

County Fair.

A Good Sum Netted for Establishing Library.

The county fair which took place Tuesday, the 23rd, at West Gouldsboro brief mention of which was made in our last issue, proved an unexpected success, both from a financial and an artistic point of view. The idea of the fair originated with Mr. Samuel R. Maxwell, the talented young Unitarian preacher who has filled the pulpit at West Gouldsboro during the summer. Mr. Maxwell is a firm believer in the free library which at present West Gouldsboro does not possess. Realising the necessity of a fund for this purpose, and recalling the "County Fair" scheme, which has met with overwhelming success in other country towns, he suggested to his parishioners this method of raising money, and the feasibility of filling the grounds of the beautifully situated town house with appropriate booths, and various other suitable attractions.

The idea was eagerly seized upon. Mr. E. E. Soderholtz, the well known artist, who has a summer residence here, at once offered his services and drew plans for the fencing-in, the arrangement of booths and decorations, in accordance with the views of the executive committee, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Soderholtz and Mr. Oric Bates.

Those who visited the fair on the perfect summer day of the twenty-third, will long remember the admirable carrying out of these plans. The fence of tall cedar trees was interspersed at regular intervals by masts upon which hung wreaths, parti-colored banners and the long ropes of cedar garlands which extended along the entire front to the picturesque gate. The two lines of cedar-thatched booths within the enclosure were brought into harmonious relations by more garlands strung from poles, marking the corners and divisions of the booths, and adorned with banners and wreaths studded with bright red apples, looking like bits of Renaissance decoration. On the eminence at the rear of the grounds were the cedar huts, holding the marvels of the fair.

The town house interior was turned into a cedar bower and held the long tables at which the several hundred visitors were served with dinner and supper.

On the counters of the booths were shown a most attractive collection of articles. At the sea and woodland booth were original fabrications from birch-bark, bay and balsam pillows, bunches of sweet grass and rosemary, genuine driftwood, and beautiful shells.

Delicious home-made confections were offered at the candy booth; and many dainty pieces of handiwork were contributed by ladies of the town to the fancy-work booth. At the Arts and Crafts booth were beautiful specimens of photography; unique paper-weights in which were imbedded Indian arrow-heads and bits of pottery, found in the clam-shell deposits on the shore at West Gouldsboro; original limericks, or nonsense-rhymes, by Mrs. Margaret Deland, Miss Alice Brown, Miss Mary Knight Potter, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, Mr. Arlo Bates, and other writers, and a quantity of things besides. The cake, ice cream, lemonade and cigar booths were also generously supplied. A wonderful grab-bag was most happily constructed by building an evergreen bower upon a small fruit tree growing in the center of the midway, and hanging from its branches dozens of oranges, every one of which contained a prize. It was a decided misfortune that this picturesque feature of the grounds was denuded of its color long before the fair closed.

The various marvels of the midway were steadily patronized. First among them was the far seeing gypsy fortune teller, Crètonnitta, the persuasiveness of whose tongue was so beguiling that the crowd seemed drawn to her doors as by a magnet, for eager visitors were tolled into her lodge one by one during the entire day by her loyal subject and staunch protector, the picturesque Alberto.

Equally potent as an attraction was the ferocious wild man, chained in his pit, clothed in skins, momentarily (except during dinner hour), brandishing the bones of unwary victims, and heralded by a keeper of stentorian voice, he was looked down upon, so receipts indicated, by the entire populace. The aquarium, containing the genuinely interesting products of Jones' slip, and Jones' pond, and presided over by an enthusiastic attendant in appropriate garb, was another center of absorbing interest.

The three legged chicken, the purple cow, and the herculean feats of the strong man coined many a penny; and the shooting gallery, under the skillful management of Phillip, the favorite sportsman, rung off far more quarters to the good than it did five-for-two cigars to the bad.

The hall was a scene of tireless activity all day long and far into the night. To know the ladies of the town is to know of the good things there would be to eat. It is not surprising therefore that crowds sat at the bountiful tables at dinner and supper, nor that visitors from Bar Har

The Village Fair

West Gouldsboro, Maine.

ADMIT ONE.