

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)
"My daughter," he said, "I bade you leave even your duty to my keeping. Now I summon you to fulfill it. Your duty lies yonder, by your husband's side in his agony of death."
"I will go," I whispered, my lips scarcely opening to pronounce the words, so stiff and cold they felt.
"Good!" he said, "you have chosen the better part. Come! The good God will protect you."
He drew my hand through his arm and led me to the low doorway.
The inner room, as I entered, was very dark, with the overhanging eaves, and my eyes, dazzled by the strong sunlight, could discern but little in the gloom. Tardif was kneeling beside a low bed, bathing his husband's forehead. He made way for me, and I felt him touch my hand with his lips as I took his place. Richard's face, sunken, haggard, dying, with shiny eyes, dawned gradually out of the dim twilight, line after line, until it lay sharp and distinct under my gaze. The poor, miserable face! the restless, dreary, dying eyes!
"Where is Olivia?" he muttered, in a hoarse and labored voice.
"I am here, Richard," I answered, falling on my knees where Tardif had been kneeling, and putting my hand in his; "look at me. I am Olivia."
"You are mine, you know," he said, his fingers closing round my wrist with a grasp as weak as a very young child's; "she is my wife, Monsieur le Cure."
"Yes," I sobbed, "I am your wife, Richard."
"Do they hear it?" he asked, in a whisper.
"We hear it," answered Tardif.

great economy. They entered the house and came directly to the salon. I was making my escape by another door, when Monsieur Lauretie called to me.
"Behold a friend for you, madame," he said, "a friend from England, Monsieur, this is my beloved English child."
"You do not know who I am, my dear?" The English voice and words went straight to my heart.
"No," I answered, "but you are come to me from Dr. Martin Dubree."
"Very true," he said, "I am his friend's father. Dr. John Senior's father, Martin has sent me to you. He wished Miss Johanna Carey to accompany me, but we were afraid of the fever for her. I am an old physician, and feel at home with disease and contagion. But we cannot allow you to remain in this unhealthy village; that is out of the question. I am come to carry you away, in spite of this old cure."
Monsieur Lauretie was listening eagerly, and watching Dr. Senior's lips, as if he could catch the meaning of his words by sight, if not by hearing.
"But where am I to go?" I asked. "I have no money, and cannot get any until I have written to Melbourne, and have an answer. I have no means of proving who I am."
"Leave all that to us, my dear girl," answered Dr. Senior, cordially. "I have already spoken of your affairs to an old friend of mine, who is an excellent lawyer. I am come to offer myself to you in place of your guardians on the other side of the world."
I moved a little nearer to Monsieur Lauretie, and put my hand through his arm. He folded his own thin, brown hand over it caressingly, and looked down

EXTEND THE ROAD

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN WILL BUILD 100 MILES THIS YEAR.

Additional Capital Stock for One Million Dollars for Branches to Ashwood and Prineville Also Extension of Main Line From Shaniko to Bend in Southern Oregon—Engineers Now in the Field.

President E. E. Lytle says the filling of these incorporation articles means the building of the extension at once. Construction will be begun as soon as the weather in that region is suitable, and the line will be put through to completion this year unless some unexpected obstacle shall be found. It is said not to be a difficult country to build in.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The total indebtedness of Albany is \$1,731,177.

A syndicate has commenced boring for oil near Vale.

Interest in Josephine county mines continues unabated.

The Concord mine, one of the richest in Eastern Oregon, has been sold for \$300,000.

The expenses for 1901 of Clackamas county, not including roads, were nearly \$70,000.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the erection and operation of a new sawmill at Astoria.

Baker City chamber of commerce has adopted resolutions favoring the opening of the Upper Columbia.

At the end of the last quarter there were 10 more convicts in the state penitentiary than at the beginning.

Buyers are offering to contract the 1902 hop crop at 11 cents. This is slightly higher than the first offers for the 1901 crop.

