

AMUSEMENTS.

HALDWIN THEATRE—AL. HAYMAN, Lessee and Manager.
Every Evening (except Sunday), Wed. and Sat. Matinees—Grand Opera at Regular Theatrical Prices.
CHOICE SEATS NOW ON SALE for the Farewell Visit of the Renowned EMMA

ABBOTT OPERA CO.

Abbott, Annandale, Coran, Bertini, Micheloni, Montecristo, Proetta, Broderick, Allen, Tomas.
BRILLIANT AND VERSATILE REPERTORY FOR THE

FAREWELL WEEK!

TO-NIGHT—By Request, Abbott's Great Success, the Melodious Opera, Sparkling with Gems,
LUCRETIA BORGIA.
LUCRETIA BORGIA, February 3d.
Tuesday—Great Cast, Verdi's Popular Opera,
IL TROVATORE.
Wednesday Matinee—2 Prima Donnas and Entire Co.
Choice Reception at 2 o'clock.
CHIMES OF NORMANDY.
Wednesday and Friday Evenings, Only Performance of the
Great Success of EMMA ABBOTT as
YUM-YUM.
NEXT ATTRACTION, Commencing Monday, January 31st.....**CLARA MORRIS**

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

SINGLE NIGHT SALE COMMENCES
Monday, Jan. 17, 9 A. M.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S
Four Nights Only—Positively Farewell Tour.

Mr. Henry F. Abbey very respectfully announces the appearance in San Francisco of

MME. ADALINA PATTI.

In Four Grand Operatic Concerts, which will take place on

Monday.....January 24th
Tuesday.....January 27th
Wednesday.....February 1st
Thursday.....February 3d

With the following Distinguished Artists:
Mme. Sofia Sciala, prima donna contralto; Sig. Albert Guille, tenor; Sig. Antonio Galassi, baritone; Sig. Franco Novari, basso, and Sig. Luigi Arditi, Conductor.

At each performance Mme. Patti and the above artists will appear in a Grand Concert Programme, consisting of famous selections, and, in addition, on Monday Evening, January 24th, in the 2d act of the Opera (in costume) of **SEMI-RAMIDE.**

On Thursday Evening, January 27th, in the 3d act of the Opera (in costume) of **FAUST.**

On Tuesday Evening, February 1st, in the 2d act of the Opera (in costume) of **MARTHA.**

And on Thursday Evening, February 3d, in the 2d act of the Opera (in costume) of **LINDA DI CHIAVONE.**

With all the accessories of Costumes and a Grand Orchestra of Fifty Selected Musicians, under the direction of Sig. Luigi Arditi.

FRIOES—\$2, \$3, \$5, \$6. BOXES—\$70, \$60, \$50 & \$25.
Seats on Sale Monday, Jan. 17th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, corner Sixth and Kearny streets.

Steinway & Son's Celebrated Piano Used.
MARCUS B. MAYBE.....Acting Manager

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.

M. B. LEAVITT.....Proprietor
CHAS. F. BATE.....Manager

H. C. MINER'S ZITKA.

A Romantic Russian Drama by WM. CARLTON.
A MAGNIFICENT CAST!

Including,
MR. GUSTAVUS LEVICK
And **MISS JOSIE BACHELDER.**

The Original Scenery, Wardrobe, etc., from Miner's People's Theatre, New York.

Popular Prices.

ALCAZAR THEATRE.

WALLENBOD, OSBOURNE & STOCKWELL.....Managers
GEO. WALLENBOD.....Lessee

I Must Have a Cooler.
GREAT SUCCESS. HOUSES CROWDED.
To-night and Every Evening this Week and Saturday Matinee.

Elaborate Burlesque production of
LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD
New and Elegant Costumes, Handsome Stage Settings, Songs, Choruses and Dances.

CHARLIE REED, ALICE HARRISON
OSBOURNE & STOCKWELL'S ALCAZAR COMPANY IN THE CAST.

