RATTY OLD ALLIANCE.

Her Ineffectnal Effort to Get Out of Port.

Slightly disfigured but still in the navy the war ship Alliance made fast to the Mare Island Navy Yard dock Saturday afternoon after a hazardous voyage covering a mile and a half in distance and three hours of time.

No lives were lost.

Having received orders to proceed to Nicaragua to protect American interests in that revolutionary country, Commander Whiting made his peace with his Maker, buckled on his life-preserver and started forth. The populace of Vallejo suspended the poker game and flocked down to the wharf to see the Alliance venture into deep water. All went well with the good ship until she arrived opposite the North Vallejo wharf, and then something happened.

"Phit!" was the sound that came from below.

Commander Whiting took a firm grip on his Bible and rolled his eyes aloft. The populace on the wharf held its breath.

"What is the matter down there?" yelled the commander.

"Nothing much," replied the chief engineer. "Two boiler heads are blown off, that is all."

"Well, use the other two boilers," was the order; "we'll get to Nicaragua or—ahem!—well."

Be it known that Commander Whiting seldom expresses intense feeling in words. It took something like an hour and a half to get the consent of the two remaining boilers to make steam without blowing up, and then the Alliance started on her lone two-boiler-less way. She went at least 200 yards before it became necessary to stop again.

This time the chief engineer reported that he could not tell if there was any water in the boilers, for the simple reason that the walking delegate of the water gauges had ordered a strike. If there was water in the boilers the fact was kept a dark secret between the boilers and the water gauges. There was considerable tinkering with the gauges, accompanied by ornamental language, but they yielded up the secret at last. There was water in the boilers. Delay, half an hour.

Once again the Alliance made a start for Nicaragua. The Chaplain moved around the forecastle distributing comfort and tracts to the crew. He did much good, for those were trying moments.

About a mile and a half from the navy yard is a lighthouse. The Alliance probably has a deep affection for that lighthouse, for she positively refused to budge past, and gave vent to deep emotion. She persisted in turning her nose around toward the yard, and positively declined to be forced Nicaraguawards. A man with an ax went over the stern and thumped away at the rudder for awhile, after which the ship consented to head down stream, but then something else happened.

Far down in the bowels of the ship queer sounds were heard. There was a cracking and groaning and crinkling and thumping and at last a great crash. The boatswain was just about to pipe all hands to prayers when up bobbed the ubiquitous chief engineer again.

"Engine's broke down, sir," he told the commander. "We can't proceed on the voyage."

The commander looked thoughtful, but determined.

"Crack on the sails," he said; "as I said, we'll go to Nicaragua or somewhere else."

Then the sailing master had a few pertinent remarks to make.

"We couldn't move an inch a minute in this wind," said he; "there is no use trying to reach Nicaragua by sailing. We might fetch up in Alaska."

There was still one thing left: they could return to the navy yard. In a short time the Alliance was again at her berth. During the afternoon the life insurance agents of Vallejo did lively work cancelling the policies of the crew.

Like all true-hearted sailors Commander Whiting is loyal to his ship, and that is why he yesterday scoffed at the suggestion that there was something wrong with the Alliance.

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, "there is not a more seaworthy vessel in the navy. Her timbers are sound, her hull is strong and she is as safe as an ironclad."

Just then something happened that made Commander Whiting turn red in the face. There was a rap on the door and in response to the Commander's invitation an officer entered.

"Well, Mr. Porter, what is it?" asked the commander.

"She has sprung a leak, sir," responded Mr. Porter.

Commander Whiting looked embarrassed and glanced slyly at the interviewer.

"Where is it this time?" he asked with an accent on the this.

"In the little passageway just abaft the wardroom and just below the water line, sir."

"Is there much of a stream?"

"A little larger than my finger, sir; but there is plenty of water in already."

"Pump out the water and notify Mr. Howison of the leak," ordered the commander.

Mr. Howison is the captain of the guard at Mare Island; the repairer whose handiwork has been remarked on numerous occasions.

It was from Mare Island that the Iroquois started for Samoa and reached Puget Sound.