The farmers of Eastern Oregon are fearful that the present fair weather will make a wheat shortage next year. Miners also would like to see snow.

The voters of Albany school district have ordered the erection of another school building in that city to accommodate the increased number of children.

Philomath is to have an opera house.

Total tax levy for Josephine county has been fixed at 32 mills.

Hop growers around Salem refuse to sell their crops for less than 12 cents per pound.

A local company has been organized for the purpose of boring for oil near Monmouth.

The 1901 assessment roll of the state shows an increase in property valuations of \$1,000,000.

Pendleton's city council has dismissed the chief of police and city recorder for corruption.

Active operations will be commenced at Baker City in the near future of the beautifying of the city parks.

The new Catholic church at Hillsboro, with a seating capacity of 1,000, has been formally dedicated.

The Uncle Sam Mining and Milling Company, of Blue river, is making extensive repairs to its property.

Calapooia school district is considering means for raising money with which to erect a new school building.

The public schools and churches of Coquille City have been closed on account of the number of cases of small-pox in the city.

The Badger Mining Company, of Susanville, expects to install a reduction plant on its property in the near future. The plant will involve an outlay of \$100,000.

GREAT MINING TUNNEL.

Alaska is to have One of the Longest in the World.

Port Townsend, Jan. 17.—Latest advices from Dawson were received today on the steamer Cottage City by Charles Berryman, who left the Klondike capital in the latter part of December. Berryman says there is a stampede on from Dawson to Henderson creek, near Stewart river, the scene of the latest gold strike. Gold was known to exist on this creek some time ago, and many claims were located, but later abandoned. But recent work has shown that the creek is rich, and it is yielding \$1.80 to the pan and claims cannot be purchased short of fabulous prices. Berryman reports that several thousand men are on the creek. He says the gold belt extends a distance of 10 miles, and owners of claims refuse to consider propositions to purchase even interests in any of their holdings.

Preparatory work has been commenced on one of the largest and longest mining tunnels in the world near Juneau, Alaska. The tunnel will be about 8,000 feet long, and will be started on the beach south of Juneau and run into a mountain to tap a large number of claims in the Silver Bow basin, formerly owned by Charles D. Lane, who sold them to the Alaska Exploration Company. The Treadwell mine claims will be tapped by an upraise of about 800 feet. A large mill will be built on the beach where it can be operated the year round. It is expected that new veins will be tapped in running the tunnel, as the mountain through which it is to be driven is almost solid quartz. The tunnel and mill will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, and active work will be commenced March 1.

Robberies and holdups are said to be numerous in Dawson. The latest robbery was the holding-up of the Dominion saloon by two masked men, who secured \$1,400. Two men were arrested for the crime. One of them confessed, implicating the other.



"I CAME UPON A GRAVE."

A strange, spasmodic smile flitted across his ghastly face, a look of triumph and success. His fingers tightened over my hand, and I left it passively in their clasp.
"Mine!" he murmured.
"Olivia," he said, after a long pause, and in a stronger voice, "you always spoke the truth to me. This priest and his follower have been trying to frighten me into repentance, as if I were an old woman. They say I am near dying. Tell me, is it true?"
"Richard," I said, "it is true."
His lips closed after a cry, and seemed as if they would never open again. He shut his eyes wearily. Feebly and fitfully came his gasps for breath, and he moaned at times. But still his fingers held me fast, though the slightest effort of mine would have set me free. I left my hand in his cold grasp, and spoke to him whenever he moaned.
There was long silence. I could hear the chirping of the sparrows in the thatched roof, Monsieur Lauretie and Tardif stood at the foot of the bed, looking down upon us both, but I only saw their shadows falling across us. My eyes were fastened upon the face I should soon see no more. The little light there was seemed to be fading away from it, leaving it all dark and blank.
"Olivia!" he cried, once again, in a tone of mingled anger and entreaty.
"I am here," I answered, laying my other hand upon his, which was at last relaxing its hold and falling away helplessly. But where was he? Where was the voice which half a minute ago called Olivia? Where was the life gone that had grasped my hand? He had not heard my answer, or felt my touch upon his cold fingers.
Tardif lifted me gently from my place beside him, and carried me away into the open air, under the overshadowing eaves.

