

### IN A MIRAGE CITY.

#### THE WONDERFUL SIGHT WITNESSED IN ALASKA.

The Silent City in the Clouds—Supposed to Have an Original Somewhere on This Sphere—Lately Seen by a Seattle Man.



ONCE again "The Silent City of Alaska" has been brought before the public with its mysterious towers, its deserted streets, its quaint roof tops and its quaint beauty. The man who describes it this time is C. W. Thornton, a well known citizen of Seattle and a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. He was one of the party that made up the expedition of Prince Luigi of Savoy to the top of Mt. St. Elias. Five other men were with Mr. Thornton when the beautiful mirage was seen. The mirage city has formerly been reported as having been seen from the Muir glacier. Mr. Thornton and his companions saw it from the Malaspina glacier. They had left the expedition to return to the coast for provisions. The mirage was noticed at about 4 o'clock in the morning and lasted for thirty-five minutes. Then it vanished.

The first that was ever heard of a mirage city in Alaska was in 1888. In that year Richard G. Willoughby, a prospector of Juneau, Alaska, came down from the Muir glacier with the assertion that he had beheld a wonderful city in the clouds. It was standing out in the sky, in full view. There were masses of tall brick houses with sloping roofs, elm trees in the foreground and a river with shipping in the distance. From the midst of the buildings arose two great towers surrounded with scaffolding. Mr. Willoughby minutely described the mirage and claimed to have seen it several times. Changes had taken place in the towers as if progress had been made in the construction of the building. The people heard the miner's story with wonder, but as no one but himself had seen it no great importance was attached to the tale, until in June of the year named he succeeded in photographing the mirage and fixing the picture upon a plate. These pictures had a large sale, and in 1889 several of them found their way to Chicago. A citizen of this city who saw a copy of the photograph declared that it was a view of Bristol, England. Others who were familiar with Bristol verified the identification and more lately Prof. William H. Hudson of Stanford University, California, rec-

party, who agree perfectly not only in their statement of having seen the city but also in the detailed description of it.

All who have seen or claim to have seen the mirage agree in several important details of the appearance. The streets in the mirage are always deserted. The observers all say that the architecture is not at all like the architecture of an American town. The houses are quaint, solid and old-fashioned. Then there seems to be unanimity in the presence of towers and a dome, as if of some monster building and of at least one thin church spire in the distance. The accompanying illustration is a copy of one of Mr. Willoughby's photographs taken in 1888. In the foreground are seen several houses, unquestionably of English architecture. There are the elm trees with leafless branches. The main feature of the picture is the lofty structure in the middle, said to be the famous Episcopal cathedral of Bristol as it appeared twenty years ago, when the building was undergoing repairs. The shipping and the river are not visible. The strongest points made by Professor Jordan in his article are found in his indications of the nearness of the house in the foreground and the leafless elm trees (in midsummer). These two things are certainly telling points against the genuineness of the Willoughby photographs. Even the small tiles on the chimney pots are visible. But judging by the tales told by Mr. Thornton, apparent proximity and clearness of detail in the foreground are not impossibilities in mirages.

Are there two silent cities in the skies of Alaska? If the Willoughby photographs are genuine there must be for the description given by Mr. Thornton of what he saw in July does not coincide with the photographs taken nine years ago from the Muir glacier. The vision, said Mr. Thornton, was so distinct as to require strong faith that it was not a real city. The principal feature of the mirage was what appeared to be two Chinese temples. In the middle of the city was a huge building with great columns reaching from the ground to the roof. Surrounding this was a great dome. Near this structure was a group of solid buildings which Mr. Thornton described as "business blocks." Then there was a church with a tall spire and then "three buildings that looked like factories." He added that these three buildings were only partly visible, but that the city seemed to extend far away in that direction.

Three theories only are open to account for all these stories. The alleged observers are deluded and no one ever saw a city, silent or otherwise, in the Alaskan skies; all these stories are pure fabrications and the travelers are attempting to deliberately deceive their hearers; or silent cities are seen in mirage from the Muir and the Ma-

laspina glaciers in Alaska. It would seem absurd to charge six men with willful deception. Such a supposition involves concerted action among them, and six men of ordinarily good character do not deliberately lie with no especial purpose in view. Equally absurd is it to suppose that these various witnesses were the victims of illusion, delusion or hallucination, whichever the scientific man desires to call it. Even scientific men have been doubted when they have made assertions concerning marvelous matters unsupported by more substantial evidence. The only absolute truth of the proof of these travelers' tales will be, of course, photographs taken under conditions which will admit of no doubt of their genuineness. Until this is done scientific men will ridicule the stories, and for that very reason, perhaps, it will not be a man of science who will be the first to obtain indisputable evidence of the alleged phenomenon.

