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The Daily Examiner.

VOL. XLIV. SAN FRANCISCO: MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1887. NO. 17.

DYNAMITE.

Awful Destruction by the "Parallel's" 40 Tons.

The Departed Glory of the Famous Cliff House.

A Scene of Confusion and Wrecked Frescoes.

Huge Bowlders Hurled Through the Air Like Pebbles.

The Cliff Cottages Totally Demolished.

Windows Shivered on the South of the Hill.

Numerous Hairbreadth Escapes from Death.

A Startling Suggestion that the Explosion Was Premeditated.

The Theory of Harry N. Morse on the Disaster.

Bushy Rumge Circumstances Connected With the Schooner.

What Captain Miller Says of Deserting His Vessel.

Forty Thousand People Visit the Ruins—Stories of the Blighted—The Wounded Life-Saving Men—Gossip.

Ink and type will have their hands full if they give any fair idea of the force of the explosion that occurred at the eastern point of the Cliff House at about half-past 10 o'clock, or 34 minutes past 12 o'clock Saturday night. Fortunately, it has been unattended by loss of life up to date, and this alone serves to from being one of the most terrible cases of sudden and wanton destruction of property. The sight exerted cannot be appreciated without a view of its results, and even then a great deal cannot be realized unless one be familiar with the locality. Probably a better question would be to ask who of the thousands who visited the place formerly "for 'is," as such a complete change in the appearance of the potsheds has wrought by the disaster. Yesterday afternoon it was a Mecca to the oldest residents. Yesterday morning the news of the location of the wreck was not received until too late for more than a general hurried outline to be sent in by telegraph before the hour arrived for closing the forms.

The EXAMINER's corps of attendant reporters remained upon the ground, however, and from 2 o'clock until 11 worked like beavers to gather the facts and data for a complete story of the wreck and the explosion of the Parallel's cargo. The result is a complete and graphic detail of one of the most exciting events that has occurred on the peninsula of late years. Read the following:

THE "PARALLEL'S" STAND.

In the first place the schooner Parallel, lie stand of being 200 or 300 miles up the coast of her way to Astoria, as her owner, S. B. Peterson, had intended, was lying at her anchorage in the shadow of Fort Point, and had not even reached the bar in any of the three attempts made to put to sea. She was driven back by adverse currents, which the light breeze could not overcome, and, as she was in no danger, her final start was made under favorable auspices. At her anchorage near the fort there was quite a lively breeze, and to the tide was running she lie lucked as though she would be able to make headway against the current comfortably. Two tugs carried her to a point abreast the Point Lobos signal Station, and then she tilted away for Point Bonita Light. In mid channel the breeze died away to a mere breath, and the current began to set in her direction in a dead calm. The vessel lost amongst way, and the first attempt to cross about was abandoned. The tugs then took her back to anchorage near the white buoy and the jagged rocks, and aided by a kindly current from one of the many grottoes in the vicinity the Parallel answered to her home, and again header anchor was dropped. The vessel lay in the same spot nearly as she now and fell on the long swells, until well over by Mile rock, where she again had anchorage way. About the same time she remembered the utility that perpetually ties her to the spot where she now lies, and, in the dim cast of the fort, and by the moonlight she was not carried in dangerous proximity to a number