BURGLES

On July 12th, at 11 a.m., six horses came prancing across the Furnace Field, bringing a number of new campers. The morning was a most auspicious one for the arrival of goods, and the new arrivals seem perfectly delighted with what they have already seen of their surroundings. After eating one dinner here they say we have a champion cook, and that they never ate more delicious vegetables; and join with us in challenging any summer resort to show a greater array of products of the soil. The first question each new guest asks, is "where do you get such delicious vegetables?" The new arrivals are Mrs. Townsend, Miss Ada Townsend, Mrs. A. D. Jackson, and Miss May Jameson. Miss Stemple, Mr. H. W. Craigie and Paul Jameson. Mrs. Townsend and party are located in "The Cabin of the Seven Chestnuts." By the way, this cabin was given its name by Mr. Clifford Barbee of New York, and the name being so appropriate we think it well acceptable to the ladies here; if so, he certainly succeeded. "Farewell, Captain, and be sure of a hearty welcome at the Cake Walk in August.

The cabin formerly known as the "Shingle House" has recently undergone a radical change both exteriorly and interiorly. A very handsome birch mantel has been put in, the bark work of which was done by Mr. Pollock himself in a most artistic style. The ceiling is of white poplar. The rustic porch which has been added to the front makes this cabin present the most attractive appearance of any on the mountain. There are no other changes in the buildings contemplated for this season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Parker Cotter will not be with us this season, but instead will attend the meetings of the Library Association to be held in Canada. Mr. Cotter is an enthusiastic hunter, and no doubt an outing near Canadian trout streams will only serve to increase his fame in this line.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Murphy, of Murphy, La., a most interesting letter. It is to be regretted that he will not be with us this season but he promises to come early and stay late next season, which is encouraging. Mr. Murphy says: "I only wish I could be with you this season. The mountain would feel better acquainted and would not be so lonely. Remember me to all the Stony Man people, and tell them how I would enjoy being with them again."

BURGLES

Mr. Clifford Barbee has just left here to attend the unveiling of the statue to be erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, at Luray, Va., July 21. This statue is the work of Mr. Barbee's brother, the well-known sculptor, Mr. Barbee, whose stay here we enjoyed so much, is manager for one of the largest wholesale carpet firms in New York city, and is a personal friend of Rev. Dr. Bitting, whom we all remember so pleasantly. Mr. Barbee is a great lover of nature and he almost lived in the woods or by the streams with his gun and rod for companions. He made one trip to White Oak Canyon, with two guides to aid him in selecting the best fishing streams. He did not have such very good luck, catching only 18 trout in the afternoon—enough for a fry. Mr. Barbee was given a "big send off" when he left us. All the campers gathered round him on the Furnace Field, and putting songs, good wishes waving of handkerchiefs and; last of all, as his carriage passed over the ridge, the clarion notes of the bugle rang out a last farewell.

As there was nothing else on foot for Wednesday evening, the colored help seized the opportunity to do some of the entertainments; and assisted by the mountainers, gave a musical show at the dining hall. The most successful song of the evening was rendered by Nelson McGowan, accompanied by a full chorus, imitating various musical instruments. The title of the song is, "Come, So Hard Up." Coming visitors should request this song. It is "suave." Lillie Spigner sang "On the Banks of the Wabash" with great expression, receiving two encore. There were recitations, dances by mountainers, speeches by Sam Burns, and a representation of an old darky camp-meeting. The singers became particularly excited during the rendition of "Give God Glory" shook hands and shouted. Altogether the concert was a success, and we are pleased to hear that there will be several more during the season.
BUGLE NOTES.

The arrival of Mr. A. G. Heaton July 30th was celebrated in the evening by a big bonfire. "The Chief." All the Campers, to many of whom a Stony Man Camp fire was a novel sight, were present, the bright face of little Reginald Boyd being the only one missing from the group. Reginald is one of the most important personages on the mountain, but owing to his extreme youth his mother insists that his debut at camp-fires must be reserved for next season. At the request of a number of his friends, Master Ted Marble was allowed to remain up after his usual bed-time to enjoy the bonfire. Three-year-old Ted was most delighted with the dance of the mountaineers and made a pretty picture trying to imitate it, prancing round in the light among the daisies which towered above his head.

* * *

To persons who come here soon after season there is an appearance of incompleteness about Camp until the picturesque group of tents which has orna-
mented the grounds round "Indian Rock" so many seasons springs up from among the fogs, and the Yale colors float over the rustic gates which lead to what Mr. Heaton's artistic tastes, assisted by generous nature, have made the most beautiful spot on the mountain.

