

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. H. RAFFETY, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BUENA VISTA, OREGON.

BENJ. HAYDEN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE OF COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, WATERLOO, SIX MILES ABOVE LEWIS.

C. G. CURL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SALEM, OREGON.

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALBANY, OREGON.

DENTISTRY! PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!

DR. E. H. GRIFFIN, Proprietor to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1869, as follows:

N. H. CHANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, OFFICE—IN NORRIS' BRICK BUILDING, UP-STAIRS, ALBANY, OREGON.

C. A. BLACKLEY, FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND Notary Public.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S., GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.

THEY'VE GOT THE EARS! DR. T. L. GOLDEN, OCUList AND AURIST, ALBANY, OREGON.

RUSSELL & ELKINS, Office in Parish's & Co's Block, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON.

NOTICE, ALL PERSONS KNOWING THEMSELVES indebted to the undersigned, will please come forward and settle up, as the old books must be closed by the 1st of January, 1869.

NOTICE, THIS IS TO NOTIFY ALL PERSONS NOT indebted to or harbor my wife, Martha M., on my account, as she has left me and eloped with a man by the name of J. J. Bell.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE! THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and is keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage.

Wool, Wool, WE WILL PAY, 21 CENTS PER POUND, IN CASH, 100,000 LBS. OF WOOL, A. COWAN & CO.

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STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT JOB PRINTING OFFICE, FIRST ST., ALBANY, OREGON.

WE HAVE connected with this office a first-class

JOB OFFICE, and are prepared, at shortest notice, to fill, in the nearest manner, any order that may be sent us.

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MEN SUPPLIED WITH CARDS, BILLS, BILL-HEADS, BILLS LADIN'S, CHECKS, LETTER HEADS, etc.

ALL ORDERS Promptly Attended to by ABBOTT & BROWN, "State Rights Democrat" Job Office.

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LLOYD'S PATENT REVOLVING DOUBLE MAPS Two Continents, America and Europe, and America with the United States portion on an Immense Scale.

THESE Great Maps, now just completed, 64 x 62 inches large, show every place of importance, all Railroads in date, and the latest alterations in the various European States.

APPLY FOR Circulars, Terms, and sample Maps first, if not taken back on demand. J. T. LLOYD, 23 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, (FORMERLY ABBOTT'S), PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY announces that having purchased this widely known and well kept hotel, they are now prepared to offer superior accommodation to the traveling public at

Greatly Reduced Prices. This Hotel is located nearest the Steamboat landing.

W. R. SEWELL, J. B. SPRENGER, CHURN! CHURN! CHURN!!!

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY THAT HAS A COW! WE TAKE THIS METHOD OF INFORMING the people of this State that we are now manufacturing and have for sale (either county right or single Churns), the Celebrated

HOLLOW DASH ATMOSPHERIC CHURN! Patented by H. C. Bell, of Ills., March 24, 1868.

Persons wishing for a Churn that will operate easily, churn cream in five minutes and milk in ten minutes, and that cannot easily get out of order, will do well to address the undersigned, at Seio, Linn county, Oregon; or, what is better, come and see the Churn for yourselves.

DORRIS & THORP, Seio, Linn Co., Or'n.

SAMUEL DENNY, UNDERTAKER, AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF CABINET WARE! ALBANY, OREGON.

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POETRY.

ALONE, BY SARAH E. DONMALL. Alone! no, not alone, I feel God's presence with me everywhere; If in the lonely vale I stray, Or on the hill top, He is there!

I see Him in the waving grass That carpets all beneath my feet, And in the wildest flowers that bloom Along the hedgerow's scented sweet.

I see Him in the painted wings Of butterflies that round me flit, And in the moss and lichens green, That clothe the rocks whereon I sit.

I hear Him in the bird's sweet song That comes from bush and brake and tree, And in the cricket's ceaseless hum, And in the buzzing of the bee.

I see Him in the lofty elm, Whose boughs point upward to yon Heaven As if in attitude of praise; To Him from whom sweet life is given.

I see Him in the distant hills, That rise like sentinels on high, And in the rapt clouds That decorate the sunset hour.

And in the rippling of the brook His gentle voice I ever hear; Alone! oh, no, I'm not alone, For God, my God, is ever near!

FIRESIDE ANGELS. How blest is that home whose hearthstone is graced By beauteous home-angels, the heart and sweet-faced— Their cheeks may be wrinkled or fresh as the morn, Their years at life's sunset, or childhood's glad dawn.

To the cot of the lowly they lend a bright spell, And teach the lone heart to live wisely and well; For beautiful lessons they give us to learn, Of a home "where the river" leaves to earn.

