

# SATURDAY SURPRISE SALES!

Our Second Saturday's Surprise Sale was another Grand Success.

By the large amount of our sales on these days it shows that the people know when they are getting bargains and are taking advantage of it. We must reduce our stock to make room for New Goods in the spring. Our last year's business was better than we expected, and from now until March first we will give our customers the benefit of our last year's good business by having a Surprise Sale Each Saturday and giving you some Rare Bargains. Come in Next Saturday and see what we have to offer.

Last Saturday we sold high priced Calico and all others at 5c. a yard. We sold Men's \$1.50 and \$2 pants for 50c. a pair.  
We sold all package Coffee ten pounds for \$1. People must not expect to get these prices other than Sale Days.

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### THE REVENUE QUESTION.

There will be no revenue legislation by the present congress, but the Fifty-sixth congress will find this one of the most important of the questions that will demand consideration. The treasury statement of disbursements and receipts for December makes an uncommonly good showing, receipts falling below disbursements to the amount of only \$460,000, but in order to understand the revenue situation it is necessary to examine results for a longer period. The total receipts of the government from customs, internal revenue and miscellaneous sources during the calendar year 1898 amounted in round numbers to \$441,000,000. The expenditures for 1898 were nearly \$565,000,000, of which about \$194,000,000 was for the war. There is thus shown to have been during that year an excess of expenditures over receipts to the amount of \$124,000,000. It is estimated that the war revenue act has furnished about \$60,000,000 of the receipts of the last year, or an average of \$10,000,000 a month since it went into operation. With this average maintained, as it probably will be, it seems safe to estimate that the treasury will receive from all sources of revenue during the present year \$485,000,000 to \$490,000,000. While it is not expected that this year's expenditures will equal those of last year they may not be very much less, so that it is obviously necessary to continue existing taxation for at least a year. Whether at the end of that time any reduction of revenue can be made will depend upon circumstances which cannot now be foreseen.

It seems evident that there will have to be a change in our revenue system in the near future. In the opinion of some intelligent students of the subject the government will have to reply hereafter more upon internal taxes and less upon customs duties. It is suggested that the lessening yield from customs, which is likely to continue, will compel this country to adopt the revenue policy which has been substantially adopted by the great nations of Europe. The customs revenues of Great Britain, amounting to about \$100,000,000 yearly, are derived from a small number of commodities, including only tobacco, tea, coffee, wines, spirits and articles of that kind, which either have no domestic competitors or competitors upon which a counter-balancing internal revenue tax is laid. The bulk of the revenues comes from excise taxes and taxes on estates and inheritance, stamps, income and property. France also derives nearly all of its revenue from internal taxes and the German government obtains a considerable part of its revenue in the same way, though that country derives more than other European nations from customs. Russia, out of a total revenue of \$600,000,000, obtains only \$90,000,000 from customs.

It will become the duty of the next congress to consider and determine what modifications in our revenue system are required by the new conditions. This will involve revision of the tariff law and a readjustment of duties, but it is not to be apprehended that in accomplishing this a republican congress will abandon a policy of moderate protection, even as to those industries which seem to be no longer in need of protection. Whatever remodeling of the revenue system a republican congress may make it is entirely safe to say that it will not be at such sacrifice to the protective principles as will endanger the control of the home market by American manufacturers.

"My daughter's employer drove the poor girl to matrimony."  
"In what way?"  
"He worked her so hard that she married the first man who asked her."  
"Who was the man?"  
"Her employer."

The police justice who had the reputation of being a strictly upright and honest officer of the law, and had little business in consequence, looked lugubriously at the frayed edges of the judicial overcoat.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I shall have to bind you over."

### ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

After the assassination of her husband, the president of the French republic Mme. Carnot established a foundation of 11,000 francs, the income to be devoted to aiding workmen's widows and children. At her death she bequeathed an additional sum of 50,000 francs for the same purpose, and provided that her diamonds should be sold to furnish the money. This was recently done in Paris at auction.

Joseph Jefferson, when asked the other day why he never brought his dog "Shincider" upon the stage in "Rip Van Winkle," replied: "The public could not pay me a higher compliment than to want to see a dog it has only heard of. It shows interest in me. But I dislike realism in art, and realism alive, and with a tail to wag at the wrong time, would be embarrassing. Hold the mirror up to nature, if you like; but don't hold nature up. Give us a reflection of the thing, but not the concrete thing itself."

Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, who has given so much money to colleges, disclaims any special credit for doing so. "I do not pose as a benevolent man," he says. "I have labored nearly eighty years to make money—have made it, and honestly, too. The statement may seem very strange to you when I say that I do not pose as a benevolent man. I have no benevolence in me—not a particle. I am the most economical, close-fisted man you ever put your eyes on. You can see in my face—it is there. I do not think I ever foolishly spent \$20 in my life."

