

in the United States. He was a prominent union man during the time that Kentucky was holding that abnormal condition of armed neutrality. He voted at the presidential election in 1860 for Bell and Everett. He never was a democrat, but he was a strong union man from the beginning. General Thayer further says that he was in a condition to know that if it was not for violating confidence he would give up his informer. I happened to know both sides of that question, and I know the cause of Bristow's withdrawing from Grant's cabinet; and General Thayer is mistaken again when he says that Grant told Bristow that he had no further use for him as secretary of the treasury. Bristow sent his resignation to the White house, and it was delivered to General Grant in the presence of General Belknap, who was then secretary of war. After Grant read it he handed it to Belknap and made the remark that this resignation did not come any too soon. This is the fact. General Belknap told me this himself afterwards. When General Grant appointed a man by the name of Taft from Georgia as attorney general of the United States, he also appointed Bristow as the assistant attorney general of the United States, and he acted in the capacity of attorney general nearly all the time that Taft was attorney general on account of the bad health of Taft. Afterwards Grant appointed Bristow as secretary of the treasury. He at once began to break up the "whisky rings" throughout the country and landed some 100 or 200 distillers in the penitentiary, two from St. Joseph that I know of, and in the other cases I examined the papers on file in the office of the solicitor of the treasury department. Bristow's trouble began with Grant through an accident that discovered that Babcock had been mixed up with Joyce, who was afterward tried and convicted in St. Louis at the same time that Babcock was acquitted. What discovered Babcock was this: There were dispatches sent out to St. Louis from Washington repeatedly, signed "Sylph." The detectives got possession of a number of these "Sylph" dispatches, and they could not find out by any means who wrote them. A detective by the name of Miller took one of these dispatches to Secretary Bristow and asked him whose handwriting that was. Bristow answered at once, "Babcock wrote that dispatch. the president's private secretary," and on the strength of that information the detective went to St. Louis and Babcock was indicted and tried and acquitted, but never afterwards did he act as private secretary to General Grant. About this time Henry Atkinson of this state was commissioner of pensions, and appointed me clerk of the pension bureau while I was temporarily in Washington. Columbus Delano, who was secretary of the interior, had a son-in-law by the name of Clark, who was also clerk in the pension bureau, and when the candidates for president were being talked about in the spring of 1876, Bristow was championed by Bill Chandler, (now United States senator from New Hampshire), Judge Hoar and Senator Dawes and all the New England politicians except Blaine and a few of his adherents. They went to Cincinnati, and Bristow received the largest number of votes of any candidate except Hayes, who was nominated. This man Clark and I exchanged views, and I declared myself in favor of Bristow, and that I intended to go to the convention and do all I could for him. The very next day after I made this assertion I received an order from the commissioner of pensions to proceed at once to San Francisco and examine the pension agent's accounts. Without me informing Clark that I had received such an order he approached me and twitted me with the remark that I would not be here when the Cincinnati convention was to meet. I took the order up to the secretary of the treasury, Bristow, and I asked him what he thought and he said, "You are not going, are you?" I remarked that I would either go or else resign. He said, "Go down there and resign, and come back here." I went to the interior department, tendered my resignation to take effect at once, and Bristow appointed me as special assistant United States attorney to prosecute distilleries and distillers, and the whisky thieves. Up to the time that Bristow went out of the treasury I covered into that institution about \$90,-

000 of money collected by way of compromise with a number of distillers in Kentucky and east Tennessee. Pending a meeting of the Cincinnati convention in the fall of 1876, I was well acquainted with all the leading colored men, Blanche Bruce, United States senator from Mississippi, General Bob Small of South Carolina, "Pinch Back Nash" and other leading colored men. They all came to Washington before going to the convention. Before they started for the convention they had all come to the conclusion, with the exception of two or three of them to vote for Bristow for president, and they did so till Hayes was nominated. General Thayer is mistaken again. Bristow never resigned the secretaryship of the treasury until the day after the Cincinnati convention adjourned. It is somewhat annoying to have one's friend of a life-time belittled in a manner in which General Thayer sees proper to write and speak about Ben Bristow. He is a man that impresses everyone that meets him with the air and dignity of a gentleman. He holds as high a standard of honor as any man that lives. A truer and more faithful friend than Ben Bristow has no existence. I have known him all my life. We stood together in the early days, he being only about five years my senior. Together we fought the union battles before the war on stump and all over Kentucky to prevent the state from going out of the union. We went out together in the home guards before Kentucky recruited any soldiers for the army, and to have a friend of mine abused in that style is a little more than I will submit to without making a huge back action. Delano and Belknap and some others around the White house were constantly trying to make a breach between Grant and Bristow; and Grant told Bristow a short time before his resignation, (say some sixty days), that they were bringing him all kinds of reports about himself (Bristow), but he said he could see the motive in nearly all of them and paid no attention to it; but the trial of Babcock took place about that time, and General Grant's only remark on that subject was to an intimate friend of his, that he thought Bristow should not have told that it was Babcock's writing in the "Sylph" dispatches. Bristow in speaking of this subject to me afterward, said that he had not the remotest idea that it would make any trouble, and he said it so quickly that he did not have the remotest idea that it would result so disastrously to Babcock. Bristow is the head of his social and political relations. He ranks among the Depews and Choates in New York city, where he is now a very eminent railroad and corporation attorney. The republican legislature at every election of United States senator for fifteen years always cast its vote for Bristow. That ought to be proof conclusive that he neither has the big head, nor is he a third rate lawyer.

MONTE CARLO.

A big yellowish building with a blue clock dial stares at you on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sparkling sea. It is not a beautiful building nor an ugly one. But nobody who goes to Monte Carlo bothers himself about the architecture of the place. All roads in Monte Carlo lead to the yellowish structure, which is the palace of chance. You begin your novitiate by "following the crowd," not that there is any crowd to follow, but you see a group of sedate persons ascending the steps of the yellowish place and you straightway scent the game. Of course you ask no questions; you do not choose to betray yourself as a stranger since you have a haunting fear that confidence men must lurk in these quarters. You follow the man in front of you—a grave and reverend seignor, who is probably a deacon or a bank president when he is at home. He knows his way about. He ascends the carpeted steps and passes without flinching the immense uniformed person at the portal.

The elderly gentleman turns into a large cloak room at the right and delivers his overcoat and walking stick to the courteous

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