In the homes of the wealthy their pure smiles are found, And contentment and peace they scatter around; The proudly ambitious they point to the sky And whisper of bliss that never will die.

O, these blessed home-angels! in every glow They are found on our earth, with their love-lighted eyes; With lips that whisper the softest words, And cheeks with their own heaven light all glow.

O, the blessings which fireside angels have given, Have opened to our view glad visions of heaven; Have taught us the richness and beauty of love, And fitted our hearts for the glories above!

WOMAN.—What is more lovely, more indispensable, more acceptable, more charming, more affectionate, pleasing to the eyes of man, more useful to society, and more charming to behold, than a pretty, lovely, healthy, robust, graceful, dignified, good-natured, affectionate, high-minded, intelligent lady? Married or single, a truly lovely woman is the quintessence of society, and without her presence

decency and morality. Woman, in her present sphere has ten times the influence over man's morals and well-being than she ever could if the privilege of the franchise was allowed her. True woman, in her present position, is man's guiding star, the light-house to his moral existence, and her influence and generosity restrain the vicious and strengthen the faint-hearted. An exchange says more of her, all of which we approve:

"A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in dry-goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, and happiness, wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in curls, and choice calico, and her as so many admirers butters. Her words float around the car like music, birds of Paradise, or the perfumes of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its finest reliance, and young men the very best comforters and companions. Wherever you find the virtuous woman you also find fireside bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light and modern institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, and her aspiration is the breath of heaven."

A ROW IN HIGH LIFE.—Senator Ross, of Kansas, called on Gen. Grant to see about the appointments for his State.—The President became impatient and said to the Senator:

"I have no intention to be dictated to, sir," said Grant, sharply.

"Nor have I to be insulted even by you, sir, were you twenty times the President," exclaimed Ross, with his ire up to a white heat.

"I must decline to be annoyed any further on this subject," muttered Grant between his teeth, "and desire the interview to terminate."

"You and your desire may go to h—!" "Leave the room, leave the room, sir, or I shall force you out!" thundered out Grant.

Ross vamoosed, the ranche in haste.—Grant lighted a fresh cigar and sucked furiously. Wonder how Lysses likes it as far as he's got.

PIGEONS AS FARM STOCK.—In many portions of France, it is said to be the practice of landholders to make a condition in their lease to their tenants that they shall provide a pigeon-house or dovecot, and keep it well stocked with these birds. The reason for the condition is, that these birds do a great amount of good in eating up the seeds of noxious plants. They do not live on well-grown grain, when they can find that which is shrivelled or the seed of weeds and grasses. They are but workers among the offal of the barn yard, but do not, like barnyard fowls, scratch up gardens and hurry up the mischief generally. It is in the district where the pigeon is the most abundant that the wheat fields are cleanest and the crops the most prolific.

Which has the most legs, a horse or no horse? Answer: No horse. A horse has four legs, but no horse has five.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

The Vicksburg Herald, in an article which has been handed to us for our opinion about it, has revived the old inquiry why the fourth of March was selected as the day for inaugurating a newly elected President; and answers that it is because the fourth of March recurs less on a Sunday than any other day of the week.

The question contains an erroneous statement, and the explanation contains another. The fourth of March was in no way "selected" as the day of inauguration, and the fourth of March recurs just as often as any other day of the week, neither more nor less.

The explanation of these two matters, which come up ever four years as puzzles, is very simple.

The Constitution of the United States, which was passed in 1780, was ratified by a sufficient number of States to be put in operation in the middle of 1788. In September, 1788, the Congress of the Confederation announced the ratification and provided the necessary steps for organizing under it, to be taken in the following order:

Elections were to be appointed in the several States on "the first Wednesday of the ensuing January" the electors were to assemble and cast their votes for President on "the first Wednesday in February," and "the first Wednesday in March" for electing members of Congress.

The first Wednesday in March, 1789, happened to be on the 4th of March; and it was appointed for the commencement of the new Government, not from any peculiarity of its fourth day of March, but as the third in a series of Wednesdays, selected at convenient monthly intervals for the several successive steps of organizing the new Government.

These were provisional arrangements, which were superseded by the substituting law, passed by the first Congress, in which the Presidential term of office was made to date from the fourth of the March succeeding an election; thus fixing the official commencement of General Washington's second term, at the close of four years from the day designated for the commencement.

If there had been any purpose to avoid Sundays, the obvious rule would have been to keep the original designation of the first Wednesday in March, instead of altering it to the 4th day of March, which was probably done to make the term of four years an equal and definite one, instead of the variable one it would be, if counted from one Wednesday in March to the corresponding Wednesday of the fourth succeeding year.

