

THE ASHEVILLE REGISTER.

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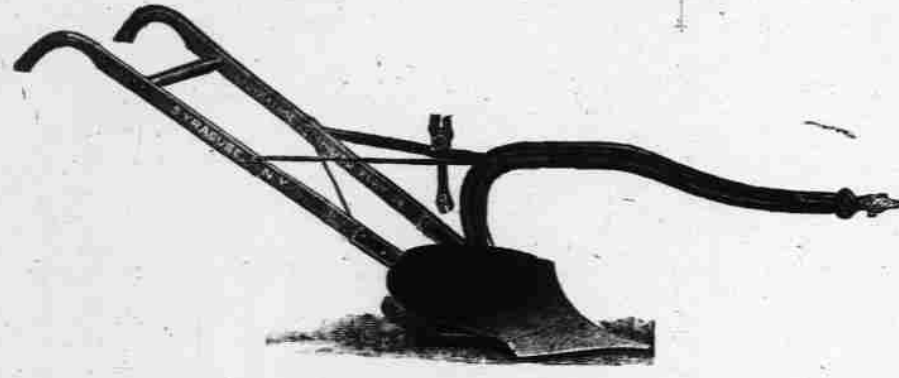
ASHEVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1902.

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Heretofore we have told you of our cheap beds, chairs, etc., but haven't said anything of our finer goods. Well, we have them, the finest in the city, and have also just received a large shipment of Bedroom Suits, Washstands and Beds; Cutting Tables and Lapboards for Dressmakers. Prices are right.

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Genuine Starke's Dixie Plows, Boy, \$1.50; No. 10, \$1.85; No. 11, \$3.35.
 Hampton Plows, Painted and Polished, Boy, \$1.75; No. 1, \$2.00.
 Farmers' Friend Hillside, No. 1, \$3.00; No. 2, \$4.00; Shifting Clevis, 35c. extra.
 Syracuse Chilled Plows, Latest Improved, No Better Made.
 Level Land, Wood Beam, Light Two Horse, \$6.00; Medium Two Horse, \$7.50.
 Level Land, Steam Beam, Light Two Horse, \$7.50; Medium Two Horse, \$8.50.
 Hill Side, Latest Improved, No. 36, Light Two Horse, \$5.50; No. 128, Medium Two Horse, \$7.00.
 Champion Cut Out Disc Harrows Complete, \$17.50.
 Morgan Spading Harrows Complete, \$20.00. Thomas Solid Disc Harrows, 8 and 10 Discs.
 Hancock Disc Plows, A Revolution in Plows.
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ASHEVILLE North Carolina

THE KNIFE THROWERS

It is a realistic tale of modern life
 By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey
 the author of Not Like Other Men.



This cut illustrates the embarrassing situation in which an American in Mexico found himself while on his way to keep an engagement on the field of honor. He was kidnapped by servants of his half sister who was trying to prevent his fighting a duel with his half brother. He was ignorant of the fact that he sustained this relation to either of them.

This picture gives just a glimpse of the charming heroine. You will be delighted with her character as revealed in the story.

This highly interesting story began in the issue of February 22. Subscribers may obtain back numbers free of charge. New subscribers may commence with that number if desired.

NOTICE.

We do a great deal of work for people outside the city of Asheville; some of them outside the State of North Carolina. Make up a bundle of your soiled linen and express to us and we will return it promptly, laundered to suit the most fastidious.

J. A. NICHOLS, Proprietor.

THE POWER OF MUSIC AND ITS GREAT INFLUENCE

The Christian and Heathen, The King and the Peasant, the Ancients and Moderns, the Rich and the Poor, all Have Their Music.

EDITORS REGISTER:

It is not my purpose to discuss any thesis connected with the fine art, except as indicated in the above caption. It is not music that I am discussing, but the power of music; its influence, past and present, upon the human family, spiritually and physically. Since "When the morning stars sang together" at the very dawn of creation, music has exerted a powerful influence over the spirits of mortals, and, if the Bible is to be relied upon, music is one of the principal attractions of the spiritual world as well; for when the stars made music "all the sons of God shouted for joy." There are two kinds of music—vocal and instrumental. While the "morning stars" made vocal music that seems to have pleased the sons of God, still instrumental music seems to have exerted the greater influence in this world and also in the invisible world. Every nation of people on the face of the globe, civilized, barbarian, and savage, have their music. The Christian and the heathen, the ancients and the moderns, the king and the peasant, the rich and the poor, all have their music. "It is remarkable how many kinds of musical instruments there are now and has been in use since the world began. From the Jew's harp to the grand cathedral organ; some complicated, while others are very simple; some are easily played, while others require a lifetime study to master. Some people are musicians by intuition, while others have to work it out like an apprentice learning a trade. It has been a question with the votaries of poetry and song as to what period of the world's history music had its greatest perfection and influence, and what nationality carried it to the greatest perfection. Some say the ancient Greeks were the most accomplished musicians, while others will say that the Ethiopian, of modern times, and that too, an Ethiopian of American descent, excelled the ancient Greek in the skill of music, as the sequel will show. It was during the mythical

age that the Greeks displayed their greatest talent in music, while it was reserved for the Ethiopian of the present age to display his great attainments, equalling, if not surpassing, anything that ever took place along the same line in all ancient Greece. In order to verify the foregoing statement it will be necessary to compare the results of the musical talents of the two greatest musicians of the known world, to wit, Orpheus; son of the heathen deity, Apollo, and Calleo, the celebrated muse of ancient Greece, and Douglas, surnamed Bryson, the Ethiopian, of Maiden Lane, in the city of Asheville. Orpheus played the lyre, and Douglas played the organ. Orpheus was a lyrist while Douglas was an organist. Orpheus played his lyre with such fascination and power that the birds of the air gathered in the branches of the trees over his head; the shy little fishes came from their hiding places in the eddying pools; the wild beasts came from their lairs in the jungles, all of them became tame and gentle under the soothing influence of his music. When Eurydice, his wife, died from the bite of a snake, he followed her spirit into the lower regions, and by the sweetness and power of his music charmed and overcame the merciless Erinyes, the keepers of the gate of Hades, and was permitted to carry her back to the upper world. He was finally betrayed by a mob of infuriated women because he refused to make music for them, and his head thrown into the river Hebrus, which was carried by the waves of the sea to the island of Lesbos, whereupon, the waves of the sea became infatuated with music, hence, the music of the waves of which we read so much in Lyric poetry.

Orpheus is probably a myth—a story of fiction, a mythological conception, though it comes to us hoary with the age of many centuries. Not so with Bryson Douglas, the Ethiopian. He lived in Asheville, only a short year ago, and kept a boarding house in Maiden Lane, on the way to Stump Town, where the wayfarer might find rest and refreshments. Bryson's boarding house was furnished in modern style. Costly bedroom sets, of the very latest fashion, furnished with tempered woven wire steel springs, electric felt mattresses, and pillows soft and smooth; dressing cases, bureaus and wardrobes, in every corner of the rooms; tall mirrors in gilded frames, mounted on polished mantles; sofas, lounges, divans, with easy chairs, tete-a-tete and bric-a-brac, ad infinitum. The floors were all covered with carpets and rich Oriental rugs, of costly patterns, all of which, made Bryson's boarding house a place of great attraction for the denizens of Maiden Lane, but the crowning glory of Bryson Douglas's boarding house was the silver-toned organ of many melodies, that ornamented an alcove in the drawingroom. When Bryson played that organ the twittering sparrows in the cornice bent their heads and listened with rapt attention; the cricket in the wall ceased to chirp its monotonous solo; the little timid mouse stole silently from its hiding place fearing no evil while the grand performance kept up; the guests of the house flocked in by troops and stood with bated breath and drooping chins; the pick-a-niny turned summersets on the pavement in front of the house, while the passerby hung with enchantment over the yard palings to catch the last note of the performance; the inmates of the rival boarding house on the opposite side of the Lane crowded the windows, manifesting their delight by hearty applause, while the proprietress leered round the corner her face green with jealous envy. The sturdy policeman paused upon his beat as he walked to and fro and beat the air with

A cross mark on your paper indicates that your subscription has expired, and we politely request you to pay all arrearages and renew at once.

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"PROCESS OF MANUFACTURING THE COMPOST FERTILIZER"

Several Hundred Letters Have Been Received by the State Chemist in Regard to the Above Named Process.

