

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

Nellie Tyrrel was a very pretty girl; but very whimsical and impatient. She read novels all day, and felt deeply the gross injustice of fate, in not making her life like the lives of the heroines of fiction.

One evening John Mortimer's jealousy reached a crisis. He brought Miss Jennie Bell to a party, where Nellie was to be with her usual attendant, hoping to irritate her betrothed into some decided action.

"How much all this reminds me of my life!" mused Nellie. "I am growing old without ever having been young. From the instant we are born we begin to die; but some of us more rapidly than others."

"Nellie," said a little boy, making a sudden appearance from the interior of the house. "Aunt Mary says you mustn't sit here, because it's too chilly. You will catch cold."

"I hope not," answered the young lady, with infinite scorn. "I may come in presently."

"But she wants you to come in now," persisted little Frank, her mischievous brother.

"That's all come in when it pleases me." "Nellie," said a little boy, making a sudden appearance from the interior of the house.

"Company! Some bore, I dare say; but anything for a change. Nothing could be duller than sitting here."

So Miss Nellie went in. She found Aunt Mary conversing with the handsomest young man possible to imagine—tall, dark, slender, rather practical-looking, but to that account only the more attractive.

"It is so quiet here," he said, in a thrillingly modulated voice; "and quiet is what I seek. I have lived in such a whirl of excitement during the summer, that I am bent on trying the opposite extreme."

"It is very dull in winter," said Aunt Mary. "The duller the better," laughed Mr. Chelmont.

"Nellie, why are you always so cross?" "Because I am tired to death! Oh, how I detest this dull life! I do wish something awful would happen—just to create an excitement and give us a change."

"Nothing very awful could happen hereabout, Nellie," sighed John, ruefully, as if he would like to get up an earthquake, or something equally terrible, for her special gratification.

"No," snapped the young lady; "we can't even have a railroad accident. The trains have been running by here for ten years, and never yet have they failed to pass on time to the minute. I do wish somebody would put something on the track, and throw the next train off."

"Nellie!" cried John, much shocked. She laughed and blushed, and perhaps regretted that silly speech, and penitently began to be more agreeable. She even offered to go into the parlor, and sing John's favorite ballad for him. He insisted eagerly, and presently was in the seventh heaven as he leaned upon the old piano and listened to his darling's angelic music.

In the midst of one of Nellie's songs, she and her companion were both startled by the sudden and shrill screaming of a locomotive whistle.

White, tremulous, and with beating hearts, they ran quickly out upon the porch. Suffering such anguish of fright as people feel but once in a lifetime, and without knowing for what reason, they instinctively glanced up the railroad-track.

The train was smashing down the rails at terrific speed. The whistle shrieked again. Directly in the path of the engine lay a huge rock, which had rolled down the embankment.

The next instant the pilot of the locomotive struck it, the train jumped from the line and zigzagged a little way further, where there was a terrible crash, the cars crowded together, forming a chaotic mass, cries and shrieks of agony went up, and for the first time in its history there had happened an accident on the A— Railroad.

John Mortimer hurried quickly to the scene. From a cloud of steam and debris, where lay the shattered locomotive, a human being emerged—a man whose head had booted upon his shoulders while he was alive!

in all the families for ten miles round. By means of tact and address he got up a great many social gatherings, and was the lion at all. He appeared to forget all about the quiet and retirement he had come to seek; for he took Nellie to a ball or party two or three nights every week. "Time," as she often said, "seemed to fly like the wind."

One evening John Mortimer's jealousy reached a crisis. He brought Miss Jennie Bell to a party, where Nellie was to be with her usual attendant, hoping to irritate her betrothed into some decided action.

"John, you are only making a goose of yourself. I don't care a pin whom you flirt with."

He saw that she was speaking truth, and the next minute, with rare dignity, replied: "Nellie, you are right. I have been playing the fool, it is true. I love you—God knows I do—better than my life; but you care no longer for me. Mr. Chelmont has won you for me. Something tells me to warn you against that man; but I shall not trouble you with my advice, except to take proper care of yourself."

"That very same night," coming home, Mr. Chelmont declared his passion, laid his heart and fortune, such as it was—(he did not know how much, he said)—at Miss Tyrrel's feet. She accepted him, and it was the happiest hour of her life.

A little while afterward Mr. Chelmont's book was finished. He announced that he was obliged to go to town to put it to press.

"No end of a bore, my darling," he remarked to poor Nellie, pale and crying; but such things are inexorable as fate. I shall return as soon as I can, and you may expect a letter from me every day."

