

Africa's Mighty Roof Garden.

ALL ABOUT CONSTANTINE, THE CITY OF THE AIR, WHICH STANDS ON A ROCK ONE THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

(Special Correspondence of the Desert News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

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CONSTANTINE—Have you ever heard of this famous City of the Air? It lies here in the heart of North Africa, about 300 miles east of Algiers, 50 miles south of the Mediterranean and 125 miles north of the Desert of Sahara. It is built upon an enormous rock at an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea, and there is a mighty gorge 1,000 feet deep running round it.

If you could take one of our American towns of 50,000 inhabitants, crowd its houses together so that they would not cover more than the area of a half section farm and then lift the lot on a rock on which they stand straight up in the air for 2,000 feet you might have some of the conditions which exist here at Constantine. You would have to put the houses on a mighty stone platform, and on three sides of it have rocky walls falling precipitately down to a valley or a depth almost twice the height of the Washington monument. You would need a rushing, foaming river to flow through the gorge thus made, and about on every side a rolling country ending in the lower-like mountains of the great Atlas chain. I doubt whether there is another such city on earth. It is called by the Arabs "The City of the Air." It is the mightiest roof garden known to man.

A MIGHTY FORT.

Constantine, however, is far more than a roof garden. It is a fortress, as well. For almost 2,500 years it has been the site of a camp or barracks for soldiers, and the story of its adventures is written in blood. It has successfully withstood 39 sieges, and when the French took it, about 70 years ago, they employed an army of 10,000 men. At that time hundreds of its Arab inhabitants were tried to escape by letting themselves down over the rocks which were dashed to pieces in the gorges below, and so many Mohammedan women thus committed suicide that the river ran blood.

The Kasbah or citadel, which was then the chief fort of the Arabs, is now occupied by several thousand French troops. It commands the highest point on the rocky plateau, and is right over the most precipitous part of the gorge. In it there are stone cisterns and granaries built by the Romans, and not far from it is a great stone aqueduct which the Romans made to supply the place with water in times of peace.

Constantine is a city in the days of the Phoenicians, and under the name of Cirta it was the capital of a Carthaginian province ruled by Hannibal's brother-in-law. Later, when it became the capital of Numidia, and as such furnished the famous Numidian lions for the gladiatorial shows of old Rome. A little more than 1,000 years after Christ it was called Constantine in honor of the Roman emperor of that date, and when the Arabs came in it was made one of their capitals.

Notwithstanding this, this city could be easily battered to pieces.

Modern guns, placed on the opposite heights, would shatter the buildings, and in a few days would reduce the rock clear of both houses and people. In the warfare of the past, however, it was almost impregnable, and the great canyons by which it is surrounded formed a barrier which no army could scale.

IN THE GORGES.

If you would realize how great a barrier they were, come with me down

OPEN LETTER TO

F. J. Hill Drug Co., Salt Lake City.

It will be news to many druggists and the people generally to be told that though there are many so-called "Kidney Medicines" yet that up to comparatively recent date there was no direct treatment for kidney disease.

Here are the facts:

Food does people with kidney disease Bright's Disease or Diabetes very little good. Instead of storing in the system the albumen, starches and sugars that our food releases, the deranged kidneys thrust them out of the system, and tests disclose them in the urine, unused. Result: The patient grows weak. Worse still, the inflamed kidneys either swell and tighten, or contract and harden, thus obstructing the free flow of blood from the heart. The heart enlarges to force the blood through. It becomes painful, and the patient often thinks he has heart trouble, too. The pressure may increase until the watery portions of the blood are forced through the veins and settle; results, dropsy in some patients in the hands or feet.

Recollect that behind all this is the obstructed kidneys; and what remedies do we find reputable physicians using? Do we find them giving "kidney patients" Well, hardly; for they know them to be futile. What then? Basham's Mixture is often used. Why? Because it is an iron tonic given in the hope that it may be a gain, a stimulant, or a glycerine. Is given? Why? Because they are heart stimulants, and the heart is about to give out in its fight against the tightened kidneys. Purgatives, sweaters, etc., are also resorted to.

