

The Curse of Empty Hands.

At dawn the call was heard,
And busy reapers stirred.

Along the highway leading to the wheat,
"Will reap with us?" they said,

"Disturb us not," said I. My dreams are sweet.

I sat with folded hands,
And saw across the lands

The waiting harvest shining on the hill:
I heard the reapers sing

Their songs of harvesting,
And thought to go, but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done,
And homeward one, by one,

The reapers went, well laden as they passed;
Their work no misspent day,

No long hours dreamed away
In sloth, that turns to sting the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near,
"Wait!" cried he, "idle here?"

Where are the sheaves your hands have bound?"

"Alas!" I made reply,
"Let the day pass by

"Until too late to work, I dreamed the hours away."

"Oh, foolish one!" he said,
And sadly shook his head,

"The dreaming soul is in the way of death.
The harvest soon is o'er,

Reap up and dream no more!
Act, for the summer fadeth like a breath.

"What if the master came
To-night, and called your name,

Asking how many sheaves your hands had made?"

"If at the Lord's commands
You showed but empty hands,

Condemned, your reaming soul would stand dismayed."

Filled with strange terror then,
Let chance come not again,

I sought the wheat fields while the others slept.

"Perhaps ere break of day,"
The Lord will come this way,

A voice kept saying, till, with fear, I wept.

Through all the long, still night,
Among the wheat fields white,

I reaped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain.

I dared not pause to rest,
Such fear possessed my breast,

So for my dreams I paid the price in pain.

But when the morning broke
And rested reapers woke,

My heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands.

For came he soon or late
The Lord of the state,

Would find me bearing not the curse of empty hands.

mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season.

AUNT HARRIET'S SAMP PUDDING.

A Good Yankee Thanksgiving Story.

"I declare, for't," sighed Aunt Harriet—sinking wearily into the splint-bottomed rocking-chair, setting her felt-slipped feet upon the stove-heap and clasping her hands in front of her knees—"I declare, for't, if I don't think this makin' Thanksgiving Day a matter of cookin' and eatin' is the most foolish of all our New England notions. Every year since I can remember the program has been the same. The whole month of November spent in preparin' for this 'grand gastronomic exhibition,' as Parson Pender-ton used to call it. I have never in my life been away from this house on a Thanksgiving Day; and every year we've been overrun with company. Father wouldn't think 'twas Thanksgiving, I s'pose, if the house wasn't full. For my part I should like a change; either to go some-where, or stay at home by myself."

"O, Harriet, I wouldn't talk so," remonstrated grandmother, who was taking off her white muslin cap. "You know the work of preparin' for dear ones is pleasant work. Our social family gatherings make us all better and happier. Your father would feel dreadfully cut up to hear you run on in this complainin' way about makin' Thanksgiving. Of course you are tired to-night, but don't think about that; count over your marces, and think how much you have to be thankful for."

"Hum," went on the wearied spinster in her peculiar nasal tone, "I could make Thanksgiving in my heart so that it would bring joy without makin' such an ado about my stomach."

Reaching down and opening the oven-door, a suggestive and delicious odor of baking fowls and browning pastry burst forth, filling the roomy kitchen. She peered inside they for a moment, turned around one of the pans, using a corner of her long, straight, blue print apron for a holder, and then, shutting in the culinary wonders which were to grace to-morrow's dinner, she continued, "I have spent three weeks in house-cleaning, only to get everything in apple-pie order just in time to be turned topsy-turvy. Every room is full to-night, and I must stretch my tired frame on a lounge. It never makes any difference where Harriet sleeps; she can be tucked anywhere. Last night I was up until eleven o'clock to get the pound-cake all baked. Night before last it was the mince and pumpkin pies. To-night it will be eleven before these chicken-pies are browned fit to be seen, and flat mid-night before I can get to bed. I am tired and sick of the great National stuffing day, and for my own part shan't want a mouthful of the nice food that the pantry shelves are groaning under. I would far rather have a bowl of samp and milk, and a day of leisure along with it."