### TOO ENGAGING YOUNG MAN.

#### Breach of Promise Suit Causes Him to Change Brides Quickly.

Freeport, Ill., correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat: George Sparen, superintendent of the water company at Warren, and Miss Mary Schroeder, also of Warren, were married here today under rather unusual circumstances. Sparen went to Warren about a year ago from Batavia, Ill., where he had lived for some time, and where he had courted and become engaged to a wealthy but not very attractive young lady. Shortly after he went to Warren, Sparen met Mary Schroeder, who is beautiful and had just been divorced in this city. The young engineer at once fell in love with her, and was soon engaged to her, but he did not break with his Batavia sweetheart, and their wedding was to have occurred early in the summer, but the ceremony was postponed. A breach of promise suit threatened him whichever one he married, and, after a month's hesitation, he concluded to take the wealthy girl. He, therefore, left Warren for Batavia, where he expected to marry her tonight. Miss Schroeder heard of his decision, and she came here yesterday, secured a lawyer and began a breach of promise suit. When the young man stepped from the Warren train this morning he was met by the sheriff with a summons, and he accompanied the officer to Justice Marvin's office, where he met Miss Schroeder. They made up their quarrel in a short time, and were married, leaving directly afterward for New London, Ontario, where the young man's parents live. They will probably stay there. All preparations were made for the Batavia wedding tonight, but the bridegroom failed to appear.

### A Klondyke Struck Convict.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: J. B. Johnson, the desperate convict who fired the prison and led the revolt in '83, by which \$300,000 worth of property was destroyed, and who has since made several murderous assaults on officers, is suffering with a severe attack of Klondyke gold fever. He has written a letter to State Auditor Jas. M. Selbert, one of the prison inspectors,

### FIELD HAS A RECORD.

#### LONGEST TERM ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

No Signs of Weakness in His Intellectual Strength at the Age of Eighty-two Years—His Stormy Early Career.



IN THIS year of record breaking reigns and diamond jubilees another record was broken on Monday last. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States supreme court, on that day had served longer on the bench of the highest tribunal in the land than any other man who had preceded him. The record that Justice Field had to best to attain that distinction belonged to Chief Justice Marshall, who went to the bench Jan. 31, 1801, and served until his death, July 6, 1835. Thirty-four years, five months and six days was the record of Chief Justice Marshall. Thirty-four years, five months and thirteen days is the record of Justice Field to date.

For nearly a dozen years ambitious lawyers who desired to get to the supreme bench reminded Justice Field that he had reached the age when he could ask to be retired. "If Justice Field should only resign," they said. But Justice Field has never thought of resigning, and does not think of it now. He is in his eighty-second year, but he is still in the prime of intellectual strength. He sits on the bench, examines involved law points, and writes able opinions just as he did thirty-four years ago. His beard is the patriarch's beard, but his figure is as erect as it was in the days of his "Argonauts of forty-nine." His mind is as clear and vigorous as it was in the days when he created law and a constitution out of chaos in California nearly fifty years ago. As a pastime he writes a book of personal memoirs, or masters in a few evenings an Oriental language. The lawyers who have been wanting his place on the bench will doubtless have to possess their souls in patience for years to come. Gladstone's record for activity has been equalled by Justice Field. The friends of the justice predict that he will exceed it by a decade.

this city, and became a partner in the law firm. Young Field decided to go to California in 1849. The discovery of gold there had given rise to a popular excitement far greater than the Klondyke sensation of to-day. His outfit was bought for him by his brother Cyrus, who added \$10 worth of chamois skins, which, he said, would be useful to make bags for holding gold dust. He also had sixty-four copies of New York newspapers. He landed with \$1 in his pocket. He sold his chamois skins for \$180 worth of gold dust, and an acquaintance sold his sixty-four New York papers for \$1 each, and gave him half the proceeds.

Mr. Field remained but a short time in San Francisco, and then went further inland, stopping at the "town" of Yubaville. Yubaville was undergoing a transformation. The land was in control of two French capitalists, who were pleased with young Field's ability to speak French. Three days after his arrival Yubaville ceased to exist. Marysville was organized, and he was elected mayor. He was also made a justice of the peace, and the maintenance of law and order was in his hands.

Lynch law was unknown in Marysville so long as Mr. Field was mayor. He dispensed justice speedily and fearlessly, and several times ordered offenders to be publicly flogged. He was finally succeeded by an officer under the state government, and by that time had amassed a large sum of money, and had made a number of enemies.

