

THE POMPEII OF THE SAHARA

By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.

FRANK G. CARPENTER VISITS AN OLD ROMAN CITY, ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT, WHICH IS BEING UNEARTHED BY THE FRENCH.

Timgad Has Been Dead Fifteen Hundred Years. But It Is Now Coming to Life—It Was Twice as Big as Pompeii, and Had Mighty Temples, Markets and Baths—A Look at Its Houses and Streets—The Ancient Forum and the Arch of Trajan.

Have you ever heard of Timgad, the wonderful ruined city of Roman Africa, which the French are now digging out of the sand? It lies about a hundred and fifty miles south of the Mediterranean, and perhaps three hundred miles southwest of Tunis. It is just over the mountains from the west of Sahara, on one of the lower slopes of the Atlas, overlooking a valley which in the days of Rome, must have been enormously rich. Pompeii is in existence about three hundred years before Christ, and it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius, in A. D. It contained only twenty thousand people, and it was but half the size of this African city now being unearthed.

Ancient Thaumagadi. Timgad was founded just twenty years after the destruction of Pompeii. It was built by the Emperor Trajan, whose soldiers aided in its construction. It was then known as Thaumagadi. It was situated at the intersection of six Roman roads, and was a fortified camp, as well as a great commercial city. The excavations show that it must have been a social capital as well, inhabited by many rich people and surrounded by all the luxuries of Rome at the height of its glory.

Later Timgad became a religious city. St. Augustine was born near it, and in the seventh century, when the Arab invasion occurred, it had a Christian church, the ruins of which still exist. The city was destroyed by the Arabs, and since then, for more than a thousand years the rain and the dust of the Atlas mountains and the soil and sand of the great Sahara have drifted over it, covering its remains layer by layer, until the greater part of it has been lost from view.

The French Excavations. For centuries only a few of the more prominent of the ruins rose above the surface. There were columns here and there apparently growing out of the soil. Great mounds covered the half destroyed buildings, and it was not until the French began their excavations along about twenty-five years ago, that any one imagined that a great city lay buried beneath. At present only a comparatively small part of the territory has been uncovered, but the work is going on day by day, and within a few years the whole city will be exposed to the fierce rays of the African sun. I saw the workmen digging at the ruins as I wandered through them this afternoon, and photographed them as they raised the columns out of the soil. The ruins of the city still untouched are piled far above the height of any road, and the excavated streets run in a gridiron pattern, the streets and buildings still buried.

The Road to Timgad. I came here from Algiers on the rail, a distance of about 250 miles. The nearest station was Batana, a small town in the province of the province in which Timgad lies. There I hired a carriage and drove for thirty-five miles up this valley to the excavations. The only road was a narrow one, and the workmen passed on the way was laid out by the French, and it is now a road as was the Appian Way when Augustus and his soldiers were marching. The grades are so gentle that the horses went on the trot, and we covered the distance in less than three hours. We met many soldiers at the camp, but outside of them nothing at all.

In the Roman Butcher Shops. I walked through store after store in this quarter, and then went to another part of the city where was the Roman market. The market place was surrounded by columns, and it still shows many evidences that it was a beautiful place when the people from all the country about came here to buy and sell. The stalls of the meat market were on a platform running in a half-moon facing the market place. The marble counters which the butchers stood at are still intact, and they bear the marks of the cleavers used in chopping off the steaks of the past. These counters are marble slabs, each about a foot thick, and about five feet long. I crawled under one, and stood in place of the butcher trying to imagine the customers who waited outside for spring chickens, roasts of lamb and rump steaks fifteen hundred or more years ago, and in my mind's eye I could see Mrs. Caesar testing the freshness of a fowl, and Madame Cicero telling the boy to cut her a steak off the loin and watching him to see that he did not cheat in the weight. Later on I saw in the museum the weights which were used to measure the meat. They are balls of stone ranging in size from that of my head to a marble.

