr. S. B. Mason, and last, but not least, the "Little Chief." The party came tramping into Camp about 9:30 p. m., tired and hungry, but with sufficient energy left to rouse the whole Camp with merry songs, and to lull it to repose again with the soft, low notes of "Home, Sweet Home." Six pounds of trout were caught and served as part of a delicious dinner, on the flat rocks half way down the Canyon. The largest of the trout weighed one pound. The day was absolutely perfect for mountain climbing.

Miss I. P. Evans and Mr. S. Blount Mason gave a "candy pull" at Cliff Cabin last Wednesday evening, and we had a delightfully sticky time. The molasses was boiled in a caldron over the open fire, and the guests amused themselves by alternately stirring the foaming kettle and retiring to the veranda to cool off. To say every one had a pleasant time is unnecessary, as Miss Evans' capabilities as a hostess are so well known. Her constant effort seems to be to provide pleasure for others.

Next Monday, July 25th, a large number of Campers will leave here for a two-day trip to White Oak, and we sincerely trust that Prof. Black will arrive before then, as we can scarcely imagine ourselves getting along on such an occasion without him. We regret exceedingly that our old friends, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Hamlin, and others, will not be here in time to go with us.

Luray visitors to the Camp every week. Though always within the shadow of the peaks, they never fail to see new beauties of mountain, vale and stream with each recurring visit.

Mrs. L. B. Lair and Miss Dorothy Lair are, we understand, spending the summer at Black Island.

The trill of the merry mountain songsters is one of the many charms of the Camp.

### The Valley Sweet.

When the rough road turns there's a valley sweet—  
 Where the ships are started and fair;  
 We'll forget the thorns and the noontide heat  
 And rest in the rose there.  
 And the dusk of the dreary, weary night  
 Will be lost at last in the morning light.  
 Where the rough road turns there's a haven  
 bliss,  
 Where the ships at anchor ride,  
 And the sea winds sing sweet songs of rest  
 Over the dreamland tide;  
 Where the tempests fade from a coast ashore,  
 And the sails are furled forever more.  
 O rest in the beautiful valley sweet,  
 And rest in the haven still.  
 What though the storm on the brave ships  
 beat—  
 Though the storms are keen to kill?  
 Let us dream that the dusk of the dreary  
 night  
 Will be lost at last in the morning light.

### "Man Wants But Little Here Below."

A little glade,  
 A little shade,  
 A little dear and dimpled maid.  
 A little brook,  
 A little bank,  
 A little fishing line and hook.  
 A little chaff,  
 A little laugh,  
 A little cup of wine to quaff.  
 A little chaos,  
 A little quack,  
 A little kiss beneath the trees.  
 A little hand,  
 A little hand,  
 A little pledge—you understand!  
 A little "aplice,"  
 A little rice,  
 A little glimpse of paradise!

"You know, dear," said Miss Dolyers, frankly, to her accepted suitor, "you know we get none of papa's money while he lives."  
 "I quite understand that, my precious pet," replied the young man, with the light of love in his eyes. "We will invite him to live with us, put a folding bed in his room, and hope for the best."

*Bill*—Did you ever try any of Small's 25 cent dinners?

*Jill*—Yes, I ate three of them to-day at noon!

*Gerald*—There are microbes in kisses.

*Geraldine*—The dear little things.

Men and carpets are alike, for they are kept down by tax.

EXTRA COPIES

"BUGLE CALL"

ON SALE

AT THE OFFICE.

As a rule a "promising young man" is not as popular as a paying young man.

When some men tell the truth their friends regard it as a joke.

There is something crooked about the man who is bent on evil.

## J. Y. Brown & Co.

.....Has the.....

MOST UP-TO-DATE STORE  
 IN LURAY.

A Full Line of Groceries.

Lowey's Chocolate Don-Done, 10 and 25 Cents per Pound. Cheapur Candies from 10 Cents per Pound up.

Our Cottage Owners will find here a fine line of Furniture, Lamps, Glass and Queensware, Cutlery, Cigars & Tobacco.

OUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

## The Nearest Store

...to Stony Man Camp is...

## Lucas' Country Store.

Give your orders for Steak Candy, Soda, Dry Goods, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Rice, Beans, and

Nations of all kinds.

10 Cans Four and ten to GET GOODES AT LUCAS' STORE.

## VISITORS AT STONY MAN CAMP

Will find it profitable to purchase all their

JEWELRY, CLOCKS, ETC.,

.....of.....

GEO. W. SPIER,

J. WELER.

310 9th St. N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

Will also make a specialty of Go-Nuggeting Watches.

## LURAY CIGAR FACTORY,

JAS. A. CRIM, PROPRIETOR.

MANUFACTURER OF

"Double Extra Brand" 5 Cents Each,  
 "Lucky Charms Brand" 5 Cents Each,  
 "Spanish Beauties" 10 Cents Each,  
 "Havana Treasures" 2 for 1 Cent.

### Your Particular Attention

Is called to the first three mentioned brands. No better cigars can be had for the money.

Mail your orders or send by the Mail Cavalier.

## SPEND YOUR VACATION

AT.....

## STONY MAN CAMP.

The Most Elevated Resort in Virginia.

At an Altitude of 4000 Feet

Above the Sea Level,

The Cool Breezes

Blow all the Summer.

### YOU WILL SEE

The World-Famous Luray Caverns,  
 Wonderful Fairy-Like Sunsets—  
 and Cloud Effects.  
 Towering Mountain Peaks—  
 and Flowing Cuts.  
 The Shenandoah Valley—  
 1500 Feet Below Camp.  
 The Curious "Cascades of White Oak Canyon."  
 The Native Mountaineers in their  
 Dances and Pastimes.  
 The Rustic Bark-Covered Cabins.

You will witness and take part in the BIG CAMP FIRES and DANCES, with music furnished by the "Jackabee Musicians."

In fact, after spending one season at Stony Man, you will wish to be there every succeeding summer. There is no other place like it.

.....IS UNIQUE,  
 NOVEL,  
 ORIGINAL.

Send for Illustrated Souvenir Booklet, with comments on scenery and surroundings, what we do at Camp, how to reach Stony Man Camp, a full description of Camp and Testimonials.

## MANSION INN,

LURAY, VA.

WALTER CAMPBELL,

PROPRIETOR.

Complete in Modern Appointments, Electric Lights, Hot Baths, Cold Baths, and other conveniences found in a Modern House.

Sparkling Spring Lithia Water.

Travelers Bound for Stony Man

Should Stop Over Night at Mansion Inn While in Luray.

All Passengers are Driven up the Mountain by Campbell's Livery Teams, Modern Vehicles, Good Horses, and Prompt and Attentive Drivers.

REASONABLE RATES.