One of these enemies was W. R. Turner, who had been appointed judge of the district. Judge Turner decided to drive Mr. Field from the country. He forbade him to practice in his court, threatening to shoot him if he entered the court room, and had him dragged from court by a sheriff and pose. Thus prevented from practicing law, Mr. Field embarked in legislation. He was elected to the legislature, and there drafted a plan of a new judicial system, which got rid of Judge Turner, and sent him to the wilderness.

Things moved quickly in California in those days. Mr. Field arrived in California in December, 1849. He was elected to the legislature in 1851. In two years Mr. Field had been an unknown emigrant, mayor of a town, justice of the peace and member of the legislature. In two years he had been penniless, rich and penniless again.

Mr. Field returned to the practice of law, and in those days the law was a hazardous calling. One day Judge Field, who was defending a placer

Judge Barbour insisted on having the choice of weapons. Judge Field waived this, and Barbour selected pistols and bowie knives in a room sixteen feet deep. Judge Field accepted. Then Judge Barbour objected—first to the bowie knives, and second, to fighting in a room. A meeting was arranged in the woods, and Judge Barbour backed out. He was lampooned in the newspapers, and one morning when Judge Field was getting kindling wood in front of his office Judge Barbour ran up behind him, clapped a pistol to his head and said:

"Draw and defend yourself!" "You cowardly assassin!" exclaimed the kneeling man, without moving. "You do not dare to shoot. I defy you."

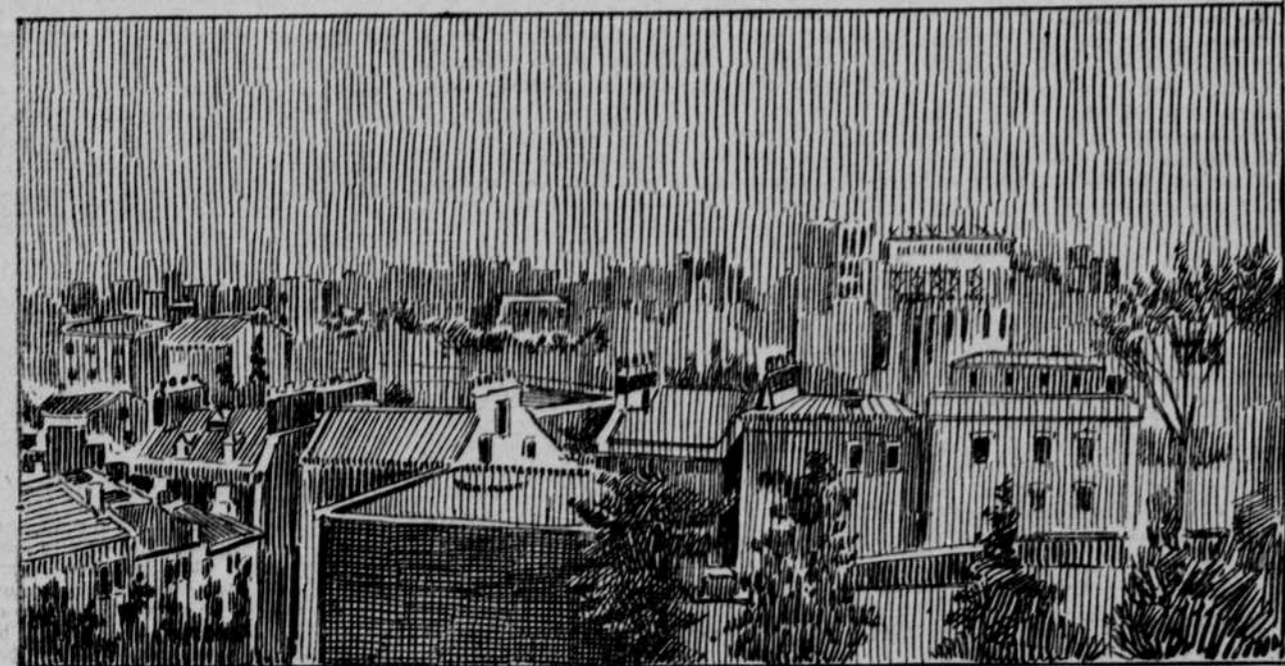
Judge Barbour walked away, while the crowd hooted.

Dozens of times Judge Field looked down the muzzles of cocked revolvers. He was never known to flinch. A less courageous man would have been killed early in the game. He absolutely did not know what fear was, and the stories of his honesty and bravery that spread over the state elected him judge of the supreme court in 1857 by twenty thousand majority.

