

**"TOOT YER HORN"
AND OTHER POEMS**

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"Toot Yer Horn" and Other Poems by Ullie Akerstrom

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ULLIE AKERSTROM

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BY

 **ULLIE** 

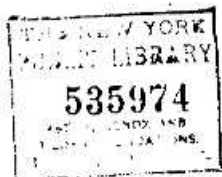
(ULLIE AKERSTROM)



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORESS.

1888.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

WHOSE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT URGES ME ON TO
HIGHER AIMS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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"TOOT YER HORN IF YOU DON'T SELL A CLAM."

WHILE on a trip to Baltimore,
That city grand on Chesapeake's shore,
I met a man upon the pier,
('Mong other venders standing near);
With clams his cart was loaded down,
(A peddler he about the town);
"Good man," said I, "how many hours
Will it take to sell that load of yours?"
He turned and said, "Well, I don't know,
Whether I'll sell 'em fast or slow;
Life is a sort of game of 'grab,'
An' nothin' venture, nothin' have;
I'll do *my* best as sure as you're born;
I'll go around an' toot my horn
If I don't sell a clam!"

He drove away; his horn's clear (?) swell
Told far and near he'd clams to sell;
"Toot! toot! clams! c-l-a-m-s!" I heard him call,
"Here's nice fresh clams for great and small!"
"Toot! clams!" he called from street to street,
To all whom he would chance to meet;
I watched him drive out of my sight,
Yet still I heard his voice of might
Yell "clams! clams! clams!" I smiled to see
The honest fellow's earnest zeal;

I sauntered on with careless tread,
 And still those words rang in my head :
 " I'll do my best as sure as you're born ;
 I'm goin' 'round to toot my horn
 If I don't sell a clam ! "

I learned a lesson from that man,—
 I honored his hard-working plan,—
 I pray you take it home likewise,
 Despondent souls with heavy eyes ;
 " Brace up," that's slang, I know, but true,
 And good advice for me and you ;
 Don't sit and loaf on life's curbstone,
 While others pass you're left alone ;
 " Git up and git," don't waste your time,—
 Life's choicest prizes may be thine ;
 Good luck awaits both rich and poor ;
 Go 'round and hunt—you'll find it sure ;
 Don't sit complaining so forlorn,—
 Go rush around and " toot your horn
 If you don't sell a clam."

THE MINER'S PROTEGE.

WAL, you see its a queer story, missy,
 The little gal's none o' our kin ;
 But you bet when the old men go under
 She's the one who will handle our " tin."
 My pard an' me's rough minin' fellers,
 We've got nary children nor wife ;
 But we love little yaller-haired Nellie,
 An' we'll rear her up right,—bet yer life.

How old? Wal she's nigh eight I reckon,
 Five years since we brought her out here;
 An' she was the cunninest baby
 We'd looked at for many a year.
 Yer see 'twas the time the Apaches
 Broke out. (Blast the red imps o' sin!)
 The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss;
 An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in.

Yes, thar lay men, children an' wimmen;
 The red imps had raised all their ha'r;
 We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em,
 So my pard an' me buried them thar.
 There was one likely lookin' young cretur'
 Lyin' out from the rest of the heap.
 She was dead like the rest—an' poor Nellie
 Was close by her side fast asleep.

Wal, 'twas nigh ninety miles to the settlement;
 Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind,
 An' at last we concluded to keep her
 An' bring her up lovin' an' kind.
 We buried her poor dad an' mammy,
 Likewise all their unlucky mates,
 An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart
 My pard had once, back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un
 Was somethin' quite funny to see;
 Bill give her up for a mystery,
 Likewise she was too much for me.
 Her durned duds, they wouldn't go on right,
 An' we cussed every button an' string;
 But arter a spell we did better,
 When we once got the hang o' the thing