

# A BALSAM PILLOW.

Story of the First of Its Kind.  
BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Now that fir needles and hemlock needles have become recognized articles of commerce and every other shop boasts its row of fragrant cushions, with their inevitable motto, "Give Me of Thy Balm, O Fir Tree," I am reminded of the first pillow of the sort I ever saw and of what it meant to the girl who made it. I should like to tell you the little story, simple as it is. It belongs to the time, eight or nine years since, before pine pillows became popular. Perhaps Chateaubriand Dorset may be said, for once in her life, to have set a fashion.

Yes, that was really her name! Her mother met with it in a newspaper and, without the least idea as to whether it appertained to man or woman, adopted it for her baby. The many syllables fascinated her, I suppose, and there was, besides, that odd joy in a piece of extravagance that costs nothing which appeals to the thrifty New England nature and is one of its wholesome outlets and indulgences.

So the Methodist elder baptized the child Chateaubriand Aramintha, making very queer work of the unfamiliar accents, and then, so far as practical purposes are concerned, the name ceased to be. How can a busy household, with milk to set and milk to skim and pans to scald and butter to make and pigs to feed find time for a name like that? "Baby" the little girl was called till she was well settled on her feet and in the use of her little tongue. Then she became "Brie," and Brie Dorset she remained to the end. Few people recollected that she possessed any other name unless the marriage, birth and death pages of the family Bible happened to be under discussion.

The Dorsets was one of those picturesque, lonely, outlying farms past which people drive in the summer saying: "How retired! How peaceful!" but past which almost no one drives in winter. It stood, with its environment of red barns and apple orchards, at the foot of a low granite cliff whose top was crowned with a fir wood and two enormous elm trees met over its roof and made a checker work of light and shade on its closely blind-front.

No sign of life appeared to the city people who drew their horses in to admire the situation except perhaps a hen scratching in the vegetable beds or a lazy cat basking on the doorstep, and they would drive on unconscious that behind the slats of the green blinds above a pair of eyes watched them go and a hungry young heart contrasted their lot with its own.

Hungry! There never was anything like the starvation which goes on sometimes in those shut up farm-houses. Boys and girls feel it alike, but the boys are less to be pitied, for they can usually devise means to get away.

How could Brie get away? She was the only child. Her parents had not married young. When she was 19, they seemed almost elderly people, so badly does life on a bleak New England farm deal with human beings. Her mother, a frail little woman, grew year by year less fit for hard labor. The farm was not productive.

The fir wood on the upper hill was the temple where she worshipped. There she went with her Bible on Sunday afternoons, with her patching and stocking mending on other days. There she dreamed her dreams and prayed her prayers, and while there she was content. But all too soon would come the sound of the horn blown from below or a call from the house: "Brie, Brie, the men are coming to supper. Make haste!" And she would be forced to hurry back to the workaday world. When she was just 20, her father fell from his loaded hay wagon and fractured his thigh. There was no cure for the hurt, and after six months of hopeless attendance he died. Brie and her mother were left together on the lonely farm, with the added burden of a large bill for doctoring and medicines, which pressed like a heavy weight on their honorable hearts.

The hired man, Reuben Hall, was well disposed and honest, but before Mr. Dorset's death he had begun to talk of going to the west, and Brie foreboded that he might not be willing to stay with them. Mrs. Dorset, broken down by nursing and sorrow, had become an invalid, unable to assist save in the lightest ways. The burden was sore for one pair of shoulders to bear. Brie kept up a brave face by day, but at night horrors of helplessness and apprehension seized her. The heavens seemed as brass, against which her feeble prayers beat in vain; the fu-

ture was barred, as it were, with an impassable gate. What could they do? Sell the farm? That would take time, for no one in particular wanted to buy it. If Reuben would stand by them, they might be able to fight it out for another year and what with butter and eggs and the corn crop make enough for his wages and a bare living. But would Reuben stay?