Prices.....25, 50 and 75c.
Next Monday, January 24th—**THE TOURIST**, with **CHARLIE REED** and **ALICE HARRISON** in the cast.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KEELING BROS.....Proprietors and Managers
Every Evening this Week.

ENORMOUS DOUBLE BILL.

NEMESIS!

The Very Amazing Musical Extravaganza.
Preceded by

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGG!
The Funniest of All Farces.

Full Strength of Company.
Grand Chorus and Orchestra.
Our Popular Prices.....25c. and 50c.

IRVING HALL.

Prof. O. S. FOWLER
Has decided to prolong his stay and will lecture on the following dates: Monday, January 17, 8 P. M.; Tuesday, January 18, 2:30 P. M.; Thursday, January 20, 8 P. M.; Monday, January 24, 8 P. M.; Thursday, January 27, 8 P. M. Consultations at Palace Hotel (Parlors 173 and 175), 2 A. M. to 2 P. M., till January 31st only. Positively Farewell Tour.

PANORAMA.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
Corner of Eddy and Mason streets.
Open Daily from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

RIFLE AND TARGET.
Practice at the Battis Yesterday—Scores of the German Fusiliers.

The regular monthly mark shoot of the German Fusilier Guard, Captain Volkman, at Shell Mound yesterday, resulted as follows: First-class medal—H. Tiedgen 43, H. Stettin 42, C. Jansen 42; second-class medal—C. Schaefer 39, E. Maack 35, H. Lotz 32; honorary members, Major A. F. Klose, 41.

Company F, Fifth Infantry, also held their monthly contest, F. P. Fontler winning the first-class medal, Thomas Sheehan second-class, and W. Cobbleck the third-class medal.

Poultar made 364 rings at the 25-ring target with a Sharp rifle, an average of 18.25 rings to the shot.

The California Schutzen Club has over 180 members in good standing, some \$1,500 in hand, and in all ways is a very prosperous organization.

Captain Ludwig Sieber, proprietor of Shell Mound, will open the season on the first Sunday in March with a grand shooting festival, at which a number of cash prizes will be offered.

"THE COMING OF CHRIST."

Lecture of Rev. Mr. McDougall at Fly-mouth Church.

Rev. Mr. McDougall lectured at the Plymouth Congregational Church last night, and chose for his subject "The Coming and Death of Christ." The speaker dwelt on the character of the times preceding the Messiah, the intellectual unrest, and the religious uncertainty of the different nations.

With the advent of Christ, this state of things was changed, and a fountain of living truth opened for mankind. The death of the Savior on the Cross was the focal point of Christian truth. It symbolized religion. The crucifixion was dramatic in its fitness, and impressed mankind with awe. It symbolized the most perfect self-sacrifice, and evidenced the highest nobility of the divine character.

The speaker dwelt on the beautiful ignorance that within her hold were forty or more tons of a terrible explosive, which was soon about to work such widespread devastation. It seems almost incredible that when the crew fled in terror from the destruction they knew must result from the stranding of the schooner, they did not endeavor to warn the people at the Cliff House. It was about 1 o'clock when the explosion occurred and it is nothing short of a miracle that there is no loss of life to record. The Cliff House and cottage were directly over the fearful engine of destruction, and yet while glass and woodwork were shattered to thousands of atoms and great rocks and heavy pieces of timber hurled far over the bluff, no one was killed. The exquisite beauty of the day yesterday and the report of the demolition of the world-wide, famous Cliff House attracted thousands and thousands of sightseers to the Ocean Beach yesterday. It is estimated that fully five thousand people crossed over from Oakland and Alameda alone to visit the beach. Every car on the Market-street cable system was brought into service, and the Park and Ocean road could not begin to run its trains fast enough to satisfy the impatient thousands who were clamorous to reach the scene of the wreck. By daylight the wreck began to arrive, and before noon there was a solid mass of wreckage, including beams and carriages toiling up the hill. Estimates as to the number of people who visited the Cliff House yesterday vary all the way from 60,000 to 100,000. The number certainly was not less than 50,000.

