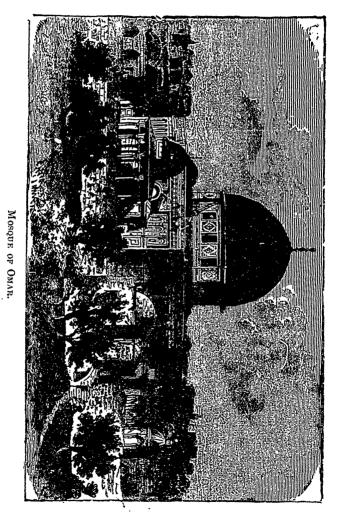
nails and you are sure to get to heaven. "Sure," said I to the big-turbaned fellow that knelt over the stone, as I deposited my coin right upon one of the nails. "Sure to get to heaven?" He looked into my face, and without faltering, answered: "Yes, sure."



Close to the Mediterranean Hotel is the Pool of Hezekiah. This old fountain is two hundred and fifty feet in length by one hundred and fifty broad. It is no doubt the construction of that prudent monarch, who foreseeing that the waters of the fountain

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