Our virtues sometimes treat us as investments do and return a dividend when we least expect it. It was at this hard crisis that certain good deeds of Brie's in the past stood her friend. She had always been good to Reuben, and her sweet ways and consideration for his comfort had gradually won a passage into his rather stolid affection. Now, seeing the emergency she was in and the courage with which she met it, he could not quite find the heart to "leave the little gal to make out by herself." Fully purposing to go, he staid, putting off the idea of departure from month to month, and, though true to his idea of proper caution, he kept his good intentions to himself, so that relief of having him there was constantly tempered by the dread lest he might go at any time. Still it was relief.

So April passed and May and June. The crops were planted, the vegetables in. Brie strained every nerve. She petted her hens and coaxed every possible egg out of them; she studied the tastes of the two cows; she maintained a brave show of cheer for her ailing mother, but all the time she was sick at heart. Everything seemed closing in. How long could she keep it up?

The balsam firs of the hill grove could have told tales in those days. They were Brie's sole confidants. The consolation they gave, the counsel they communicated, were mute, indeed, but none the less real to the anxious girl who sat beneath them or laid her cheek on their rough stems. June passed, and with early July came the answer to Brie's many prayers. It came, as answers to prayers often do, in a shape of which she had never dreamed.

Miss Mary Morgan, teacher in Grammar School No. 3, Ward 19, of the good city of Boston, came, tired out from her winter's work, to spend a few days with Farmer Allen's wife, her second cousin, stopped one day at the Dorsets' door while driving to ask for a drink of water, took a fancy to the old house and to Brie and next day came over to propose herself as a boarder for three months.

"I can only afford to pay \$7 a week," she said. "But, on the other hand, I will try not to make much trouble if you will take me."

"Seven dollars a week! Only think!" cried Brie gleefully to her mother after the bargain was completed and Miss Morgan gone. "Doesn't it seem like a fortune? It'll pay Reuben's wages and leave ever so much over! And she doesn't eat much meat, she says, and she likes baked potatoes and cream and sweet baked apples better than anything. And there's the keeping room chamber all cleaned and ready. Doesn't it seem as if she was sent to us, mother?"

"Your poor father never felt like keepin' boarders," said Mrs. Dorset. "I used to kind of fancy the idea of it, but he wasn't willin'. I thought it would be company to have one in the house if they was nice folks. It does seem as if this was the Lord's will for us, her comin' in so unexpected and all."

Two days later Miss Morgan, with a hammock, a folding canvas chair and a trunkful of light reading, arrived and took possession of her new quarters. For the first week or two she did little but rest, sleeping for hours at a time in the hammock, swung beneath the shadowing elms. Then, as the color came back to her thin face and the light to her eyes, she began to walk a little, to sit with Brie in the fir grove or read aloud to her on the doorstep while she mended, shelled peas or picked over berries, and all life seemed to grow easier and pleasanter for the dwellers in the solitary farmhouse. The guest gave little trouble, she paid her weekly due punctually, and the steady income, small as it was, made all the difference in the world to Brie.

As the summer went by and she grew at home with her new friend she found much relief in confiding to her the perplexities of her position. "I see," Miss Morgan said; "it is the winter that is the puzzle. I will engage to come back next summer, as I have this, and that will help along, but the time between now and then is the difficulty."

"Yes," replied Brie, "the winter is the puzzle, and Reuben's money. We have plenty of potatoes and corn and vegetables to take us through, and there's the pig to kill, and the chickens will lay some. If only there were any way in which I could make enough for Reuben's wages, we could manage."

balsam fir nearer as she spoke and buried her nose in it. It was the first week of September, and she and Brie were sitting in the hill grove.

"I love this smell so," she said. "It is delicious. It makes me dream."

Brie broke off a bough. "I shall hang it over your bed," she said, "and you'll smell it all night."