A City of Luxury. Some of the houses of Timgad were magnificent. They had marble benches, beautiful frescoes and floors of mosaic. The museum has many mosaics equal to almost anything discovered at Pompeii. They are made of bits of stone, some of which are no bigger than a baby's finger nail so fitted together that they seem one solid block. They are of many colors and represent the most famous characters of mythology. One about fifteen feet square shows Venus riding through the sea on a centaur, while the dolphin plays about her feet. Another represents the triumph of Neptune, and others show various scenes connected with the gods and goddesses of old Rome.

Right near the Forum I explored a palace which contained about sixty odd rooms, some of which are still decorated with marble columns. When I came in the floors were made of nothing but plaster, but as I scraped my feet on them I saw the mosaic beneath. This house had a wide entrance porch, the floor of which was a little above the level of the street, and the stones at the front showed plainly the marks made by the carriages as they drove out and in. It had several rooms, three or four cold chambers, the floors of which were of mosaic, such as are now in the museum.

The Baths of Timgad. If it be true that cleanliness is next to godliness, these old Romans were not ungodly. There are ruins of baths here, which show that this old town of Timgad, ranging in size from fifty to one hundred and twenty people, had better accommodations of that kind than any of our largest cities of today. Just outside the chief entrance gate across the ruins of an enormous building, covering almost two acres, which was devoted to bathing and gymnastics. It was built of brick, and some of the mosaic floors are still to be seen.

The Arch of Trajan. A large part of the outer walls are still intact, and the rooms, although they are broken and the floors are traced. There are thirty-five of them running about a grand hall forty feet wide and seventy-five feet long, where the men went through their gymnastics or rested and loafed after bathing. There were many hot chambers for steam and vapor baths, and several cold plunges with large swimming pools. The hot rooms had mosaic floors, with underground flues and fires. The ruins of the heating arrangements are such that even now they could be repaired and the baths used as in the past. In the southern part of the city other baths have been found, and in many of the houses so far excavated there are remains of private bath rooms.

Theater Seating Four Thousand. Timgad had a theater which seated more than four thousand people. It was in our country have amusement halls that size. This theater was in the upper part of the city at the base of the hills. I went through it this morning and sat for a time in one of the boxes which faced the marble rostrum forming the stage. The audience came in through a covered passage made of stone, and there is a covered passageway for exit. The actors had their own entrance, which led directly to the stage. There was no roof over the theater, but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through the house after house.

On the Way to the Forum. Let us make our way along the main avenues, which lead through the center of the town, to the Forum. We enter one by a great stone gate decorated with carvings over flagstones cut into deep ruts by the chariot wheels. There are pillars on both sides of the street, reaching on and on to the Forum, and beyond them on each side are acres upon acres of ruined buildings ranging in height to that of my head or higher. The ravages of time, of siege, and of the Mohammedan iconoclast have cut away the tops of the columns, but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through the house after house.

At the right side of this main street, facing the Forum, ran a covered passageway, the top of which rested upon these pillars. This was for foot passengers who could then move along without danger from the throng of chariots and horses in the street outside. At the same time the people could see out between the columns. On the other side of this facade or passageway the residences faced, and on the opposite side of the roadway the houses came close up to the column-lined street.

At the right angles. There are miles of these streets already exposed, and one can walk over them on the same pavements on which the Romans rode in their chariots. I tramped much of my way in the cuts cut by the chariots, and I found the stones of the roads worn smooth by the feet of these people fifteen centuries since. The main streets are flanked with blocks of limestone, about three feet wide and



Frank G. Carpenter.

often four feet long, fitted closely together. Under every street is a deep sewer running from one end of the street to the other, and the whole city is underlaid with drains. Nearly every house has its own connection with the sewer, and there are public conveniences in all parts of the city. The streets are lined with curbstones and the principal avenues have great marble columns on each side of them, some of which are broken and worn almost perfect. Many of these columns are entirely missing, but their places beyond the curbstones can be plainly seen. One can stand in some of these streets and look for a mile through ruined pillars, easily picturing to himself the grandeur of Timgad in its prime.

