

FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan
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SHE MEETS AN ADVENTURER.

1.—A fortune hunting nobleman met Fluffy at a ball,
He then contrived to meet her very often through the fall.
He learned that she was wealthy, that her aunt was wealthy too;
That she was Aunty's only heir, so he resolved to do
What things he could to gain her hand. He knew he could not fail.
He had no fear of conscience sting, no dread of law or jail.
He sought her out, he wooed her fair (his manner most polite),
And at the close of just a month he thought the end in sight.

2.—Legitimate his mode at first, he asked the Aunt's consent,
And Aunty, dazzled by his name, to dainty Fluffy went.
"I think, my dear, that he's the man who'll make a husband true,
Although among the titled ones deserving men are few."
To please her Aunt fair Fluffy said she'd let him press his suit,
"Although I do not care for him. He's foppish and he's—'cute.'"
The nobleman with honest air to Fluffy promptly came.
He asked her hand, she answered No, she did not care for fame.



4.—Of course the news "leaked" out at once; reporters quickly came,
And when they saw the stricken maid they said it was a shame.
Our nobleman (the forger he) came quickly to condole,
And while he offered sympathy he said, "Upon my soul
"You've not a penny now, you know, yet still I love but you;
Now tell me that you'll have me and I'll bless this interview."
"I thank you much, my lord," said she, "but I have always planned
That where my love could not be giv'n I would not give my hand."

5.—The door bell rang and sturdy feet into the parlor strode.
When Fluffy saw Joe Traddles' face her own with pleasure glowed.
"I've just arrived and in the papers read the 'dreadful' news,
But somehow something told me that the whole thing was a ruse.
At once I sought your lawyers out; your fortune's safe and sound,
But I'll not rest until the cur who did this deed is found."
The "nobleman" attempted then to make a sudden flight,
In which he was assisted by Joe Traddles. Am I right?

3.—The nobleman departed, but he winked his wicked eye.
"I'll have you yet, my pretty one," the birdies heard him cry.
Next day a legal letter came to Fluffy's home address.
(It was a clever forgery I might as well confess.)
It told Miss Fluffy that her wealth had all gone up in smoke.
When Aunty heard the dreadful news her fond heart almost broke,
And Fluffy bit her pretty lip and mopped a briny tear.
(The nobleman was quite prepared as "angel" to appear.)



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