The next morning train bore him away, and as he passed Chestnut Farm in the train, he waved his handkerchief from the window; and, for the first time, Nellie felt an interest in the cars that so regularly sped by, to and from the city of A—

Then came the old dead blank again. To Nellie the reaction was terrible. There were no more parties, no delicious love-making, nothing but a dead calm.

Mr. Chelmont did not write so regularly as he had promised, nor were his letters very long. He said that business took up nearly all his time, but soon he hoped for better things; and this, with many ardent protestations of love, was the burden of all his correspondence.

John Mortimer came to the Farm sometimes, but Nellie was very cool to him, and he seemed almost as miserable as herself.

After some weeks he unexpectedly stopped on his way from the village with a letter. Nellie recognized the handwriting, and tore it open with a beating heart. It ran thus:

"My DARLING—Look for me every day. This is the last word you shall have from me until we are face to face."

She watched as patiently as the unhappy Marianna, in her moated grange. When he came he would take her away from this horrible place, and they would be married, and she should never set eyes upon the scenes of her wretchedness again. She counted the very minutes.

But after many more tiresome days the torture of delay grew unendurable. Spring has come, and all nature was lovely as it rose out of the winter's slumber. Nellie found no charm in it for her, but shuddered with disgust.

One beautiful afternoon she was sitting on the porch, melancholy and angry, and John Mortimer, full of pity and affection, stood by her. Her little brother Frank was there, too, and, breaking a long silence, he said:

"Nellie, why are you always so cross?" "Because I am tired to death! Oh, how I detest this dull life! I do wish something awful would happen—just to create an excitement and give us a change."

"Nothing very awful could happen hereabout, Nellie," sighed John, ruefully, as if he would like to get up an earthquake, or something equally terrible, for her special gratification.

"No," snapped the young lady; "we can't even have a railroad accident. The trains have been running by here for ten years, and never yet have they failed to pass on time to the minute. I do wish somebody would put something on the track, and throw the next train off."

"Nellie!" cried John, much shocked. She laughed and blushed, and perhaps regretted that silly speech, and penitently began to be more agreeable. She even offered to go into the parlor, and sing John's favorite ballad for him. He insisted eagerly, and presently was in the seventh heaven as he leaned upon the old piano and listened to his darling's angelic music.

In the midst of one of Nellie's songs, she and her companion were both startled by the sudden and shrill screaming of a locomotive whistle.

White, tremulous, and with beating hearts, they ran quickly out upon the porch. Suffering such anguish of fright as people feel but once in a lifetime, and without knowing for what reason, they instinctively glanced up the railroad-track.

such as were beyond the power of helping themselves. Some still breathed, but nearly all semblance to humanity was crushed out of them.

Among the rest a man was pulled from beneath the ruins of the smoking-car, and through his side a huge splinter had been driven like an arrow. It was Lionel Chelmont.

Mr. Chelmont was taken to Chestnut Farm, and he recovered consciousness. Nellie, distracted with grief was at his bedside.

His first words were: "Send for my wife." They thought him delirious, but it was not so. In this, his last hour, he told the truth, that he was a married man. He implored Nellie to forgive him.

"I loved and would have betrayed you, my poor girl, villain that I was," he gasped; "but I am fitly punished. Say that you forgive me, Nellie."

He died with that unanswered prayer on his lips. Next day his beautiful young wife came, and there could be no further doubt. She told the history of her own unhappiness—how heaven had bestowed upon Lionel Chelmont every gift but that of a strong moral nature, and how that one defect blasted every blessing.

It was long a mystery how the rock had come to fall on the railway track, and never till he grew to manhood did Frank Tyrrel reveal the truth—that in thoughtless mischief of childhood he himself had fatal to loosen and hurl it there that fatal afternoon when his sister had so impatiently longed for a change—even for some horrible accident.

Nellie's nature was transformed. The dreadful escape she had made was a lesson never to be forgotten.

"Old friends," she sighed, "old places and old things are the best, after all," completed; and you will escape much of the discomfort due to such a time. We have a fancy for taking this particular industry of house cleaning leisurely, says a house-keeper, and managing it in a peaceful sort of a way so that there may be distributed along with the inevitable disorder and upside-downedness a good many hours of solid comfort and genuine self-complacency.

On the day of which we speak the gardener went out to his daily labor, and in his rounds came to where the monument stood. He looked at the place where the name and age of the deceased stood blazoned forth. It was not there. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Still the engraven letters did not make their appearance. He began to doubt the evidence of his senses, and going up to the marble, he passed his hand along its smooth surface in search of the letters, with the same result as met his previous examination.

