The Weekly Star.

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL.

Then half unfolded flower,
With fragrance laden heart,
What is the secret power
That gives thy petals part?
What gives thee most thy hue—
Thy sunshine or the dew?

Then wonder wakened soul,
As dawn doth steal on night
On thee soft love hath stole.
Thine eye that blooms with light,
What makes its charm so new—
Its sunshine or its dew?
—Robert Underwood Johnson in Century.

CONCERNING CHEESE.

ITS MANUFACTURE AS OLD, AT LEAST, AS THE TIME OF JOB.

Greeks Made It of Sheep's Milk, Jews Named a Valley For It—Memories Called Up by Neufchatel, Gouda and Camembert—The Poet's Tribute to Cheese.

Next to the "staff of life" itself, cheese holds the highest place in universal esteem as an article of food. To recall the old Cheshire "chestnut," we all like cheese, our brothers all like cheese, and we may be fairly certain that if we had a number of additional brothers they would all like cheese too.

Our remote ancestors seem to have "liked cheese" as well as we do, for its manufacture is one of the oldest in the world.

Roquefort is perhaps now the only important kind made from the milk of sheep, but anciently it was not so. The very word bitter itself seems to show that cow's milk was not used for the purpose by the ancient Greeks at all events, as it means literally ox cheese.

They seemed to have made their cheese, as the Cyclops Polyphemus made his, of sheep's milk only.

If it be true that only sheep's milk was used for cheesemaking in primitive times, then it is easy to explain why we do not find it among those domestic arts of which the ancient Egyptians have left us such abundant pictorial records, since we know that the Hyksos made "shepherds an abomination to the Egyptians."

Cheesemaking must at one time have been a very important industry among the Israelites, as one of the principal valleys in Jerusalem, that between Mounts Zion and Moriah, was known in the time of Josephus as the Tyropeon, or Cheesemakers' valley.

Nowadays cheese is almost entirely made from the milk of cows, about 100,000 being employed in Cheshire alone. The Roquefort does not owe its great excellence to its ovine origin, but to the splendid and natural cellarage—a labyrinth of dry mountain caverns, wherein it is matured. Their ventilation is so perfect that no deleterious "mold" or "must" can lodge there.

At Mont d'Or, in France, a very good cheese is made of goats' milk.

Neufchatel calls up memories of the lake beneath the pine clad Jura, with the profile of Mont Blanc lying far away on the southern horizon, like a dream of ethereal sculpture. Parmesan speaks of farther wanderings past that horizon into the land of song and azure skies. Gruyere takes us up among the glories of the high Alps to the border of the ice and snow, where we listen to the tinkle of the cowbells, the everlasting song of the cicadas, and the occasional echo music of the native horn (e'quante e'time, si'v'plaif, m'sieu'!—bah! one wants to go home again).

Perhaps the strong odor of cheese may have, according to well known physiological principles, a great deal to do with its power as a memory refresher. I can well remember my first introduction to that durian of caseous delicacies, the "petit Camembert." It brings no romantic associations beyond the pretty face of the damsel who served me, but the smell, the—, well, the perfume, now always sets before me every stick of furniture in the somewhat squalid room wherein the introduction took place.

So do I remember my first tasting of Gruyere, more than 30 years ago, at the Schweizerhof in Basle. But I didn't like it, and to this day I don't.

Gouda cheese recalls little of the picturesque, save to those who can find it in green flats dotted with magnified penny a box toys, and cows enveloped in Brobdingnagian flannel waistcoats. But for me it brings to mind a drive in our own lake country, through the sleet of a wild winter night, and at the end welcome and warmth and soft lights, and my genial host—a very realization of "Father Christmas," with flowing snow white beard and locks, and jolly, rubicund face, and all a retired "bagman's" knowledge of good cheer, and, oh, such an ambrosia of a round of spiced beef, with—ye gods—such horseradish sauce, made with such cream, and such nectar of whisky punch to wash it down with! It was to the Dutch cheese, which I then first ate, what the Swiss butter and honey were to my first Gruyere.

To go back for a little to the antiquities of cheese—one thinks of the venerable old jokes connected therewith, of good King Arthur's serving men, "all of whom were thieves," and how

The Scotchman was burned in his usquebaug,
The Englishman drowned in his ale,
And the Welshman,
who "made his mouth like a mousetrap"
(perhaps he meant it for a "rabbit" burrow),
was nearly choked by a mouse,
But he pulled—pulled—pulled it out by the tail.

