The Bobbsey Twins at the county fair

Hope Laura Lee
UP WENT THE BALLOON, TAKING FLOSSIE AND FREDDIE WITH IT.

The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair. Frontispiece—(Page 157)
The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair

BY
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The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. The Broken Bridge</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. &quot;There's a Snake!&quot;</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The Merry-Go-Round</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. A Missing Coat</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Sam is Worried</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Happy Days Coming</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. The Crying Boy</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Angry Mr. Blipper</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. The Big Swing</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. Down a Big Hole</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. The County Fair</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. On the Track</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. In the Cornfield</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. Freddie and the Pumpkin</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. Up in a Balloon</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. On the Island</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. The Searching Party</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. On the Rocks</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. Two Little Sailors</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. A Happy Meeting</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. Bert, Nan and Bob</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. Joyous Times</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE COUNTY FAIR

CHAPTER I

THE BROKEN BRIDGE

"Aren't you glad, Nan? Aren't you terrible glad?"

"Why, of course I am, Flossie!"

"And aren't you glad, too, Bert?" Flossie Bobbsey, who had first asked this question of her sister, now paused in front of her older brother. She looked up at him smiling as he cut away with his knife at a soft piece of wood he was shaping into a boat for Freddie. "Aren't you terrible glad, Bert?"

"I sure am, Flossie!" Bert answered, with a laugh. "What makes you ask such funny questions?"

"Well, if you're glad why doesn't you wig-
gle like I do?" asked Flossie, without answering Bert. "I feel just like wigglin' and squigglin' inside and outside!" she added.

"Well, wiggle as much as you please, dear, but don't get your dress dirty, whatever you do," advised Nan, with the air of a little mother, for she felt that she must look after her smaller sister, since Mrs. Bobbsey was not there to do it.

"Oh, I won't get my dress dirty!" laughed Flossie. "'Cause if I do——"

"'Cause if you do you can't go to the picnic!" finished Freddie, who was so interested in watching brother Bert make the little wooden ship that he forgot all about talking.

"I'm just goin' to wiggle standin' up," Flossie said, and she did so, squirming about in delight at the fun which was soon to come.

"Don't forget your 'g' letters!" called Nan, shaking her finger at her sister. "You must say 'going' and 'standing' not 'goin', my dear, or 'standin', you know."

"Yes, I know. But when you feel like wigglin'—I mean wigglING," and Flossie said the last syllable very loudly, "why, then you
THE BROKEN BRIDGE

don't think about 'g' letters; do you, Freddie?"

"I don't guess so," he answered, not taking
his eyes off the knife that was flashing in Bert's
hand, making the white slivers of wood scatter
over the green grass.

"Oh, I just can hardly wait till the auto
truck comes; can you, Nan?" asked Flossie,
dancing over the lawn like a fairy in a play.
"Oh, I'm so glad it doesn't rain!" and she
looked anxiously up at the sky as if some cloud
might float across the wonderful blue and spoil
the day of pleasure.

"Yes, the weather is lovely," agreed Nan.
"And if you don't think so much about it,
Flossie, the truck will get here all the sooner."

"But I like to think about it!" cried Flossie.
"It's the same as Christmas! The more you
think about it the more fun it is! Oh, I'm
going to look down the road and see if the
truck is coming!"

Down toward the front gate she skipped,
the big bow of ribbon on her hair flapping up
and down like the wings of some great blue
butterfly.

"Be careful about climbing on the gate!"
warned Nan. "If you get rusty spots on your white dress they won't come out!"

"I'll be careful," Flossie promised, calling back over her shoulder, and, as she tripped along she sang: "We're going to a picnic! We're going to a picnic!"

"I think I'd better watch her so she won't soil her clothes," said Nan, getting up from a bench, where she had been sitting beside the boxes and baskets of lunch. "It would be too bad if she should get her dress dirty and couldn't go."

"I'm not going to get my clothes dirty, am I, Nan?" asked Freddie, as he looked at his white blouse.

"I hope not," Nan answered.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from Bert, as Nan started down the path toward Flossie.

"Ouch!" cried Bert.

"What's the matter?" Nan asked quickly.

"Cut myself!"

"Oh! Oh, dear!" screamed Freddie, who did not like the sight of the red blood which oozed from the end of his brother's finger.