

## Beauty Spot of Fairfield

A Beauty spot, you say?

Then come with me in the early spring-time to a little village nestled among the rocks and trees in Fairfield's middle. Here you shall see a tract of bungalows with well-kept lawns and neatly trimmed shrubbery. Granite walks, bordered with rows of vari-colored blossoms, wind in every direction as if dodging the huge mounds of moss-covered rock that nature has so generously piled. Tall, stately hickory, poplar, and pine trees sway with garlands of lavender, wisteria to the very top-most branches and sometimes reaching out and joining hands with their neighbors, form chains of blossomed-roofed nooks where happy children climb and swing. Then farther in the background, and mixed (at intervals among the gleaming white of the dogwood and the pink blush of the Judas trees, are dense impenetrable tangles of yellow jessamine. Masses of blue-wood-violets dotted with wild pinks, spread out like patches of variegated carpet between numerous heaps of weather-worn granite.

Far to the south, through occasional openings in the thick woods, may be seen great perpendicular walls of solid gray rock, and creeping to the edges and reaching far down the steep side of these ghostly granite cuts are long ropes of wild ivy entwined with crimson woodbine.

These and numerous other spots of unrivaled loveliness can be found at "Rim-among-the-Rocks."