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IS NOW SIX DAYS OVERDUE.

No Word Yet of the Belated Steamer City of Peking.

OUT IN THE PACIFIC SOMEWHERE.

Is the Hawaiian Revolution the Cause, or a Storm and a Breakage?—Many Theories Advanced—Some Noted Delays on the Coast Hitherto—Sketch of the Peking—The Anxiety Stronger.

The fact that the big steamer City of Peking, Captain Robert Searle, did not arrive on Saturday night and has not yet been heard of has caused renewed interest in her.

She set out from Yokohama for this port at 10 o'clock in the morning of January 10th, and since that time not a sound has come up from the ocean regarding her.

Her ordinary time coming this way is about twelve days and a half. It is a day easier this way than going out, for the wind usually helps her by a day. Sometimes she has been fourteen days in coming, but she is a big and powerful steamer and usually makes her way in less time.

Never before has she been more than two

king. The China left Hongkong, via Yokohama, on the 19th, or ten days later than the Peking, and is due here on Wednesday.

"We ought to have some news from her about the Peking, if the belated ship doesn't get in before," said Captain Bruce, Marine Adjuster and President of the Board of Pilot Commissioners. "Captain Seabury usually keeps a pretty sharp eye out."

"There is a great big stretch of water to look over," responded a cynical man near at hand. "I guess he won't see much of her."

"Don't you fool yourself on Captain Seabury," responded another. "If he gets within a great many miles of her trail, he'll spot her. He sees everything."

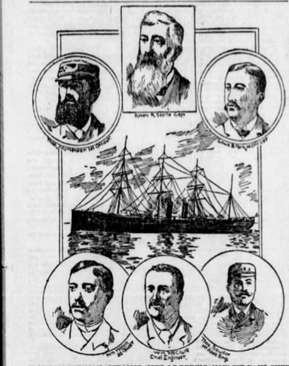
The City of Peking has ten cabin passengers and fifty Chinese in the steerage, as told yesterday. This news was cabled from China on her starting, as is customary on such trips. Much of her cargo consists of silk, as usual.

Lloyd's register shows some interesting things about the ship. Her registered tonnage is 5,080. John Roach & Sons built her at their yards at Chester, Pa., in 1874, for the Pacific Mail Company, and she was at once brought around to this coast through the Straits of Magellan.

ABOUT THE PEKING.

She never was down coast to the Central American ports and Panama, but entered at once into the China trade, and it is on this route that she has been kept ever since.

The Peking is 423 feet long, has a 48-foot beam and 27 feet 8 inches depth of hold. She is the biggest, in the respect that she will carry more freight, than any other ship carrying the American flag, but the China



THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER CITY OF PEKING, NOW SIX DAYS OVERDUE FROM YOKOHAMA, AND HER OFFICERS.

days overdue. Now she is six days behind, and about the Merchants' Exchange everybody is saying: "What's the matter with the City of Peking? Bottom dropped out of her?"

To all the questions there are no answers, but many theories. Some have it that she has probably broken her propeller blades or a shaft. Others that she is dirty and because of this cannot make good headway in the water, which, as would appear, has been very rough out in the Pacific.

LILIUOKALANI AND THE SHIP.

Others have an idea that she has put in at Honolulu and that she may be detained there because of a second revolution. They think it not improbable that Queen [illegible]

is somewhat longer than the Peking.

The Peking was the sister ship of the City of Tokio, lost on the China or Japanese coast three or four years ago, at which time she ran ashore. She can steam along comfortably at a speed of over fourteen knots an hour.

This is what puzzles the mariners, or at least some of them, at the present time. Being so large and powerful a ship, and her record being so good hitherto, they cannot understand why she has not got in. If there had been a change of commander or engineer, or if there was an inferior kind of coal to be used, they could find some solution, but none of these exigencies present themselves.

When those who, if not adjudged "calamity shriekers," were at least regarded as [illegible]

[illegible]

place of the broken after portion. This would mean a delay of four or five days at least, as a section of crank shaft weighs about eight tons and the Chinese crew on the Peking is not the best kind of labor to perform such a task.