And this draws on the conundrum by the author of "Where was Adam when—" etc., "What comes after sweets?" Answer, "Cheese." "And what comes after cheese?" Answer, "Mouse."

So we step back into genuinely classical times and think of the pseudo-Homeric "Batrachomyomachia" ("Battle of the Frogs and Mice"), in which that valiant hero, Tyrophagus, bears so distinguished a part.

Tyrophagus means literally "cheese eater," and is the name given in the calendar to the fifth Sunday in Lent by the eastern church, probably to mark some degree in the severity of the Lenten fast, which is more stringently observed there than in the west.

An abbreviation of the same word—namely, "tyro," is familiar to us, meaning "a beginner," one who should not venture on "strong meat," or attempt anything (relatively to perfect achievement) more difficult than the mastication of cheese.

And this brings us to another venerable jest, which I disinter from the good old "Elegant Extracts:"

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay.
"I vow," quoth Roger, "that you do,
And with the selfsame weapon too."

Thinking of the myriad attractions of a ripe Stilton, one wonders how a mite devouring, oyster swallowing Englishman can ever have scorned his neighbors for eating frogs or snails—not uncooked, still less alive.

I am told that some gormands even like the maggots that harbor in a damp (and spoiled) Gorgonzola, but "one must draw the line somewhere, and I draws it at" white, soft, flabby things that jump.—Sketch.

Rheumatism Proxy.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Quercase, "you can talk as you like about physical affliction, but the largest measurement that ever struck me was when I had the rheumatism in my brother."

"Rheumatism in your brother?" shouted his auditors in concert. "What are you giving us?"

"I'm just giving you a case of a stalwart affliction that ought to bring your sympathy out by the roots," was the reply. "The kind of rheumatism he had was the kind that hangs over the edges and treads on the adjacent martyrs. Why, the way he'd yell and keep me awake at nights, and have me tying on bandages, and rubbing joints, and smelling all sorts of loathsome lotions, and the way he would kick me out of bed when his other leg hurt too much, was just energizing. Primary rheumatism is bad enough, but to have to hang about and take it in a secondary form is awful."—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Bric-a-brac.

Algernon (making a call)—What are those noises I hear, Miss Maud?

Miss Maud (whose mother is vindictively making a wholly unnecessary noise in washing the dishes)—It's dear mamma. She dearly loves to sort over the bric-a-brac.—Strand Magazine.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, its constantly increasing sales, and enables it to accomplish its wonderful and unequalled cures. The combination, proportion and process used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make Hood's Sarsaparilla

Peculiar to Itself

It cures a wide range of diseases because of its power as a blood purifier. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system. Thus all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1 per bottle.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

TWINKLINGS.

— A man with a small salary and a large family says, if pride goes before a fall, he would like to see pride start on a little head of the price of coal."—*Tit-Bits.*

— Tommy—Paw, why do they call a single woman a spinster?

Mr. Fagg—I guess it's because of her ability to turn men's heads.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

— Friend—"But if there is no hope of saving him, what are you going to perform the operation for?"

Doctor—"One hundred dollars."—*Boston Life.*

— A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top"—*Tit Bits.*

— A June Fantasy—"Pa, what is a peri?"

"A peri is a woman who meets her tired husband at the door with a glass of iced lemonade, and then sits down by him and fans him."—*Chicago Record.*

— A Question in Grammar—Mr. Kink (to a professor in Biddle University)—"Perfesse!"

"Well, Mr. Kink?"

"Which is the past tense of the verb 'to hoodoo'—hoodone or hoodid?"—*Harlem Life.*

— Jones—How is it that you never play golf, Miss Smith? I thought you had taken lessons.

Miss Smith—Oh, yes! But I've only learned enough for conversational purposes.—*Life.*

— Precepts of Experience: "He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more."

"You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."—*Indianapolis Journal*

— Van Ishe—"There's a man who began at the foot of the ladder and worked his way up."

Perdita—"He doesn't look half so used up as the man next to him who began at the top of the ladder and slid down."—*Truth.*

PROTECT YOURSELF against sickness and suffering by keeping your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Weak, thin, impure blood is sure to result in disease.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, etc. 25 cents. †

CUSTOMS RECEIPTS

At the Port of New York for the Past Fiscal Year.