So the fir bough hung upon the wall till it gradually yellowed and the needles began to drop. "Why, they are as sweet as ever—sweeter!" declared Brie, smelling a handful which she had swept from the floor. Then an idea came into her head.

She gathered a great fagot of the branches and laid them to dry in the sun on the floor of a little used piazza. When partly dried, she stripped off the needles, stuffed with them a square cotton bag and made for that a cover of soft sage green silk with an odd shot pattern over it. It was a piece of what had been her great-grandmother's wedding gown.

Brie had made the first of all the many balsam pillows. It was meant for a goodby gift to Miss Morgan. "Your cushion is the joy of my life," wrote that lady to her a month after she went home. "Every one who sees it falls in love with it. Half a dozen people have asked me how they could get one like it, and, Brie, this has given me an idea. Why should you not make them for sale? I will send you up some pretty silk for the covers, and you might cross stitch a little motto if you like. I'll copy some for you. Two people have given me an order already. They will pay \$4 apiece if you like to try."

This suggestion was the small wedge of the new industry. Brie lost no time in making the two pillows, grandmother's gown fortunately holding out for their covers. Then came some pretty red silk from Miss Morgan, with yellow filose for the mottoes, and more orders. Brie worked busily that winter, for her balsam pillows had to be made in spare moments when other work permitted. The grove on the hill was her unfailling treasury of supply. The thickest twigs bent them to her will, the upper branches seemed to her to rustle as with satisfaction at the aid they were giving. In the spring the old trees renewed their foliage with vigorous purpose, as if resolved not to balk her in her work.

The fir grove paid Reuben's wages that winter. Miss Morgan came back the following June, and by that time balsam pillows were established as articles of commerce, and Brie had a munificent offer from a recently established decorative art society for a supply of the needles at \$3 a pound. It was hard, dirty work to prepare such a quantity, but she did not mind.

As I have said, this was some years ago. Brie no longer lives in the old home. Her mother died the third year after Miss Morgan came to them, the farm is sold and Brie married. She lives now on a ranch in Colorado, but she has never forgotten the fir grove, and the memory of it is a help often in the desponding moments that come at times to all lives.

**WHAT A BILLION MEANS.**  
So glibly, indeed, do we use the word "billion" that few of us pause to consider the immensity of the sum. How long would it take to count a billion? A few years perhaps. Well, yes. At the rate of 100 a minute—a very liberal allowance of speed—and calling eight hours a day's work, 48,000 would be counted a day. In a year of 300 working days the score would be 14,400,000, and it would require 69 1-3 years to count the full billion. The prophet's span of three-score and ten, minus a few months, would be consumed in the simple counting of the sum that trips so lightly from the tongue these days.—Minneapolis Times.

**THE OTHER EYE.**  
James Alberty the dramatist, was one day descending in a great hurry the steps fronting the Savage club, London, when a stranger in a state of mind which defied punctuation addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X?" Alberty answered the question eagerly with another: "Stop a moment. What's the name of the other eye?"—Youth's Companion.

**HOSPITAL LIFE.**  
Whatever the cost of care in the hospital for board, lodging, nursing, treatment, it is always in the long run less than the price paid when the same siege of illness is managed in any other way. Experience proves this again and again. Not all conditions demand hospital care. Far from it. But, when they do, going to the hospital is cheaper, easier, safer and more comfortable than staying at home.—Harper's Bazar.

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

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## Sale of Land for Taxes.