On the Way to the Forum. Let us make our way along the main avenues, which lead through the center of the town, to the Forum. We enter one by a great stone gate decorated with carvings over flagstones cut into deep ruts by the chariot wheels. There are pillars on both sides of the street, reaching on and on to the Forum, and beyond them on each side are acres upon acres of ruined buildings ranging in height to that of my head or higher. The ravages of time, of siege, and of the Mohammedan iconoclast have cut away the tops of the columns, but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through the house after house.

At the right side of this main street, facing the Forum, ran a covered passageway, the top of which rested upon these pillars. This was for foot passengers who could then move along without danger from the throng of chariots and horses in the street outside. At the same time the people could see out between the columns. On the other side of this facade or passageway the residences faced, and on the opposite side of the roadway the houses came close up to the column-lined street.

On the Via Decumanus Maximus, which cuts the street, I have described at right angles and leads from the great arch of Trajan to the Forum, one side is lined with stores. The greatest number of stores are right near the Forum, and they probably formed the chief mercantile houses of the city. Each establishment had a main room facing the street, with another in the rear, which was probably used as a warehouse or as a private room for its owner. The Decumanus Maximus had deep ruts in the flags from one end of it to the other, and it is easy to imagine it filled with the gay throng of the days of the Emperors Trajan and Marcus Aurelius.

In the Roman Butcher Shops. I walked through store after store in this quarter, and then went to another part of the city where was the Roman market. The market place was surrounded by columns, and it still shows many evidences that it was a beautiful place when the people from all the country about came here to buy and sell. The stalls of the meat market were on a platform running in a half-moon facing the market place. The marble counters which the butchers stood at are still intact, and they bear the marks of the cleavers used in chopping off the steaks of the past. These counters are marble slabs, each about a foot thick, and about five feet long. I crawled under one, and stood in place of the butcher trying to imagine the customers who waited outside for spring chickens, roasts of lamb and rump steaks fifteen hundred or more years ago, and in my mind's eye I could see Mrs. Caesar testing the freshness of a fowl, and Madame Cicero telling the boy to cut her a steak off the loin and watching him to see that he did not cheat in the weight. Later on I saw in the museum the weights which were used to measure the meat. They are balls of stone ranging in size from that of my head to a marble.

A City of Luxury. Some of the houses of Timgad were magnificent. They had marble benches, beautiful frescoes and floors of mosaic. The museum has many mosaics equal to almost anything discovered at Pompeii. They are made of bits of stone, some of which are no bigger than a baby's finger nail so fitted together that they seem one solid block. They are of many colors and represent the most famous characters of mythology. One about fifteen feet square shows Venus riding through the sea on a centaur, while the dolphin plays about her feet. Another represents the triumph of Neptune, and others show various scenes connected with the gods and goddesses of old Rome.

Right near the Forum I explored a palace which contained about sixty odd rooms, some of which are still decorated with marble columns. When I came in the floors were made of nothing but plaster, but as I scraped my feet on them I saw the mosaic beneath. This house had a wide entrance porch, the floor of which was a little above the level of the street, and the stones at the front showed plainly the marks made by the carriages as they drove out and in. It had several rooms, three or four cold chambers, the floors of which were of mosaic, such as are now in the museum.

The Baths of Timgad. If it be true that cleanliness is next to godliness, these old Romans were not ungodly. There are ruins of baths here, which show that this old town of Timgad, ranging in size from fifty to one hundred and twenty people, had better accommodations of that kind than any of our largest cities of today. Just outside the chief entrance gate across the ruins of an enormous building, covering almost two acres, which was devoted to bathing and gymnastics. It was built of brick, and some of the mosaic floors are still to be seen.

The Arch of Trajan. A large part of the outer walls are still intact, and the rooms, although they are broken and the floors are traced. There are thirty-five of them running about a grand hall forty feet wide and seventy-five feet long, where the men went through their gymnastics or rested and loafed after bathing. There were many hot chambers for steam and vapor baths, and several cold plunges with large swimming pools. The hot rooms had mosaic floors, with underground flues and fires. The ruins of the heating arrangements are such that even now they could be repaired and the baths used as in the past. In the southern part of the city other baths have been found, and in many of the houses so far excavated there are remains of private bath rooms.