After surveying the Cliff House everybody hastened to get down to the pile of splinters and kindling wood that once was the schooner *Parallel*. One was roughly fashioned from pine wood, and when any one found a bit of giant powder-box with the inscription "dangerous," the discovery was proudly displayed. Spikes and bits of iron were the principal mementoes sought for, and fashionably-dressed men and solidly-clothed ladies were seen carrying an obstinate spook as if it was of incalculable value. Some people built little fires and burnt out spikes and bolts. As the crowd increased and the day waxed warmer, a spirit of fun took possession of many of the sight-seers, and while small boys scooped with a large water cask, rolling it into the surf, boys of maturer age, and the remarkable and the thousands of spectators by trying to run to a big rock between the ebb and flow of a wave. One adventurous individual started for the rock amidst the plaudits of the crowd, but he had miscalculated, for suddenly a huge breaker washed in on him, lifted him from his feet, laid him down, soaked him effectually, picked him up again and banged him spitefully against the rock. This took about three seconds, and the crowd yelled and booed for a full minute. Candy peddlers and sure-things gamblers drove a thriving trade. A watch and a piece of an accordion were found in the debris. One of the remarkable things connected with the explosion is that the *Sutro* powder magazine was not blown up by the shock. When the door was opened yesterday it was found that the boxes and cans of powder were scattered in great confusion on the floor of the magazine. There was considerable dynamite on stock, and if the magazine had come, too, not a stick of the *Cliff House* would have been left standing. The seals do not appear to have suffered at all, for they were apparently as thick as ever upon the rocks, and barked and yelped in sweet accord. The railroad depot and the Pavilion were not damaged to any extent. A heavy iron bolt went through the roof of the Pavilion and through the ceiling of the barroom. In the backyard a chunk of pigiron weighing fifty pounds was picked up. In the Life Saving Station there was no damage done. The signal station of the Merchants' Exchange was not seriously damaged, but the house where John Hyslop, an observer, lives, received rough usage. A rock weighing fifty-two pounds was hurled through the side of the house and crashed through the bed in which two women were sleeping, bringing in its course one of the women. The people at the Cliff House virtually lose all their household goods, and Mr. Pearson estimates his loss in stock and fixtures at over \$10,000, to say nothing of his home furniture. One of the schooner's knees tore a hole twenty feet square in the lower gallery of the Cliff House. As was stated yesterday a piece of the mainmast and mainmast of the schooner, weighing fifty-two tons, was hurled clear over the Pavilion, fully 3,000 feet away from the place of the explosion. The telegraph reports that the shock of the explosion was distinctly felt in Vacaville and in San Jose, places more than fifty miles distant. Just a month ago yesterday the whaler *Atlantic* went ashore with frightful loss of life on the ocean beach not more than a mile from where the *Parallel* blew up. Had it not been for Mr. Pearson's prompt action, as soon as he recalled from the shock of the explosion, in extinguishing an incipient blaze the disaster would have terminated in the utter destruction of the Cliff House.

A FATAL GAS JET.

John C. Murphy Asphyxiated in His Own Home.

At 8:30 A. M. yesterday ex-Senator John C. Murphy was found dead in his chair. He had reached his home at 1610 Post street at 10:30 o'clock the previous evening, but instead of going to bed had set up in his chair and fallen asleep, in which position he was discovered by his wife. Appearance indicates that he was asphyxiated, as the gas jet was turned on full when Mrs. Murphy entered the room. The tip of the jet was broken and the flame was burning several inches high. The room was filled with smoke and gas. Mr. Murphy was a prominent Democrat. He had been for one term State Senator for the old Ninth Senatorial District, and also a member of the Assembly. The deceased was forty-one years old and a native of Massachusetts. He leaves a wife and two children, a boy and girl. The funeral will be held to-morrow at 1 P. M.

