



# FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan  
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis



## FLUFFY RUFFLES. SHE VISITS KILLARNEY.

1.—"Killarney's lakes are beautiful. We'll really have to go," said Fluffy to her aunt one day. They went. And there was Joe. That morning Fluffy's loving aunt was feeling far from well: And when Joe said he'd take them both to visit some fair dell she said she'd have to stay behind. "But you two go, I pray. 'T would be a shame to miss the chance, it's such a lovely day. Just tell me where you mean to lunch, and if I need you here I'll telegraph." "And I will fly to my own aunty dear."

2.—In Traddles' motor car they went to Dunloe's famous gap. They full enjoyed the charming ride and suffered no mishap. But when, lunch over, happy Joe was calling for the bill this telegram was handed them, "Come back. Am very ill." At once Joe Traddles called his car, although he'd meant to ask if in dear Fluffy's radiance forever he might bask. Speed laws forgot, they forged ahead—for Fluffy feared the worst—When on a level stretch of road the forward tire burst.

3.—By great good fortune neither one was injured in the least. Just then a wagon passed their way, drawn by a sorry beast, and driven by an Irishman of most good natured face. "Egorry, miss, 'twas coortin' death to go at such a pace." "But I must get to Meara's Inn. My aunt is very sick." "There's room for wan. Just joomp in here. I'll take ye' to her quick." "Don't stop for me," said Traddles then. "I'll catch up if I can." So Fluffy, smiling, waved her hand and sat beside the man.

4.—The horse, though old, had ginger yet and galloped like the wind. "It's just my luck," said Traddles, "to be left so far behind." The horse, though old, had ginger, but his pace was far too fast. And when he tumbled in his tracks—"I knew he couldn't last," declared the honest Irishman; "I'll l'ave him here to rest, An' thin to take you to your aunt I'll do me livel best." A minute and the horse was free to crop the roadside grass and Michael in the horse's place adown that road did pass.



5.—"You darling man," said Fluffy from her high, ramshackle seat, Please do not kill your self for me" (her tones were honey sweet). "Egorry, if I died for you 't would be a piece of luck." Just then the ancient pair of wheels upon a bowlder struck. The wagon fell to pieces, but, alighting on her feet, Dear Fluffy said, "I'll pay you well. Such luck I ne'er did meet." "We're arlmost there. I'll carry you." He lifted her with ease And to her aunt's (much better she) she floated like a breeze.



Charles Battell Loomis.