Pelham Has a Genuine Country Fair and Crowds Attended It
MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE FAIR.

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<th>Members of the Committee in Charge of the Fair</th>
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<td>Pelham Historical Society, Pelham, New Hampshire</td>
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<td>William T. Hayes &amp; Karen Genoter</td>
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By a Staff Correspondent.

Pelham, N. H., Sept. 23.—Well, they held another annual fair in Pelham today.

If you ever lifted the top of a soggy morning off a day and found a whole expanse of sunshine in a blue sky underneath, that was this day.

September weather painted with red and yellow leaves—gorgeous oak, maple, elm and sumach—never better framed a town that has but one church, one village store, and one holiday spirit when the Grange holds its annual.

Anybody would have had a wager at 8 o'clock that the fair would have to be postponed. But you should have seen the main highways, say, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse race, the main event of the day, was on.

Day's Only Mishap.

Here occurred the only mishap of the day, and it afforded a most

terrible, staggered, single but fell before her driver brought her to a standstill.

Everybody, headed by the unofficial policeman and the bawdy boys, ran to the scene of the trouble. There was poor “Bessie!” with a broken leg.

“I don’t know how it happened,” said Mr. Hobbs. “It was just one of those cases where running horse twirls a leg and snaps it, but the old girl was so game that she didn’t even throw me off the seat. She just hobbled along on three legs trying to keep a-going until I pulled her in.”

One man in the crowd said that he thought that he could bring “Bessie” around in time. Such breaks could be foreclosed.

“Do you think you can do it?” said Mr. Hobbs. “She’s been a good horse, and I want her put out of her misery.”

So Ben F. Simpson got her up, and a few moments later a single shot rang out on the clear afternoon air.

“Bessie” gave one convulsive shudder and died. Everybody felt sorry, and one man who passed his way through the crowd gave a sigh and faltered dead away. It was as complete a faint as you ever saw.

What Hobbs Did.

Willis Hobbs walked off to a horse shed where he could be alone, and there, while he was gone, “Mildred,” the old horse soldier, went to the crowd and began to collect $1, $2, and $3 bills, “because, you know, we owe something to Willis,” he said.

There was no sermon, and no appeal articles in the newspapers, but within a quarter of an hour $100 in real money had been paid over. And that’s what they thought of “Bessie” in Pelham, where the re is no S. P. C. T. A., but where a man gets pretty close to his beasts.

The Other Features.

But that gives you the climax of the day. Now for things in their chronologically.

There was no gate at noon, when dinner was served to 200 people in relay, only half the number setting in the pavilion at one time.

President Burns of the Grange and his assistants were all workers, but they found plenty to do. Quite a number of out-of-town people from Lowell and the various neighboring towns came out for the dinner, and after they had finished and the program of sports was run off in the street outside, the village presented an animated scene.

These sports included running races, a sack race, and tug of war that provided a lot of fun.

The Cat Show.

There was a cat show. Just between ourselves, there were a great many first-class cats in town that would have been entered had everybody known for sure that the other cats were to be there. You know how it is.

Somebody says: “Are you going to enter your cat?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” somebody else replies.

And so those two cats don’t get washed and re-ribboned, and sent out to exhibit with a calling card on their box cases.

But Abbie Mann had her “Muff” there, wearing a pink ribbon, and looking as comfortable as a fireplace.

Mrs. Mary E. Hobbs had two beauties, “Romeo” and “Bederick,” although, as President Burns of the Grange said to your correspondent in the strictest confidence: “It’s generally Romeo and Juliet in the comic plays that I have seen.”

Then Lillian Lewis had entered “Prince,” a harlequin kitten, and Florence Piper had “Pinky Ruffles,” two of them, mother and daughter in pink ribbons, a pink pillow, and red autumn leaves.

There were rabbit cats also, two entered by R. D. Snow and one, “Major,”