

"GEVURTZ SELLS IT FOR LESS"



CHRISTMAS Furniture

1905 Lewis-Clark Exposition
Next Year

Only a short space of time—a few short days, then comes Christmas, and through these days "Gevurtz's" will be distinctively a Holiday Store of useful Household Necessities in Furniture—the best styles, best goods to be found on the Coast. We will make a grand exposition of artistic novelties and of things that combine beauty with usefulness. Not a civilized country but has contributed to this aggregation of novelty wares appropriate to the season. And this exhibit will interest the people of all degrees. It has been carefully prepared to be a Christmas store helpful alike to rich and poor. Rich and exclusive treasures have been brought from all lands for those who may buy without stint of price. For the greater numbers, who must plan the expenditures, there are articles in the tens of thousands which combine beauty and utility—articles which make most appropriate, desirable and lasting gifts, and are at prices all can afford to pay. Will the people especially note that this brilliant, entertaining and instructive exhibition is as open and free to sightseers as to buyers? This is everybody's store. Come, make your selections now. Deliveries made any time you request.

 <p>HALL TREE Extra Special \$3.45</p>	<p>Dressing Table</p>  <p>New designs in birdseye maple, an appropriate Xmas gift for the wife, \$29.00.</p>	<p>Parlor Cabinet</p>  <p>Solid birch, and a beautiful Christmas present, \$21.00.</p>	<p>New Dressers</p>  <p>Many new designs in mahogany and oak; one like cut, special Christmas price, \$39.50.</p>	<p>Reed Rockers</p>  <p>We are showing a swell line of new Reed Rockers at lowest possible prices.</p>	<p>A Handsome Dresser</p>  <p>Large swell Dresser, like cut, in quartered oak, mahogany or birdseye maple. Special Christmas price, \$40.00.</p>	<p>Framed Pictures</p>  <p>We are closing out everything we have in this line, and there are many beautifully framed pictures. All go at One-Half Price</p>
<p>Knives and Forks</p>  <p>A handsome box containing six Knives and Forks, warranted 12 Dwt. \$3.75.</p>	<p>67-Piece Dinner Set</p>  <p>This handsomely decorated 67-piece Dinner Set, only \$7.50.</p>	<p>Library Settees</p>  <p>Dining-room or Library Settees, in golden oak, special, like cut, \$11.50.</p>	<p>Plate Rack</p>  <p>We are showing a line embracing many new and novel designs—some for as little as 75¢.</p>	<p>Handsome Chair</p>  <p>Golden oak, birch or mahogany Reception Chair—a special Christmas bargain, only \$6.00.</p>	<p>Rocking Chair</p>  <p>A handsome Christmas present—golden oak, hand polished; a good, comfortable Chair, worth double—our clearance special price, \$8.75.</p>	<p>Clocks</p>  <p>Oak case Clock, good timekeeper, special Christmas price only \$2.10.</p>
<p>Morris Chair</p>  <p>In golden quartered oak, polished—just the thing for father or husband—special \$12.50.</p>	<p>Music Cabinet</p>  <p>A swell Music Cabinet—nothing nicer or more appropriate for Christmas; some as low as \$6.00</p>	<p>Silverware</p>  <p>We are showing a complete line of Table Silverware. As a sample, Cake Basket like above cut, warranted quadruple plate, only \$2.50.</p>	<p>Eight-Day Clock</p>  <p>A good service Clock, warranted for one year; special Christmas price, \$4.75.</p>	<p>Reception Chair</p>  <p>This beautiful hand-carved Reception Chair—a beautiful Christmas present, only \$14.75.</p>	<p>Shop for Christmas at the Store That "Sells It for Less"</p>	<p>Reception Chair</p>  <p>This beautiful hand-carved Reception Chair—a beautiful Christmas present, only \$14.75.</p>

Christmas Shopping Made Easy at the Little-at-a-Time Store

I. GEVURTZ & SONS

First and Yamhill

Shop for Christmas at the Store That "Sells It for Less"

THE JOTTINGS OF OLD LIM JUEKLIN

Opie Read's Philosopher Discourses on the Subject of Country Doctors.

A NEIGHBOR had been lingering between life and death, and the attending physician had just given his vague and guarded opinion, when Old Lim Jueklin looked up from the box where he was sitting in front of the grocery store and remarked: "Every man that gets money without stealing it, earns it, I reckon; but I don't know of anybody that comes nearer earnin' it twice over than the country doctor. He has in put forth all the skill he has and then must lie to keep hope alive. And hope is the best medicine ever discovered, for it not only adds the sick, but helps the well to bear their burdens. "I recollect once when old Dock Haines practiced in this neighborhood, long before the most of you were born. Satchett Smith was taken down with some sort of new-fangled fever that was prowler around the neighborhood, and kept on a-gettin' worse. Finally one day his neighbors came in to be present at his death, and they were settin' about a waitin' for the dreaded end, when Dock he came in—spoke cheerfully to everybody, joked with a gal about her beau and jolled a widow about an old feller that was seen hangin' around on the outskirts of her good graces. Well, the wife of the sick man she comes in, just able to walk, she was so grief-stricken, and puts her arms about one of the women and begins to cry; and well she might, for Smith he was a good husband and never found fault with a thing that was or was not on the table at meal time. All of the women folks thought it was

