

THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE COUNTY FAIR



LAURA · LEE · HOPE

Project Gutenberg's The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair, by Laura Lee Hope

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair

Author: Laura Lee Hope

Release Date: September 26, 2005 [EBook #16756]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BOBBSEY TWINS AT THE ***

Produced by Marilynda Fraser-Cunliffe, Emmy and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF "THE BOBBSEY TWINS SERIES,"

**This book, while produced under
wartime conditions, in full compliance
with government regulations
for the conservation of paper
and other essential materials, is
COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED**

NEW YORK
GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS

Made in the United States of America
COPYRIGHT, 1922, by GROSSET & DUNLAP
The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair



"OH, LOOK! FREDDIE'S IN A RACE!" CRIED FLOSSIE.
The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair
Frontispiece ([Page 133](#))

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE BROKEN BRIDGE	1
II. "THERE'S A SNAKE!"	14
III. THE MERRY-GO-ROUND	25
IV. A MISSING COAT	34
V. SAM IS WORRIED	48
VI. HAPPY DAYS COMING	57
VII. THE CRYING BOY	68
VIII. ANGRY MR. BLIPPER	79
IX. THE BIG SWING	89
X. DOWN A BIG HOLE	99
XI. THE COUNTY FAIR	108
XII. ON THE TRACK	121
XIII. IN THE CORNFIELD	129
XIV. FREDDIE AND THE PUMPKIN	139
XV. UP IN A BALLOON	148
XVI. ON THE ISLAND	158
XVII. THE SEARCHING PARTY	167
XVIII. ON THE ROCKS	173
XIX. TWO LITTLE SAILORS	182
XX. A HAPPY MEETING	194
XXI. BERT, NAN AND BOB	199
XXII. JOYOUS TIMES	207

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 wiggle 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 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.

"Oh, don't get any on my clean blouse, else I can't go to the picnic!"

Bert, who had popped the cut finger into his mouth as soon as he felt the hurt, now took it out to laugh.

"That's all you care about me, Freddie!" he joked. "I cut my finger, while making you a little boat, and all you care about is that I mustn't dirty your white blouse! I'll make you a lot more ships—I guess not!"

"Oh, but I am sorry for you!" Freddie declared. "Only I do so want to go to the picnic!"

"Yes, I know," Bert went on, seeing that Freddie was taking his talk too seriously. "I won't get any blood on you!"

"Is it much of a cut?" asked Nan "Do you want me to get the iodine?" Their Mother had taught the Bobbsey twins not to neglect hurts of this kind, and iodine, they knew, was good to "kill the germs," whatever that meant. Iodine smarted when put into a cut, but it was better to stand a little smart at first than a big pain afterward, so Daddy Bobbsey had said.

"Oh, it isn't much of a cut," Bert said. "I guess I don't need any iodine. You'd better go look after Flossie. The trucks may be along any time now, and we don't want to keep them waiting."

"All right. But you'd better not whittle any more on that boat or you may cut yourself so bad you can't go to the picnic."

"Let the boat go!" advised Freddie. "It's good enough, anyhow, and I want you to go to the picnic, Bert."

"All right. The little ship is almost finished, anyhow. I just have to make about three more cuts and then I'm done."

His finger had stopped bleeding—indeed the cut was a very small one—and Bert was soon putting the last touches to the tiny craft which Freddie wanted to sail in the little lake at the picnic grounds.

Just as Bert handed the homemade toy to his brother, and when Nan reached Flossie, in time to stop her from climbing on the gate, a noise of honking horns was heard down the street.

"Oh, here they come! Here come the trucks!" cried Flossie, dancing up and down.

"Get the lunch!" called Freddie, to make sure they would not go hungry on the picnic.