Theater Seating Four Thousand. Timgad had a theater which seated more than four thousand people. It was in our country have amusement halls that size. This theater was in the upper part of the city at the base of the hills. I went through it this morning and sat for a time in one of the boxes which faced the marble rostrum forming the stage. The audience came in through a covered passage made of stone, and there is a covered passageway for exit. The actors had their own entrance, which led directly to the stage. There was no roof over the theater, but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through the house after house.

On the Way to the Forum. Let us make our way along the main avenues, which lead through the center of the town, to the Forum. We enter one by a great stone gate decorated with carvings over flagstones cut into deep ruts by the chariot wheels. There are pillars on both sides of the street, reaching on and on to the Forum, and beyond them on each side are acres upon acres of ruined buildings ranging in height to that of my head or higher. The ravages of time, of siege, and of the Mohammedan iconoclast have cut away the tops of the columns, but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through the house after house.

At the right side of this main street, facing the Forum, ran a covered passageway, the top of which rested upon these pillars. This was for foot passengers who could then move along without danger from the throng of chariots and horses in the street outside. At the same time the people could see out between the columns. On the other side of this facade or passageway the residences faced, and on the opposite side of the roadway the houses came close up to the column-lined street.

SKIN SORE & WEARS CURED IN A WEEK

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies Which Gave No Relief—Skin on Limbs and Feet Rough and Sore—Work Often Impossible.

TRIES CUTICURA, WELL IN SEVEN DAYS

"Cuticura Remedies have entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. Up to a week or so ago I had been cured by the medicine and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have used Cuticura Remedies (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely, so that I can again attend to my business. I write you this cheerfully, for my trouble was as follows: Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms. I used a chest for a large chest on Broadway, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affliction. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured. Before a month I was in bed, and now I am much indebted to Cuticura, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends and colleagues in the kitchen. Fritz Hirschfeld, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

HAIR FALLING OUT Very Bad Dandruff on Scalp, Pimples Cover Face, Cuticura Cures.

"I used the Cuticura Remedies with great success. My face was a mass of pimples, and my hair was so bad that it fell out, and a friend of mine told me of Cuticura and I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Before a month my hair had grown back, and now I am entirely cured. I had no physician in charge. My little girl is now four years of age, and knows the Cuticura Remedies for her hair. Her skin is perfect and her hair remarkable for her age. Mrs. W. C. Howard, 132 N. Tenn. Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 22, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults. Cuticura Soap and Ointment to treat the skin, and Cuticura Tablets to treat the bowels. Cuticura Tablets, 25c. Per box of 50, to Purify the Blood, and to Cure the Bowels. Sold by Druggists and Chemists. Write for Free Book, "How to Cure Skin Humors."

The central arch has been cut down by the chariot wheels. Birds were flying about through this arch as I visited it today, and looking beyond it, over the plain, I could see the black tents of the Bedouins with the sheep feeding near them. They were grazing among the hills, the highest peaks of the plain land covering that part of Timgad which has not yet been excavated.

In the Timgad Museum. All the relics found at Timgad are kept in the museums here, and the director of the excavations is the director of the old Roman days. Some of the rooms are walled with mosaics, and they contain enough broken-nosed statues to furnish a town. There are some cases filled with gold coins and others containing jewelry of gold, some of which is set with precious stones. There are rouge pots like those described at Pompeii, and there are finger rings of gold. There are surgical instruments, including pincers and forceps of steel, beautifully made, and various kinds and needles of all sizes. There are Roman lamps of bronze and of clay. There are bronze handles of vases, and beautiful pieces of vessels of iridescent glass. Altogether the collection is wonderful; but it is shut up here away off in the heart of North Africa, twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, so that few people ever behold it.

During my stay I have photographed some of the ruins and have measured many of the columns and buildings. I have also talked with the director of the excavations. He tells me that the work of uncovering the city is to go steadily on, but that the appropriation of only about \$12,000 is not enough to hurry the work. The excavating is carefully done, and in the remaining two years yet to be made, many more treasures must lie there. There must be more or less gold and precious stones and it may be also the remains of beautiful statues, mosaics and relics which have more or less light on Roman North Africa.