about time to cry and they cried, and the men hummed and hawed and Smith he lay there a-fetchin' of his breath the best he could under the circumstances. Parson Biglow went up to the bed and asked Smith how he felt, and Smith said he wasn't feelin' at his best, and no one in the room disputed the assertion. But Dock he demurred to the proceedin', he 'lowed that it wasn't meet and it wasn't fittin' to cross-question the patient in such a manner. Biglow turned about and says, says he: "I am a preacher, sir, and I have a right to talk to him about his soul." "Yes," says Dock, "but not till after I get through with his body." "Eiglow he was up in matters of re-tort, and he says, says he, 'and when you do get through with his body his soul will be gone,' and Smith he lay there actin' like he couldn't find another breath. Then Dock he straightened up and we all knowed that somethin' extraordinary was about to happen. "If anybody believes strong enough that Smith here is goin' to die, he's got a chance to win some easy money," said he. "Twenty dollars ain't picked up every minute, and I'll bet twenty dollars in gold and put up the money right now that Smith ain't goin' to die this season. Any takers?" "The preacher says, 'Yes, undertakers,' which showed to us that along with his knowledge of divine things he was sorter sarcastic. A discussion might have followed, but up spoke Slip Buckner. He was the bettin' man probably that ever lived, and if a chance to bet ever got by him it was in the night when he was in bed and asleep. Well, he spoke up

and says that he will take the bet, and we all looked at him, but not with any particular admiration, for he was bettin' on a sure thing. He fished up his money cutes the seams of his clothes and his wife she scolded him under her breath, but he shook his head at her and proceeded with the business in hand. "Here's my money," says he, "and I just need twenty more to complete the purchase of a yoke of steers that I've had my eye on for some time." He looked at Dock, and so did we all, for we couldn't see why he would throw away his twenty dollars. But he didn't wince. He took out his gold piece and Squire Patterson held the stakes, and after the excitement of puttin' up the money the wimin returned to their cryin' and things were putty much as they were before, that is, except with Smith himself. "Now, Smith he had traveled up and down the Mississippi River in his younger days, a-bettin' of everything he had, and it had always held a sort of charm for him. He had sorter sided off with the church, but he couldn't forget the excitement of a bet, and while he didn't indulge durin' his later life, he felt the thrill of it and would hang round for hours a-beggin' the boys not to bet on horses, but stayin' till the last race was run. And now he was interested. It was the first thing that had claimed his entire mind since the fever came along and spread its heat over him. "He'll be a walkin' about in less than two weeks," says Dock, and Slip Buckner begins to search himself. "Somewhere about me I've got twenty more that says he won't," he declared, and Dock he sorter winced at this, but he was game, and without sayin' a word he outs with another gold piece, and Buckner he

covered it with silver and paper, and the womenfolks 'lowed that the world was gettin' closer and closer akin to old Satan every day. "For a long time Dock he set there swearin' that he was sure to win, and finally he says to Smith that he will give him half the money, but all he had won. And Buckner—well, sometime afterward when Smith was a candidate for Justice-of-the-Peace Buck he 'lows 'I ain't goin' to vote for him. He done me a bad turn once—beat me out of a lot of money.' Dock told me that he expected to lose the money, but it was one chance in a thousand that he might save Smith by excitin' his mind. "Yes, sir," the old man added, after a few moments of meditation, "a doctor must know human nature as well as medicine, and this knowledge mixed with medicine is what makes one doctor better than another. I've known 'em to git out of their beds the coldest nights that ever blowed and ride ten miles to a doctor a man they knowed wasn't a-goin' to pay a cent. It takes great strength always to hand-ness weakness; it takes a God-like patience to deal with the fretful and not be warped over to the side of continual peevishness, and whenever I hear a doctor a-laughin' I always rejoice with

him. Science in medicine travels slow. It is true, for each human body is an individual machine, and every mornin' has a new way to go wrong. And I have known men to be such liars that they wouldn't tell a doctor the truth as to how they felt, fearin' that they were givin' him some little advantage. The average doctor has a good sense of humor and has stored up some of the oldest jokes I ever heard, and this is in the direct line of his usefulness for a sick man can't understand a new joke as well as an old one. The old one may bring up the memory of a former laugh, and thereby do him good. "The saddest time for a sick man is not when the doctor is comin' to see him, but the time when the doctor's bill begins to pay its visits. It ought not to be, but a doctor's bill is a mighty hard thing to pay. It is like payin' for a January overcoat in July. When old Air Bug was gettin' well—just about the time the doctor pronounced him out of danger he said to him: "Doctor, you have been mighty faithful, and I thank you, but I'm sorry that I can't pay you nothin'. If I had died you would have got your money, for my life is insured, but as it is, I can't give you a cent." "The doctor looked at him a minute and says: "Bug, I think you need just one more dose of medicine." "Much obliged to you," replied Bug, but I've got a plenty." OPIE READ. (Copyright, 1904.)



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