The bed-room door just behind the speaker was unlatched, and John and his wife, who had, late in evening, driven in from the west part of the town, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and circumstances, there never is anything overgrown or huge-looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation of coming upon a group for the first time is "See what beautiful trees!" Their real godlike grandeur in the meantime is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance in one harmonious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide-bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness, and seek a measuring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular in-step to the lofty summit dissolving in a crown of verdure, rejoicing in the unrivalled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fluting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays that weigh lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty alone.

The young trees were slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at the top, horizontal about half-way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spire, feathery, juvenile habit merges in to the firm rounded dome form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesque form of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular, ungovernable-looking branch eight or ten feet thick may often be seen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached it stops short, and dissolves in spreading, cushiony bosses of law-abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge invisible bell-glass, against whose curves every branch is pressed and moulded, yet somehow indulging so many small departures that there is still an appearance of perfect freedom.

The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish-green in color, while the older trees frequently ripen to a warm yellow tint like the linden. The bark is rich cinnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to

the line. The eastern train was late. Trains always are late the night before Thanksgiving, there are so many happy souls going home. "These trains are mail trains, they must meet, and our trains must wait."

"'Twill make a pretty late supper-time," said Charlie.

"I should think it was supper-time now," cried Mary, poking around in the bottom of the empty hamper.

"I suppose there is some place near by where I can get a lunch for the children," said the pleasant mamma to affable Conductor Carroll, who came through the car just then.

"I'm sorry to tell you, madam, that the restaurant has been discontinued, and the hotel burned down a week ago or so. You can see the ruins just over the brook there."

A glance at the ashes and embers of what was once a hotel was not very satisfying to five hungry juveniles, and mamma, for the first time since she bade her husband good-by, with almost a cloud on her brow, said:

"We will play we have got to grandpa's, and see how nearly our real getting there will be like our play. I will begin now—What would I like for supper, Sister Harriet? Oh, a cup of tea for me, and plenty of milk and bread for the children." "Well, I declare, for't, Sister Susan. I guess these children won't eat bread and milk at grandpa's, Thanksgiving after travelin' three mortal days and nights."

And the plump little mamma changed her voice in the last clause in a croll nasal imitation of her sister, which made the children laugh.

"What would you like, my dears?" "I can smell all sorts of goodies," said Mary, sniffing under her little pert nose grew red, "and I should like pumpkin pie, if it's agreeable."

"Chicken for me, put in Johnny, promptly.

"Mince pie," said quiet Jane.

"Pudding, cake, cookies, apples, nuts, pop-corn balls, roast beef, roast pork, spare ribs, quail, ham, ducks; most anything you have in the house," cried Charlie uproariously—while they all laughed, and little Hat shouted, "Goo, goo," and made her little fat hands fly in a "patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man."

The three or four passengers in the front of the car looked up from their books and papers and smiled at the merry little group.

Meanwhile Aunt Harriet, in the great old ark of a farm-house by herself, talked to the dog and the cat. She had loaded the hired man off home to his father's with a big basket packed full of Thanksgiving fixins. "I'll see," she said as she put in the last mince pie and loaf of cake "if I can't have just as thankful a heart as I could if the house was full of goodies. I mean to try it for once, and eat pudden' and milk, as I have so often wished I could, and see if I don't enjoy it just as well."

So she sifted a great quantity of corn meal of the kind that southern people call hominy and New England folks call samp, and putting on the big dinner-pot, proceeded to make a pudding. It required a good deal of stirring and skimming, and kept her pretty busy for two or three hours. The meal swelled and swelled until the kettle was nearly full.

"I declare, for't," said she to the cat, "I don't know what possessed me to make such a lot of puddin'. But if I don't want it all myself the hogs will; 'twon't be wasted,"—and, fetching a bowl of milk from the pantry, she sat down in the splint-bottomed rocking chair, set her felt-slipped feet on the fore-piece of the stove and proceeded to eat her supper.

"I declare, for't," said she to the dog, who lay on the rug at her feet, "I feel exactly as if somebody was dead, or as if ev'rybody was dead, and I was left on airth alone to keep a tavern. I should like a little bite of sunthin' to top off with, but I wouldn't own it to anybody that could talk; but you won't tell no tales. I'm as ashamed as a whipped dog, and feel as cheap as dirt every time I think what day it is, and how we've been prospered in every way through the year, and yet here I be, no company in the house and none likely to come, and nuthin' cooked up, and no Thanksgiving smell about the house, and, worst of all, father's mother sent off out from under their own roof. Harriet, you're a sour, selfish, crabbed old maid, 'nd I'm ashamed on ye. Take the Bible and see if ye can't find sunthin' to git ye inter a better state o' mind."