A Land of Roman Ruins. There are relics of the Romans scattered all over this part of the world, and every day in Algeria of any size has more or less of them. I have seen the hand of old Rome in nearly every place I have visited. Some of the most interesting are the ruins of the city of Algiers, Oran and Tlemcen. The latter city was ancient Pomaria, and it shows the remains of a great Roman aqueduct. I came across the old Roman wall many times, and exploring Algiers, and not far from here is Constantine, which was named after Constantine the emperor of the Third Augustus Legion, and recent explorations show that it was a large Roman camp. The ruined arches of the gates outside the city show that it covered several miles, and in its center is a building of stone ninety-two feet long and seventy-two feet wide, and as high as a four-story house. The facade of this structure has peristyle, with handsome Corinthian columns.

Near it is a temple which was built during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and also a great arch put up in honor of Septimus Severus. There are ruins of baths at Lambese, from which have been taken beautiful mosaics, and also a great arch put up by one of which measured more than half an acre, and in one of the forums was a great temple surrounded by a colonnade. On the site of Lambese the French have now built an enormous barracks for such soldiers as they send to Africa for correction, and as I rode by I saw many of the old Roman soldiers going through their evolutions on the site of the old camp. Just as the Roman soldiers did in that same place more than seventeen hundred years ago.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. Many a good thing slips through a man's grasp because he is too precocious.

Land the Basis of Wealth.

(Continued from Page One.)

to say that by the middle of the present century, when our population shall have reached the two hundred million mark, our best and most convenient coal will have been so far consumed that the remainder can only be applied to present uses. This enhanced cost, which would probably compel the entire rearrangement of industries and revolutionize the common sense and common life. This is not a mere possibility, but a probability which our country must face.

The Mighty Iron Interest. The prospect of the mighty iron interest is even more threatening and more sure. Our available iron deposits have been carefully catalogued. All the fields of national importance have been known for at least twenty years. It has been found that the probable capacity has been estimated, and the whole country has been prospected for this kind of mineral. The most reasonable computation of scientific authority is a firm fact that existing production cannot be maintained for fifty years, assuming that all the available iron ore known to us in mined in fact. The limitation is likely to be less than that period.

Glance at Great Britain. If any man thinks that the prospect of danger is fanciful, let him glance at Great Britain. That nation was not so extravagant as we, because it did not compel the instant exhaustion of its resources. It has prohibited such imports, and because its surplus population could and did scatter over the globe. But it has concentrated effort upon the secondary source of industry—manufacturing—at the sacrifice of the primary—the tillage of the soil. Its iron supply is now nearly exhausted. It must import much of its crude materials, close its furnaces and mills. Its coal is being drawn from the deeper levels. The added cost pinches the market and makes trade smaller both in volume and in profits. The process of restriction has only begun. None are advertising it, only the few understand it. But already there is the cry of want and suffering from every street in England. From a million to a million and a half of men are hovering together in her cities, uttering that most pathetic and most awful cry—"Daman your hunger, give us work." And this is only the beginning of that industrial readjustment which the unwise application of resources and the destruction of resources must force everywhere. He who doubts may easily convince himself by an honest investigation of the facts, that this is no sensational prediction, but something as established and inevitable as an eclipse or the return of the seasons.

The most amazing feature of our situation, indeed, is its vast and compelling simplicity.

Reliance Upon Soil. Every people is thus reduced in the final appraisal of its estate to reliance upon the soil. This is the sole asset that does not perish, because it contains within itself, if not abused, the possibility of infinite renewal. All the life that exists upon this planet, all the development of man from his lowly beginnings to his highest attainments, and as unreservedly upon the capacities of the soil as do his feet upon the ground beneath him. The soil alone is capable of self-renewal, through the wasting of the rocks, through the agency of plant life, through its chemical reactions with the liquids and gases within and without, and self-perpetuating means of support. Our one resource, therefore, looking at humanity as something more than the creature of God, is the productivity of the soil. And since that, too, may be raised to a high power or lowered to the point of disappearing value, it is of the first consequence to consider how the people of the United States have dealt with this, their greatest safeguard and their choicest dowry.