at me, with something like tears glistening in his eyes.
"Is it all settled?" he asked, "is Monsieur come to rob me of my English daughter? She will go away now to her own island, and forget Ville-en-bois and her poor old French father?"
"Never!" I answered vehemently, "I shall not forget you as long as I live. Besides, I mean to come back very often; every year if I can. I almost wish I could stay here altogether; but you know that is impossible, Monsieur. Is it not quite impossible?" he repeated, somewhat sadly, "madame is too rich now; she will have many good friends."
"Not one better than you," I said, "not one more dear than you. Yes, I am rich, and I have been planning something to do for Ville-en-bois. Would you like the church enlarged and beautified, Monsieur le Cure?"
"It is large enough and fine enough already," he answered.
"Shall I put some painted windows and marble images into it?" I asked.
"No, no, madame," he replied, "let it remain as it is during my short lifetime."
"I thought so," I said, "but I believe I have discovered what Monsieur le Cure would approve. It is truly English. There is no sentiment, no romance about it. Cannot you guess what it is, my wise and learned Monsieur?"
"No, no, madame," he answered, smiling in spite of his sadness.
"Listen, dear Monsieur," I continued, "if this village is unhealthy for me, it is unhealthy for you and your people. Dr. Martin told Tardif there would always be fever here, as long as there are no drains and no pure water. Very well; now I am rich I shall have it drained, precisely like the best English towns; and there shall be a fountain in the middle of the village, where all the people can go to draw good water. I shall come back next year to see how it has been done. There is my secret plan for Ville-en-bois."
The next morning I took a last solitary walk till I came upon a grave. It was my farewell to the wrecked romance of my married life. Monsieur Lauretie accompanied us on our journey, as far as the carriage at the entrance to the valley. He parted with us there; and when I stood up in the carriage to look back once more at him, I saw his black-robed figure kneeling on the white steps of the Calvary, and the sun shining upon his silvery head.

CHAPTER XXIX.
The unbroken monotony of Ville-en-bois closed over me again. A week has elapsed by a full week. I am seated at the window of the salon, gazing in a breath of fresh air—such a cool, balmy breeze as blows over the summer sea to the cliffs of Sark. Monsieur Lauretie, under the shelter of a huge red umbrella, is choosing the ripest cluster of grapes for our supper this evening. All the street is as still as at midnight. Suddenly there breaks upon us the harsh, metallic clang of well-shod horse hoofs upon the stony roadway—the cracking of a postillion's whip—the clatter of an approaching carriage.
Pierre, who has been basking idly under the window, jumps to his feet, shouting, "It is Monsieur le Bishop!" Minima claps her hands and cries, "The Prince, Aunt Nelly, the Prince!"
Monsieur Lauretie walks slowly down to the gate, his cotton umbrella spread over him like a giant fungus. It is certainly not the Prince; for an elderly, white-haired man, older than Monsieur Lauretie, but with a more imposing and stately presence, steps out of the carriage, and they salute one another with

