

A SALOON BLOWN UP.

Attempt to Destroy Life and Property.

Narrow Escape of Several People.

A Mission-Street Establishment Nearly Wrecked—No Clue as Yet.

Shortly after 8:30 o'clock last night the residents in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth and Mission streets were startled by a terrific explosion, which shook the buildings for a block around the corner named like an earthquake, broke windows, threw vases off mantels and tumbled bottles off shelves.

People rushed wildly into the street looking in every direction for the explosion. It was easily found, as a dense cloud of smoke hung over the spot where it had occurred, and P. G. Sopra, who, with his partner, N. Mulaiden, own a restaurant and saloon at 3400 Mission street, was seen rushing about in front of his place calling for the police.

As soon as some of the cooler-headed of the residents reached the scene they at once began an investigation. They found one of the show windows of the restaurant shattered, while just below it was a great powder-blackened hole blown into the weatherboarding of the house. Some one had placed an explosive, supposed to be giant powder, against the house underneath the window and had set it going with a fuse.

The building is a small one-story frame, and so situated as to afford a person desiring to commit such a deed as that of last night every facility for arranging the explosive without being seen, while the sparsely settled neighborhood rendered escape an easy matter.

At the time of the explosion there were in the restaurant, in addition to the proprietor, a dinner party, the latter occupying a little room almost directly over the spot where the explosive was placed, yet, strange to say, although the pictures in the room were torn off the walls and even the table upset, none of the party sustained the slightest injury. They were all thrown to the floor as was Mr. Sopra. Across the street in Dr. Clinton's drug store a number of bottles were thrown from the shelves by the concussion and several windows broken.

The owners of the restaurant are at a loss, or claim to be, at least, as to why any one should try to blow up their establishment, and were unable to give the police the slightest clue on which to work.

A careful search failed to reveal anything that would render certain the nature of the explosive used, but from the appearance of the building those versed in handling giant powder are certain that a stick of that material caused the trouble. Sopra will offer a reward for the detection of the guilty parties.