Pre-Emptively Agricultural Country. This is pre-emptively and primarily an agricultural country. Its soil has been treated largely as have been the forests and mineral resources of the nation. Only because the earth is more long-suffering, only because the process of exhaustion is more difficult and occupies a longer period, have we escaped the peril that looms so large in other quarters. The reckless distribution of the land, its division among all the greedy who choose to ask for it; the appropriation of large areas for grazing purposes, have absorbed much of the national heritage. Only one-half of the land in private ownership is now tilled. That tillage does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield, without costing as much as the present waste of our treasure has proceeded so far that the actual value of the soil for productive purposes has already deteriorated more than it should have been. There is only one remedy. There is, except in isolated and individual cases, little approaching intensive agriculture in the United States. There is only the annual skimming of the rich man; the exhaustion of virgin fertility; the extraction from the earth by the most rapid process of its productive powers; the deterioration of life's sole mainstay. And all this with that army of another hundred million people marching in plain sight toward us, and expecting and demanding that they shall be fed.

A Far Cry. From 1860 to 1900 is a far cry. In that time our population leaped from 31,000,000 to 76,000,000. In that time vast areas of wilderness were put beneath the plow. Yet in those same years the area of improved land in the North Atlantic States remained stationary. It is now steadily on the decrease. In the South Atlantic States while the enclosed area is larger the farming area has decreased by more than 2,000,000 acres. The best values are still more indicative. Every farm properly cared for should be worth more money for each year of its life. The increase of population demands the growth of cities and markets, and the development of diversified farming with density of settlement should assure a large increment. Even when large quantities of new and fertile land are opened these influences, together with the lowest cost of transportation in the world, should make the growth of it a steady one. Within the twenty years between 1890 and 1900 the aggregate value of farm lands and improvements, including buildings, declined in every one of the New England and Middle States except Massachusetts. The total decrease in values, for these ten States, is more than \$300,000,000. For the attempted explanation by the census bureau of this shrinkage either adequate or convincing. This change in the section of older conditions is significant. It is not singular. The soil of the South is moving on the same decline, though the fact is less obvious in the total change of agricultural values.

(Continued on Page Three.)

Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

Sarsaparilla—For those who prefer medicine in tablet form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now put up in chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsatabs have identically the same curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy—no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. Druggists or promptly by mail. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

GUARANTEED under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. No. 324.

Prosperity Is Yours in all your farming, whether you grow melons, grapes, berries, apples, or other fruits, vegetables, cotton or tobacco, if you use from 200 to 1000 pounds of Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers per acre ten days before planting, and some more later as a top dressing. The ingredients in these fertilizers will supply to your soil the elements which have been taken from it by constant cropping. You can get valuable information about planting from Virginia-Carolina Fertilizer almanac—free to farmers. If your fertilizer dealer has not a copy left, write us for one. They are "going like hot cakes." Many farmers say the farming information in this almanac is worth \$1.00.

Spring Cleaning This season of the year the housekeeper begins to give the home a thorough overhauling. This cleaning invariably develops a worn-out or packed mattress. If this is the case with you call and see our

The Royal Elastic Fall Mattress

ROYALL & BORDEN Raleigh Goldsboro Durham

COAL Wholesale or Retail Cut and Split Ready for Use

ICE Prompt attention to orders for ice by express.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

THE BEST Raleigh Construction Co.

No woman's happiness can be complete without children; it is her nature to love and want them as much as it is to love the beautiful and pure. The critical ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so fraught with dread, pain, suffering and danger, that the very thought of it fills her with apprehension and horror. There is no necessity for the reproduction of life to be either painful or dangerous. The use of Mother's Friend so prepares the system for the coming event that it is safely passed without any danger. This great and wonderful remedy is always applied externally, and has carried thousands of women through the trying crisis without suffering.

Mother's Friend Send for free book containing information of medicinal value to all expectant mothers. The Bradford-Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.