Please observe that not a thing has been given to restore the perverted kidney function, which is the central cause back of all kidney trouble. Why? Simply because up to the discovery of Fultons' Renal Compound there was nothing known that would reduce the inflammation in the kidney tissues and thus reopen the tubules. In fact, it was not even thought that the kidneys could be reached for practical treatment of this kind. Fultons' Renal Compound is the only thing known that acts directly on the kidney issues, reducing inflammation and thus reopening the tubules and kidney function. Now you see why it is doing what no "patents" or medicines known to physicians have ever accomplished and why it is getting results in kidney troubles that have heretofore baffled the world.

It is already apparent to you that whether the inflammation has reached the chronic or hardening stage called Bright's, or is yet in its infancy and called "kidney trouble," that the same condition is behind it; viz, the inflamed, obstructed kidney, that no medicine, or-todox or patent, has heretofore reached.

You will now be ready to appreciate the startling figures of the last census, which show that of the tens of thousands annually dying of "kidney trouble" ninety-two out of every one hundred of them have Bright's Disease.

With these facts in plain view, how in the name of conscience can people with Bright's (Kidney) Trouble afford to take anything but the only known specific for Bright's Disease, Fultons' Renal Compound? And how can your competitors afford to give anything else to their own dear ones or sell anything else to their friends or customers?

The people are not posted. Help them a little. Give these facts to your friends and tell them about this discovery and they will tell others. This work is not only humane, but you will soon have the interest of the kidney cases in your section entered in your store for years. The only people in Salt Lake City who have a genuine specific for real kidney disease.

The John J. Fulton Co., 5919 San Pablo ave., Oakland, Cal.

into the gorges. Steps have been gouged out of the rock by the French, and the gorges are now a series of terraces, and we can climb 1,000 feet down to where the River Rummel, known also as the River of Sands, runs rushing toward the sea on its way to the Mediterranean.

We take carriages and drive far up the valley, and then cross, and come to the ladders. The way from here on is rough and dreary, but we climb down, down, down, until at last we are near the water, far under the city. On both sides of us rise precipitous black walls, stained by sewers and springs, and roofed by the sky.

The gorge is about 200 feet wide, narrowing in places to 100 feet or less. The rocks rise almost straight up from the river, and we are making our way about through a narrow canyon along the foaming stream. Down here in the gorge one hears nothing, the noise of the city is unknown, and there is as silent as death. There is only the whirring of the wings of the crows, storks and other birds, as they fly across to their nests in one wall or the other, and the roaring of the foaming river as it dashes on through the rocks. The gorge changes in character as we go through it. Here the cliffs are mighty pillars of stone 500 feet high; there they look like great battlements, and farther on they almost meet overhead.

At the lower end of the gorge, almost under the Kasbah, is a natural bridge, somewhat like that of Virginia. Across it runs an aqueduct built by the Romans and at the same place are the remains of the Roman road which joined the city to the mainland. It is right under the iron bridge of Constantine, which forms the chief highway to the city on the rock.

AMONGST THE SKY DWELLERS. I came here from the Desert of Sahara by transferring at El Guerra to the railroad which runs from Algiers to Tunis. This landed me on the heights opposite the city and it was in a cab that I crossed the gorge by the Kantara bridge to the rocky plateau.

I am now in a comfortable hotel situated on a street so narrow that a car could not run up and down it. I am only a short distance from where the ledge drops off into the depths, and were I a steep walker I might find my way out of the house and dash myself into the gorges below.

Constantine now belongs to the French; but the greater part of its population is composed of Mohammedans and Jews, so that all the strange characters of North Africa walk through its streets.

In one part of the town there are many fine buildings. The French have put up a city hall at a cost of several million francs. There are some excellent stores, and off at the north, the center of the city, a new city is being constructed on a modern scale by a syndicate of capitalists from Lyons, in France. The city of Constantine is now about 2,000 Europeans, and the soldiers stationed in the kasbah or fortifications at one end of the town.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

Constantine has about 40,000 souls who believe in the Prophet Mohammed, and in addition something like 8,000 or 10,000 Jews. The Mohammedans are the controlling native element. Living at this place, they might be said to actually have "mansions in the skies," if I wish I could show you their homes.