TO THE EDITOR:

We have received several hundred letters during the past few months regarding the "process of manufacturing Compost Fertilizer," which is being offered through agents to the farmers of the State for \$3.00 per farm-right, and there has been considerable to say about it. A copy of the patent has been obtained from the patent office, and is published in full in the Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, together with a discussion of it in the press. This Bulletin will go in a few days to the regular mailing list of the Department, and will be sent to others who ask for it. The patent was granted four months ago—November 19, 1901—though it has been sold for a number of years as a "Secret Process," under the claim that it was "fully protected by the laws of the United States." The "Secret Process" and the "Patent Process" are practically the same, and are briefly as follows:

"In the manufacture of a ton of this fertilizer, about two parts of manure and about one part of dirt, together with chemicals in about the following proportions, are employed: Fourteen per cent acid phosphate, one hundred pounds; lime, one hundred pounds; muriate of potash, fifty pounds; nitrate of soda (saltpeter), twenty-five pounds; chloride of sodium (salt), twenty-five pounds; sulfate of ammonia, five pounds.

Briefly speaking, these materials are mixed in the following manner: In a box seven feet long, three wide and two deep, a two-inch layer of finely-chopped manure is placed; on this sprinkle these materials in about the amounts and order named; one-half pound of sulphate of ammonia, two and one-half pounds common salt, ten pounds acid phosphate, five pounds of lime. Repeat the process till the box is about half full, thoroughly packing the mass about every second layer of manure. Then put down these materials in the way indicated above: One-inch layer of dirt, two pounds nitrate of soda, four pounds muriate of potash, four pounds of lime; and repeat the operation till the box is filled. Allow the mixture to stand for 60 or 90 days, when it is ready for immediate use, or for storage for future use. If to be used in grain-drill, it is advisable to sift the same to clear it of lumps.

It is claimed that the "discovery" and the value of the process rest in the material employed, their proportions and arrangement. Regarding these, I desire to offer these comments:

1. There is nothing new or ingenious in the materials employed,—manure, dirt, acid phosphate, muriate of potash, nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, lime and salt being familiar and well-known substances. Except lime and salt, these materials are, and have been, in frequent, if not constant, use for years by farmers and fertilizer manufacturers. Salt is not plant food, and the lime as used works far greater injury in driving off the ammonia from the manure, notwithstanding the claim of the patentee that it holds it, that it does in pulverizing the manure. The main value of the manure resting in its ammonia, it is mistaken economy to throw a part, at least, of it away, merely for the sake of getting the less valuable residue in condition to be put through a grain-drill.

2. Great stress is laid on the arrangement of the materials, it being claimed that this is such as to bring about complete disintegration of the manure with the release and retention of the valuable plant food in the compost heap. Not only is this not so, but the arrangement is very undesirable, in that the lime is placed where it will do the greatest injury in driving off the ammonia (let any

farmer who has a son in any of our schools, taking even elementary chemistry, put this question to him), and likely also injuriously effecting the acid phosphate by making it less soluble and valuable as a plant food. The valuable nitrate of soda is also in danger of being lost, not because of being put in the worst place, but because anywhere in the entire mixture is bad for it. The chief object in composting it is to protect and render better fit for plant food the nitrogen (or ammonia) compounds. The Lipps process helps to defeat this aim, and if the compost does not go wrong, it is certainly not its fault, as the temptation is great.

3. But the proportions of these materials are said to be such as to make a specially "well-balanced fertilizer." For the good of the mixture it is to be hoped that there is something in this contention. Let us examine. The constituents which give to a fertilizer mixture its chief value are ammonia, phosphoric acid, and potash. In what amounts and proportions do these enter into the Lipps Compost? Using his formula, we have:

| | POUNDS. |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Acid Phosphate—14 per cent..... | 100 |
| Muriate of Potash..... | 50 |
| Nitrate of Soda..... | 25 |
| Ammonium Sulphate..... | 5 |
| Salt..... | 25 |
| Lime..... | 100 |
| Total fertilizer materials..... | 305 |
| Manure..... | 1,130 |
| Dirt..... | 565 |
| Total, one ton..... | 2,000 |

On basis of all manure and no dirt, which makes the mixture show better than if dirt were used, there were put into the mixture phosphoric acid, 99 per cent; potash, 1.59 per cent; and ammonia, .51 per cent, or one and one-half times as much potash as phosphoric acid and twice as much as ammonia. What farmer would knowingly use such a proportioned fertilizer on cotton or corn, expecting to get the best returns? It is not a "well-balanced" fertilizer for general crops, experiments conducted for a series of years having shown that nearer equal quantities of potash and ammonia and two to two and one-half times these amounts of phosphoric acid on ordinary soils give best results on cotton. Other examples, with other crops, based on field experiments, might be given.

