

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS THE special meetings at the church went on, Deacon Quickset began to fear that he had made a mistake. He had taken an active part in all previous meetings of the same kind for more than twenty-five years. The results of some of them had been very satisfactory, and the deacon modestly, but, nevertheless, with much self-gratulation, had recounted his own services in all of them.

"Now, here's the biggest movement of the kind goin' on that ever was known in this town, an' I'm out of it," said the deacon. "What for? Just because I don't agree with Sam Kimper—I mean, just because Sam Kimper don't agree with me. I didn't suppose the thing would have come to anythin' anyhow if it hadn't been for that fool of a young lawyer settin' his foot into it in the way he did. Everybody likes excitement, an' it's a bigger thing for him to have gone into this projected meeting than it would be for a circus to come to town with four new elephants. It's rough."

The deacon took a few papers from his pocket, looked them over, his face changing from grave to puzzled, and from puzzled to angry, and back again, through a whole gamut of facial expressions; finally, he thrust the entire collection back into his pocket, and said to himself: "If he keeps on at that work I might have as much trouble as he let on that I would. I don't see how some of these things are going to be settled unless I have him to help me, an' if he's goin' to be as particular as he makes out, or as he did make out the other day, there's going to be trouble, just as sure as both of us are alive. Of course, the more prominent he is before the public the less he'll want to be in any case in court that takes hard fightin', particularly when he don't think he's on the popular side. An' there's that Mrs. Poynter that's botherin' me to death about the interest of her mortgage.

"I didn't think it was the right time of the year to start special meetin's, anyhow, an' I don't know what our minister done it for without consultin' the deacons. He never done such a thing in his life before. It does seem to me that once in a while everythin' goes cross-wise, an' it all happens just when I need most of all to have things go along straight an' smooth. Gracious! if some of those papers in my pocket don't work the way they ought to, I don't know how things is goin' to come out!"

The deacon had almost reached the business street as this soliloquy went on, but he seemed inclined to carry on this conversation with himself, so he deliberately turned about and slowly paced the way backward toward his home.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, after a few moments of silence, in