

power, it can be readily seen, may be utilized to his great personal gain.

It is understood that Mr. Gould will follow the example of Commodore Vanderbilt and leave the bulk of his fortune to one person—his eldest son, George J. Gould, to whom he has given an excellent training in financial matters. Gould, sr., is not a member of the New York stock exchange, where his financial operations have principally been conducted. His son George and his next youngest son Edwin are both members, although they spend little time on the floor. Geo. J. Gould is not to be seen there once a year. He is steadily occupied at the offices of his father in the Western Union building directing the widespread Gould interests. His work relieves Jay Gould of the details of the operation of the various companies controlled by him and leaves him free to develop new schemes.

None of the millionaires has fewer diversions than Mr. Gould. He formerly was something of a horseman and was seen nearly every day speeding up the road to Macomb's Dam's bridge behind a fast animal, but after a time he wearied of these outings. Pleasant afternoons nowadays he rides through the park with his daughters in a closed carriage. In going to his office he takes a train at the Fiftieth Street station on the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, and alights at Cortland Street, one block below the Western Union building.

He has tired of the magnificent steam yacht, *Atalanta*, which he built a few years ago, and he would undoubtedly sell it reasonably. It is almost as large as an ocean-going steamship. Fifty-two men are required to man it, consequently the expense of running it is very heavy, and a man even of Mr. Gould's wealth is apt to look at expenses when it assumes large proportions. The yacht affords a pleasant means of going between New York and his summer residence at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, but he could go quicker by railroad, and time is always a consideration with him. On the long trip which he and his family made across the ocean and to the Mediterranean and the important European ports, they found that life in a roomy house was preferable to that in the confined quarters of a yacht, even if the vessel were finely enough equipped to be denominated a "floating palace."

Mr. Gould's habits are as regular as clockwork. He goes to bed and gets up and eats his meals at certain and unvarying hours. His evenings are seldom spent outside of his own home. He usually takes with him, from his office, reports of the managers of his properties and other documents, which he carefully studies. Whatever additional time he may have he devotes to books. He is a great reader, and is well posted on ancient and modern history and the progress of science. He reads the newspapers thoroughly and thus keeps well informed on the events of the day. The politicians themselves are not better judges of the trend of politics than he. One

secret of Mr. Gould's success has been in taking cognizance of what is going on the world over.

George J. Gould, the prospective heir to the Gould millions, is a young man of 30, who already has an ample fortune of his own. His father lives in a large brown stone mansion on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, and he has his own home in a house in Forty-seventh street, directly back of it. He is fond of outdoor sports. There are few as good shots as young Mr. Gould. His favorite way of testing his marksmanship is in shooting clay "pigeon" sprung from a trap. A second after a "pigeon" is cast into the air it is smashed into smithereens.

He has a palace built of logs in the midst of a tract of 500 acres in the wildest and most picturesque part of the Catskill mountains. Nowhere else is there such a log house. It is fully as large as his city residence. He has a schooner yacht, the *Hildegard*, which formerly belonged to the Prince of Wales. He is an operator on an extensive scale in the stock market, and the handsome additions that he has made to his fortune through speculation show that he has inherited his father's skill in this respect.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

#### APPONYI IN JAIL.

It will be remembered that a short time since Architect Apponyi, of this city, became involved in a little dispute with the Joint City and County Committee, and consulted Messrs. Sutherland & Judd in the matter, with a view to their helping him in reaching a settlement. For their services Mr. Apponyi consented to give them ten per cent of the amount which might be agreed upon between the parties. Messrs. Sutherland & Judd settled the difference for the sum of \$5743, thus entitling them to \$574.30. The city's half of the amount was collected by Apponyi, but he kept strictly silent as to a settlement with his attorneys, who meanwhile became a trifle suspicious and were on the *qui vive* as to their client's future movements.

On Saturday, Dec. 27th, Apponyi called at the County Court House to draw the remainder of the money. Previous to this Judge Judd had intimated to Judge Bartch that he would like to be present when the cash was paid over; but somehow Apponyi succeeded in getting there first, and the warrant for the money was paid over to him. Shortly after this he met Judge Sutherland on the street, and was profuse with promises to call at the firm's office and settle with them directly he had cashed the warrant. In this, however, he was "found wanting." Instead of keeping his promise, Apponyi purchased exchanges on the Pacific Bank of San Francisco and made hasty preparations to leave the city for pastures new, without so much as first exchanging a good-bye with his friends.

Having satisfied themselves as to the architect's little plans, Messrs.

Sutherland and Judd lost no time in presenting themselves before Judge Anderson, and there swore out a complaint, alleging that Apponyi was seeking to defraud his creditors. A warrant was at once granted and placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal Bush, and an order was also issued by the judge, giving authority to any United States Commissioner to admit Apponyi to bail in the sum of \$1200. Deputy Bush, armed with the necessary piece of paper, went in quest of Apponyi, whom he found at the depot awaiting the departure of the train for the north. Bush informed him of the nature of his mission, and without more ado marched him off to the city jail.

The anger of Apponyi was well-nigh unbounded, and he emphatically protested that he would not part with any portion of the money in his possession. Throughout yesterday he languished in durance vile, showing no sign of repentance, but by evening he had evidently had enough of prison life and caused a messenger to be sent to Messrs. Sutherland & Judd, giving the assurance that his heart had softened, and that he was ready to pay over to them the full amount due, as the purchase of his liberty. An attorney's clerk was dispatched to the jail. To him Apponyi handed over the \$574 and he was then set free.

Dec. 29th, a News reporter called at the law office of Sutherland & Judd, and upon speaking to Mr. Sutherland upon the matter, that gentleman remarked in the course of conversation, simultaneously pointing to a small pile of greenbacks and a few odd dollars and half dollars lying upon his table, "Yes, there is the swag which Apponyi sent us, and this morning he has settled up with his creditors generally."

When seen upon the street today Mr. Apponyi looked in the best of spirits, as though he would say, "Here I am again, and none the worse for my brief restriction of liberty."

#### THE INDIAN MOVEMENT.

RAPID CITY, S. D., Dec. 22.—Dispatches to General Miles from Colonel Sumner today show that nearly all of Sitting Bull's followers, together with Big Foot's band, have surrendered to him. Colonel Sumner in a dispatch said this disposes of all the Indians along the Cheyenne river, and if there are any more of Sitting Bull's people out he doesn't know where they can be.

General Brooke reports the friendly Indians at the Bad Lands camp, and says the capture of Sitting Bull's people and Big Foot's forces will aid the efforts of the friendlies to bring in the hostiles. An Indian scout reports to General Brooke that Short Bull's followers are anxious to come in but are withheld by the threats of Kicking Bear, one of Sitting Bull's agents. The scout thinks, however, the friendlies will at last succeed in bringing out Short Bull's followers. A report has reached General