4. There being nothing in the material employed to justify the claim of a "wonderful, scientific discovery," the arrangement of them being bad, and the proportions, if possible, worse, it is difficult to locate where the merit of this remarkable invention rests.

B. W. KILGORE,
 State Chemist.

Raleigh, N. C.

JAMES WILCOX IS CONVICTED

The Slayer of Nellie Cropsey - Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

Elizabeth City, N. C., March 22.—James Wilcox was tonight found guilty of the murder of Nellie Cropsey. The jury having been out thirty hours, brought in a verdict of guilty in the first degree. The prisoner heard the verdict without apparent emotion.

When the verdict had been received, Judge Jones said: "It is sadder for me than for you, Mr. Wilcox. The jury found the facts, I gave the law. You have had a fair trial. Part of the public were afraid to give it to you. I am informed that the movement in the court house Friday, when a crowd marched out, was pre-arranged. I hope such is not the case. If it is true, and the offenders were brought before me,

I would send every man, woman and child to jail for contempt. If the move were for a purpose, it was a disgrace to the fair name of the county. I hope it did not influence you, gentlemen, in the least. The judgment of the court is that the prisoner be removed to the jail and hanged by the neck till dead on April 25."

Counsel for the defense will appeal to the Supreme court.

The Republican Party.

Frederick Landis, in answering to toast "The Republican Party" at a banquet of the Lincoln League at Terre Haute a few days ago, said in part:

"Fifty years ago a woman knelt at Bunker Hill as upon sacred soil. Upon her lips trembled a prayer; upon her cheek fell the African shadow; in her eye was the anguish of centuries. She was driven back to bondage in her tears.

"Far to the west lived an American gentleman. His form was awkward, his face was plain, but in his heart was gold enough to make a thousand pagan gods. He spoke: 'This Nation cannot endure half slave, half free,' and as he spoke Fate stepped fourth and clasped the hand of the helpless.

"Then a political party was born—born of impatience beyond the clouds. Justice was its father and mercy was its mother. It stood beneath a banner all of white, and upon this banner the world found the lilies of human liberty. The Republican party was God's answer to slavery and Abraham Lincoln was His prophet! Grand men loved that party then—we love it now. We love it for its stars and its scars—its graves and its glories. We love it for its pure memories; for Harper's Ferry and immortal John Brown, for Chickamauga and George H. Thomas, for Appomattox and Ulysses S. Grant.

"We love this 'grand old party' because in the day of power it redeemed the vow to valor given in the night of terror; because it made the Union soldier freedom's honored guest. We love it because it replied to repudiation: 'All is hereby save honor, all is vanity save virtue, and our promise is as sacred as our flag.' We love it because it touches the wheels of industry and they speed the myriad miles of prosperity triumphant, because, with head erect, the proudest traveler on the highway of human progress, it lights the lamp in the window of the poor, proclaiming proudly to humankind: 'I will care for America—the world may care for itself. We love it because wherever civilization leads it follows, and there it remains forever, because it has made the eagles of Washington nobler than the eagles of Caesar and our flag so grand the sky would be lonesome without it.

"And yet, we love it for another's sake, whose memory stirs within a nation's heart sorrow's muffled drumbeat still. The mantle of Washington fell upon him; he raised his hand and the problems of the world obeyed him. The mantle of death fell upon him, and he met his God as a son meets his father. I saw him in his casket; upon his breast the Legion of Honor; past his ashes the Legion of woe. 'Then from our lips with trembling hand history took his name, saying:

"The name of William McKinley belongs to me in trust for ages yet unborn."—Yellow Jacket.

Ten Millions for the Park.

Washington, March 24.—The House sub-committee on the Appalachian Park bill met this morning and agreed upon the draft of the bill which they will support on Wednesday to the full committee. As explained by Representative Moody, the appropriation of \$10,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is to be immediately available, is provided for, and the purchase of 4,000,000 acres of land is authorized. The sub-committee will meet again tomorrow to complete the verbiage of their bill.

Go West.

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