There is this further and settling explanation, that the day of March is not different in any respect from any other, and from every day in the year, and in every year, in returning to the days of the week in invariable order, through regular cycles.

The cycle is twenty-eight years, within which period every day of the year returns four times on each of the seven days of the week, and at the twenty-eighth year all the days return in the same order through the year to the same day of the week. The intervals of the four intermediate recurings are irregular, and not divisible by four, so that an inauguration day, which occurs every fourth year, recurs to the same day of the week and month only once in twenty-eight years.

There is a variation when the cycle of twenty-eight years overlaps the even hundreds of years, the order is disturbed to the extent of a day in the transition from century to century. But in the transition every day suffers equally in the displacement, and is affected in the same way in its recurrence; and the result just as all other days in the year do, neither more nor less. These cycles are arranged on the basis of astronomical facts as invariably as the laws of motion of the heavenly bodies, which human science has been taxed to reduce to universal formulae, that applied to measures of time, make the order of successions invariable.—Pocnyone.

JOHNSON AT HOME. An East Tennessee correspondent writes:

"In conversation Johnson is very pleasant, talk readily, but with great earnestness. He never seems to hesitate for a word, but words and sentences follow each other in rapid succession, and in a uniform pitch of voice. His hair is now quite gray but otherwise there is nothing about him that would indicate his being over 45. His face is cleanly shaved and quite pale, as it always is. His eye is dark, and in conversation he looks you square in the face. J. W. Forney said of him, many years ago (that was before Forney got to be a dead duck, or Johnson became a great traitor), 'That any person who gazed into those dark eyes, and perused his pale face, would have seen there an unquenchable spirit, and an almost fanatical obstinacy that spoke another language.'"

"Late yesterday evening, he left home, and in company with two of his little granddaughters, he walked through town to the depot. A stranger, to have seen that short, thick-set, plain-looking gentleman slowly walking along, with a little girl hanging to each hand, would never have surmised that he was the one who had attracted so much of the world's attention during the past four years. At the depot he chatted with the few that were there, until the train came. As usual, a fellow stuck his head out of the window, and inquired for Johnson's house. 'There's Johnson himself,' said a bystander, which made the passenger's eyes look as big as walnuts, for there, right under his nose, stood A. J., bidding his grandchild home good-by."

A Boston paper is "in favor of women voting if they want to." A Western paper "would like to see the man who could make them vote if they didn't want to."

Where to find milkmen—at the watering place.

SENATOR SPRAGUE'S LAST SPEECH.

Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has again electrified the Senate and the country with another of his pungent, stirring and characteristic speeches. His theme, like the pioneer effort, was the deplorable condition of the country, taking the whisky and tobacco tax as the text upon which to base his sparkling effusion. Although on reading his speech it is at times a little difficult to discern what he is exactly driving at, yet it must be remembered that one of England's most remarkable men, Sir Horace Walpole, was noted for occasional obscurity and ambiguity while giving utterance to noble thoughts. Senator Sprague is the Walpole of the American Senate; like Walpole, he rarely addresses the Senate, but when he does he stirs up the old fogies amazingly. As was said of Walpole so we may remark of Sprague—his life is devoted to the gratification of a fastidious and whimsical taste, and in a measure to retelling and recording the political gossip, and fashionable scandal of the day. Furthermore, and in continuation of this analogy, Sprague, like Walpole, is placed in comfortable circumstances so far as worldly possessions are concerned; has a taste for pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, relics of antiquity and odds; in brief, he is a sort of gatherer up of unconsidered trifles, with which he amuses himself and edifies his friends. Moreover, Sprague, like Walpole, to continue the figure, is famous for his letters, the style being singularly easy and appropriate—take, for example, the brusque note addressed lately by Mr. Sprague to the editor of a Rhode Island paper; and as was said of Walpole, so it may be repeated of Sprague; "the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men," he is nevertheless, just the man for the times and for the United States Senate as at the present constituted. He startsles the old dry bones of that body with a sudden shock that a telegraph operator sometimes feels while manipulating his instrument during a thunder storm. If he does not make the hour he makes the laugh, which is evidence that at any rate he enlists their attention—a merit that Garrett Davis' long winded harangues upon blown-up topics cannot boast of. There is one thing, however, decidedly translucent in Senator Sprague's last address—he declares that he has not bought the National Intelligencer. Here he shows wisdom. There is no indication of vacillation, no indication of imbecility of mind, so far as that operation is concerned. And while his colleague, Senator Anthony, at the approaching session of the Senate upon Senator Sprague's stunning oratorical effort on Thursday last, by pronouncing him, with more truth than jest, a leader of finance, in the same breath in which he characterizes Colorado Jewett as a diplomat, and George Francis Train as a statesman, Sprague himself subsides amid the approving smiles of a galaxy of fashionably attired ladies in the Senate galleries. Sprague does not like Anthony. Neither do we. Anthony is evasions of the advancing celebrity of his gamecock colleague. Hence Anthony's wings are likely to be clipped in the little banquet State of Rhode Island, and Sprague will grow colder than ever. Sprague is useful in the Senate. The eighteen-year year settlers in that body are growing mouldy—like old cheese. They are getting tough and corrupt. Their Indian puddings, famous as New England is for making them, are bad jobs. They require ventilation, and Senator Sprague is just the man with his pluck, brains and cash to give them a airing. He can afford to speak out. He wants no office. His ambition is to save his country. Go on, Senator Sprague—the Walpole of the American Senate—you are developing a splendid mine of intellectual wealth, and every patriot in the land will wish you God-speed in your sublime efforts to reform the corruptions and abuses that have crept into the high places in our political tabernacle.

