

**YOU BE BANGED.**

We learn there is now used a plaster, adhesive on both sides, made expressly for the purpose, with which the fair sex plaster their hair down over their eyes. A banged pretty young girl, living not many miles away, wishing to try the patented article and being unable to procure a supply, had recourse to a genuine porous plaster, knowing nothing of the consequences, and using mucilage on the reverse side. The physician who removed the banged thing says in six weeks or so all traces of the banged plaster will have disappeared. This banged stuck-up young miss has resolved no longer to veil her fair forehead from the vulgar gaze. There probably never was a more senseless fashion among females, nor, to speak plainly, one more thoroughly disgusting, than the present banged way in which so many strive to hide their frontispiece of womanly beauty. How many otherwise pretty and noble-looking girls render themselves hideous and coarse in appearance by this outrageous fashion!

The newspapers have killed the dude. It is the duty of newspapers, sensible parents, teachers and preachers to raise their voices against this shameful habit. Apart from its revolting aspect it entails many evil consequences. It has a decided tendency to weaken the eyesight and cause the development of neuralgias and fevers. It causes in many cases the narrow limits of the forehead to be still further contracted by the growth of the hair. We appeal to the banged girls themselves to discard the style at once, and no longer to vie with each other in presenting the most hideous appearance.

**THE STATE GUARD.**

The North Carolina State Guard is in a flourishing condition. We have received a letter from Col. F. H. Cameron, Inspector-General of the State Guard, who says: "The State Guard is now better armed, equipped and in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than ever before since its organization, being, as I believe they are, the only corps of organized and recognized regular troops in the South. No pains or trouble are spared by the State authorities to make their appointments and equipments as complete as the means at their disposal will permit, and my honest opinion is that there is not a finer body of citizen soldiery to be found in this country. My intercourse with them is constant and intimate and I know wherof I speak."

The Wilmington Light Infantry is at present "booming," and we are pleased to see the interest which is taken in the company. Our citizens should look upon our military companies with a sense of pride, and every encouragement should be offered by our business men to the young and enthusiastic members of the military companies. One great drawback to organizations of this kind has been the apathy of the older heads; the young men of the city, however, are full of vim and pleasure in the building up of the companies, if they were encouraged to do so by the business men. Our young men, as a rule, have been held back in many enterprises that would add interest to the public, but we are pleased to say that our citizens are beginning to recognize the fact that we need to encourage youth if we expect to display vim and energy in business. Every last growing town in the State holds its young men before the public with pride; they are encouraged in their organizations; military companies increase, brass bands flourish; literary associations do good, and all organizations are kept up with spirit, while the business of the town increases with the interest shown in the young men who do the work. Let Wilmington be among the foremost of the State—encourage the endeavors of the young men to keep up the organizations and we are sure that there will be no loss on the part of the business community.

**WILMINGTON'S HOTEL.**

There is but one thing for Wilmington to look forward to for prosperity, and that is a hotel—one that will accommodate guests from other parts of the country. Everything in the commercial line has been working against us for the past few years. It is claimed that the cotton and naval stores business is falling off; that corporations are inducing to other places the trade that we had in years gone by; that this is no longer the stopping place of the growth of agriculture; that the farmer carries his cotton to the country store in his neighborhood, buys his guano, corn, bacon and everything he eats, gives mortgages on his future crop, and the merchant sends the cotton to the northern markets just as cheap as he could send it to Wilmington, and consequently we do not reap a benefit. Something therefore is to be done. It is known that thousands of tourists go to Florida every winter, and that the most popular route is the Atlantic Coast Line. We have seen a dozen cars filled with passengers, going to and coming from Florida, passing through our city and getting here just in the evening, tired and worn out from the travel, and wishing for a place to rest over night. We have noticed at times two trains filled with these travelers, a special train being added to accommodate the immense travel. Now, if we had a place where these tired people could be accommodated there would not be much exertion required to induce them to stop with us for a night, and if these people who are worn out by the fatigues of the day's journey had a comfortable room and a good bed nine-tenths of them who have time would not hurry to take the next morning's train, but would stop for the day. Then it would be our time to make the city attractive for these people. There are many improvements that would be suggested immediately, and the necessity would force us to get them. Wilmington is far more pleasant than Florida, and we can show by official reports that our climate is more beneficial to those suffering from pulmonary diseases. We have no malaria; no mosquitoes in the winter and many other advantages over Florida, which

we will show when the proper time comes, agitate the matter, and convince northern travelers that this is the place above all others in the south to spend the winter. Men of capital are here they will find ways of investing their money in fact, and that is what we want to build up. We want manufacturing, and there are no hopes of this ever becoming such a town until we get enterprising men of means among us, and there is no method to adopt but to build a hotel to accommodate the public, and then when we get these people here let us show them that we have life, energy and enterprise, and business men will see the advantages of settling among us.

**OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**

There is a well-known want of system in regard to the books used in our public schools. Too little attention is paid to the all-important question. The Governor of Iowa recommends, on the subject of school books, the organization of a committee of competent educators of the State to prepare and edit these works, and that the State publish the same, furnishing the books at cost price, and thus insure great saving to the people and the State.

We think North Carolina should also appoint a commission to compile all books (with possibly a few exceptions) used in our public schools, and have them printed in the State. Our schools are now flooded with all kinds of books, many of them of no merit at all. Simplicity in instructing the youth of the present day seems to have been discarded, and every catch-penny venture in the shape of a "much-needed" school book meets with ready reception in many parts of the South, to the enrichment of the publishers and the serious retardation of the education of the children. There are also too many new ideas, aptly termed "flummery," now prevalent in our schools, which we shall take occasion to refer to. We are progressing a little too fast; we are trying too many experiments; we have too much "flummery" in our schools.

**JOURNEYMAN TAILORS.**

This class of workmen get wages that should encourage young men to learn the trade; but it is a noticeable fact that there are less apprentices learning that business than any other class of mechanics. We do not know of any young men who are learning the trade, while we see hundreds serving a clerkship in a dry goods or grocery store at a salary of two or three dollars a week, and slowly advancing until they rise to the highly honored(?) position of head salesman, at fifty or sixty dollars per month, and at a stage of life when they have already spent half their days in drudgery, and have a family to support, and no earthly chance of ever doing better, while a young man can enter a tailoring establishment, commence at the beginning, receive enough salary to pay his board at least, to begin with, and if he has the ability to "catch on," he masters the art in about two years, and then can take a job to complete it in a manner which is a credit to himself and a satisfaction to his employer, and receives the regular prices paid for work, being from \$6.50 to \$12, and often times more, for making a coat. A good tailor can easily earn from \$20 to \$35 a week. And when it is remembered that during the time the tailor is learning the trade he receives about double the wages that the poor sales clerk in the dry goods store gets, and is all the time comparatively his own boss, and does not have the pleasure of being ordered around a counter and snubbed in the presence of his girl, while he has also the delightful knowledge of being financially embarrassed. The tailor who determines to make a living can rise to the position of cutter by study and practice, and can command a salary of one, two or three thousand dollars annually, and always be independent. It is surprising why there are so few young men learning this easy, respectable and paying trade.

**New York Opera Company in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."**

This great work has met with an unprecedented success in every city in which it has been played, far outstripping any comic opera ever produced in America.

The press speak of the company in the most glowing terms, pronouncing it one of the most refined, gorgeous and charming operatic productions now before the public. Every member of the company is an artist of unquestionable standing. The choruses are grand. Nothing has been left undone to make this one of the foremost organizations in this country. None should fail to see this charming opera and company. Notwithstanding the great expense attending the production of this opera, the prices will remain as usual, so that many with limited means will not be debarred from witnessing the beautiful production.

It represents the greatest of Spanish writers, Cervantes, as a young man of handsome exterior, a courtier of the Raleigh type, for whom the Queen of Portugal cherishes a secret temporary attachment, but who is faithful to one of the Queen's maids of honor. The King, personated by a charming young lady, is represented to be a gourmand who loves the pleasures of the table more than those of Hymen, but who is by no means blind to the charms of the maid of honor whom Cervantes loves. Through the good offices of Cervantes and his persuasive bride, the King and Queen are brought together, and the flame of their affection is about to be rekindled, when the Premier—a bloodthirsty Portuguese, who with his cabinet, is intensely jealous of Cervantes and is his sworn enemy—discovers, by accident, the Queen's lace handkerchief, on which she has inscribed a confession of love for Cervantes, and a message of encouragement intended for him. He triumphantly shows it to the King, who renounces his Queen, and there is general consternation, sensation, a fine stage picture and a magnificent chorus. In the third act the Queen is rescued from Brigands by Cervantes, and is finally reconciled to the King while disguised as a waiting girl in an inn where she is seeking shelter. Cervantes triumphs over all his political enemies, and the curtain falls on a general rejoicing of all the characters, including the discomfited politicians. This is the skeleton of the plot. On it are built subplots and ludicrous incidents and situations which cannot be enumerated here. See advertisement in another column.