Of the late Colonel Henry Lee of Boston the following story is told: A business man of that city had a very gentlemanly little fellow for an office boy—his name was James. He was a business man himself now, and well fulfills the promise of his youth. One day he was sent to Colonel Lee's office with a message. He returned, delivered the answer, and no more was thought of it until the next day, when the good colonel climbed three long flights of stairs to say that he had never seen so courteous and gentlemanly a boy; that he had done his errand with a grace and courtesy that many a man might envy, and that he felt it his duty to come and say so to the boy's employer.

The last number of The Harvard Graduates' Magazine says that Dr. W. L. Russell of Barre, Mass., who was graduated from Harvard in 1826 and is the oldest living Harvard graduate, had his brother, James Russell of Lowell, as a guest on his ninety-ninth birthday, October 28. James it seems, is 91 years old, and the two oldest boys, it is stated, "played whist and croquet, climbed apple trees, filed their pockets with the fruit, went in swimming, took a tramp four miles after the cows, picking ten quarts of blackberries on the way, went to a corn-roast in the evening, followed by an old-fashion shakedown in the kitchen and another round of whist later on."

Parnell had some pet superstitions, according to his biographer, Barry O'Brien. "He would not pass another person on the stairs. He was horror-stricken to find himself sitting with three lighted candles; the fall of a picture in the room made him dejected the entire afternoon; and he would have nothing to do with a bill drawn up by a colleague because it happened to contain thirteen clauses. He also thought green a most unlucky color—a strange and inconvenient feeling for a nationalist leader—and the sight of green banners at the political meetings he addressed often unnerved him."

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "Although against the expressed wishes of James G. Blaine, his last resting-place in Oak Hill cemetery has been marked by a simple marble shaft. In 1890, when Walker Brain died, the magnetic statesman from Maine went to this cemetery with a friend to select a site for the burial, and in the center of the lot chosen the Plumed Knight noticed a gnarled and twisted hickory tree, which was blasted and dead. As Blaine looked at the tree he remarked to his friend that it aptly represented his blasted and disappointed life, and requested that nothing should mark his grave but the dead tree. His wishes in the matter were respected, and

for several years it was the only mark by which the last resting-place of the great statesman could be distinguished. A few months ago the tree was blown down during a cyclone, and Mrs. Blaine decided to have the grave suitably marked, and selected a monument exactly like the one over Walker Blaine's tomb. It is a marble shaft about eight feet high, without any inscription except the name of Mr. Blaine and the date of his birth and death.

### THE LAGGARD.

Do you wonder why men push you down, And leave you in the rear?  
Why Fortune ever wears a frown When you would gain her ear?  
Look back upon the chances you have missed along the way—  
The chances other men assumed for whom you toil today;  
You fear to quit the beaten tract;  
You saw new paths lead out,  
But self-abasement held you back—  
You stood and looked, in doubt.

You ask yourself: "Is this the way?  
Will it be best for me to dare  
Turn from the course I know today  
For one that leads I know not where?"  
And while he stood in doubt another came  
And took the course that lay in front of you;  
With confidence his bosom was aflame—  
Himself he trusted and made others trust him, too.  
He did not ask: "Will this be for the best?"  
He said: "I'll make it so," and boldly fared ahead,  
With faith and hope and courage in his breast,  
While you looked on, and, doubting, shook your head.

Today he gazes down Upon you from a height;  
You say you might have done What he did—you are right!  
But who shall tell the weight Of the old, worn word "might?"  
You wonder why men still refrain From putting confidence in you,  
And can you ask your fellow men To put faith in you, brother, when It is a thing you dare not do?

### Prattle of the Youngsters.

Mamma (impatiently)—Charlie, how many times have I told you to keep away from the sideboard?  
Charlie—I don't know. I can only count to seven.

Rich Little Girl—I got a diamond ring, and a big doll, and a gold necklace today.

Poor Little Girl—That ain't nothing, I had meat for dinner!

Little girl visitor has been annoying elderly spinster until the latter lost her patience. "I wish you would go home," she said, sharply. "I'm tired of you."

Small Visitor—I wish you'd get married. I'm tired of you! Family tableau!  
"Mamma," pleaded the little boy, "give me 10 cents to be good!"  
"I cannot afford to," replied the mother, sadly. "For to-morrow is due another installment upon my fall hat!"  
"Then," exclaimed the child, tremulously, "I suppose I shall have to be good for nothing!"

Little 3-year old Mamie was taking her Christmas dinner with her grandparents and she had no sooner climbed into the high chair provided than she asked for a piece of cake.

"What kind do you want, dear?" asked her grandma.  
Pointing to a large frosted cake at one end of the table, she replied: "Zat tind wize whitewashin' on."  
"Papa," said Peter, "did you believe in Kris Kringle when you were a kid?"  
"Of course, I did."  
"Kids was easy things in your day, wasn't they, dad?"