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A STARTLING ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

The Bicyclics Forum of the 9th says: We don't know to what journal the credit of this article belongs, but we vouch for the truth of its utterances, and adjure young men to study and profit by it.

The Republican party has created a gigantic aristocracy based on your labor on bonds given and made exempt from taxation. These bonds are simply your notes. You must pay them. They must be paid from your earnings. Tomorrow—next week—next month—next year—for years and years to come, you, young men, all the while growing older, must work to redeem these notes which are your claims binding you to toil—mortgages on your labor.

When the war began these did not exist. Under the laws of America they can not legally exist as created; for they bring wealth to those who hold them and are not taxed. The Republicans legislate the power to create such notes and sold them bonds, sold them for half their face, declared them exempt from taxation, declared that those who hold them shall be exempt from taxation, and declared that you young men, working men of America, must pay interest on those notes in gold, and in time, pay the principal.

If you have a little farm, or team, or trade, or a piece of property worth one thousand dollars, or if you pay taxes. This is right. If a rich man has a million dollars invested in bonds, your notes which he says you must pay, he pays no taxes. He looks his bonds in a safe, rides in his carriage he rides in the wraps he sports, the diamonds on the neck of his wife, the silks on her body, the lace next her flesh, the beautiful dresses on his children, you young men who work are paying for. Your wife may wear a chemise of coarse linen or cotton; his wife wears laces. Your children go with bare feet, his with warm stockings and pretty boots. You eat from a pine board, he from mahogany. You have one course, he a half dozen. You pay for these luxuries, he does not.

What an unequal tax! This inequality of taxation; if you are willing to be robbed to support the rich; if you are willing to work, not to beautify your homes, but the homes of the bondholders, then you are indeed unfit to be husbands, fathers or citizens of America.

Every mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more.—That history each mother should meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

THE MINDS OF CHILDREN are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child that no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You can walk the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write or name in the sand. When the tide comes back, the sand is clear and so beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor the cold fingers of death erase, nor the slow moving of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

CHLOROFORMING OF BEES.—Chloroforming is now extensively used in England, and without injurious results, to stupefy bees, so as to remove the honey. For this purpose, a table is set about ten feet from the hive, and covered with a cloth. Some chloroform (about a quarter or sixth of an ounce) is then poured into a shallow dish and covered with a wire gauze to prevent the bees from falling into it. The hive is then removed from its stand and set over the chloroform. In about twenty minutes all the bees will have fallen down on the table in a state of stupefaction, not one remaining in the comb. After removing the comb the hive and bees are restored to their place, the latter soon recovering without suffering the slightest inconvenience.

HOW TO JUDGE POULTRY.—A young turkey has a smooth leg and soft bill and its eyes bright, and the feet moist. Old turkeys have scaly, stiff feet. Young fowls have a tender skin, smooth legs, and the breast bone yields, readily to the pressure of the finger. The best are those that have yellow legs. The feet and legs of the old fowls look as if they had seen hard service in the world.

Young ducks feed tender under the wings, and the web is transparent. The best are thick and hard on the breast.

Young geese have yellow bills, and the feet are yellow and supple; the skin may be easily broken by the head of a pin; the breast is plump and the fat white. An old goose is unfit for the human stomach.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: For the First Column, \$100; Half Column, \$50; Quarter Column, \$25. Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent insertion, \$1. A square is one inch in space down the column, counting out, display lines, black, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.