They are along narrow streets, the houses in some places being so close together that you stand in the center of the road and touch the walls on both sides. The streets wind this way and that. There are many blind alleys, and the maze of crossing ways is often such that one might wander about a long time and only learn his location when he came to the edge of the plateau and looked down into the gorge.

These houses are small and rough. They are usually of two and three stories, made of brick and stone covered with stucco. They are painted blue or white, with the roofs of the same hues. The roofs are flat, and each has a low wall about it. The roofs form the playgrounds of the women and children, and they are often the sleeping places of the whole family as well. But few of these houses have windows facing the street, and the windows are covered with an iron network for fear the ladies of the harem may be seen by others than their husbands.

The Arab women here are quite as secluded as those of other parts of Algeria. They wrap themselves in shawls when they go out of doors, and wear pieces of white cotton tied tightly about their faces so that only their eyes are seen. So far I have not observed a single pair of the voluminous ladies' breeches which are so common in the streets of Algiers. The gowns of these Constantine ladies fall clear to the feet, and the female population looks like so many big fat bundles waddling along upon slippers. The Arab men, on the other hand, are gorgeously dressed, and they spend a lot on their clothes.

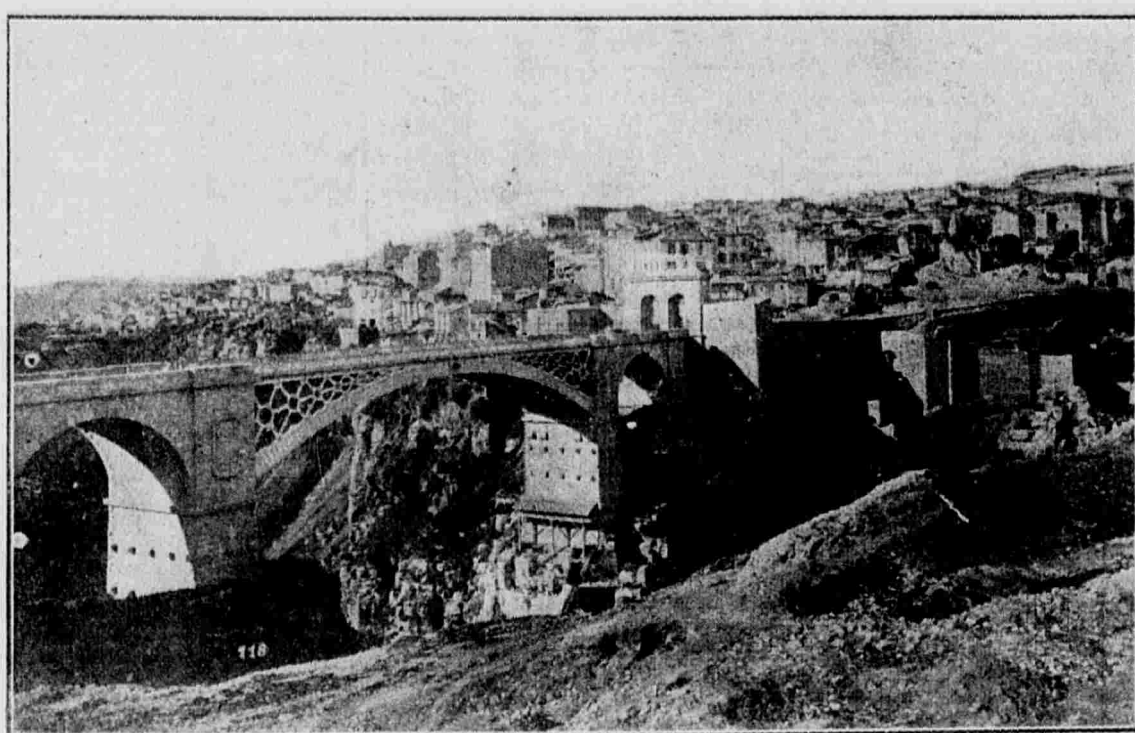
THE JEWS OF CONSTANTINE. The Jews here are different from their race in Europe or America, and what I write is not to be considered in connection with their Hebrew population. There have been Jews in Africa since the time of the patriarchs, and they are people of their own class and quite as African as the Arabs themselves. In Constantine they dress like Arabs. The men wear rich jackets, beautifully embroidered, and full trousers tied in at the knee. They have red fez caps which are often bound with great turbans. Some wear gowns, and now and then one is to be seen in European clothes. The faces of these Israelites are darker than those of other countries, but they have the same Jewish features, and many of them are fine looking.