So she str-de into "mother's room" after the family Bible, and behold! it was gone. "They've taken it with 'em to John's, and all the Thanksgiving feelin' along with it." She took a look at the made-up bed, with its pieced-up quilt, and said again, "It seems as if ev'rybody was dead," and went out and shut the door softly behind her.

"What if somebody should come, she soliloquized next, taking up the cot, "but there won't. There ain't nobody to come, only what's invited to John's, exceptin' Sister Susan, p-or dear, precious child, away off there in the wilds; she'll never come home again, I presume," and Harriet laid her head on her knees and thought of the day Susan was born, and of the day she was married, and cried a little, and then dropped off into a nap, from which she was aroused by a subdued bustle near the back door.

Gettin' up and lifting a corner of the curtain she peeped out, and saw, by the light of the full moon, a wagon driving out of the yard, a trunk—or basket—tallish boy, a shortish girl, two more children coming up the walk, and a plump, little woman, with a baby in her arms, just stepping upon the doorstep.

"Susan," gasped Harriet, quickly unbuttoning and opening the door, and catching the surprised, rosy little woman in her arms. They both cried a little, but Harriet meanwhile put Susan into the splint-bottomed chair, took of her bonnet, and smoothed her hair. Then she wiped her eyes, kissed the children, took off their things, making a mental calculation of how she should manage to get them all dressed before Sunday.

"I knew we should find you up," said Susan, looking around the familiar kitchen. "I remember how the baking used to drag the night before," and she gave a little sniff. Smelling nothing suggestive of fancy cookery, she said she believed she had managed to take a little cold in some way. At this the children, each in turn, sniffed and looked curiously at each other.

"We won't let anyone know that you

have come until morning," said Harriet, in her decided way, "and then we will have a general surprise at breakfast."

"They are all well—father and mother," asked Susan, anxiously.

"Never better! Now what will you have for supper?" That was just what had been said in their play, in the car, and the children pricked up their ears.

"Oh, a cup of tea for me, and plenty of milk and bread for the children," said the plump and rosy mamma, carrying on her part of the play according to programme. But Aunt Harriet, instead of asking them what they would like, seized upon the idea of milk, and exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, milk for the children, to be sure; of course it will be the very best thing for them after their journey. You used to be fond of samp, Susan."

"I should think so, and I have never seen any since I went away."

The children looked disappointed, but they enjoyed their supper, and thought and said they had never tasted anything so delicious as that first meal at grandpa's.

"You see," said Aunt Harriet, as she was proceeding them up to bed just as the clock struck eleven, "it is a good appetite and a thankful heart that makes a Thanksgiving supper, after all."

"Yes," agreed Johnnie, "that's so; but, after all, I'm glad we're going to have the turkey, goose, ducks and chicken fixin's to-morrow."

"Beginning with stewed chicken and pumpkin pie for breakfast," said Mary. "You see I have told them all about it," said Susan apologetically, as she carried the baby up the stairs she had last come down as a bride. "If you crowded, Harriet, you can make up a bed on the floor for the boys."

"There are two beds in this room; can you manage here?" replied Harriet, opening the door of one of the spick and span front chambers.

"Oh, certainly."

"Then go to bed, and sleep and don't hurry up until I call you in the morning, and bidding the little group a loving good-night, she hurried down-stairs, quickly donned walking-shoes, shawl and hood, slipped out the back door, locked it securely after her, put the key under the door-sill, and started across lots for John's."

"It's lucky I haven't been baking for a fortnight," she said, and then she continued, "If I had, the folks would all be at home, where they'd order be, and I shouldn't have ter go prowling off after 'em. I don't see I've made much."

Jane was taking her last chicken pie out of the oven, and the clock was striking twelve as Harriet stalked into the kitchen.

