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THE COMICAL GAME

... OF ...

The Squashville County Fair

A READING GAME

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THE SQUASHVILLE COUNTY FAIR.



One bright morning in September, Farmer Cornstossle said to his wife "Betsey if you'll get yourself and the kids ready, I'll take you over to Squashville County Fair." "Si, how you talk," cried his wife, "Why I Haven't anything fit to wear," "Oh," replied her husband, "just wear that pretty—I bought you three years ago, you always look stylish with that around your shoulders, and wear that handsome—tied under your chin, you can get yourself up to look real smart." "Now I'll go and hitch up old Dobbins to a—and we'll ride in great style, and Betsey, put up a nice lunch for us, a few slices off of a—and maybe a—or two, they will taste real good. Now be ready in ten minutes," and Si went off to hitch up.

Betsey was all in a flutter. First she called Johnny, her ten year old son, and after washing his face with a—and giving his hair a good brushing with a—she dressed him in a—which made him look very manly. Little baby Sally, age three, looked sweet enough to kiss, dressed in a—she had a jaunty little—tied over her curls, and around her shoulders was a warm—.

Now Betsey began to dress herself, she put on her best—tied around her waist, and on her head she fastened a—a little to one side as she had seen the summer boarders wear theirs, then around her neck she tied a—in a smashing bow. It really made her look very "Slick" as Si said when he saw her. Then she got up a nice lunch, as the day before she had baked a—and boiled a nice—. Just then Si appeared with old Dobbins, who had a—tied around his ears as a decoration, and a—over his back to keep away the flies.

Mrs. Cornstossle and little Sally got in behind and Johnny sat in front with his father. "What is a County Fair like?" asked Johnny, "It is something like a—replied Mr. Cornstossle, and gives the farmers and their—a chance to show off the fine things they can raise and cook", "Did you send anything father?" "Yes," replied his father, "don't you remember that nice big—I raised this summer, and your mother sent that lovely—she baked on Saturday". "I hope you will get a prize" said Johnny. "I want to buy a—this winter to skate on". "Oh father" cried little Sally, "What is that funny thing in Mr. Jones' field. "That" replied her father "Is a—" "Oh father" cried Johnny, "What is that flying in the air over there?" "That my son," replied Mr. Cornstossle, "Is a—, did you ever hear one sing?" "Oh" said little Sally again, "What is that funny noise I hear?" "That my child is a—it always goes that way when it is hungry." Mr. Cornstossle liked to have the children ask him nice easy questions.

It was a glorious morning. "My" said Mrs. Cornstossle, sniffing the air, "Doesn't it smell sweet, just like a—and look, Johnny at that pretty—over Jones's barn isn't it just the shape of—."

They were a very merry little party, finding something to admire in nature all the way along. First a—blooming by the roadside, then a—climbing over a fence, and little Sally saw a—in the branches of a tree which quite delighted her. At last they reached the fair grounds. The children thought they must be in fairy land.

Mr. Corntossle hitched his horse to a——and gave him a——to eat which he put in a——tied around his neck. Then taking the basket of lunch in one hand and a——in the other he entered the fair grounds followed by Mrs. Corntossle and the children. Sally had tripped over a——and had started to cry, but just then she saw a——running after a——so she laughed instead.

"First" said Mr. Corntossle, "Let us go and see the prize squash, they say it's a buster". So they went to a building filled with huge squashes and pumpkins. "What did the man get for a prize?" asked Johnny. "He got a——with which he bought a——replied his father." "He showed it to me today."

"Oh don't the pies look good." said little Sally, "Yes", replied her father, "They make me think of the kind my mother used to make out of a——." Mrs. Corntossle gave him a haughty stare. "Do you mean to say Mr. Corntossle" she said, "That your mother's pies were better than mine?" "Not at all my dear" said her husband meekly "They were only different, her's tasted like a——while yours taste like a——some like one flavor and some another."

"Where can we have our lunch?" she asked, "I'm hungry enough to eat a——" "So am I" said Johnny. "Well there's a nice place over there on the grand stand" said Mr. Corntossle. "We can eat our lunch and hear the music at the same time. The band was playing a popular song called the——. When they took their places in the front row and began to eat, "My Betsey, but this tastes good", said Mr. Corntossle, taking a huge bite out of a——. "Yes but not as good as this——I am eating", said Johnny smacking his lips.

Sally said nothing but stuffed a——whole, in her mouth. At last every crumb of the lunch was eaten, and the grand stand began to fill up with people eager to see the horse race.