I especially like the appearance of the women. The Jewesses do not veil their faces, and they look at the men boldly and without shame. Today is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, and as it is also the day the people are all out in their fine clothes. The streets are swarming with young Jewesses loaded with jewelry. Their arms are bare to the shoulders, their fingers sparkle with rings, and their wrists and forearms are adorned with bracelets of silver and gold. Many of them are dressed in silk gowns, over which lace shawls are thrown. Their heads are tied up in silk handkerchiefs, and on the top of them, just over their crowns, are red velvet caps embroidered with gold. These caps are much like coronets. They are about four inches in diameter, and are worn on the crown of the head. They are fastened on by silk bands tied under the chin, and these bands are often decorated with gold coins. Sometimes gold chains are used. Nearly all of the Jewesses wear earrings; some have bracelets set with diamonds and many have strings of pearls about their necks.

A VISIT TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

During my stay here I have visited the chief synagogue. It is located near the gorge in the heart of the city and is well attended. When I entered it today it was filled with Hebrew men wearing the same dress as the Arabs. Each had also a white shawl and all kept their feet caps on during the service. The rabbi, who occupied a pulpit in the center of the synagogue, read the Scripture in a nasal twang from parchment scrolls, and the worshippers followed them with their Hebrew Bibles. Every man and boy had a little velvet bag decorated with Hebrew characters in gold or silver, for carrying his books of worship,

A Great Fortification and its Eighty Sieges—Amongst the Sky Dwellers—Mohammedans, Arabs and Jews—How the Arabs Make Plows—Sheepheads as Dainties—The Old Bey And His Three Hundred Wives—How a Mohammedan Eve was Punished.



CONSTANTINE—A GREAT MOHAMMEDAN ROOF GARDEN.

and as far as I could see the books themselves were well thumbed.

A BUSINESS CITY.

The Jew stores are shut today, but the Arabs are carrying on business as usual. This is one of the industrial centers of eastern Algeria, and the native quarter fairly hums with men working at their trades.

Constantine is famous for its leather work. It makes shoes, saddles and harness, and also leather bags and cushions, beautifully embroidered. Each trade has its own street. One will be filled with shoemakers, another with blacksmiths, and another with weavers. About 100,000 hanks and burnouses are made here yearly, and also a great deal of cloth for the tents used by the French. This work is all done upon hand looms. In rooms which look more like stables or cellars than factories.

AMONG THE BLACKSMITHS.

I spent some time this afternoon in

the street of the blacksmiths, watching them making hoes and plowshares. The latter are for all the world like the long sharp trawls used by our masons, save that they are about a quarter of an inch thick. They are of wrought iron and are so bent at one end that they can be fastened by an iron band to the forked stick which forms the rest of the plow.

The blacksmiths were Arabs, dressed in enormous trousers and jackets. Their sleeves were rolled up and they pounded away at the anvils just like our blacksmiths at home. The average shop of this kind is only big enough to hold the anvil, the furnace and two or three men. It is a sort of a hole in the wall about six feet wide, 20 feet long and perhaps 12 feet in height. At the back is a rude bellows and furnace. In the center the men work at the anvil and at the front is a counter upon which the plow points are displayed for sale.

In another street I found scores of

Arab cobblers making red slippers for women, and in another place men sitting cross-legged, who were embroidering leather in gold.

BOILED SHEEP HEADS.

There were many restaurants and coffee houses in these localities. The coffee is always made to order; it costs about 2 cents a cup. The restaurants are usually in or back of the kitchen. The latter faces the street, and the cooking goes on while the customers eat.

One of the oddest of these establishments sold nothing but boiled sheep heads. Right next the sidewalk was an oven, in the brick top of which was set a kettle as big around as a cider barrel. The kettle was filled with boiling water, and in it sheep heads were bobbing up and down, their glazed eyes staring at the passersby. The skin had been taken off of the heads, and as I looked in, the long white teeth of the sheep appeared to grind themselves together in rage. On the

floor were a number of heads still unskinned. They had just come from the butchers, and the blood from them ran into the street. My dragoman told me that the cooked heads were delicious; he begged me to step in and try one, saying that we could get a whole head for 12 cents.