Judge Field was a Democrat. When the war broke out he, with others, decided to keep California in the Union. The secessionists were sure of California. General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command of the United States troops in California, and his disloyalty was suspected. The Unionists felt that he was in collusion with the secessionists, who would seize the fortress of Alcatraz, which would place San Francisco at their mercy. Seventy-five thousand muskets were stored at Benicia, and if these fell into the hands of the secessionists California would be lost.

The Unionists organized a secret Union League. Judge Field was the fifth member to be enrolled. Arms were bought and companies were organized. Meetings on behalf of the Union were held in the theaters, and the fires of patriotism burned brightly at the Golden Gate. Couriers overland carried the news to President Lincoln, and he was finally advised to supersede General Johnston. This he did by sending General Sumner secretly to relieve him of the command. General Sumner took command. The arms at Benicia were safe, and California remained a loyal state.

For Judge Field's services to the Union he was made a United States supreme court justice by President Lin-



THE SILENT CITY OF ALASKA.

ognized the view of Bristol from the noted Brandon hill.

In the June (1897) number of the Popular Science Monthly Professor David Starr Jordan, president of the Stanford University, published an article in which he charged that the Willoughby photograph was a fraud, and said it had been made from an old plate taken twenty years ago. Professor Hudson remembered that the famous cathedral of the town was at that time undergoing repairs. An investigation into the methods of photography used by Mr. Willoughby which was made by an officer of the Albatross was not satisfactory. The old prospector flatly refused to disclose what sort of chemicals he had used or how he had developed his plates. Professor Jordan took high scientific ground in his criticism of the photographs, and did not hesitate to say that so far as mirages in Alaska were concerned, the Willoughby pictures were a rather poor and unsubstantial guide.

Professor Jordan's argument would be strong or even convincing from the standpoint of circumstantial evidence were it not counterbalanced by testimonial evidence, the validity of which there can be no reasonable doubt. Even if Mr. Willoughby's photographs were not genuine, the chances that he really saw a mirage city are very great. A man named Bruce, well known in Alaska, testifies that he saw the city described by Mr. Willoughby. S. H. French also says he was fortunate enough to see it. There is an Indian legend about Glacier Bay in which the story of the phantom city is preserved. Robert Christie and George Patterson of Bartlett Bay say that they, too, have seen it. And now comes Mr. Thornton, a man of position in Seattle, and five members of Prince Luigi's

that he is very anxious to try his luck in Alaska, make a fortune, become a good citizen and retrieve his good name. He wants Auditor Selbert to intercede for him with Gov. Stephens and secure him a pardon. He points out in forceful language that, if he is kept in prison until the expiration of his sentence, in 1912, the gold field will be overcrowded, and his chances of striking a rich lead will be greatly diminished.

### Taking Him at His Word.

There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Philipotts, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The bishop said: "I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit." Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked: "Do you think that these will do me credit?" "I prefer, my lord," answered Philipotts, "to adhere to your lordship's former expression." The sermons were not published.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### Too Late.

Myrtle—"They say that you made a regular fool of Algy Pierson, at the islands, last week." Maud—"No; they are wrong. I might have done it but for one thing." Myrtle—"What was that?" Maud—"Somebody had finished the job before I got hold of him."—Cleveland Leader.

### Another Theory.

The most curious thing about the insane rush to Alaska is that the proportion of fools in the rest of the world does not seem to be materially decreased.—New York Tribune.

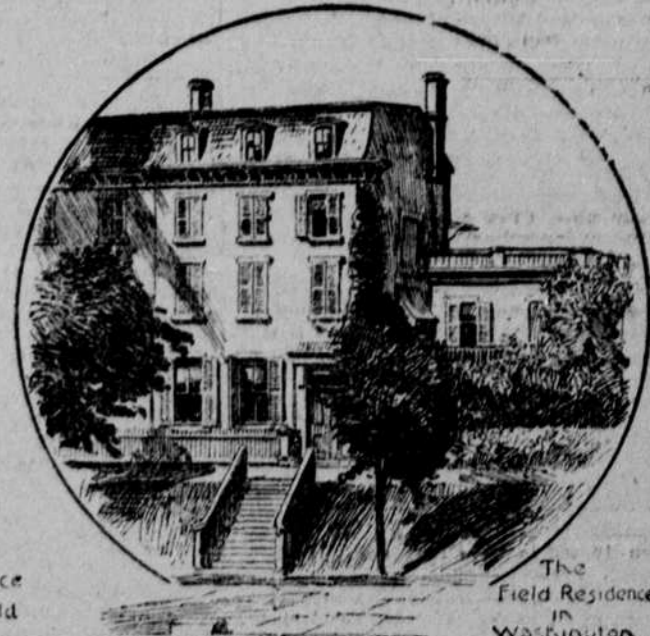
No American, living or dead, has a more remarkable history than Justice Stephen J. Field, and it is the purpose of this article to detail some of the interesting incidents of his career. He was the son of David Dudley Field, a Congrega-