"Say Pop, why didn't you enter Dobbins in the race?" asked Johnny. "Oh he couldn't beat a——replied his father." Johnny didn't say a word but stole away to where Dobbins was calmly grazing on a——. Soon the teams

lined up for the race, and to Mr. and Mrs. Corntossle's surprise there was Johnny sitting in the carry-all driving Dobbins and wearing a——in his button-hole. Clang went the bell, and the horses were off. As they came around the curve all saw Dobbins was ahead, galloping like a——and Johnny grinning all over and holding tightly on the reins. How the people cheered. Mrs. Corntossle stood up and waved her——like a——. She was so excited that she got into hysterics, and Mrs. Corntossle had to give her a——to smell, which revived her just in time to see Dobbins win the race. Every one cheered like a——and crowded around Johnny and wanted to shake his hand. The prize was a very handsome——and everyone else gave him something too, as a souvenir, one woman gave him her——another gave him a——which she had worn tied on her hair, and one girl insisted on his accepting a——to remember her by.

Mr. and Mrs. Corntossle were very proud of Johnny, I can tell you. After that the family went to see——. They first visited the animals. They saw the prize pig, "Doesn't he look like a——" said Sally. The big steer wore a——around his neck, showing he had taken many prizes. "Now for the games" said Johnny, and grabbing a——which a man had given him to eat, he stuffed it in his mouth and rushed to the other end of the grounds. There was the greased pole which all the young men were trying to climb to get the——on top. Johnny tried and came down whack, upon a——. "It was slippery as a——said Johnny", "I won't try that again". Johnny won the potato race and got a——as a prize.

Meanwhile Mrs. Corntossle and Sally were looking at the housekeepers exhibits, "look at that lovely crazy quilt," cried Sally, "all made out of a——, with a——in the center."

Mrs. Corntossle and her neighbor Mrs. Haced were discussing the best way to make——, Mrs. Corntossle said she always put a——in hers to improve the flavor, but Mrs. Haced claimed that a——added to the batter made them nicer. Farmer Corntossle was talking to some other farmers

as to the best way to raise a——when everyone began to yell, for the prize pig had escaped from his pen, first he made for the minister's wife, she dropped her——and climbed on top of a——which stood near, then he ran between Deacon Jones' legs, and scared him so that he threw away the——he was eating. Then the pig flew for farmer Corn-tossle, who slipped and fell upon a——and broke a hand-some——he had in his basket, but finally a man ran up with a——and threw it over the pig's head and led him back to the pen.

"Oh father," cried Johnny running up just then, "Let us go and visit the gypsy camp" "It will be more fun than a——. So they all went over to visit the gipsies, who were lying around a——. They had a kettle hanging between three poles, stuck up in the ground, in which they were boiling a——for their supper. It smelt very appetizing, "just like a——" whispered Sally.

There was an old gypsy woman with a——on her head and a gaudy——around her shoulders. Mrs. Corntossle told her she wished her fortune told, "First will the lady give me a——", replied the old gypsy. Mrs. Corntossle took one out of her pocket and gave it to her, then the gypsy read her fortune, she said she saw a——which Mrs. Corntossle was going to receive soon as a present, that someone was going to leave her all his fortune which consisted of a nice——and that she was going to have two nice——one was to be named——the other——, after that Mrs. Corntossle didn't care to hear anything more and decided it was time to go home. Dobbins they found had slipped his halter and had been busy eating out of——out of Deacon Jones' wagon. They harnessed him up and all got in and started for home. Sally threw a——at the prize cow as they drove out. It made the cow so angry that she broke loose from the——to which she was tied, and ran after the wagon bellowing. Dobbins was so frightened that he ran away. "Save me, save my——" cried Mrs. Corntossle. "Help, Help," cried Johnny. Mr. Corntossle pulled hard on the reins but Dobbins still galloped on, the cow after him and a——running after the

cow. Two men who were down the road carrying a——stretched it across the road and stopped the runaway, and the Corntossles all got out. The cow stopped too, and was no longer offended with Sally, but ate a——out of her hand.

Dobbins was very tired so Mr. Corntossle decided to let him rest for a while. They all sat down on a——which lay at the side of the road, and little Sally was so tired she fell asleep with her head resting against a——. Just then the owner of the cow appeared. His face was very red and resembled a——and he kept wiping it off with a——. He had not seen Sally throw anything at the cow, so he was very sorry that it had chased the Corntossle team, and offered to give Mr. Corntossle a——to make up for it, which Mr. Corntossle generously refused to take, having one already.

As the horse now seemed rested they decided to start again for home, and piled into the wagon and Dobbins started off on a quiet trot. The——was just rising from behind a——when they drove up to their door and they all agreed that there was only "one place like——" and that was the Squashville County Fair.