The breaking of a section of the crank shaft would also mean the disablement of two of the four engines and a consequent reduced speed. This reduction might be from one-half to two-thirds of the vessel's ordinary record.

In conclusion he stated that the only possibility of a serious accident to the vessel and her passengers and cargo could occur from collision and that in the little-traveled Pacific such an event, while possible, was extremely improbable.

HAS ITS CENTER HERE.

A Big Smuggling Ring Extending From Michigan to This City.

Efforts of United States Marshals to Capture the Leaders—Marshal Winslow Tells of It—Canadian Refineries.

George A. Winslow, Chief Deputy United States Marshal at Detroit, who has arrived here with other officials in charge of seventeen Chinese found illegally over the American border, says there is a very considerable amount of smuggling now through his region.

"It has a San Francisco end," he said last night, "and the smuggling is both as regards the Chinese and opium. We have been trying to locate the individual source here for some time, but have not yet succeeding in doing it.

"The opium is shipped in over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Ontario, Canada, principally, and then smuggled over the line into my State and shipped here. It has been going on more or less for a long time. There is a big ring, with varied ramifications, and probably there is a vast sum of money backing it. It isn't one man but it is many, and they have been working things very fine.

AN INTERMINABLE RING.

"The combination is almost interminable in its workings. This is a great market for opium, there being so many Chinese here who use it. The opium which they get [illegible]

[illegible]

MR. SUTRO AS A BEAUTIFIER.

He Does Not Wish the Ocean Boulevard Made Ugly.

THE "BEAUTIES OF THE LANDSCAPE."

Something About the Very Choice Contributions to the Charms of the Boulevard Made With His Assent and to His Financial Profit—Big Signs and Old Junk—An Artistic Barn.

Here's a San Franciscan waging, single-handed, a mighty conflict in the interest of beauty. This knight, whose lance is consecrate to an end so worthy, is Adolph Sutro, the man of millions in money and plaster of statues by the score.

The Olympic Salt Water Company, arrayed like an ancient Grecian gymnast, is his antagonist, and the occasion of the combat is the application made to the Supervisors by the company for a franchise to supply the people of this city with salt water.

Mr. Sutro opposes the granting of a franchise of that kind.

W. Greer Harrison, President of the Olympic Club, says that Mr. Sutro would [illegible]

cally stored. The chief ornament of the place is a dog-house that looks like the great pyramid and nearly as old. This is flanked by a sawbuck which has seen better days. Not far away the attractive swill barrels of the Seal Rock House appeal to the lover of the beautiful for more than visual attention. The main glory of the scene cannot be claimed by Mr. Sutro, to be sure, inasmuch as the lovely little nook is not on his land; yet it were unkind to give him no laurel leaves at all, for it must be admitted that he is sturdily objecting to the substitution of a neat new pumping building for the sheds and dog house. Even his worst enemy must admit that.

And then the scores of additional signs! They are spread over every square inch of the wall of the carriage-shed which fronts upon the "Ocean Boulevard." They tell of kidney and liver cures; they urge the reader to wear cuffs and collars; and they set forth the excellence of stoves and spices. The "landscape" fairly trembles under the burden of "beauties" thus thrust upon it at so much per thrust, cash in advance.

PLENTY OF PAINT.

As one advanced fresh delights burst upon the view at every turn, on every fence-rail or rock capable of holding a good, big dab of paint. Beautiful legends are encountered urging visitors to use axle-grease, to buy shirts, smoke telephone cigars and drink beer.

Two beautifully irregular drains, with picturesque sewage tumbling helter-skelter toward the Pacific ocean, as though glad to escape from the company of the statues on the crest of the crags, add much to the landscape—in fact, more than is strictly necessary even in the interest of beauty. [illegible]

monotony and heighten the beauty of the scene. The one nearest the ocean has been just enough wrecked to be delightfully picturesque. So Mr. Sutro probably thinks, for he lets it stay as it is without a pang of regret.

The view looking in at the little enclosure where the gentleman keeps four whitewashed shanties, a jumble of old lumber, broken bottles and dump carts is refreshing.

