

TIUFFY RUFFLES Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN.

L-On Hallowe'en, as Fluffy slept, her cheeks all rosy red, She wakened with a start and sax bolt upright in her bed. A noise of chinking silverware came softly through the gloom-She knew that there were burglars burgling in the dining room!



2.—In witching silk kimono and without a trace of fright She stole where they were stealing and switched on the ruddy light. To their imense amazement, "Come," she said. "the pleasure's mine; You've worked so hard this evening, won't you have a glass of wine "





So she handed round the sherry (it was old in *681) And declared they must have supper ere they carried off the plate. And a bit of Finnan haddie'd be about the thing, don't you?" That those senial desperadors couldn't find That those genial desperadoes couldn't find a word to say;

And the way they did her bidding and the way she bossed the job

of helpless wonder "Bill the Brute" cut up the cheese While "Blinkers" made the toast Miss Fluffy put him at his ease: And as she stirred the rabbit "Artful Artie" hovered near To sprinkle in paprike and add modicums of beer.

6.-After supper they were mellow, they were soulful with the ale, While a chassening metancholy called up thoughts of home—and jail. "And now," cooed Fluffy, "after this a song is quite the thing,"



7.—Ere he knew it "Bill the Brute" was weeping o'er his misspenz life, "Artful Artie's" soul was racked with thoughts of how he beat his wife, And even hardened "Blinkers" bowed his head in bitter woe As her tender voice rose softly o'er the minor chords and low.



Then at her feet they threw themselves at last in utter grief And vowed no man among them e'er again should be a thief, So they sadly left the silver and filed out like gentle sheep, But Fluffy, switching off the lights, just cried herself to-sleep,

Would make a graven image grin and rebbers cease to rob.