By Telegraph to the Morning Star.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The receipts at the custom house here to-day were $1,902 200.80; the receipts for the month ending to-day were $14,728,772 55, and for the fiscal year, also including to-day, were $120 503.153 06. The receipts for the year ending June 30th, 1896, were $116,004,824.90.

There was a rush at the close of business this afternoon owing to the fear that action might be taken on the pending tariff measure.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind." †

WARM WIRELETS

Stewart L. Woodford, the minister to Spain, called at the State Department yesterday and took the oath of office. Mr. Woodford expects to sail for his post about July 20.h.

The Episcopal council of the Diocese of Virginia, has elected Rev. Dr. Robert Gibson of Christ church, Cincinnati, bishop's coadjutor, with right of succession to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop John B. Newton.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. R. BELLAMY. †

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

MARINE.

ARRIVED.

Br barque Cubana, 472 tons, Dobson, Barbadoes, Paterson, Downing & Co.

Steamship Pawnee, 859 tons, Hale, Georgetown. H G Smallbones.

Schr Charles H Sprague, 260 tons, Harper, New York, Geo Harriss, Son & Co.

Steamship Croatan, 826 tons, Chichester, New York, H G Smallbones.

CLEARED.

Steamship Pawnee, 859 tons, Hale, New York, H G Smallbones.

Steamship Croatan, 826 tons, Chichester. Georgetown. H G Smallbones.

Schr Mary J Russell, 354 tons, Smith, New York, Geo Harriss, Son & Co.

Schr James Boyce, Jr., in ballast, 693 tons, Tilton, Charleston, Geo Harriss, Son & Co.

Schr Rebecca R Douglass, in ballast, 399 tons, Perry, Brunswick, Geo Harriss, Son & Co.

Swed barque Blenheim, 574 tons, Olsson, Bristol, Paterson, Downing & Co.

JOURNALISM IN GREECE.

Some of the Newspapers of the Land of Homer.

The newspapers of Greece, the kingdom of George I, do not take very high rank in Europe, either in respect to their progressive features or their extensive circulation. The standard size of a Greek newspaper is 12 1-2 by 9 inches, and there are usually four pages devoted to the discussion of political and theological matters, with an occasional reference to local occurrences, when adequate corroboration has been obtained.

Athens, the capital of Greece, has about the same population as Grand Rapids. The ancient Greek city maintains, however, nine daily newspapers, not one of which has more than 5,000 circulation. The names of these papers are themselves a fair indication of the solemnity which covers the periodical publication business in Greece.

These are The Ora (The Hour), The Plinghhenesia (Regeneration), Neail Ideai (New Ideas), Aion (The People), Toia (Morning) and Telegraftus (The Telegram). There are, moreover, in Athens two weekly papers published in the French language, Le Journal d'Athenes and Le Messager d'Athenes. These two newspapers are designed especially for the enlightenment, instruction and perusal of tourists and resident diplomatists.

The partiality of such diplomatists for a weekly newspaper published in a language other than Greek may be understood when the fact is known that the title of the chief Athenian weekly newspaper is as follows: Epithorisis Pilologika Kai Politiki. The circulation of this journal is not so extensive as its name would indicate. In Corfu, a city larger than Athens, and which does an extensive commerce with foreign countries, there is published the Amersliptos (The Voice), and in the town of Thipolis is published a journal with the odd title of the Provisional Voice.

The town of Zante is chiefly known in the United States on account of its currants, and it would be a not unreasonable inference that at least one of the two papers published in Zante had a commercial or at least conventional title. But the Greeks in journalism, as in other literature, are nothing if not serious, and so the publishers of these two papers call them respectively The Agon and Elpis. The English equivalent of the former is The Struggle, of the latter the English equivalent is Hope. There is a marked lack of originality in newspaper nomenclature in the Greek town of Piraeus. It has three newspapers—one daily, one weekly and one biweekly. They are published separately, and, in fact, in opposition to each other, and their titles are The Globe, The Hemisphere and The World.