* * *

At 6 a.m., July 22nd, we were agreeably surprised at the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Sprague, who has returned from their outing in the West. They have promised to give us an account of their interesting adventures, which will be published in The Bugle Call. These ladies were joined at Laramie by Miss Nita A. Pollock, and enjoyed the early ride up the mountain together. Miss Pollock expects to remain here until October.

* * *

On Saturday, July 23rd, the Misses Martha and Mrs. Graham, of Washington, and Miss Wyatt, of Baltimore, will join us. Also, Miss Minnie Fuller, and her sister, Mrs. Alleman, both of whom visited Camp three years ago. Those among us who met them are much pleased to hear of their expected return.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

[After some prophecy, not fittingly finished, written by Joaquin Mil eighteen years ago.]

Oh, my son, my soul's delight, my joy, my pride! Henceforth you shall do only the best. Your name shall be known. You may be sure of a hearty welcome. After this "poor" we bear Campbell's livery will not be sufficient to accommodate the rush for Stony Man.

Sheppee.

A French writer has aptly said, "the more I know of men, the more I like dogs!" An intelligent dog is an ideal companion for a ramble, and you may be sure of a hearty welcome. After this "poor" we bear Campbell's livery will not be sufficient to accommodate the rush for Stony Man.

A Pointer for the Young Men.

We believe that the young men who intend visiting Camp this season will thank us for calling your attention to the fact that never before has such an army of bright and talented young women graced the mountain. Do not postpone your visit till late in the season after season there is an appearance of incompleteness about Camp until the picturesque group of tents which has orna-
mented the grounds round "Indian Rock" so many seasons springs up from among the fogs, and the Yale colors float over the rustic gates which lead to what Mr. Heaton's artistic tastes, assisted by generous nature, have made the most beautiful spot on the mountain.

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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. The trill of the merry mountain songsters is our only answer to the contest of patriotism. Then the "Little Chief" called out his employes and set them to work preparing a large bonfire. As if by magic the brush and logs rose in a colossal mass, twenty feet in air, on the jagged edge of "The Cliff." As darkness closed around the torch was supplied, and the promise of the Little Chief to celebrate the victory by having the biggest bonfire of the season was more than fulfilled. These came chairs 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 indifferent several days ago when one young lady refused to pass 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 surpasscd 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.

BUGLE NOTES.

One of the old landmarks of the Camp has passed away. Sherrpia is no more. To all who knew this faithful dog, this will be sad news, indeed. Of all wise, sympathetic dogs, Sherrpia 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 wildcat, Sherrpia, 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. Black as his friend, but we are told that the only one to shed a silent tear for her loss seemed to have no particular sickness, but grew gradually weaker and weaker till a night of her was perfectly 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 spent the whole day on the private car which met them at Luray, except when eating or during the winter months, and thus Sherrpia becomes a permanent resident. Her particular friend was Miss Ella Bates, whose cabin she made her home for the past two summers. She also singled out Mr. Black as her friend, but we are told that the only one to shed a silent tear for her loss Sherrpia seemed to have no particular sickness, but grew gradually weaker and weaker till a night of her was perfectly pathetic.

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Next Monday, July 25th, a large number of Campers will leave here for a two-day trip to White Oak Canyon. We sincerely trust that Prof. Black will arrive before them, 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. Hamblin, and others, will not be here in time to go with us.

Lucury 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 succeeding 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 long road turns, there's a Valley sweet
Where the ships are ordered and fair.
We'll forget the thorns and the damp heather foot
And walk in the green path.

And as we walk along, and we see the distant hills,
Well, it's like a magic light that's making us fly.
We're in the valley, and there's a sweet smell around us.
What a wonderful sight.

Where the ships are ordered, and the fields are green,
And the sun shines on the mountains.
We'll walk in the valley, and the sky is blue.
What a beautiful scene.

Man wants but little here below,
A little glance, a little smile, a little breath.

A little glance, a little smile, a little breath.
A little laugh, a little song, a little dance.

“Man wants but little here below,”
And as we walk along, and we see the distant hills,
Well, it's like a magic light that's making us fly.
We're in the valley, and there's a sweet smell around us.
What a wonderful sight.

A little glance, a little smile, a little breath.
A little smile, a little laugh, a little song.

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