On Monday, the 6th day of May, 1901, at 12 o'clock I shall sell at the court house door in Smithfield, to satisfy taxes due for the year 1900, the real estate specified below:

**WILSON'S MILLS TOWNSHIP.**  
A. B. Austin, 224 acres \$7.38  
Mamie Hedgepeth one half acre 1.37  
A. D. Jones heirs 395 acres 14.83  
Bettie R. Parker 33 acres 55  
H. B. Turner heirs 100 acres 1.88  
Edith Turner, 214 5.50  
Zilpha Turner, 1 1.83  
R. C. Wallace, 7 22

**CLAYTON TOWNSHIP.**  
Dillon Avera, 105 acres \$4.29  
Richard Bryant 1 lot 92  
Haywood Barber, 1 lot 37  
Jan Durham, 1 lot 15  
Isaac Jones, 50 acres 3.38  
William A. Jones, 34 acres 2.41  
Taylor Jones, 52 1/2 acres 1.75  
John Partridge, 1 lot 23  
Richard Rand, 1 lot 23  
Kinchin Pepe, 20 acres 92

**PLEASANT GROVE.**  
P. T. Massey, Agent, 95 acres \$1.17

**INGRAMS.**  
Atkinson and wife, 36 acres 70  
L. L. Booth, 12 acres 40  
Dock Watson, 17 acres 34

**BOON HILL.**  
Lucy Atkinson, 1 1/2 acres 10  
D. H. Davis, 29 acres 67  
Nancy Evans heirs, 15 acres 50  
Gabriel Holt, 106 acres 2.67  
Iola McCauley, 810 acres 6.67  
Danuel White, 93 acres 3.00  
Marinda Warren, 12 acres 17

**BEULAH TOWNSHIP.**  
D. M. Eure, 50 acres 67  
Burdin Holland, 15 acres 34  
Mrs. J. H. Johnson, 34 acres 45  
J. T. Outland, 85 acres 1.41  
J. R. Outland, 85 acres 1.60  
Aisey Parrish, 181 acres 2.84  
C. A. Pittman, 51 acres 1.63  
L. J. Ratins, 14 acres .50  
Juo. H. Renfrow, 20 acres .40  
W. A. Watkins, 9 acres .18  
W. H. Wellons, six acres .16

**O'NEALS TOWNSHIP.**  
Mary G. Bunn, 70 acres \$2.29  
Nancy Brown, 200 3.66  
C. O. Ball 43 acres 86  
Cleovus Whitley, 75 acres 2.00  
K. W. Barnes, 50 acres .87  
Mrs S. P. Gill, 126 acres 3.10

**WILDERS TOWNSHIP.**  
A. J. Battle, 27 acres .75  
Blackman Grey, 82 acres \$2.60  
M. G. Wilson, 125 acres 2.29

**SELMA TOWNSHIP.**  
C. C. Battin, 1 acre .06  
Sarah J. Ratten, 27 acres .34  
Erasmus Caudle heirs, 1/2 acre .47  
Julian Hinton, 1 lot .22  
J. H. Howell, 1 lot .34  
Rinda Lee wardian, 166 acres 4.67  
Claude McCauley, 1 lot 5.05  
Taylor and Bowlin, 1 lot 1.15  
Woodard heirs, 1 lot .22

**SMITHFIELD TOWNSHIP.**  
B. C. Beckwith, 81 acres \$3.67  
R. B. Beckwith, 47 acres 3.67  
Smith Brooks, 1 lot 1.83  
W. N. Benton, deceased, 3 lots 7.34  
Monroe Dublin, 1 lot 2.69  
J. T. Langston, deceased, 8 acres .92  
J. F. Sanders, 107 acres 2.16

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SMITHFIELD, N. C.

**NOTICE!**  
The undersigned having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Aquilla Narron, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 20th day of April, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.  
This 20th day of April, 1901.  
CLAUDE L. NARRON,  
Administrator.  
JNO. A. NARRON, Attorney.  
Apr 20—6w—pd.