into my new sphere. It would have been difficult to resist the cordiality with which I was adopted into the household. Dr. Senior treated me as his daughter; Dr. John was as much at home with me as if I had been his sister. Minima, too, became perfectly reconciled to her new position.
I saw little of Martin. He had been afraid I should feel myself bound to him; and the very fact that he had once told me he loved me had made it more difficult to him to say so a second time. He would not have any love from me as a duty. If I did not love him, fully, with my whole heart, choosing him after knowing others with whom I could compare him, he would not receive any lesser gift from me.
"What will you do, Olivia?" asked Dr. John one day.
"What can I do?" I said.
"Go to him," he urged; "he is alone. I saw him a moment ago, looking out at us from the drawing room window. God bless him! Olivia, my dear girl, go to him."
"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "I cannot."
"I don't see why you cannot," he answered gaily. "You are trembling, and your face goes from white to red, and then white again; but you have not lost the use of your limbs, or your tongue. If you take my arm, it will not be very difficult to cross the lawn. Come; he is the best fellow living, and worth walking a dozen yards for."
I believe I should have run away, but I heard Minima's voice behind me, calling shrilly to Dr. John, and I could not bear to face him again. Taking my courage in both hands, I stepped quickly across the floor, for if I had hesitated long my heart would have failed me. Scarcely a moment had passed since Jack left me, and Martin had not turned his head, yet it seemed an age.
"Martin," I whispered, as I stood close behind him, "how could you be so foolish as to send Dr. John to me?"

We were married as soon as the season was over, when Martin's fashionable patients were all going away from town. Ours was a very quiet wedding, for I had no friends on my side, and Martin's cousin Julia could not come, for she had a baby very young, and Captain Carey could not leave them. Johanna Carey and Minima were my bridesmaids, and Jack was Martin's groomsmen.
On our way home from Switzerland, in the early autumn, we went down from Paris to Falmes, and through Normandy to Ville-en-bois. The next stage of our homeward journey was Guernsey. Martin was welcomed with almost as much enthusiasm in St. Peter port as I had been in little Ville-en-bois.
My eyes were dazzled with the sunshine, and dim with tears, when I first caught sight of the little cottage of Tardif, who was stretching out his nets on the stone causeway under the windows. Martin called to him, and he flung down his nets and ran to meet us.
"We are come to spend the day with you, Tardif," I cried, when he was within hearing of my voice.
"It will be a day from heaven," he said, taking off his fisherman's cap, and looking round at the blue sky with its sun-flecked clouds, and the sea with its scattered islets.
It was like a day from heaven. We wandered about the cliffs, visiting every spot which was most memorable to either of us, and Tardif rowed us in his boat past the entrance of the Goulier Caves. He was very quiet, but he listened to our free talk together, for I could not think of good old Tardif as any stranger; and he seemed to watch us both, with a far-off, faithful, quiet look upon his face. Sometimes I fancied he did not hear what we were saying, and again his eyes would brighten with a sudden gleam, as if his whole soul and heart shone through them upon us. It was the last day of our holiday, for in the morning we should return to London and to work; but it was such a perfect day as I had never known before.
"You are quite happy, Mrs. Martin Dubree?" said Tardif to me, when we were parting from him.
"I did not know I could ever be so happy," I answered.
We gave him to the last moment standing on the cliff, and waving his hat to us high above his head. Now and then there came a shout across the water. Before we were quite beyond earshot, we heard Tardif's voice calling amid the splashing of the waves:
"God be with you, my friends. Adieu, madame!"
(The end.)



E. E. LYTLE.

President Lytle, of the Columbia Southern railroad, which is about to extend its line 100 miles further south into central Oregon, was born in Pennsylvania in 1861. He learned the railroad business with the Pennsylvania railroad, and came to Oregon in 1889. He was agent for the O. R. & N. Co. at Touchet, Hood River and The Dalles until 1897, when he took a leading part in organization of the Columbia Southern railroad company, and he has been at the head of that corporation ever since. Seventy miles of road are now under operation, and it is the most profitable line in Oregon, considering the mileage.

POPULATION OF CANADA.

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 17.—The population of Canada was officially announced by the census department today. It is shown by the census of 1901 to be 5,360,666, an increase of 536,425 for the decade. The representation in the house of commons will be reduced from 213 to 210 members. The Yukon will be granted one member, British Columbia one additional member, the Northwest Territory two, and Manitoba three, making an increase of seven. Ontario will lose six members, and the maritime provinces four, making a total loss of 10 members, which, with a gain of seven in the Dominion, will make a net loss of three.