Miscellaneous.

**"Home Again!"**

NO USE TALKING! JOHNSON IS THE RIGHT man and 28, North Front Street is the right place to have your Upholstering and Paper-Hanging done in a strictly first-class manner. Store and Window Awnings of all kinds made to order. Come in MONDAY MORNING and see the wonderful Hair Picker at work. 'Tis a SIGHT. Respectfully, WILEY T. JOHNSON.

Books and Stationery.

**PRANG'S EASTER CARDS.**

AN ELEGANT DISPLAY OF A MOST SUPERB lot of EASTER CARDS that have progressed to perfection through the hands of experienced manufacturers and artistic and original designers. Handsomely decorated silken face Cards, mounted on rich plush mats of various colors. Hand-painted Cards, new designs, on encaustic. Baugerettes, beautifully arranged in new designs on fancy burnished stands.

SMALL CARDS, LARGE CARDS and CARDS to please the perfection of modesty, the coyish beauty, the fastidious youth and the old and the old.

Call early and examine the variety at HEINSBERGER'S Live Book and Music Store.

**FACTORY.**

OUR CELEBRATED BRANDS OF SHIRTS, the "ROYAL" and "CONGRESS," are the best in the market; price 75c and \$1.00. Dress Shirts made to order for \$1.00. Jean Drawers, all sizes kept in stock. We make Drawers to order, any size for 75c. to \$1.00 per pair. Dress Shirts, Working Shirts, Overalls, Pants and Drawers manufactured. The largest Factory of the kind in the State. Send orders to J. ELSBACK, Proprietor, No. 27, Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

Groceries.

**GOOD LIVING.**

We may live without poetry, music, and art; We may live without conscience, and live without heart; We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love,—what is passion but pining? But where is the man that can live without dining? And the man that lives in the very best style, Is a friend to his neighbor, who is a friend to his neighbor, While he wants of food not good, Injures his health, 'tis well understood, But at BRIDGERS & CO., North Front street, Is always kept good things to eat, And all who buy from this popular store, Will enjoy good health forevermore.

**FOR THE KITCHEN.**

Never, since the world began, And was occupied by man, Did such a lot of delicious things, As every New York Steamer brings, To charm the cook and tempt the wife, And give the husband joy and life; PLUM-PUDDING, PRESERVES, delicious JAMS, Fresh BREAKFAST STRIPS, and well cured HAMS, FAMILY FLOUR, the best to be found, And MEAL, both steam and water-ground, Every description of canned goods, &c., Bought last week to sell to you— The best the market affords you know, Is found at HUGGINS & CO.'S Grocery Store.

**G. W. LINDER,**

DEALER IN

**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,**

PROVISIONS, WINES, LIQUORS &c., &c.,

N. W. CORNER DOCK AND FRONT STREETS, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Old Stand of J. H. McGarity & Co.

**FRESH ARRIVALS!**

ATMORE'S CELEBRATED MINCE-MEATS, in Barrels, Half-Barrels and Pails; AND PLUM PNDING IN ALL SIZES.

These are the very best goods of their kind, and no family should be without them.

DUNDEE MARMALADE, a most delightful Sweetmeat for the tea table.

To arrive on Tuesday next, a fresh supply of Ginger Taffy, Ben's Boston Crackers, Pinafore Drops, Coffee Cakes, something new and nice, ORANGE BAR AND EGG CRACKERS, ALSO, THE GENUINE ALBERT BISCUIT In one and two-pound Tins. For sale low.

JNO. L. BOATWRIGHT, 12 and 14 North Front St.

**1,000 HHDS.**

PRIME PORTO RICO MOLASSES, JUST landed direct from the Island, which we offer to the Trade at prices to suit the times. We guarantee this Molasses pure.

EDWARD KIDDER & SON.

**A. W. RIVENBARK,**

GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT AND GROCER.

SHIPMENTS OF CHECKERS, EGGS AND Country Produce, every day. Fresh supplies of Groceries every week.

Send down and buy from us, and save money by it.

114 NORTH WATER STREET.

How Donaldson Died.