Wholesome Result of a Clinging.

The lumbering mud-wagons of the opposition to the Geary and Sutter-street cable lines were poorly patronized yesterday, while the regular cars were crowded. The patrolmen along the car tracks found no explosives nor obstructions of any kind. During the day there was no trouble except on the block between Larkin and Park. At this block large crowds collected and insulted the gripmen and conductors by shouting "Scabs! Scabs!" as they went by. The police made several attempts to keep the sidewalks clear, and in one instance Policeman Bizby had to use his club freely. After this there was no difficulty.

Thrown From a Train.

Edward Stevens, one of the crew of the steam wrecker *Whitaker*, started out yesterday morning to visit the scene of the recent explosion at the Cliff House. At the Park he caught the 12 o'clock train running to the ocean beach. The car was so crowded that he was obliged to stand on the platform. As the train whirled round the curve opposite the Life Station Stevens was thrown violently off, and coming in contact with the ground received several severe cuts and bruises about the head and face, together with a sprained thumb. His wounds were dressed at the Receiving Hospital.

His Last Spree.

Thomas Turner was brought to the Receiving Hospital yesterday morning, unconscious from the effects of a long spree. He was put to bed and attended to, but last evening was found by the steward quite dead. Turner was a chronic drunkard, and he had been in the Home for inebriates to-day. Some two or three weeks ago the deceased was arrested and lodged in the Southern Station for stealing a large mirror. While in his cell Turner tried to hang himself with his suspenders, and almost succeeded.

California Academy of Sciences.

The regular meeting of the California Academy of Sciences will take place this evening at 7:30. President Harkness will deliver his inaugural address. Professor E. L. Greene will read a paper on the "Botanical Exploration of Santa Cruz Island," and Professor Behr will read a paper on "Certain Changes in the Fauna and Flora of California since 1850. Part I. *Crotalus Lucifer*."

Medical Lecture.

To-morrow evening at 8 o'clock Dr. N. W. Lane will deliver a confidential talk to young men in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, 232 Sutter street. Subject—"When Shall a Young Man Marry? Whom Should He Marry? How to Retain the Respect of His Wife Through Life."

A Poor Shot.

About 2:15 A. M. yesterday Peter Eichenridge was brought to the City Prison by Policemen Dillon, Gallagher and Stanton and booked for assault on murder. Eichenridge was drinking in a Davenport-street saloon and became involved in a dispute with several others. He was resisted, when he drew a pistol and fired. No one was hurt.

Black Diamond Coal Company.

At the annual meeting of the Black Diamond Coal Company, held on Saturday, the following Directors were chosen for the present year: P. B. Cornwall, Thomas Bell, J. B. Haggin, Alvins Hayward and S. P. Smith.

An Unfortunate Fall.

Mrs. B. Ford was brought to the Receiving Hospital at 5 o'clock yesterday, suffering from a fracture of the right wrist. The old lady, who is forty-seven years of age, had fallen down stairs of her home, No. 69 Water street.

THE EXPLOSION.

Scenes and Incidents in the Cliff House Debris.

Crew of the "Parallel" Land in Safety at Point Bonita.

A Desperate Pull for Life.

Damage Done to the Sutro Mansion and Conservatory.

Miraculous Escapes From Death—Thrice of the Life-saving Crew Injured—Cargo of the Schooner—A Terribly Wrecked and Shattered Cottage—The Great Crowd Yesterday.