In the town of Patras, which has about the same population as New Bedford, there is one newspaper, with the extensive title of Emporikos Paratiritis, and in the ancient, illustrious and historic town of Sparta there are The Peloponisiakos Astir and The Loponnisiakos Eos. Journalism in modern Sparta is somewhat astronomical, the significance of one of the Sparta papers being The Peloponnesian Star and of The Pelonnesian Aurora. The Greek newspapers deal sparingly with the commodity of news, and uncorroborated narratives obtain space in Greek dailies only under the head of advertisements.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prompt Lesson.

Some years ago there was in a western town a judge whose ideas of the majesty of the law at the time of his accession to office were unbounded, and his sense of his own importance as the representative of justice was also great.

At one time two persons quarreled in the judge's presence. One man struck the other, and the judge immediately ordered his arrest on a charge of assault and battery.

On the day of the trial the defendant pleaded, "Not guilty."

Instantly the judge, who was a short, stout man, was on his feet, crimson faced and puffing with indignation.

"What do you mean?" he demanded of the prisoner without any preamble. "What do you mean by saying that, when I saw you and had you arrested? I fine you $100 for breach of peace and another $100 for contempt of court, sir. I reckon," said the judge, his nostrils dilating with rage and injured dignity, "I reckon that'll teach folks to be careful how they call this court a liar."—Youth's Companion.

A Modern Dilemma.

The Rev. Multiple Ethics—But, my dear Mrs. Safeside, you do not bring your husband to church as frequently as you used to do.

Mr. Safeside (answering for himself)—Well, to tell the truth, you up to date ministers are preaching such unorthodox sermons that if I went to church regularly I'm afraid my faith might get shaken.—New York Tribune.

Want of Time.

The man who immerses himself in business that he may accumulate vast property, or that his family may live luxurious and idle lives, has no right to plead want of time for other claims. It is not true that he cannot comply with them, but that he has chosen not to do so. The woman who, absorbed in a round of gayety and society, declares that she has no time to train her children and superintend her household is uttering an excuse as vain as it is false. She simply decides to use her time for other purposes. And this liberty of choice belongs to every one, in spite of any desire or attempt to disclaim it.—New York Ledger.

Nursing as a Profession.

For some inexplicable reason the average girl looks at nursing through rose colored spectacles, which makes the hospital patient appear very much more interesting than, for instance, a brother who has inconsiderately developed measles or the mumps. The trial month, however, convinces a large number of hospital probationers that nursing is not their vocation.

The work is trying and the hours long, and if a girl is not helpful at home she is not likely to be suddenly changed into a capable nurse merely by donning a becoming uniform.

But with a girl who is fitted for the work, who is reliable, painstaking, patient and thorough the case is different. Hospital nursing will afford her congenial occupation, pleasant companionship and a good chance of getting on in the world.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THREE OLD MAIDS.

When the three Misses Hiteshews had reached a rather uncertain age and found that the marriage lottery was rather uncertain, they began to seek for something to make their happiness more congenial; so they adopted as a motto "United we stand, divided we fall," and by so doing agreed never to keep a secret from the others and that the wish of one should be the wish of all.

Their fate seemed sealed from that time, as no sensible man would dare to make love to three women in the same house, where there were to be no secrets.

But the time did come when they had to admit to themselves that they were in love—if not love, it resembled it so closely that it was a splendid substitute for the genuine article. Each knew she was deceiving the others, but had no idea that all were guilty of the same offense. And each was willing—yea, anxious—to break the bond that held this union of three together and bind herself to the object of her affection until death should part them.

This being upon whom they secretly lavished their devotion was the new minister, who had a short time before buried his wife, but seemed willing to again venture upon the tempestuous sea of matrimony. He was about 50, and the three sisters admitted to each other that he was a handsome man, and that if he ever did marry again it would be a lucky woman who succeeded in becoming Mrs. Albright the second. Had they dared to look at one another a slight blush might have been detected on the face of each, but they went on with their work and did not renew the conversation about him.

One morning he called and asked Mary to accompany him to the home of a sick member. It was with a jealous eye that they saw her depart. They had both noticed that he held Mary's hand longer than there was any necessity of doing when he entered, while he merely shook hands with them. During the course of the drive Rev. Albright talked to her of his hopes and his intentions and of his great desire of finding a true and trusty helpmate who would be willing to help share his many heavy burdens. He said that he thought he had met this woman, and should she consent to be his wife he was sure he would be able to do more good in the cause in which he was enlisted. He had not known her long, but even during the short acquaintance he had seen in her the traits of a great and noble woman. By the time they returned home Mary was so confident of becoming Mrs. Albright the second that she was anxious to tell her sisters, and when she faced them it was with fear that they would discover her secret in her face.