In perfect amazement he started for a while, then, actuated by some strange impulse, he took a position upon the opposite side of the monument, when lo and behold, there stood the letters as bright and clear as ever. There was but one inference from this, either the grounds had changed their shape in the night, which was not likely, or the huge monument had been moved around. But how this was done was the mystery, for there were no footprints on the soft, green turf, or any signs of workmen having been employed at that spot during the night, and to accomplish what had been done a tremendous force would have to be brought to bear. And so it appeared a perfect mystery how the fact was accomplished. The man carried the news to town. The curious at once rushed to the scene, and puzzled themselves as to how the mystery could have been wrought. Hundreds of people visit the place daily, and the matter is as great a puzzle as ever.

A Horrible Affair. San Francisco has heretofore pointed with pride to her death rate, having next to Zurich and Geneva, the lowest of any city. This idol of her heart will be most rudely shattered unless some means are devised to stop the ever-recurring tragedies, the details of which are so sickening and repulsive. A French writer lately advanced the theory that murders and suicides are the result of climatic influences. If this be true it would be interesting to know the state of the barometer and the direction of the wind currents at San Francisco. Most certainly it is an ill wind for the lawyers, for the murderers invariably commit suicide, but that the undertakers are basking in the holy breezes of prosperity there can be no doubt. The facts of the last tragedy, in brief, are as follows:—Two young men, warm personal friends, one named Elmer Caldwell and the other Charles Maxey, retired to their room about eleven o'clock. They were both in high spirits, and their laughing was so boisterous and loud as to provoke a remonstrance from their landlady. About six o'clock the next morning the landlady was awakened by one of the boarders, who said that some one was ill, as groans were audible all over the house. It was soon ascertained that the sounds came from the room occupied by the young men. No answer being made to the repeated calls for admission, the door was forced and a bloody scene disclosed. Lying on the bed, with his face to the wall, was the dead body of Caldwell, his blood and brains oozing from a ghastly wound over the right temple. A short distance from the bed lay Maxey, a jagged wound in the left side marking the place where the shot had taken effect, while about five feet from him was the instrument with which the deed was committed—a five-shooter. In a moment of consciousness Maxey said that Caldwell had shot him. A strange feature in the case is that no shots were heard by any of the boarders.

Tobacco Smoke Good for the Teeth. It is only fair on tobacco to point out that it is gradually clearing itself from many of the serious charges brought against it. It has been frequently and persistently alleged

that among other ill effects (besides death and madness) produced by tobacco is destruction of the teeth. This, it appears, is entirely a mistake. Instead of tobacco causing the teeth to decay, it is the very best thing in the world for them, and those who wish to preserve their teeth should immediately take to smoking if they have not already indulged in the habit. At a lecture on teeth, laughing gas, and electricity as connected with the dental surgery, delivered last month in London by Mr. Thomas Brown, the lecturer observed that it was popularly considered that the practice of smoking deteriorated the teeth. "There could," he added, "be no greater fallacy. It was true that it sometimes discolored the teeth, but it did not cause decay; on the contrary, it prevented decay on account of the disinfecting properties of tobacco smoke." This leaves the British Anti-Tobacco Association and other kindred bodies in a very disagreeable position, for it destroys all confidence in the awful predictions they are in the habit of uttering as to the fate of smokers. If tobacco does not injure the teeth, but is in fact good for them, perhaps it does not shorten life, but is even favorable to longevity.

Some days ago, at Vineland, New Jersey, Delaware Bay, about twenty miles away, was plainly mirrored in the sky, and sailing vessels and steamships were distinctly seen and traced as they glided along. Even the pulsations of the waves were visible, the exhibition continuing for about three-quarters of an hour, until the sun disappeared below the horizon.

To Housewives. Take your spring cleaning leisurely, ladies, and do not drive the gude-man from his accustomed corner with clouds of dust. Commence at the top of the house; take one room at a time; rest after each room is completed; and you will escape much of the discomfort due to such a time. We have a fancy for taking this particular industry of house cleaning leisurely, says a house-keeper, and managing it in a peaceful sort of a way so that there may be distributed along with the inevitable disorder and upside-downedness a good many hours of solid comfort and genuine self-complacency.