"Uncle Sam really doesn't know his luck," said the thoughtful father.  
"In what way?" he was asked.  
"Why, think how few of the recent additions to his family will have stockings to hang up."

### NORTHWEST NEWS.

WHILE ditching on his beaverdam at Farmington, five miles southeast of Hillsboro, George Robinson struck a gold-bearing quartz ledge which assays \$42 to the ton. The ledge is between two and three feet in width. The lead runs north and south, pitching east. Near it are two other ledges, the rock from which has not yet been assayed. The ledge was discovered several days ago, but the matter was kept very quiet and the only trouble to be encountered is in getting water. No gold had ever before been found at Farmington, but old miners considered the indications there very good.

THE most appalling marine disaster that has ever occurred in the history of Tacoma happened early Saturday morning. During a terrific gale which swept over Puget sound, the British ship Andelana, anchored in Tacoma, awaiting cargo, capsized, and Captrin G. W. Staling and his crew of 16 men, who were asleep below decks, were dragged down to a sailor's death without an instant's warning. Just at what time the disaster which resulted in such appalling loss of life occurred is not known, as every person on board the vessel went to the bottom of the Sound with it.

J. C. LYONS, a merchant of Lyons, near Albany, Ore., was shot and killed Friday night by an unknown person. The motive of the deed is a mystery. Lyons closed his store about 9 o'clock and stepped into a back room, preparatory to retiring. He was all alone, his 10-year-old son having gone to bed a few minutes before. He was apparently standing with his back to the window when the shot was fired by someone outside, for the charge entered his neck, and a few shot passed through and came out under his chin. The weapon used was a shotgun heavily loaded. Lyons lived for an hour, and was conscious to the last. So far as known, he made no statement that would furnish any clue to the murderer.

Two sons of Walter Kirchem, of Logan, Norve, aged 13, and a younger brother 5 years old, had a miraculous escape from drowning in the Clackamas river three miles above the hatchery Saturday. The boys drove down to the river with a wagon and team to get a load of gravel. To reach the gravel bed they had to drive through the edge of the stream around a clump of willows, but the river was unusually high and they suddenly found themselves in deep swift-running water. The boys floated off the wagon on a narrow plank and down the turbulent waters of the Clackamas over rapids for about a mile, when in some way the plank with its human freight reached the shore. The horses were carried three miles down the stream and were drowned.

"I think that the prospect for peace is very good," remarked a European.  
"Yes," answered the other, "unless the czar and the kaiser get to quarreling over who deserves credit for bringing it about."  
"Pappa, it speaks here of a burst of confidence. What does it mean?"  
"Failure of a trusted bank," growled the old gentleman, who had just been hit by that sort of a calamity.

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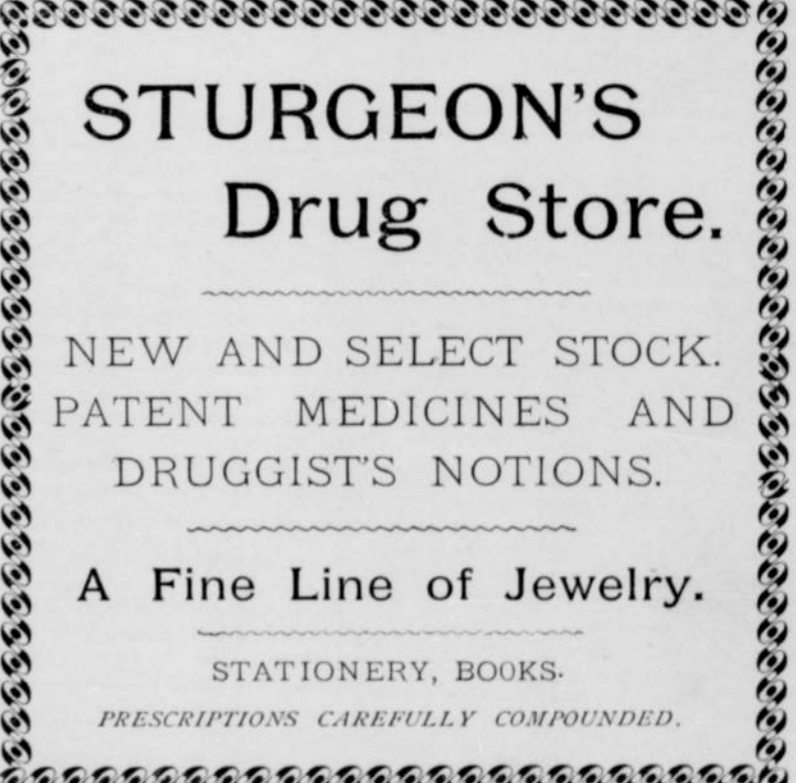
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