**His Last Voyage from Chicago.**

A young girl of Reading, Pennsylvania, has lately developed remarkable powers as a spiritualist medium, it is said, and last Saturday, with a circle of spiritualists about her, she took a trip to the spirit world, as she called it, and related what she saw. Among the people met there was Professor Donaldson, who has never been heard from since he started on that perilous balloon voyage from the lake front, Chicago. The professor was considerate enough to try to clear up the mystery, and told the young lady all about his perilous voyage and the terrible experiences accompanying it.

**DRY GOODS,**

WHITE GOODS, NAINSOOK, PERSIAN LAWN, PIQUES, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, EDGINGS, IN GREAT VARIETY, OF THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS, AND AT PRICES TO SUIT.

M. M. KATZ, 116 Market Street.

**Drugs and Medicines.**

J. C. MUND, DRUGGIST, NO. 104 NORTH FRONT STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ELEGANT**

LOT OF FINE SOAPS, IN SPECIAL PACK-AGE. The best in the City. 1 cake for 5 cents. 2 cakes for 10 cents. 3 cakes for 25 cents. 3 cakes for 25 cents in Handsome Box, 3 cakes for 50 cents in Handsome Box. 1 dozen cakes for 50 cents in Handsome Box. SCHONWALD'S PHARMACY, N.-W. cor. Market and Front Sts.

**Furniture, &c.**

SEASON OF 1884. SEASON OF 1884. THE HOLIDAYS CLEARED OUT LOTS OF ELEGANT SETS OF FURNITURE! But Invoices of New Designs in BED-ROOM AND PARLOR SUITS HAVE ARRIVED AND ARE ON EXHIBITION AT CRAFT'S NEW FURNITURE STORE, No. 20 Granite Row.

**DELUCA & MUND,**

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, &c., &c., at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Dealers in Furniture are invited to give them a call.

**Saloons and Restaurants.**

**OYSTERS**

SERVED IN STYLE. FRESH ARRIVALS EVERY DAY. HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICHES, LAGER BEER AND DRINKS OF ALL KINDS AT THE STAR SALOON. GEORGE HERBERT, PROPRIETOR.

**MOZART SALOON.**

BILLIARD AND POOL ROOMS. DRINKS SERVED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE. OYSTERS IN SEASON. I HAVE LATELY ADDED TO MY OLD AND RELIABLE SALOON, A FIRST-CLASS BOWLING ALLEY. JOHN HAAR, JR., PROPRIETOR, No. 16 South Front St.

**Job Printing and Publishing.**

JOB PRINTING. THE MOST THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED OFFICE IN THE CITY. EVERYTHING NEW. NEW TYPE, NEW PRESSES, EXPERIENCED WORKMEN. ALL KINDS OF PRINTING DONE PROMPTLY! TAGS, CARDS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, PERIODICALS AND NEWSPAPERS. PRINTED IN THE MOST ARTISTIC MANNER. LOW PRICES! LOW PRICES! THE MAIL JOB PRINTING OFFICE, E. S. WARROCK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

**JOB PRINTING!**

THE MOST THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED OFFICE IN THE CITY. EVERYTHING NEW. NEW TYPE, NEW PRESSES, EXPERIENCED WORKMEN. ALL KINDS OF PRINTING DONE PROMPTLY! TAGS, CARDS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, PERIODICALS AND NEWSPAPERS. PRINTED IN THE MOST ARTISTIC MANNER. LOW PRICES! LOW PRICES! THE MAIL JOB PRINTING OFFICE, E. S. WARROCK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

**THE ALLEGED SPIRIT OF THE BALLOONIST DESCRIBES HIS LAST VOYAGE FROM CHICAGO.**

The young lady's story, as told by the Philadelphia Press, is as follows: "The fact is, for the past ten days I have seen the face of the same man every day. I was in the spirit land. I call it spirit-land, it is so much prettier I think, than the clairvoyant state; the latter is so vulgar and common, and, I am told, there is so much humbug in it. By this time eleven people had assembled in the parlor and formed a circle about the girl. The gas was turned down just a trifle and in a very short time the parents nodded and pointed to their daughter, whose face had turned slightly upward. Her eyes closed and her hands rested together on her lap. She sat upon a hassock, and it was at least three minutes of silence before she spoke again. The measured tick of the clock, the low hum of the gas, the crackling coals in the grate, the hurrying, creaking footsteps on the pavement in the icy air of night alone broke the stillness. "I see the same man's face coming toward me again," said the young medium. "He has black wavy hair, well rounded head, large, short neck, dark complexion and black moustache. As he comes nearer to me I see that one of his eyes is dark and the other light. On one of his cheeks I see a black mark. It is a mole or birth-mark of some kind."