The hour at which the schooner *Parallel* went ashore and blew up, just under the Cliff House, Sunday morning, and the difficulty of reaching that locality, afforded but little time for the morning papers to gather very detailed accounts of the disaster. The *ALTA*, however, succeeded in placing before its readers practically the whole story, although the damages to property are not quite so heavy as was at first supposed. The schooner went ashore early in the evening, just inside the cove to the north of the Cliff House, where the suspension bridge was formerly stretched. Naturally, as soon as the stranded craft was sighted, the people in the vicinity flocked to the bluff with the intention of aiding the crew, or, if possible, to save the vessel. For some three or four hours these people stood in the immediate neighborhood of the schooner in a blissful ignorance that within her hold were forty or more tons of a terrible explosive, which was soon about to work such widespread devastation. It seems almost incredible that when the crew fled in terror from the destruction they knew must result from the stranding of the schooner, they did not endeavor to warn the people at the Cliff House. It was about 1 o'clock when the explosion occurred and it is nothing short of a miracle that there is no loss of life to record. The Cliff House and cottage were directly over the fearful engine of destruction, and yet while glass and woodwork were shattered to thousands of atoms and great rocks and heavy pieces of timber hurled far over the bluff, no one was killed. The exquisite beauty of the day yesterday and the report of the demolition of the world-wide, famous Cliff House attracted thousands and thousands of sightseers to the Ocean Beach yesterday. It is estimated that fully five thousand people crossed over from Oakland and Alameda alone to visit the beach. Every car on the Market-street cable system was brought into service, and the Park and Ocean road could not begin to run its trains fast enough to satisfy the impatient thousands who were clamorous to reach the scene of the wreck. By daylight the wreck began to arrive, and before noon there was a solid mass of wreckage, including beams and carriages toiling up the hill. Estimates as to the number of people who visited the Cliff House yesterday vary all the way from 60,000 to 100,000. The number certainly was not less than 50,000.

After surveying the Cliff House everybody hastened to get down to the pile of splinters and kindling wood that once was the schooner *Parallel*. One was roughly fashioned from pine wood, and when any one found a bit of giant powder-box with the inscription "dangerous," the discovery was proudly displayed. Spikes and bits of iron were the principal mementoes sought for, and fashionably-dressed men and solidly-clothed ladies were seen carrying an obstinate spook as if it was of incalculable value. Some people built little fires and burnt out spikes and bolts. As the crowd increased and the day waxed warmer, a spirit of fun took possession of many of the sight-seers, and while small boys scooped with a large water cask, rolling it into the surf, boys of maturer age, and the remarkable and the thousands of spectators by trying to run to a big rock between the ebb and flow of a wave. One adventurous individual started for the rock amidst the plaudits of the crowd, but he had miscalculated, for suddenly a huge breaker washed in on him, lifted him from his feet, laid him down, soaked him effectually, picked him up again and banged him spitefully against the rock. This took about three seconds, and the crowd yelled and booed for a full minute. Candy peddlers and sure-things gamblers drove a thriving trade. A watch and a piece of an accordion were found in the debris. One of the remarkable things connected with the explosion is that the *Sutro* powder magazine was not blown up by the shock. When the door was opened yesterday it was found that the boxes and cans of powder were scattered in great confusion on the floor of the magazine. There was considerable dynamite on stock, and if the magazine had come, too, not a stick of the *Cliff House* would have been left standing. The seals do not appear to have suffered at all, for they were apparently as thick as ever upon the rocks, and barked and yelped in sweet accord. The railroad depot and the Pavilion were not damaged to any extent. A heavy iron bolt went through the roof of the Pavilion and through the ceiling of the barroom. In the backyard a chunk of pigiron weighing fifty pounds was picked up. In the Life Saving Station there was no damage done. The signal station of the Merchants' Exchange was not seriously damaged, but the house where John Hyslop, an observer, lives, received rough usage. A rock weighing fifty-two pounds was hurled through the side of the house and crashed through the bed in which two women were sleeping, bringing in its course one of the women. The people at the Cliff House virtually lose all their household goods, and Mr. Pearson estimates his loss in stock and fixtures at over \$10,000, to say nothing of his home furniture. One of the schooner's knees tore a hole twenty feet square in the lower gallery of the Cliff House. As was stated yesterday a piece of the mainmast and mainmast of the schooner, weighing fifty-two tons, was hurled clear over the Pavilion, fully 3,000 feet away from the place of the explosion. The telegraph reports that the shock of the explosion was distinctly felt in Vacaville and in San Jose, places more than fifty miles distant. Just a month ago yesterday the whaler *Atlantic* went ashore with frightful loss of life on the ocean beach not more than a mile from where the *Parallel* blew up. Had it not been for Mr. Pearson's prompt action, as soon as he recalled from the shock of the explosion, in extinguishing an incipient blaze the disaster would have terminated in the utter destruction of the Cliff House.

