



FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis.

SHE HAS SUNDRY OFFERS.

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1
One sultry summer afternoon Miss Fluffy heaved a sigh,
"There's nothing ever happens here."
Her aunt was passing by;
"I see a very smart machine. It's stopping at the inn."
And Fluffy peeping through the blinds said, "That's that Count Turinne."
Some minutes later up there came the little Frenchman's card.
When she went down he greeted her,
"I geeve you my regard."
"It's very kind of you, I'm sure. It's dull, this country life."
"I'm glad you teenk so. Come vis me an' be my lo-ving vife."



2
"Dear Count Turinne, your offer kind, I do appreciate,
But I don't care to wed to-day, and so I think I'll wait."
The Count with "parrdons" filled the air, and quickly took his leave,
And passed one coming to the inn, Herr Landgrave Vondergreeve.
The Landgrave sent a scented card and Fluffy went right down.
"Mees Froyline Fluffy, I haff called to say I'm leaving town.
I came, I saw, you conquered, und I say mit all mein heart,
Dat I can never love but you, so let us never part."



3
But Fluffy, good American, was proof against his pleas,
And bade him stand upon his feet, nor longer dust his knees.
She told him that her heart was whole, she bowed him to the door,
And when he left in his machine she never saw him more.
"Well, that has helped to pass the time," said Aunty. "Here's a car,
And if my eyes don't play me false it's Count di Vocefa."
Again the dainty maid walked down, and Italy bowed low.
"It maka mia hearta beat to see-a you, you know."



4
"Don't let it beat on my account. How did you like the race?"
"I lak de race be won by me. I love you' pretta face.
Yo' tella me yo' be my vife." "Dear Count, I really can't.
But if you're looking for a wife why don't you see my aunt?"
The Count departed right away and Fluffy sought her room.
"I'd never marry such a man, he looks just like a groom.
I feel so sleepy that I think I'll take a nap, my dear."
But Aunty said, "I think I see Lord Ronald Vere de Vere."



5
"My dear Miss Ruffles," said de Vere, "I've called to say goodbye,
And I would really like to know if you would care to try—"
"Dear Lord, it's useless," Fluffy said, and rose from where she sat,
And Ronald, like a gentleman, departed with his hat.
No sooner had he left the inn than Traddles came in sight.
When Fluffy saw his honest face her own fair face grew bright.
But still she sent down word to say that for the nonce she slept.
"Dear Aunt, if he proposed to-day I think that I'd accept."