Several days after this Kate was called upon by the minister to go with him to see the same person whom he and Mary had visited. When they left, Mary watched the carriage out of sight, expecting on the return of her sister to be confronted by her and to be made to tell the truth concerning her ride with the minister. She would have been glad to tell it, as it was the greatest secret she had ever possessed, and nothing is harder for a woman to do than to keep a secret. After Rev. Albright had talked to Kate about the same way that he did to Mary, they returned home, Kate with the same belief as Mary, that the next time he called he would end it by asking her to be his wife.

A short time after this he called at the house one afternoon and found no one at home except Lucretia, her sisters being absent on an errand of mercy, so she said. And, judging from the way he talked to her while he was there, Lucretia thought she had every reason to believe that the object of her many little prayers was about to be consummated. As he was descending the steps he was met by Mary and Kate, who were returning from their visits. Each thought that he had called to see her, and that the other had been the cause of her failing to reach home in time to see him. He was a regular caller at their home, and whenever he was there was sure to be besieged by the three. Each supposed that she was the object of his visit and considered her sisters a great drawback at this particular time. Each tried every plan to rid herself of her sisters' presence at the time of his call, but all in vain. They had heard it reported several times that Rev. Albright was to marry again, and each thought how it would surprise everybody when it was known that she was to be Mrs. Albright.

The next Sunday morning they all took more than usual pains in preparing their toilets, which caused many of the female members of the congregation to have something to talk about, and it was no noticeable that some of the male members even remarked about it. They were early in their pews and listened to the discourse on "The Degeneracy of Man" with the greatest interest. At the close of the meeting Mr. Albright said that as he was a servant sent to the people he always wanted to let them know his every act and wish, and that he—in regard to this—could not slight one. So said he, "I extend to all of you an invitation to my wedding next Thursday noon at ——."

This announcement caused a little stir and buzz of conversation, but the Misses Hiteshews did not move. Neither dared to look up lest some one should discover her secret. After they were dismissed they quickly left the church, and as soon as they reached home each sought her own room. Each imagined that the others had discovered her secret and out of respect for her they did not disturb her or speak to her about it. No dinner was prepared that day. Late that evening Mary and Kate heard Lucretia calling to them. As they entered they were surprised to see each other's face tear stained and hair unkempt. And it was only then that they discovered the secret of each other. After a few confessions from each they agreed that man was degenerating and that Rev. Mr. Albright was a brute.—Cincinnati Post.

Ham and Tears.

The following story is told of two Yorkshire women:

"Well, Sally," said one, "I hear you wor at t' funeral?"

"Yes, I wor," said Sally.

"What kind of funeral wor it?" asked the other.

"Why, it wor a wery mean affair. There were nobbut a few biscuits and sich."

"Ah," said Sally's friend, "them's t' sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five; but, thank heaven, I've buried 'em all wi' 'am."—London Answers.

A Back Breaker.

Chumley—I hear one of your freshmen was pretty badly injured the other day. How was it?

Hankins—Why, it was in the elocution and oratory class. He has such a heavy voice that he strained his back in trying to raise it.—University of Michigan Wrinkle.

Jubal's Call.

The daughter of Dr. Edward Hodges, the organist, says that her father had a delightful way of calling all the children musically. One Sunday morning, when he was playing in St. John's chapel, New York, he said to her:

"I am going to call Jubal. Watch him." Jubal was sitting in his accustomed place near the middle aisle. Dr. Hodges' voluntary began thoughtfully and smoothly, but in the course of it a significant phrase of two notes was twice repeated. It was distinct and yet so truly a part of the improvisation that no stranger would have noticed it at all.

The first time Jubal's attention was arrested; the second, he turned and looked up, but saw no sign. At the third call he deliberately took up his hat, left the pew, walked straight up to his father and said:

"Do you want me, sir?"

"Yes," said Dr. Hodges, "Go home and get my gold snuffbox."

The errand was speedily executed, for the house stood near. Jubal handed the snuffbox to his father and returned to his seat.—Youth's Companion.

At a Nihilist Meeting.

President Garosky—We have not seen you lately, Bröther Ragovitch. Have you been taking a vacation?