ceeded in discovering Chris. Christensen and Peter Hansen, two members thereof, located in an East-street saloon, surrounded by a number of sympathetic associates, who were listening with a keen interest to the story of the disaster as told by the long man who had so narrowly escaped from the jaws of death. At the request of the reporter Christensen, who was acting as raconteur, commenced his story anew, saying: "We shipped on the schooner *Parallel* last Tuesday morning. She was lying at 'the hay wharf' at the foot of Third street, and it was not until after we had departed that we learned the character of her cargo. It consisted of forty-five tons of giant powder, one ton of black powder, one box of caps and fifty boxes of coal oil. Miller was the Captain, and besides him there were the mate, four seamen and the cook. We started from the foot of Third street Thursday morning, but there was no wind, and it might have been only Friday night. The calm continued and by Friday night we were lying off Point Point. The next day, Saturday, we were still without wind, and our sails were flapping feebly. With the ebb tide, however, we began to move along, and we thought we would have no difficulty in working our way outside the bay. Upon arriving at Mile Rock, however, the tide was so low that we were unable to get under way, and we were obliged to anchor which began to drive us in shore, and we then knew that all hope of getting the schooner out was useless. We thought of nothing but those forty-five tons of powder in the hold, and we knew that the moment the schooner bumped against a rock it would be blown to bits.

"You see the powder was in fifty-pound boxes, and these boxes were packed so snug and tight that a blow on the bottom or side of the schooner was as good as a blow on the powder boxes. It didn't take us long to agree that it was time for us to bid good-bye to our damage and skip out.

"The sails were set, and the vessel was drifting so slowly that when it was struck by the anchor it would have held her, and then again maybe if we did, there wouldn't be anything of her left worth holding. As she then laid she hadn't yet exploded, and there was danger that if we dropped an anchor she might slow around, on to a rock or two.

"Anyhow we weren't taking any such chances for \$80 a month, and we quickly lowered our small boat, into which all seven of us tumbled, including the captain. As we jumped into the little boat our hearts were in our mouths, for we didn't know the moment that the schooner's bottom would strike or grate on some hidden rock. You can imagine the state of our excitement with which we dropped our oars in the row-locks and gave way.

"With every stroke we shivered for fear it would be the last, and we just kept our eyes on the schooner waiting to see the puff of smoke go from the long pipe that we had feared, but which we might be able to get out of danger before the thing went off.

"Our little boat seemed to have a drag made fast to it, and yet it was really shooting through the water at a good rate, for every man at the oars was rowing for his life. Every man's nerves were strung taut, and when a seagull screamed, Pete, the cook, would jump on a cable-car and light a tremulous eye, and the boys would look on and titter on their foundations. I thought the powder magazine had exploded, but in a few minutes one of the men came running up from the beach and told us the schooner had blown up. We then realized for the first time that a fearful danger had been in. For nearly two hours a crowd of men watched the children stand on the bluff above the schooner, and if the explosion had occurred but a few minutes sooner the loss of life would have been frightful. I hurried to the beach and found nearly every house in the neighborhood more or less demolished. There were fifteen feet high and thirty feet diameter. This was blown into pieces and hurled all over the cliffs. The actual damage to the Cliff House buildings and to my house will not exceed \$6,000. It looks a good deal more than that, but you can buy a good deal of glass for \$200. Repairs will be begun at once."