tional minister of New England, and Submit Dickinson Field. His grandfather on his father's side was Timothy Field, who was a captain in the Revolution. His grandfather on his mother's side was Noah Dickinson,

who served in the French and Indian war under Israel Putnam, and also through the Revolution. So it will be seen that Stephen J. Field came of fighting stock. Among his brothers were Cyrus W. Field, the father of the submarine cable; David Dudley Field, an eminent lawyer; Mathew W. Field, a noted engineer; Henry Martyn Field, a distinguished clergyman and author; Jonathan Field, who was president of the Massachusetts state senate, and Timothy Field, a lieutenant in the United States navy.

One of the sisters of Justice Field married the Rev. Jonathan Brewer, and a New England missionary society that was interested in educating young Grecian girls, sent Mr. Brewer and his wife to Smyrna, Greece had just thrown off the Turkish yoke, and Henry Clay's speeches in behalf of that suffering country, the massacre at Seio and the bravery of Marco Bozaris had fired the American heart. With Missionary Brewer and his wife went young Stephen J. Field. They remained abroad three years. During that time he went through the cholera epidemic and also the plague. During these epidemics he helped his brother-in-law nurse the sick. Tens of thousands of persons died from the two diseases, but young Field and his relatives escaped.

Stephen J. Field returned in 1833, and went to Williams college, graduating in 1837. Then he entered the law office of David Dudley Field, in



Justice Field

The Field Residence in Washington.



The Cowardly Attack on Justice Field.

claim which had been jumped, discovered that steps had been taken to corrupt the jury. The section was lawless, and usually might be right. The trial was held in a crowded saloon, and most of the spectators were hostile to Judge Field's side. Judge Field decided on the boldest course. He knew his facts, and he boldly charged jury fixing.

"With uplifted hands," he said, addressing the jury, "you have sworn to return a verdict according to law and evidence. Will you perjure your souls? I know that you (pointing to a juror) have been approached. Did you spurn the wretch or hold secret counsel with him? I know that you (pointing to another juror) have been approached, because I overheard the conversation, the promises and the pledge."

At this point there was an ominous movement in the crowd, and "Click! Click! Click!" was heard. A score of pistols were cocked.

"There is no terror in your pistols, gentlemen," thundered Mr. Field. "You cannot win your case by shooting me. You cannot win it by bribery or threats. You can only win it by showing title to the property."

The jury, completely overawed, found a verdict for Judge Field's client.

During litigation over a contested election Judge Barbour quarreled with Judge Field and invited him to fight a duel. Judge Field accepted. Then

col'n in 1863.

An attempt was made to assassinate Judge Field by means of an infernal machine in 1865. A torpedo was sent through the mail to him in a miniature case. The judge partly opened it and then, his suspicions being aroused, he placed it in a pail of water and had it examined at the Washington arsenal. It contained enough explosive to kill a dozen men, and had evidently been sent to him by certain squatters who had been dispossessed in the Pueblo cases in which the judge rendered the decision.

The last of many times this remarkable, lion-hearted man faced death without flinching was in 1889, when an attempt was made on his life by Judge David S. Terry and his wife. Judge Terry was counsel for Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be the wife of Senator Sharon, and sought to establish a claim to his millions by means of a divorce. Field and Terry had known each other in the West. During the divorce proceedings the Hill woman had married Judge Terry. The case was carried up, and finally came before Justice Field. He delivered a decision adverse to Mrs. Hill, and Judge Terry arose in court and denounced the judge. He attempted to assault him, as did also his wife, but they were overpowered and disarmed. The judge had a dirk and his wife a revolver. He sentenced Terry to three months in jail and Mrs. Hill to one month.

When he came out of jail Judge Terry again threatened to take the life of Justice Field. When Justice Field visited California Deputy Marshal Nagle was ordered to travel with the judge and protect him. At the waiting station at Lathrop Judge Terry assaulted Justice Field, and Nagle shot him dead. Terry's wife then rushed in with a pistol, and had to be disarmed.

Brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.—Silius Italicus.