

I once had a neighbor who was a very religious man, so much so that he leaned over back. He once took a load of produce to the Pinery, which he sold, bought a load of lumber, and started for home. On the way, he staid over night at a country tavern, where he got to playing cards, drinking whisky, and using profane language.

"It so happened, that the circuit preacher came that way, and also staid over night at the same house. He sat behind one of his flock some time, and saw him drinking and playing cards, and heard him swearing, till, getting out of patience, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Brother, what has become of your religion?"

"To which he replied:

" 'I left it the other side of Fox River, and will get it as I go home tomorrow.' "

"Now, Mrs. Hayes," said Sat., "I am a Democrat and when I was appointed on this committee, I reflected that my politics, though my honest convictions, and very dear to me, must be obnoxious to you and your husband; that it would be discourteous for me to impose my political opinions on you. I, therefore, locked my politics up in the safe, where I will get them when I return. You will, therefore, please forget that I have any politics whatever."

From this time on, Mrs. Hayes and Senator Clark were occupants of the same car seat, and the president's wife was completely entertained by the rampant Democrat in his relations of his varied and often-time dangerous experiences in Wisconsin. On reaching Madison, Mrs. Hayes cordially invited him to visit the White House, not as a Democrat, but as a friend, and a very pleasant, agreeable gentleman, and this is more than she said or did to several Republicans on that occasion.