

# FLUFFY RUFFLES

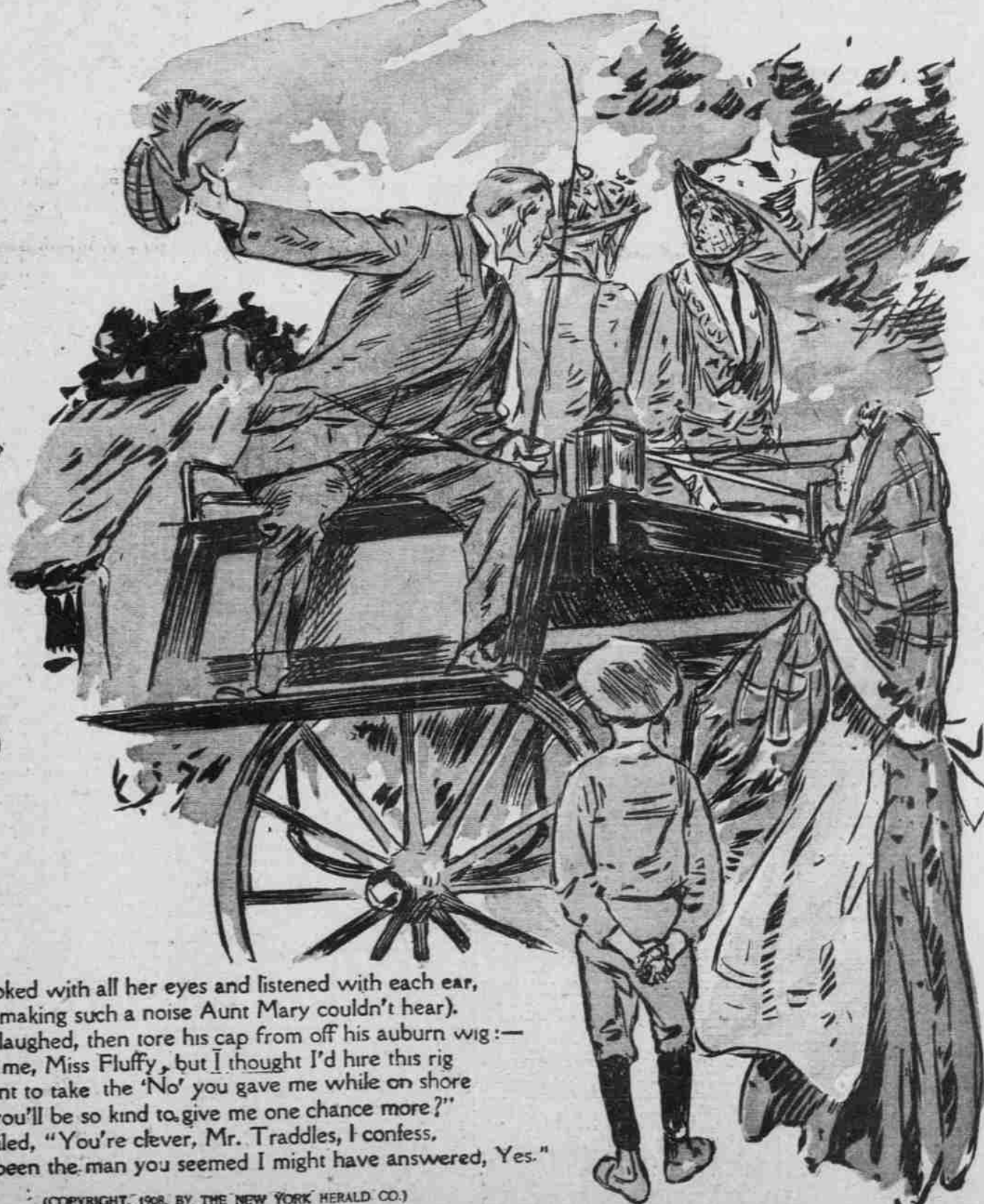
Drawings by Wallace Morgan,  
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis



## TRADDLES RECEIVES IT ONCE MORE.

In Londonderry pretty maids are just as thick as hops;  
To note one passing in the street one scarcely ever stops,  
But Fluffy was the cynosure of Londonderry "b'ys,"  
And when she landed in that town she gladdened many eyes:  
The northern Irishman has not the blarney of the south,  
Yet everywhere that Fluffy went the "men folk" praised her mouth,  
Admired her eyes, extolled her hair, and praised her quiet style:—  
"The fairest visitor that's come to visit Erin's Isle."

Like all who visit Irish towns, be they from near or far,  
The pretty maiden and her aunt climbed in a jaunting car.  
When Fluffy said "What is the fare if for an hour we stay?"  
The driver said, "Sure you're the fair, as fair as flowers in May!"  
Nor would he take a penny, though he took them many miles.  
"I get full payment every time the pretty lady smiles."  
At this dear Fluffy laughed out loud, "Oh, thank you, Patrick Kearney,  
I've always heard you Irishmen were very good at blarney."



"But you don't have a dialect; please tell me, what's the reason?"  
The "Jarvey" answered with a laugh. "It's too late in the season.  
Phwin Yankees firrsht begin to come we tark" (so said the rogue)  
"Wid arl the thickness that we can, because they like the brogue;  
But now it's late; they're most arl gone, an' so 'tis easier, far,  
To talk just plain American, while driving this here car.  
Besides you told me on the boat that when we came to 'Derry  
You'd let me pass a line of talk, and I feel like it—very."

Dear Fluffy looked with all her eyes and listened with each ear,  
(The car was making such a noise Aunt Mary couldn't hear).  
Dick Traddles laughed, then tore his cap from off his auburn wig:—  
"Pray Pardon me, Miss Fluffy, but I thought I'd hire this rig  
And not content to take the 'No' you gave me while on shore  
I'd ask you if you'll be so kind to give me one chance more?"  
Fair Fluffy smiled, "You're clever, Mr. Traddles, I confess,  
And had you been the man you seemed I might have answered, Yes."