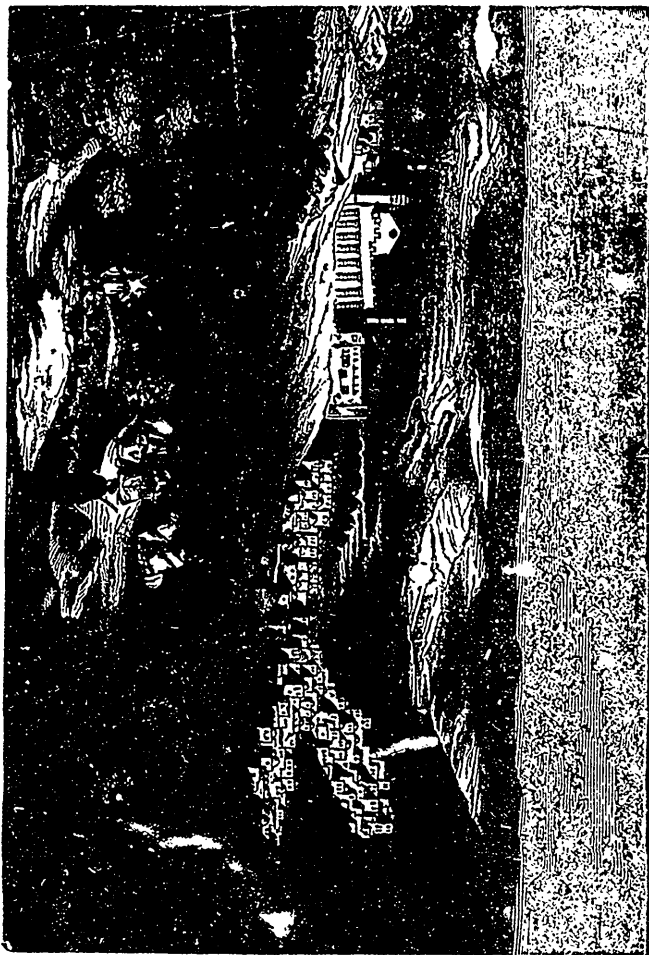


for a few Turkish soldiers, whom we found lazily smoking their "hubble-bubble" pipes and sipping their coffee.

A further ride of four hours over undulating limestone hills, almost treeless and barren, with scarce a house or sign of habitation, brings us to the famous city of Hebron, next to Damascus probably the oldest city in the world. Shortly before reaching

HEBRON.



the city the sterility is relieved by a lovely vale, where figs, olives and pomegranates abound and where vineyards spread on every side. This is the famous Valley of Eschol, of which the spies reported as they brought back its purple clusters, "surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it."

The appearance of Hebron, climbing the slope of the long hill,