

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY BY H.E. SMITH

GELCHER'S EXPERIENCE

She darted the saucer at him, and told him to take his old tacks and be careful not to drop them over the house for the children to step on, for a reply to which remark he seemed utterly bewildered and lost.

Then with a kind of stunned and vacant expression of countenance, he dreamily got down upon his knees, placed the saucer on the carpet, looked all about him for the hammer, got up again, looked all over the adjoining room, returned wearily, prostrated himself again to further prosecute the search, and finally struck the funny-bone of his knee on something hard underneath the carpet in the middle of the room. Then he crawled off on one knee into a corner, and made faces, and nursed his hurt, while his wife, who was standing in the doorway of the adjoining room, caught up the edge of the carpet, gave it a toss that distributed the tacks some, and then savagely remarked that any fool would know better than to lose a hammer that way.

She runs her hand under the carpet, and after making several wide and vigorous sweeps, she held the hammer up for him to look at, very much as if it was a rare pleasure to him. Then he got up and took the hammer and held it firmly in his left hand, and kept it there to be sure of it.

Then they both went to work to lengthen out that carpet and pick up tacks, and knock their heads together, and converse, until he accidentally brought the hammer down on some of her fingers that lay around loose on the carpet in the way. After which, he finished the picking-up business alone, while she sat on the window sill and looked up at the calm, pale moon.

At about 10 o'clock Mr. Gelcher drove the first tack, and immediately there-after commenced to hitch nervously and feverishly along one side of the room, pushing the saucer of tacks and the candle (on my account-whatever could he be trusted with a kerosene lamp) before him, and driving tacks with a desperate energy that brought the perspiration to his face and the big veins out upon his forehead in an alarming measure. Then he turned the corner and drove tacks along the next side till he had two of the sides down in a very, very thorough manner, "fairly wasting the tacks," declared his wife who had by this time recovered sufficiently to stand around and give soothing directions.

**Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(Continued)**