**NOTICE.**  
By virtue of an order of the Superior court made in the special proceeding entitled J. J. Harper, Ex., of John Harper and others ex parte petition to sell land for assets to pay debts, the undersigned will on Monday, May 6th, 1901 at 12 o'clock M. at the court house door in the town of Smithfield offer for sale to the highest bidder the following real property:  
First tract, lot No. 10 in the survey of the land of John Harper, deceased, the same being a part of what is known as the "Pond tract" and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in the old stage road, S. I. Thornton's corner and runs with his line N. 85 E. 100 poles to a stake, thence S. 7 W. 43 1/2 poles to a stake, I. W. Langston's corner, thence N. 59 W. 9 poles to a stake, thence N. 88 W. 10 1/2 poles to a stake on said road, thence N. 30 E. 22 poles, thence N. 5 E. 6 poles to the beginning containing 26 acres more or less.  
Second tract, lot No. 9 in said survey and situated between the old stage road and beginning at a stake in the stage road, S. I. Thornton's corner and runs with said road N. 20 E. 54 1/2 poles, thence N. 5 E. 6 poles to a stake on said road corner of lot No. 10, thence same course 52 poles to a stake in a ditch, S. I. Thornton's corner; thence N. 43 1/2 W. 117 poles to said ditch; said Goldsboro and Aversboro road, thence S. 54 W. 15 poles, thence S. 64 W. 10 poles, thence S. 78 W. 44 poles to a stake in said road, thence S. 31 E. 13 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 44 acres more or less.  
Third tract, lot No. 8 in said survey and beginning at J. A. Barbers' corner in S. W. Morris and S. I. Thornton's line and runs with said line S. 43 1/2 E. 122 poles to the Goldsboro and Aversboro road, thence with said road S. 54 W. 15 poles, thence S. 64 W. 10 poles, thence S. 78 W. 44 poles to a stake in the road, thence N. 31 W. 117 1/2 poles to a stake in J. A. Barbers' line, thence N. 73 1/2 E. 41 poles to the beginning, containing 95 acres more or less.  
The other lots in said survey of the John Harper lands can be bought also.  
Apply to J. J. Harper, Smithfield, N. C. This April 2nd 1901.  
J. J. HARPER, Executor of JOHN HARPER.  
WILSON & MORGAN, Att'ys.

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of Ben G. Besley, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 4th day of March, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.  
This 4th day March, 1901.  
M. G. W. pd  
BEN HUDSON,  
Administrator.

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Patsy Jones, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 15th day of April, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.  
This 15th day of April 1901.  
W. F. GERALD,  
Administrator.

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WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD. (Condensed Schedule.)

Table with columns: Dated January 13, 1901, No. 23 daily, No. 46 daily, No. 108 daily, No. 41 daily, No. 40 daily, No. 49 daily. Rows include Lv Weldon, Ar Rocky Mt., Lv Tarboro, Lv Rocky Mt., Lv Wilson, Lv Selma, Lv Fayetteville, Ar Florence, Ar Goldsboro, Lv Goldsboro, Lv Magnolia, Ar Wilmington.

Table with columns: Dated July 22, 1899, No. 23 daily, No. 46 daily, No. 108 daily, No. 41 daily, No. 40 daily, No. 49 daily. Rows include Lv Florence, Lv Fayetteville, Lv Selma, Ar Wilson, Lv Wilmington, Lv Magnolia, Lv Goldsboro, Ar Rocky Mt., Ar Wilson, Ar Tarboro, Ar Fayetteville, Ar Weldon.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Yadkin Division Main Line—Train leaves Wilmington 9:00 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 12:05 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 12:25 p. m., arrives Sanford 4:45 p. m., returning leaves Sanford 3:05 p. m., arrives Fayetteville 4:30 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 4:30 p. m., arrives Wilmington 9:25 p. m.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch—Train leaves Bennettsville 6:06 a. m., Maxton 9:06 a. m., Red Springs 9:51 a. m., Parkton 10:41 a. m., Hope Mills 10:55 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 11:20. Returning leaves Fayetteville 4:45 p. m., Hope Mills 5:01 p. m., Red Springs 5:43 p. m., Maxton 6:16 p. m., arrives Bennettsville 7:15 p. m.

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