At the navy yard the credit for the remarkable cruise of the Alliance is generously given to the Navy Department at Washington. They say that a telegram from Washington, received on Thursday, inquired when the Alliance could be made ready for sea. It was estimated that the 20th of this month would be a reasonable time. Another

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

General Advertisements.

M. McINERNY.

Are we to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Republic, seems to be the burning question of the day, and one we had rather leave to wiser heads than ours to solve; and while great statesmen are wrestling with this momentous question, we want to have a little *"pow-wow"* with you on some other subjects, that concern you as well as ourselves.

Has it not occurred to you that you've been wearing that old hat long enough! In these progressive times if you intend to be "in it," you've got to keep pace with fashion. No matter how otherwise well dressed you may be, unless your hat is the correct thing you bear a shabby appearance.

We have already laid in a stock of the Latest Hats of the coming Spring and Summer styles, in hard felts, soft felts and straws, and including a line of the celebrated "Fidora" Hats, at present all the rage in the United States. There is therefore, no necessity for you to hang on any longer to that old Tile that bears such a strong resemblance to the hat "your father wore."

Believing that business will be better in the near future, we have not hesitated to keep our stock full in all lines. Take collars for instance: We have almost everything you could wish for. If you wear a standing collar, just come in and take a look at our "Narenta" or "Ardonia;" or if you prefer a turn down collar, try the "Winnipeg" or "Goswell;" we have have lots of others, and can't fail to suit you. Cuffs in abundance, links or otherwise.

Neckwear in profusion, scarfs windsors 4-in-hands, and a special lot of "Boys' Bows;" suspenders in great variety, leather and woven ends, good strong, serviceable goods.

We might go on indefinitely, but space is valuable, and to enumerate everything we carry would fill a pretty fair sized Book. If there is anything you want in the men's line, just drop in and see us, and if we can't suit you, we don't believe any one can.

If you should want a pair of nice shoes, let us try a hand at fitting you. Did it ever occur to you

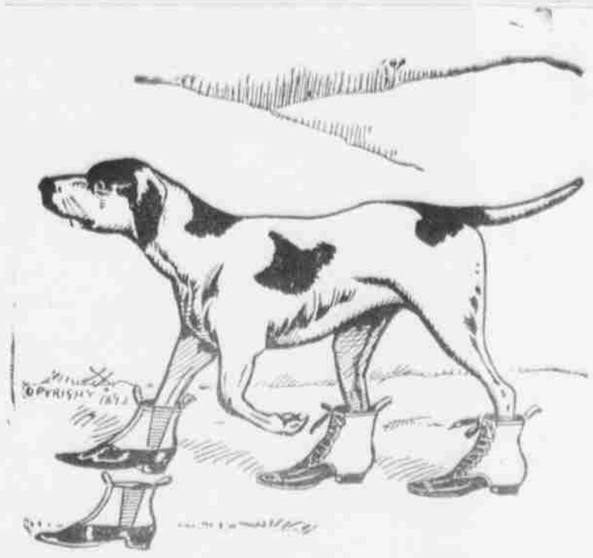
How much a man is like his shoes;
For instance, both a soul may lose.
Both have been tanned; Both are made tight by Cobblers;
Both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete;
And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;
When men wear out, they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others nothing loth.
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out. Now would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes.

M. McINERNY.

General Advertisements.



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3rd—We have no extraordinary inducements to offer; you would distrust a man who had gold dollars to sell for ninety cents. Look out for the shoe man with that kind of a story; his shoes may be *Counterfeits.*

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AND ALL KINDS OF

Leather and Nails for Shoemakers.

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42, 56 and 63 bars to case—
One Hundred Pounds.

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No trouble to show goods.

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Nature's Grandest Wonder.

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Passengers are Conveyed in Carriages,

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Over a SPLENDID MACADAMIZED ROAD, running most of the way through a Dense Tropical Forest—a ride alone worth the trip. The balance of the road on horseback.

ABSENT FROM HONOLULU 7 DAYS!

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