Ragovitch—Not exactly, though I had an knouting.

(Every bomb in the room thereupon explodes with deafening report.)—Twinkles.

Utility.

"Your daughter has had a great many admirers?"

"Oh, yes! She puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."—Chips.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses; the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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COMMERCIAL.

WILMINGTO NMARKET.

STAR OFFICE, June 24.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Market steady at 24¾ cents per gallon for machine-made casks, and 24¼ cents for country casks.

ROSIN—Market firm at $1 25 per bbl for Strained and $1 80 for Good Strained.

TAR.—Market firm at $1.05 per bbl of 280 lbs.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm: $1.80 per barrel for Hard, 1.80 for Dip and 1 90 for Virgin.

Quotations same day last year—Spirits turpentine steady, 28¾. 22¾c; rosin firm, $1.82½. $1 87½; tar quiet, $1.15; crude turpentine steady, $1 30, 1.70, 1.80.

RECEIPTS.

Spirits Turpentine	275
Rosin	593
Tar	57
Crude Turpentine	88

Receipts same day last year—220 casks spirits turpentine, 526 bbls rosin, 121 bbls tar, 18 bbls crude turpentine.

COTTON.

Market steady on a basis of 7⅝c for middling. Quotations:

Ordinary	5¼	cts ℔ lb
Good Ordinary	6⅝	" "
Low Middling	7¼	" "
Middling	7⅝	" "
Good Middling	7 15-16	" "

Same day last year, middling 7⅛c.

Receipts—0 bale; same day last year, 0.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

PEANUTS—North Carolina—Prime, 60@65c per bushel of 28 pounds; Extra Prime, 70c; Fancy, 80c. Virginia—Extra Prime, 45@50c; Fancy, 50c.

CORN—Firm; 42½@45 cents per bushel.

ROUGH RICE—65@70 cents per bushel.

N. C. BACON—Steady; Hams, 8 to 9c per pound; Shoulders, 6 to 7c; Sides, 7 to 8c.

SHINGLES—Per thousand, five inch, hearts and saps, $1.60 to 2.25; six inch, $2 25 to 3.25; seven inch, $5.50 to 6.50.

TIMBER—Market steady at $5.00 to 8.50 per M.

STAR OFFICE, June 25.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Market quiet at 24¾ cents per gallon for machine-made casks, and 24¼ cents for country casks.

ROSIN.—Market steady at $1 25 per bbl for Strained and $1 30 for Good Strained.

TAR—Market firm at $1.05 per bbl of 280 lbs,

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm; $1 30 per barrel for Hard, 1 80 for Yellow Dip and 1 90 for Virgin.

Quotations same day last year—Spirits turpentine dull, 23¼, 22½c; rosin firm, $1 32½. 1 37½; tar, firm. $1.20 crude turpentine steady, $1 30, 1 70, 1 80.

RECEIPTS.

Spirits Turpentine	147
Rosin	446
Tar	52
Crude Turpentine	54

Receipts same day last year—321 casks spirits turpentine, 754 bbls rosin, 89 bbls tar, 50 bbls crude turpentine.

COTTON

Market steady on a basis of 7⅝c for middling. Quotations:

Ordinary	5¼	cts ℔ lb
Good Ordinary	6⅝	" "
Low Middling	7¼	" "
Middling	7⅝	" "
Good Middling	7 15-16	" "

Same day last year, middling 7⅛c.

Receipts—1 bale; same day last year 2.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

PEANUTS—North Carolina—Prime, 60@65c per bushel of 28 pounds; Extra Prime, 70c; Fancy, 80c. Virginia—Extra Prime, 45@50c; Fancy, 50c.

CORN—Firm; 42½@45 cents per bushel.

ROUGH RICE—65@70 cents per bushel.

N. C. BACON—Steady; Hams, 8 to 9c per pound; Shoulders, 6 to 7c; Sides, 7 to 8c.

SHINGLES—Per thousand, five inch, hearts and saps, $1.60 to 2.25; six inch, $2 25 to 3.25; seven inch, $5.50 to 6.50.

TIMBER—Market steady at $5.00 to 8.50 per M.

STAR OFFICE, June 26.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Market dull at 24¾ cents per gallon for machine-made casks and 24¼ cents for country casks.

ROSIN.—Market steady at $1 25 per bbl for Strained and $1 30 for Good Strained.