The *Sutro* Park was closed to visitors yesterday, owing to the damaged condition of the house and conservatory. None of the statuary was damaged. The only statuette broken was in the parlor and that was broken by a window falling in on it. Broken bits of wood, rock and iron were scattered about the grounds.

THE EXPLOSION.

John A. Hynes, and What He Knows About the Late Wreck.

John A. Hynes, a foreman in the employ of Mr. Sutro, related the following account yesterday to an *ALTA* reporter of the catastrophe: "It was between half past 8 and 9 o'clock," said he, "when Mrs. Martin noticed the red light of a vessel near the rocks. She called her husband at once and word was sent to Mr. Sutro for help. When I reached the beach Mr. Sutro was already there. The schooner was right on the rocks with a list to starboard, and people still burning. A man was lowered over the bluff and word was sent to the Life Saving Station. It was evident that no human beings were on the schooner, and when the crew from the Life Saving Service arrived a strong light was flashed on the schooner and no one could be seen on her. A big black dog was on the schooner, and it became certain that the schooner was to go to pieces, and we had to go back to bed. Meanwhile, a big salmon boat and a water cask came ashore and we rolled them well up the beach. I left four men on the beach to watch and went to bed. I had just got in bed when there was an awful roar and crash, and the window ash came down, and the boys were in the door. The ceiling came down, and the wash-board and pitcher flew to pieces, and I thought my time had come. It first occurred to me that our powder magazine had blown up, and then I staggered out of my room, and when I had recovered myself, hurried down to the beach where I found everybody in confusion and all vestiges of the schooner had been on the rocks. What the schooner was first seen she was on the rocks with a list to starboard and keel broken. Her jib boom and flying jib boom sails were set, but the peak halyards of her mainsail were slack a bit. The night was clear as a bell and the sea comparatively smooth. When Mr. Sutro saw the wreck of the Cliff House and found out the lives were lost, he didn't seem to care a particle about the loss of his property, and said so long as nobody was killed it was all right—he could build another Cliff House easy enough.

"A man named Egan had a most miraculous escape," continued Mr. Hynes. "He was sitting up on the roof of the house just before the explosion. The first thing he knew he felt himself fall forward and into what seemed to him to be a great black smoke. At the same second an immense rock, weighing fully 500 pounds, crashed through the box."

LIFE-SAVING CREW.

Three Men are Seriously Injured—An Investigation.

Major Blakeney, Superintendent of the Life-saving Service of this coast, was early on the ground yesterday, investigating in an informal manner the wreck of the *Parallel* and caring for the disabled men of the Life-saving crew. He stated that two of the men who were on the bluff when the vessel blew up are seriously and dangerously injured. Henry Smith, surman No. 2, has his skull fractured and a comminuted fracture of the right elbow. John Wilson, surman No. 5, has several ribs broken and his head badly cut. These two men were removed to the Marine Hospital yesterday.

Charles Rodgers of the Life Saving crew had his left ankle broken and was sent to the German hospital. With the Keeper, the crew at the ocean beach numbers seven men, so that the loss of the three men mentioned necessitated the pressing into service of a number of capable substitutes as could be found on short notice. Major Blakeney expressed great indignation at the conduct of Captain Miller and the crew of the schooner in abandoning the vessel without attempting to warn the people at the Cliff House of the dangerous cargo. Major Blakeney stated that he was in a few days begin an official investigation of the wreck.

At a late hour last night a telephone message was received from the Marine Hospital to the effect that Wilson and Smith were resting easily and would recover from their injuries.

Owner and Cargo.

Captain S. B. Peterson, a part owner of the ill-fated vessel, reached the beach yesterday morning on one of the first trains, and at once hastened to the scene of the wreckage, where he was met by an *ALTA* reporter. Captain Peterson said that, as nearly as he could remember, the schooner had on board about ten tons of pig iron, some coal oil and some kerosene, a quantity of oak plank for boat-building, and a salmon boat on deck. She was valued at between 1,500 and 1,400 cases of giant powder. She was valued at \$7,000 and insured for \$5,500. The vessel was consigned to S. H. Harmon of Astoria, to load lumber for San Buenaventura or San Diego. Captain Peterson said he supposed the schooner was at least off Mendocino, and he accounted for the disaster on the supposition that the strong northwest wind set her so far on to the low shore as to make her unmanageable.