Many of the cooked heads are sold to be carried home, and I find that sheep heads are frequently on the bill of fare at the hotels. After what I saw today I shall eat them no more. This cook shop reminds me of a dog-and-rat restaurant of Canton, in south China, and of a horse-meat restaurant which I visited in Berlin. Both of them were cleanly in comparison with this.

IN THE PALACE OF THE BEY.

I have spent some time this afternoon in the palace of the bey. It is now the headquarters of the French army officers, but for a long time it was the residence of the Turkish rulers of Constantine. From the outside it looks like an ordinary two-story building, but its interior is wonderfully decorated and rich in marbles, mosaics and carvings. The palace consists of an inner or so-called harem, with galleries above and below running around beautiful gardens. The walls of the galleries are of porcelain tiles and their roofs are upheld by marble pillars, beautifully carved.

The old bey who built the palace is said to have gotten much of the material from Carthage. The porcelain came from Lyons, and the carvings from the houses of the wealthy residents of Constantine. If a man was noted as having an especially fine door or window, the bey ordered him to send it to his new palace, and if there was any furniture that he especially desired he got it in the same way.

One of the oddest features of the palace looking out upon the gardens is a series of paintings of Mohammedan cities. These are spread upon the walls without regard to harmony or art. The colors are fairly good at each other, and the drawing is faulty and the perspective everywhere lacking. As it is contrary to the Koran to make pictures of men, there is no sign of human life in the paintings. This work was done by a French shoemaker who was in prison in Constantine when the palace was building. The bey said he wanted some pictures on the walls, and that "the dog of a Christian" might do the work. The shoemaker objected, saying he was not a painter, but the bey's officials replied:

"Every Frenchman is an artist, and you must paint. If you do not, you will be flogged with 25 lashes for every day you are idle."

The result was a series of remarkable representations of Algiers, Cairo, Jerusalem and Constantinople. When the bey saw them he was delighted. He paid the man well and sent him back to Paris loaded with presents.

A MOHAMMEDAN EVE.

It was this same bey, El Hadj Ahmed, who punished one of his wives for plucking the forbidden fruit of the palace garden. It was his custom to sit every afternoon in a little kiosk in the center of a court which was filled with fruit trees and flowers. Here the hands played, and here betimes the women of his harem walked up and down as I looked in, the long white teeth of the sheep appeared to grind themselves together in rage. On the

all were dressed in the finest clothing as they walked along in single file around the court with their arms crossed upon their bosoms, not daring to look at their lord. They were allowed no liberties whatever, and one regulation was that they were not to touch the flowers or the fruit overhead. One day a new houri, a fair, red-headed Georgian girl, just in from the wilds of the Caucasus, who had not yet fully learned the dangers of her situation, reached up and snatched off an orange. She was reported by one of the eunuchs, and about three hours thereafter was brought to the tree she had plucked and fastened there by two nails driven through the backs of her hands.

This old bey and the others who succeeded him had quick methods of discipline. Such of their wives as were faithful and such as they wished to get rid of for other reasons were sewed up in sacks. They were then carried to the edge of the gorge and heaved over into the River of Sands, which rushes far and fast down the foot of the cliffs.

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Music in our Grill Room every evening, from 6 to 8—Royal Cafe.

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Come to the surface in the spring as in no other season. It's a pity they don't run themselves off that way. But in spite of plagues and eruptions, they mostly remain in the system. That's bad.

Hood's Sarsaparilla removes them and cures all the painful and disgusting troubles they cause. Nothing else cleanses the system and clears the complexion like Hood's.

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East May 27th and 30th, and June 3, 7, 12th and 14th, via O. S. L. and U. P. lines. See O. S. L. agents for rates, etc.

EXCURSION TO OGDEN

Canyon and Hermitage Sunday May 26th, via Oregon Short Line. Round trip to Ogden \$1.00. Returns at 7.10, 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. Training, leave Ogden at 8.10, 9.15 and 6.20.

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