TAR.—Market firm at $1.05 per bbl of 280 lbs.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm; $1.80 per barrel for Hard, 1.80 for Yellow Dip and 1.90 for Virgin.

Quotations same day last year—Spirits turpentine firm, 28¼, 22¾c; rosin firm, $1 32½. 1 37½; tar firm, $1 20. crude turpentine steady, $1 30. 1 70, 1 80.

RECEIPTS.

Spirits Turpentine	202
Rosin	288
Tar	75
Crude Turpentine	62

Receipts same day last year—85 casks spirits turpentine, 280 bbls rosin, 83 bbls tar, 79 bbls crude turpentine.

COTTON

Market steady on a basis of 7⅝c for middling. Quotations:

Ordinary	5¼	cts ℔ lb
Good Ordinary	6⅝	" "
Low Middling	7¼	" "
Middling	7⅝	" "
Good Middling	7 15-16	" "

Same day last year, middling 7⅛c.

Receipts—25 bales; same day last year 0.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

PEANUTS—North Carolina—Prime, 60@65c per bushel of 28 pounds; Extra Prime, 70c; Fancy, 80c. Virginia—Extra Prime, 45@50c; Fancy, 50c.

CORN—Firm; 42½@45 cents per bushel.

ROUGH RICE—65@70 cents per bushel.

N. C. BACON—Steady; Hams, 8 to 9c per pound; Shoulders, 6 to 7c; Sides, 7 to 8c.

SHINGLES—Per thousand, five inch, hearts and saps, $1 60 to 2.25; six inch, $2 25 to 3.25; seven inch, $5.50 to 6.50.

TIMBER—Market steady at $5.00 to 8.50 per M.

STAR OFFICE, June 28.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Market steady at 24½ cents per gallon for machine-made casks and 24 cents for country casks.

ROSIN—Market steady at $1 25 per bbl for Strained and $1 30 for Good Strained.

TAR.—Market firm at $1.05 per bbl of 280 lbs.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm; $1.80 per barrel for Hard, $1.80 for Yellow Dip and 1.90 for Virgin.

Quotations same day last year—Spirits turpentine dull, 23¼, 22¾c; rosin firm, $1 32½. 1 37½; tar firm, $1 20; crude turpentine steady, $1 30, 1 70, 1 80.

RECEIPTS.

Spirits Turpentine	168
Rosin	448
Tar	63
Crude Turpentine	37

Receipts same day last year—139 casks spirits turpentine, 845 bbls rosin 54 bbls tar, 16 bbls crude turpentine.

COTTON.

Market steady on a basis of 7⅝c for middling. Quotations:

Ordinary	5¼	cts ℔ lb
Good Ordinary	6⅝	" "
Low Middling	7¼	" "
Middling	7⅝	" "
Good Middling	7 15-16	" "

Same day last year, middling 7⅛c.

Receipts—0 bales; same day last year, 0.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

PEANUTS—North Carolina—Prime, 60@65c per bushel of 28 pounds; Extra Prime, 70c; Fancy, 80c. Virginia—Extra Prime, 45@50c; Fancy, 50c.

CORN—Firm; 42½@45 cents per bushel.

ROUGH RICE—65@70 cents per bushel.

N. C. BACON—Steady; Hams, 8 to 9c per pound; Shoulders, 6 to 7c; Sides, 7 to 8c.

SHINGLES—Per thousand, five inch, hearts and saps, $1.60 to 2.25; six inch, $2.25 to 3.25; seven inch, $5.50 to 6.50.

TIMBER—Market steady at $5.00 to 8.50 per M.

STAR OFFICE, June 29.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Market opened dull at 24¼ cents per gallon for machine-made casks, and 24 cents for country casks. Later, sales were made at 24¾ and 24¼ cents per gallon.

ROSIN—Market steady at $1.25 per bbl for Strained and $1.30 for Good Strained.

TAR.—Market firm at $1.05 per bbl of 280 lbs.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm; $1.80 per barrel for Hard, 1.80 for Yellow Dip and 1 90 for Virgin.

Quotations same day last year—Spirits turpentine dull, 28¼. 22¾c; rosin firm, $1.82½. 1.37½; tar firm. $1.20; crude turpentine steady, $1.30, 1.70, 1.80.

RECEIPTS.