On the day of which we speak the gardener went out to his daily labor, and in his rounds came to where the monument stood. He looked at the place where the name and age of the deceased stood blazoned forth. It was not there. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Still the engraven letters did not make their appearance. He began to doubt the evidence of his senses, and going up to the marble, he passed his hand along its smooth surface in search of the letters, with the same result as met his previous examination.

In perfect amazement he started for a while, then, actuated by some strange impulse, he took a position upon the opposite side of the monument, when lo and behold, there stood the letters as bright and clear as ever. There was but one inference from this, either the grounds had changed their shape in the night, which was not likely, or the huge monument had been moved around. But how this was done was the mystery, for there were no footprints on the soft, green turf, or any signs of workmen having been employed at that spot during the night, and to accomplish what had been done a tremendous force would have to be brought to bear. And so it appeared a perfect mystery how the fact was accomplished. The man carried the news to town. The curious at once rushed to the scene, and puzzled themselves as to how the mystery could have been wrought. Hundreds of people visit the place daily, and the matter is as great a puzzle as ever.

A Horrible Affair. San Francisco has heretofore pointed with pride to her death rate, having next to Zurich and Geneva, the lowest of any city. This idol of her heart will be most rudely shattered unless some means are devised to stop the ever-recurring tragedies, the details of which are so sickening and repulsive. A French writer lately advanced the theory that murders and suicides are the result of climatic influences. If this be true it would be interesting to know the state of the barometer and the direction of the wind currents at San Francisco. Most certainly it is an ill wind for the lawyers, for the murderers invariably commit suicide, but that the undertakers are basking in the holy breezes of prosperity there can be no doubt. The facts of the last tragedy, in brief, are as follows:—Two young men, warm personal friends, one named Elmer Caldwell and the other Charles Maxey, retired to their room about eleven o'clock. They were both in high spirits, and their laughing was so boisterous and loud as to provoke a remonstrance from their landlady. About six o'clock the next morning the landlady was awakened by one of the boarders, who said that some one was ill, as groans were audible all over the house. It was soon ascertained that the sounds came from the room occupied by the young men. No answer being made to the repeated calls for admission, the door was forced and a bloody scene disclosed. Lying on the bed, with his face to the wall, was the dead body of Caldwell, his blood and brains oozing from a ghastly wound over the right temple. A short distance from the bed lay Maxey, a jagged wound in the left side marking the place where the shot had taken effect, while about five feet from him was the instrument with which the deed was committed—a five-shooter. In a moment of consciousness Maxey said that Caldwell had shot him. A strange feature in the case is that no shots were heard by any of the boarders.

Tobacco Smoke Good for the Teeth. It is only fair on tobacco to point out that it is gradually clearing itself from many of the serious charges brought against it. It has been frequently and persistently alleged

CITY NOTICE.

City Treasurer's Sale.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, March 30, 1880.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a judgment entered on the 25th day of March, 1880, in the District Court, second judicial district, Ramsey county, State of Minnesota, against the hereinafter described real estate, situate, lying and being in said city and county, on an assessment warrant for the grading of Ohio street, from Fifth street, (now Kate street), to Cabot street, and Cabot street from Ohio street to south line of City Limits, in said City of St. Paul, the undersigned will, on Thursday, the 15th day of April, 1880, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the City Treasurer's office, in the City of St. Paul, county of Ramsey, offer for sale at public auction, as provided by law, to the best bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to wit:

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists various lots and owners like Ed B. Buckley, M. Shields Kiley, etc.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Sweeney's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Sweeney's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Irvine's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Sweeney's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Irvine's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Sweeney's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Nelson, Steven & King's Addition to West St. Paul.

Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Judgment, Am't of description. Lists lots under Banning & Oliver's Addition.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R.R.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Fargo, Grand Forks, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Duluth, Sibley, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

CONTRACT WORK.

Constructing Sewers.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., March 29th, 1880.

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 10th day of April, 1880, for constructing an outlet sewer for Fifth street, from Kittson street to Trout Brook; and sewers

On Kittson street, from Fifth street to Seventh street.

On Eighth street, from Broadway to Willis street.

On Ninth street, from Broadway to Locust street.

On Eleventh street, from Broadway to Olive street.

CONTRACT WORK.

Constructing Sewers.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., March 29th, 1880.

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 10th day of April, 1880, for constructing an outlet sewer for Fifth street, from Kittson street to Trout Brook; and sewers

On Kittson street, from Fifth street to Seventh street.

On Eighth street, from Broadway to Willis street.

On Ninth street, from Broadway to Locust street.

On Eleventh street, from Broadway to Olive street.

MINNEAPOLIS RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.