



# FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan  
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis



SHE HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

One day in cool September Traddles, in a new machine,  
Took Fluffy and her maiden aunt from Blennerhaven Green  
To visit relatives of his who lived in New York State,  
Some ninety miles or so away. The roads, he said, were great,



His cousins made him welcome, and they welcomed Fluffy, too,  
And welcomed good Aunt Mary, for they well knew who was who.  
A week they stayed. One rainy day dear Fluffy grew ecstatic  
Because she found some antique gowns up in the old time attic.



They also found the uniform of Major General Browne,  
(Joe Traddles' great-great-grandpa's) and a ministerial gown.  
"Let's have a wedding!" Traddles said, and laughed aloud with glee.  
"You be the parson, Cousin Bob, and I'll be General B.



"And you, Miss Fluffy, in this gown will be the pretty bride."  
"All right. 'twill make a pretty scene," the guileless Fluffy cried.  
It was not long before the three, in old time clothes arrayed,  
Stood in the attic as in church—the priest, the man, the maid



"Will you, Joe Traddles, take this maid to be your wedded wife,  
To have and hold (till death do part) all though your natural life?"  
"I will," said Traddles, all in jest. "Amen, so let it be."  
The thoughtless cousin gayly said, and all laughed merrily.



"Will you, Miss Fluffy, take this man?"—"Stop! stop!" (in accents shrill  
Came from Aunt Mary on the stairs ere she could say "I will.")  
"In New York State although in joke those solemn words you say  
You'll be a truly married pair forever from this day."