Spirits Turpentine	157
Rosin	609
Tar	72
Crude Turpentine	77

Receipts same day last year—201 casks spirits turpentine, 912 bbls rosin, 66 bbls tar, 107 bbls crude turpentine.

COTTON.

Market steady on a basis of 7⅝c for middling. Quotations:

Ordinary	5¼	cts ℔ lb
Good Ordinary	6⅝	" "
Low Middling	7¼	" "
Middling	7⅝	" "
Good Middling	7 15-16	" "

Same day last year, middling 7⅛c.

Receipts—0 bales; same day last year 8.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

PEANUTS—North Carolina—Prime, 60@65c per bushel of 28 pounds; Extra Prime, 70c; Fancy, 80c. Virginia—Extra Prime, 45@50c; Fancy, 50c.

CORN—Firm; 45@47½ cents per bushel.

ROUGH RICE—65@70 cents per bushel.

N. C. BACON—Steady; Hams, 8 to 9c per pound; Shoulders, 6 to 7c; Sides, 7 to 8c.

SHINGLES—Per thousand, five inch, hearts and saps, $1.60 to 2.25; six inch, $2.25 to 3.25; seven inch, $5.50 to 6.50.

TIMBER—Market steady at $5.00 to 8.50 per M.

COTTON AND NAVAL STORES.

WEEKLY STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

For week ended June 25, 1897.

Cotton.	Spirits.	Rosin.	Tar.	Crude.
97	1,052	1,774	286	200

RECEIPTS.

For week ended June 26, 1896.

Cotton.	Spirits.	Rosin.	Tar.	Crude.
12	1 071	4,369	504	347

EXPORTS.

For week ended June 25, 1897.

	Cotton.	Spirits.	Rosin.	Tar.	Crude.
Domestic	24	281	000	350	216
Foreign	00	000	000	000	000
	24	281	000	350	216

EXPORTS.

For week ended June 26, 1896.

	Cotton.	Spirits.	Rosin.	Tar.	Crude.
Domestic	52	816	97	426	309
Foreign	00	000	00	000	000
	52	816	97	426	309

STOCKS.

Ashore and Afloat, June 25, 1897.

	Ashore.	Afloat.	Total.
Cotton	3,339	153	3,492
Spirits	2,008	48	2,056
Rosin	24,894	3,120	28,014
Tar	4,343	20	4,363
Crude	395	00	395

STOCKS.

Ashore and Afloat, June 26, 1896.

Cotton.	Spirits.	Rosin.	Tar.	Crude.
4,958	1,193	24,121	5,786	549

NAVAL STORES MARKETS.

By Telegraph to the Morning Star.

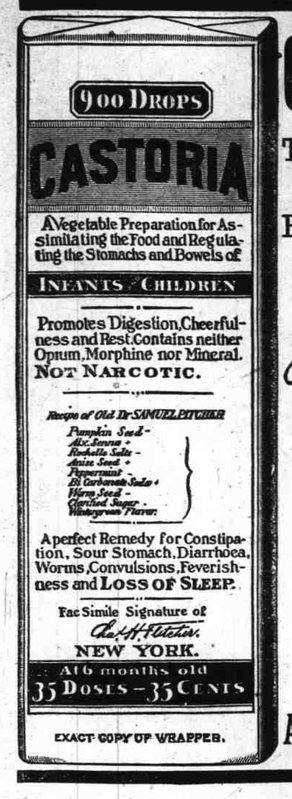
NEW YORK, June 30.—Rosin quiet; strained common to good $1 72½@1 75. Spirits turpentine quiet at 26¾@27¼c.

CHARLESTON, June 30.—Spirits turpentine quiet and nothing doing. Rosin firm; sales — barrels: B, C, D $1 25 bid; E F $1 30, G $1 35, H $1 50, I $1 55, K $1 65, M $1 70, N $1 85, W G $2 00, W W $2 25.

SAVANNAH, June 30.—Spirits turpentine firm at 24½c; sales 1,653 casks; receipts 1,938 casks. Rosin was firm, with sales of 2,829 barrels; receipts 4,489 barrels; quoted at A, B, C, D $1 30; E $1 35, F $1 40, G $1 55, H $1 60, I $1 65, K $1 70, M $1 80, N $1 95, W G $2 15, W W $2 60.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, Bears the Fac-simile Signature —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

COTTON MAR