John heard her voice and got out of bed and came out in his night-gown to hear the good news, for Susan was the youngest sister and the pet.

"I'll go over and bring them all around here to breakfast," said John, eagerly. "It don't seem as if I could wait until morning."

"I will tell you what shall be done," said John's wife. "We won't say a word about it, but will carry our fixings all over home. Do you suppose I'm going to have that dear child and them children come half across the continent to Thanksgiving at grandpa's, only to be sent away from the old homestead to one of the neighbors? By no means."

Then, indeed, Harriet broke down and cried in good earnest. And, what was a wonderful thing for her to do, put her arms around her sisters-in-law's neck and kissed her heartily.

Thanksgiving morning opened bright and fair. When Aunt Harriet in a pretty flowered wrapper, looked into awake the traveler, she found them up and dressed. Grandpa and grandma, John and his wife and all the rest were waiting to meet them at breakfast, and everything went on just as it was set down in the "play."

"There are Thanksgiving smells coming this morning," said Mary; "I guess we did all have colds last night."

But all kept their own counsel, and the plump little mother has not yet ceased wondering how it happened that Harriet had been making that immense samp pudding on Thanksgiving Eve.—Mrs. Anne A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A little fellow, at whose home hens had been kept but a few weeks, visited a neighbor's to find a playmate, when he was informed that his young friend was suffering from the chicken-pox. The lady of the house, in tones of curiosity and solicitude, asked the little fellow if they had the chicken-pox over at his house. "No," replied the youngster gravely, "we haven't had our hens long enough yet."

CITY NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, NOV. 15, 1878.

All persons interested in the ASSESSMENT FOR THE GRADING OF EXCHANGE STREET, BETWEEN ST. PETER AND WABASHAW STREETS,

PETER AND WABASHAW STREETS, OR THE PARTIAL GRADING OF BED-FORD STREET FROM NORTH STREET TO MINNEHAHA STREET,

AND THE PARTIAL GRADING OF BRADLEY STREET FROM SEVENTH TO NORTH STREET,

Will Take Notice that on the 14th day of November, 1878, I did receive different warrants from the City Comptroller of the city of St. Paul, for the collection of the above named assessments.

The nature of these warrants is, that if you fail to pay the assessments within THIRTY DAYS

after the first publication of this notice, I shall report you and your real estate so assessed as delinquent, and apply to the District Court of the county of Ramsey, Minnesota, for judgment against your lands, lots, blocks or parcels thereof so assessed, including interest, cost and expenses, and for an order of the Court to sell the same for the payment thereof.

F. A. RENZ, City Treasurer.

HOTELS.

Metropolitan Hotel,

Cor. 3d and Washington Sts., St. Paul, - - - - - Minnesota GEO. CULVER, MANAGER.

Complete in all its appointments. First-class in every particular. Par. \$3 per day.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

C. T. McNAMARA, - - - - - Proprietor. Cor. Wabashaw and Sixth streets, SAINT PAUL, - - - - - MINNESOTA.

First Class, but Only \$2.00 Per Day.

MEDICINES.

YERBA BUENA.

What is it? A Cathartic and Regulator. YERBA BUENA BITTERS: Cures impurities of the blood. YERBA BUENA BITTERS: Cures liver and kidney complaints. YERBA BUENA BITTERS: Cures indigestion and dyspepsia. YERBA BUENA BITTERS: Cures biliousness and constipation. YERBA BUENA BITTERS: Cures intermittent and bilious fevers.

For sale by all druggists. Edward H. Riggs will supply the trade with Yerba Buena Bitters at Chicago prices.

Assessment for Grading Charles Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., NOV. 15TH, 1878.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city on the 20th day of Nov. A. D. 1878, at 12 m., to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the

GRADING OF CHARLES STREET, FROM RICE STREET TO DALE STREET,

in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement, and benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to \$4,740.00.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment and to be heard. H. M. RICE, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works, 312-13.

CONTRACT WORK.

CONSTRUCTING SIDEWALKS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., NOV. 20, 1878.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 24 day of December, A. D. 1878, for constructing sidewalks in front of all lots and lands situated and described as follows, and lying and being in said city, to-wit:

On Carroll street, in front of lots 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30, block 17, of MacKubin & Marshall's Addition.

