

Professional Directory.

Table with columns for Telephone, Office Hours, Name, and Address. Includes entries for Dr. O. C. Reynolds, W. L. Dayton, M. D., Dr. F. D. Sherwin, Dr. J. H. Tyndale, C. A. Shoemaker, M. D., Dr. S. E. Cook, Dr. Benj. F. Bailey, Dr. J. S. McNay, Dr. R. E. Giffen, Ruth M. Wood, M. D., Louis N. Wentz, D.D.S., J. Riser, D, D, L, W. S. Latta, M. D., R. Stanhope, D. M. H. Garten, Clyde Davis, D, D, S, H. S. Aley, M. D., Dr. Clifford R. Tefft, Dr. J. S. Eaton, Dr. J. B. Trickey, and DR. E. J. ANGLE.

Social and Personal

The following is a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. Sewell from their daughter Mrs. Silver. After we left Ox'ord we stopped at this town. (Slough) two miles from Windsor, to change cars for that place. We learned that the royal train would pass in a few minutes so we waited for that to pass, and then took the train to London. It was the first time the Queen had ever ridden in her jubilee train as it was brand new. The train went rather slowly so we could see everybody quite plainly. We then took the next train to London and thence to the Bank where your dear, loving and interesting letters were grabbed with enthusiasm. We had not seen such a thing as a letter for three weeks. We were told that a sleeping place for the night and a good seat for the parade would be an impossibility but we went marching up to a hotel and though the rooms were all full, yet there was one for us, and we had to pay a big price for it even though it had a "raty" smell. After we were settled there Mr. S. went out to find a seat and came across two of the best on the Strand (which is one of the principle business streets of London.) Of course they cost something but we thought they were worth it. The street isn't as wide as twelfth street so we had a fine view. After all this luck in securing places we marched down the street for lunch, and then started to the hotel well nigh exhausted. Hardly sleeping a wink, (probably on account of some coffee and ice-cream we had for dinner) we were called at half past five and in our seats by seven. Such a mass of people you never saw. When the parade started we were pretty stiff from sitting, but all that was forgotten in the grand, magnificent sight we saw; superb horses with harness of real gold. All the different native troops of the queen's empire. I cannot describe by letter all the colors and names of the different regiments. The Scotch men with their bare legs, down to the Chinese, some of whom live in the queen's provinces. When the royal carriages began to come we were beside ourselves with excitement. All the royal families and representatives of every country in the world even from Africa and Asia were in line. Of course they were dressed magnificently and their turnouts would startle even Mugg. Bowigged footmen in back and front, horses covered with coats of arms and the occupants in their most gorgeous array. But what extra heart-beats we had were all for the queen when we saw the first horse of her carriage. I was so excited I forgot everything else. The Princess Christian and the Princess of Wales were in the same carriage with the queen. The Prince of Wales and her second son, Duke of Connaught rode beside her. The dear old lady looks like her pictures. It seems as if we didn't have time enough to take in all the beautiful and exquisite costumes of the royal train belonging to her Majesty's family. I know them all by heart now. The queen and the rest bowed graciously from right to left looking at no one in particular. The march took them to Saint Paul's Cathedral where they had a thanks giving service in front of the building. We hurried away to get some lunch as it was growing near two o'clock and we had been there since seven. I forgot to say all along the march which was eight or ten miles long, the streets were lined on both sides with soldiers and there were 50,000 men in the procession. It was indeed a wonderful sight and one that will never be forgotten. The people mostly were dressed in light costumes and the streets and windows were a most beautiful sight. We came to Slough late in the afternoon. The landlady is a most genial hostess and she gave us a beautiful front room. This place is only two miles from Windsor and the people were decorating from one end of it to the other. Come to find out, the Queen and her party were to stop at Slough and drive in a carriage to Windsor Castle. We asked if our room was on the line of march and the landlady said, "Oh yes indeed," and all the rest of her rooms were taken. So we were in luck again and fell into it as unconsciously as Mugg would fall into the bath tub. This town is a dear old-fashioned place, and we came here to get rested but will have to postpone it until later. This hotel is the best in the town, and is where the Prince of Wales stopped once. It is one of the oldest buildings in the town and has just been fixed over. Our windows are lovely with window boxes of the gayest colors. Yesterday was the eventful day for this place. Crowds began to come early and line the streets while soldiers in gorgeous array rode up and down on elegant horses, and soldiers were lined up again on both sides of the road. What excitement again, for this time we would be still closer to the queen and could look upon her long and plenty. When they started to come to where we were perched up conspicuously in our window, wonder of wonders! when her majesty passed us, she looked right at our window and right at us with the most gracious smile on her face. I could hardly believe my eyes, but waved my handkerchief frantically. Percy and I spoke almost at once how she had singled out our window at that moment of passing the hotel. We were on the second story which would be almost a part of the first story in a modern house. After all this excitement we had a little lunch which was very scanty on account of the crowds. We then started on our way to Windsor for a walk, passing through Eton. Everything was decorated beautifully. On this royal road were arches that looked ages old and with statuary and elegant decorations on them. You would have thought they had stood for ages until you went up and knocked on them, then you would have found out that they were nothing but wood, and made for the occasion, so everything beautiful in that line that we saw, we would go up and thump it to see if it were o'd or make believe. The building had lights outlining every window and door, giving the most beautiful effect besides being decorated with stars, etc. Our own hotel was fixed in almost a like manner, and when we reached here a man after our walk we found a band concert going on, right under our window. I was so exhausted that I went to sleep almost immediately, however, the noise kept up until three o'clock, ending with the entire mass of people on the streets singing "God Save the Queen." I forgot to say as we were leaving Eton, and were some distance off, we could hear all the school boys singing the same song, it sounded beautiful from where we were. This morning we had breakfast about quarter of eleven and we felt like a done up community, but we started for Windsor again in order to see the castle. We were not permitted to go inside as the queen was at home, but we wandered all

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