Looking down upon a drinking fountain a little further on is an appeal on behalf of

A GEM OF "LANDSCAPE BEAUTY."

[*From a sketch by an "Examiner" artist, showing one of Sutro's water-drains on the "Ocean Boulevarde."*]

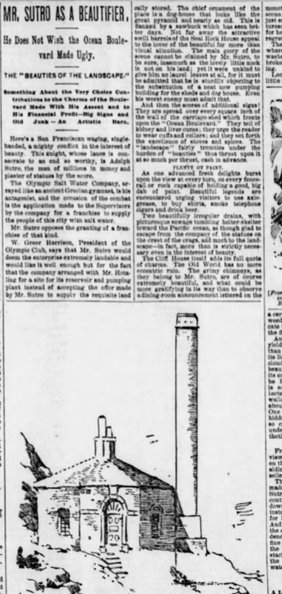
a certain brand of "Lager Beer," and the weeds growing around the fountain indicate that the beer is getting the better of the fight.

And then the Heights! Lovers' Lane yielded nothing more beautiful or romantic than a rusty and time-eaten oil can, lifting its lid like an alligator's mouth toward the clouds. But Palm avenue proved richer in beauty than any other place yet visited. At its end is located Mr. Sutro's stables, and he has made it yield many beauties. It is so beautiful with its artistically neglected roofs and its prettily-battered walls that not one of the statues thereabouts has the heart to look in its direction. One little cherub is so ashamed that it has hidden behind a post, and a sea-nymph is so crestfallen that she has taken refuge under the drooping boughs of a sympathetic evergreen.

THE "DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

From the Dolce Far Niente balcony the view is entrancing. One's eye rests first on the rear elevation of the big signs heralding the fame of clothiers and cigar sellers.

The outlook from the parapet is also made entertaining by the "beauties" Mr. Sutro has permitted the sign-painter to contribute to "the landscape." Looking down from the statue of Prometheus, for instance, is a prayerful exhortation to "Vote for Dr. Somebody or other for Mayor." And when Mr. Sutro turns away toward the city within the Golden Gate the last evidence of beauty that deeply moves him to a fine appreciation of himself as a patron of [illegible]



MR. SUTRO THINKS THIS WILL DEFACE THE BEAUTIES OF THE BLUFFS.

[*The Pumping-Station of the Olympic Club will be fashioned from the Porter's Lodge of an English country Home. The chimney will be made to resemble the celebrated Trajan's column.*]

on satisfactory terms, judging from the Sutro point of view.

AN APPEAL FOR BEAUTY.

Mr. Sutro loves the beautiful. From that simple statement the case becomes clear. Whatever has about it even the shadow of unfriendliness to beauty he is irresistibly moved to combat.

"They intend to erect unsightly pumping works," he has said. "No hideous chimneys should be allowed on the great ocean boulevard. It would mar the beauties of the landscape, and the smoke would more or less damage the vegetation of Sutro Heights and prove a nuisance to visitors."

Just to get together a few proofs of Mr. Sutro's enmity to everything unlovely, a [illegible]

lee side of the granite lion!

Sundry "beauties" in the form of old hats, worn-out shoes and shards of prettily colored bottles adorn the narrow road which overhangs the ocean and which lies just back of the Cliff House kitchen. The [illegible]

[illegible]

upon Mr. Sutro's land and partly upon the Hotaling estate. For the privilege of maintaining the delightful little legend the clothiers pay $50 a year. This fact must be known before the real charms of the sign can be appreciated. It adds luster to the beauty of the letters.

On these same cliffs, but nearer their base, are three more "beauties of the landscape." They are sign boards, it is true, each 10x15 feet in size, but then they are very prettily adorned. One of them sets forth the surpassing merits of a certain brand of cigars,

WHAT MR. SUTRO PREFERS.

[*From a Sketch by an "Examiner" artist, showing the present appearance from the boulevard of the place where the Olympic Pumping-Works are to stand.*]

beautiful new mop which is hung upon the outer wall also gives a new touch of grandeur to the scene. It is all very entrancing—rents duly considered.

The signs ornamenting the rear of the

A BIT OF "LANDSCAPE BEAUTY."