A Ghastly Find.

Conspicuous in the crowd on the beach was ex-Coroner O'Donnell, who rummaged around in the debris until he found the heart, lungs and esophagus of some animal. He at once became the object of attention and asked at his ghastly trophy with an ill-concealed assumption of wisdom.

"Hog?" said a bystander.
"Hog? No!" retorted the ex-Coroner.
"Sheep, I guess," said another onlooker.
"Sheep? Not much. That has been blown out of some animal," said O'Donnell.

"Is it a human being?" ventured a timorous voice.
O'Donnell at once became very deaf, and was hugely disgusted when told that it was offal thrown overboard from some passing steamer. It is known positively that the only living thing on the schooner when it blew up was a little dog.

Extortionate Hackmen.

Although an increase in the number of cable cars enabled thousands to get to the beach in order to view the scene of the explosion, yet when the time came to return the rush was so great that obtain seats on the cars that hundreds were unable to even approach within 100 yards of the ticket office. After waiting for some hours, and the crowd still continuing as large as ever, many determined to walk back. The hackmen, who usually take their passengers to and from the Cliff House for 25 cents, raised the price to \$1 and \$1.50 per passenger, simply from that place to the street cars. Many women who had indiscreetly taken their children to see the wreck, but who had so much money, were compelled to walk all the way to the cable-car terminus, and not knowing the Point Lobos road, took the long four-mile route through Golden Gate Park. At 6 o'clock several hundred weary pedestrians were trudging their way in the dark along the Park road, near the High-street entrance, vomiting they would never again visit a shipwreck without a conveyance of their own. The extortionate prices were loudly condemned.

HUMAN EXCELLENCE.

It can be Attained and Sustained only by Struggling.

The "Struggles of Life" was the text of Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's sermon last night. The majority of men who have achieved success, he said, can show spots on their hands that were calloused in youth. They started in poor, many of them with limited education, and they struggled long through bitter poverty. A man who had climbed up a mountain, when asked how steep it was, replied that it was very steep that he could not see the top. So it is with many of our successful men. Climbing up by bitter struggle and hard work, the grass on the steep above them was close enough to eat. So it is, up, with spiritual excellence, which can only be attained by hard work. The currents of human nature do not run heavenward. Man must struggle hard against human nature if he would attain spiritual excellence. Men should not look for a path to Heaven should be made smoother and easier, but when man is twenty or thirty before he starts to seek Christ, he is not going to find Him without a hard struggle.

We are standing only a few weeks from New Year's day, and though many of the good resolutions then made have failed, yet we are standing lower than we had intended. Let us, therefore, make a struggle, and it is only by a struggle that we can sustain it. It is a law of nature that this should be. There is a tendency in nature to destroy things. We build a house and board it in so that it may be kept intact, but Nature gets its destroying work done, and it is necessary to go out in the street to blaspheme our Maker in order to lose His love. It is enough if we neglect to praise Him.

We are standing in the relation of children to God. Whatever excellence we have has been attained only by self-denial. Every crown of righteousness on the brow of the saints in Heaven was won only by lines of bitter struggle and hardships in this world. We drop down from Christianity, not so much because of the bad deeds we do, as of the good deeds we neglect to do. It is not necessary for a farmer to pull down his arms and do nothing and his fences will fall down of their own accord. It is not necessary to go out in the street to blaspheme our Maker in order to lose His love. It is enough if we neglect to praise Him.

State Board of Silk Culture.

The California State Board of Silk Culture met on Saturday at 21 Montgomery avenue. In the absence of President H. H. Carter, president R. H. McDonald, Jr