**A SPIRIT'S FRUITLESS SEARCH.**

"He looks at me as if seeking some one he cannot find. This is the eleventh time I have seen his face. He seems to want me to speak to him, and appears to be in trouble because I did not speak to him before. I now speak to him and his eyes light up and sparkle with delight. He smiles and says: "I am glad you spoke to me. You are the first to greet me from the world below since I left it. Why did you not speak to me before? Do you not know me? No, you do not. You were too young when I lived in your city. But no doubt you heard of me. My name is Donaldson. I was called Professor Donaldson. [Here the circle of friends were astonished and became doubly interested.] Don't you remember my name? I went up in balloons in Reading and gave entertainments, with presents to all the little children and the grown folks too. Tell your father and those people near who you I am; they will remember you. And also that I want to clear up the mystery of my strange death. "Some say that I am not dead and will come back to my old home and friends once more. That is not so. I am now out of the earth and flesh and am in the spirit world. DONALDSON'S LAST ASCENSION. "Everybody who remembers me will remember that I was never heard from after I went up in the balloon at Chicago. That was my last ascension. Our balloon was caught in a terrible windstorm in the upper current. I never experienced such a storm

blow as this. My friend, or friends, were blown out of the basket-car, leaving me up in the rigging, sitting up in the hoop of the balloon. I saw everything below me blow into shreds. Then the gas-chamber of the balloon made a fearful plunge and careened to one side, and threw me and the hoop upward, and for a few minutes I was sailing through the air on top of the balloon. That was the strangest ride ever indulged in by mortal man. The few minutes seemed like an age. I had the presence of mind to grasp hold of the netting, so that it would not slip down and release the gas-chamber. The netting began to escape from the mouth of the balloon and it would have suffocated me had not the storm hurled us through the air at a terrible pace. I was far above the clouds, but how far I could not tell, because all our instruments had been blown into the lake. I tried all I could to have the balloon right itself. I got away down on the side of the balloon, and pulled at the hoop and rigging, but it would not come.

**STRUGGLES FOR LIFE DESCRIBED.**

"Then I went back and tied myself to the end of a strong rope around the body, and fastened it to the iron hoop, so that if I should be blown off I would not drop to the earth. Then I crawled out on the side of the balloon again, further than before. Just as I had finished this the balloon gave another lunge, and I was thrown off into space, but was held by the rope. The balloon then righted, and I was dangling in mid-air, nearly out of breath because of the sudden jar, and the rope, tightening about my body, severely cut me. How long I hung that way I couldn't tell, because I was nearly dead with fear, exhaustion and cold. The air was extremely light and I could not scarcely breathe. I then crawled up the rope, hand over hand, and when nearly dead and just as I had reached the iron hoop again, suddenly the muslin gas-chamber split with a loud noise, from top to bottom. God help me, I thought, because it was the most perilous position of my life. Then one-half the balloon was blown into the other, and quicker than I can tell you, the two halves, now wedged together, bulged up and out in the hurricane and formed a parachute, or a sort of an umbrella, leaving me swinging below.

**THE STORM-BEATEN PARACHUTE.**

"I realized for a moment that God had answered my prayer. The truth flashed upon me that I was going down so fast that it nearly took my breath. I was too heavy for the parachute. Then I saw that the canvas had split again, and suddenly another frightful sweep of the storm tore the parachute into tatters, and I was hurled headlong down through the clouds. I closed my eyes, prayed and died going down, thinking of loved ones at home. My poor body fell into a wild, lonely and bleak swamp, ten miles north of the northern shore of Lake Superior, where it was slowly severed, separated and scattered by the sbb and flow of the waters, until now it has returned to its original earth. My spirit entered spirit land at once, where it has now been lodged ever since. "I am slowly working my way upward to higher circles and to a higher life. I have been happy ever since my coming here, and have not changed my mind but that some day some one will discover a method by which the air can be navigated. I am obliged to you for your kindness, and will be pleased to talk to you again when our eyes meet here or elsewhere. I have other thoughts, too, of clear ones for whom I am waiting in peace and in happiness. Good-by!"

"Now," continued the medium, "the face vanishes with smiles. He must have been a good man on earth. I see that he never drank or swore, but led an exemplary life. He was brave, warm-hearted and generous." In a few moments the young medium was out of her clairvoyant state, and soon afterward the company departed, considerably impressed with the story.

Handwritten notes: "JH 2006 2000"