On Charles street, in front of all lots and blocks on the north side of said street from Rice street to Dale street.

On Iglehart street, in front of all lots and blocks on both sides of said street, from Rice street to Sibley street.

On south side of Fifth street, from Jackson street to Sibley street.

On north side of Seventh street, from St. Peter street to Sixth street.

On northeast side of St. Peter street, from Seventh street to Ninth street.

On west side of exchange street, from Fourth street to Fifth street.

On north side of Fort street, from Douglas street to Goodrich street.

On south side of Carroll street, from lot 9 block 19, MacKubin & Marshall's Addition, to lot 8, block 3, Nininger's Addition.

In front of lots 4 and 5, block 1, Bass' Addition.

Said sidewalks are to be built in accordance with the plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. M. RICE, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works, 311-21.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Fort Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., NOV. 16, 1878.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1878, for

CONSTRUCTING A SEWER ON FORT STREET, FROM EAGLE STREET AT 'THE SO-CALLED SEVEN CORNERS' TO McGOAL STREET, IN SAID CITY

according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond, with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. M. RICE, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works, 307-17.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

St. Paul Railroad Time Tables.

First Division St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. Main Line through trains for Litchfield, Wilmam, Benson, Morris, Glyndon, Crookston, Elk River, Landing and Manitoba.

St. Paul, Minn. 5:00 p.m. | Fleisher & Galt 5:11.30 a.m. | Minneapolis 5:40 p.m. | St. Paul 5:51.30 a.m. | Fishers Landing 4:50 p.m. | St. Paul 5:51.30 a.m. | Wilmam Accommodation.

St. Paul, Minn. 7:10 a.m. | Minneapolis 7:21.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:36 a.m. | St. Paul 8:47.30 p.m. | St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnetonka train.

St. Paul, Minn. 7:30 a.m. | Minneapolis 7:41.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:56 a.m. | St. Paul 9:07.30 p.m. | St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnetonka train.

St. Paul, Minn. 8:00 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:11.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:26 a.m. | St. Paul 9:37.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:41 a.m. | Minneapolis 11:56 a.m. | St. Paul 12:07.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:22 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:37 p.m. | St. Paul 2:48.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:02 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:17 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:32 p.m. | St. Paul 6:43.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:58 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:13 p.m. | St. Paul 9:24.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:28 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:43 p.m. | St. Paul 11:54.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:08 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:23 p.m. | St. Paul 2:34.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:38 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:53 p.m. | St. Paul 5:04.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:33 p.m. | St. Paul 7:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:03 p.m. | St. Paul 10:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:28 p.m. | Minneapolis 12:43 p.m. | St. Paul 12:54.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:58 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:13 p.m. | St. Paul 3:24.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:28 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:43 p.m. | St. Paul 5:54.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:58 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:13 p.m. | St. Paul 8:24.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:28 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:43 p.m. | St. Paul 10:54.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:58 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:13 p.m. | St. Paul 1:24.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:28 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:43 p.m. | St. Paul 3:54.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:03 p.m. | St. Paul 6:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:33 p.m. | St. Paul 8:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:03 p.m. | St. Paul 11:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 12:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:33 p.m. | St. Paul 1:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:03 p.m. | St. Paul 4:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:33 p.m. | St. Paul 6:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:03 p.m. | St. Paul 9:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:33 p.m. | St. Paul 11:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 12:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:03 p.m. | St. Paul 2:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:33 p.m. | St. Paul 4:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:03 p.m. | St. Paul 7:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:33 p.m. | St. Paul 9:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 12:03 p.m. | St. Paul 12:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 2:33 p.m. | St. Paul 2:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:03 p.m. | St. Paul 5:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 7:33 p.m. | St. Paul 7:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:03 p.m. | St. Paul 10:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 11:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 12:33 p.m. | St. Paul 12:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 1:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 3:03 p.m. | St. Paul 3:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 4:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 5:33 p.m. | St. Paul 5:44.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 6:48 p.m. | Minneapolis 8:03 p.m. | St. Paul 8:14.30 p.m. | Minneapolis 9:18 p.m. | Minneapolis 10:33 p.m. | St. Paul 10:44.