[*From a sketch by an "Examiner" artist, showing the barn and outhouses lying within 100 feet of Adolph Sutro's residence on Sutro Heights.*]

and the others are covered with a sort of crazy-quilt of lettering. The man who can tell what letters have been chopped up to make the combination is to be remembered in Mr. Sutro's prayers the next time he addresses his orisons to the goddess of beauty.

A LOVELY DOG HOUSE.

At the foot of these cliffs the pumping works are to be located. The site is not unoccupied, however. There is a long redwood carriage shed there now, and a whitewashed building in which wood is artisti-

Cliff House on the eastern exposure are also decidedly creditable to Mr. Sutro's ideal of the beautiful. They invite attention to the "beauties" of hand-made shirts, machine-made sausages and other domestic subjects.

JUNK AND WINDMILLS.

A little further on is a pretty little collection of Mr. Sutro's junk. It overlooks the majestic ocean. The old hose-cart looks especially well.

Two black-looking windmills break the

RANG THE WRONG BOX.

A Lad's Stupid Mistake Allows a Man to Bleed to Death.

[illegible]

had broken a blood-vessel, ran to his assistance and taking him in his arms endeavored to stanch the flow of blood. Then, seeing a young man standing by, the officer said to him: "Here, quick, take my keys and ring up the patrol box."

Unfortunately the lad was new to the business and rang up the fire alarm from box 146 by mistake.

Soon the well-known chimes rang out, and the boy seeing his error, rectified it as best he could by ringing up the patrol, but too late to prevent the district fire engines from galloping to the spot, headed by District Engineer John Dougherty. When it became known that a mistake had been made the fire brigade turned and went home.

Meanwhile the poor man lay unconscious. Some salt was procured with which an attempt was made to stop the hemorrhage, and on the arrival of the patrol wagon he was taken with all speed to the City and County Hospital. But it was all to no purpose, as the unfortunate man expired in the arms of Policeman Gallagher while being carried upstairs.

The deceased was identified as William Charles, generally known as "English Billy," well known to all residents in the neighborhood. H. L. Livingstone of 121 Camp street deposed that deceased had dined with him at his residence only two hours previously, and had seemed perfectly well. His team was standing in the barn mentioned and he was intending to reach it when the hemorrhage came on.

PERSONAL.

J. H. Long of New Orleans is at the Russ.

J. A. Cooper, a leading merchant of Ukiah, is at the Grand.

B. T. Alford, one of the Fresno City Trustees, is at the Grand.

Alfred Kutner, a leading merchant of Sanger, is at the Grand.

W. H. Layson, a Deputy Attorney-General, is here from Sacramento.

J. B. Daniels, a prominent real estate dealer of Fresno, is at the Grand.

G. D. Martin, a Tulare county fruit raiser, is in the city en route to Milwaukee.

B. V. Sargent, District Attorney of Monterey county, is at a down-town hotel.

G. D. McLean, a mining man of Grass Valley, arrived yesterday and is at the Lick.

George L. Jackman, an iron manufacturer of Elgin, Ill., is in the city. He contemplates an early sale of his Eastern interests, with a view of future operations on the Pacific Coast.

AS "LADY" OR "WOMAN."

How the Fair Sex Should Be Addressed in the Police Courts.

THE OPINIONS OF THREE JURISTS.

His Honor Judge Campbell Believes That "Woman" Is the Proper Word, and Quotes Biblical Authority in Support.

In a moment of merry jest and in an endeavor to liven up the rather dreary proceedings of a dull day in court, his Honor, Judge Joachimsen, the jurist who presides over Police Court No. 3, precipitated, unthinkingly, a question of Police Court ethics that he has since found difficult to answer.

The question looks like a simple one to answer. It is this:

Should the word lady or woman be used in the Police Court when referring to one of the female sex in that court?

It all came about the other day when the handsome and talented Prosecuting Attorney of Police Court No. 3, himself a Southern gentleman, if accent counts for anything, referred to the defendant in a battery case as "this woman," a remark that [illegible]

[illegible]

HEART DISEASE

[illegible]

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