Bad Fire in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 17.—The Rees & Wirsching block was almost totally destroyed by fire today, together with the saddlery establishment of Hayden & Lewis and a coffee and spice house. The loss is estimated at \$150,000; well insured.

A Legislative Indorsement.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 17.—Both houses of the legislature today unanimously adopted a resolution declaring Rear Admiral Schley to be the rightful hero of the battle of Santiago, and "entitled to the unflinching gratitude of his country." The resolution indorses the report of Admiral Dewey in the Schley court of inquiry and condemns the majority report of the members constituting the court. Schley is also cordially invited to visit Jackson.

More Men Needed in the Navy.

St. Louis, Jan. 16.—Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who was before the House naval committee today, pointed out the urgent necessity for an increase of men and officers in order properly to man the new ships. He advocated an increase of the enlisted force of at least 3000, and discussed with the committee plans to increase the number of cadets at the academy.

TEN WERE KILLED.

Explosion in a Coal Mine Leaves None to Tell the Tale.

South McAllister, I. T., Jan. 16.—Ten miners lost their lives in the explosion yesterday evening in mine No. 9 of the Milby & Dow Mining Company at Dow, I. T.

The ten men who lost their lives were the only persons in the pit, and none were left to tell the story. All the bodies were recovered, and as none was burned, the conclusion is that death was due to afterdamp. The explosion did not injure the shaft, which is a new one, and the fire that followed was put out before it did much damage. The sound of the explosion was heard plainly above ground, and rescuers were at work promptly. The explosion occurred at a depth of 240 feet. The condition of the mine indicated that the men might have made their escape. The bodies were found within a comparatively small radius. Most of the victims were men of families.

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PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 59¢@60¢; blue stem, 61¢; valley, 59½¢@60¢.
Barley—Feed, \$17@17.50; brewing, \$17.50@18 per ton.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1@1.10; gray, 95¢@1.
Flour—Best grades, \$2.70@3.30 per barrel; graham, \$2.50.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$20; shorts, \$18; chops, \$17.
Hay—Timothy, \$11@12; clover, \$7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$5@6 per ton.
Mutton—Lams, 3¼@3½¢ gross; dressed, 6¼¢ per pound; sheep, with ers, 3¼@3½¢ gross; dressed, 6@6½¢ per pound; ewes, 3¼@3½¢ gross; dressed, 6@6½¢ per pound.
Hogs—Gross, 5½¢; dressed, 6@6½¢ per pound.
Veal—8@9¢ per pound.
Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼¢; steers, 3½¢@4¢; dressed, 4@7¢ per pound.
Butter—Creamery, 25¢@27¢ per pound; dairy, 18¢@20¢; store, 12½¢@15¢.
Eggs—20@22½¢ for cold storage; 22¢@25¢ for Eastern; 28¢@30¢ for fresh Oregon.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50@3; hens, \$2.50@4; 8¼¢@9¢ per pound; springs, 9@10¢ per pound. \$2.50@3 per dozen; ducks, \$5@6 for young; geese, \$6.50@7.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11@12½¢; dressed, 13@14¢ per pound.
Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½¢; Young America, 14@15¢.
Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 85¢@1.10 per cental; ordinary, 70¢@80¢.
Hops—8@10¢ per pound.
Wool—Valley, 11@14¢; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½¢; mohair, 21@21½¢ per pound.

HAS MADE A RECORD.

Thomas E. Parker, of Astoria, Oregon, has Saved 16 People in Last Three Years.

Astoria, Jan. 13.—Thomas E. Parker, night clerk at the Parker House, in this city, is gaining quite a reputation as a life-saver. During the past three years he has been successful in rescuing sixteen people who had fallen into the river. The hotel is located directly on the water front, and many times during the dark nights of winter, persons have fallen overboard, either from the wharf or the railroad trestle. Mr. Parker has had several narrow escapes from drowning while rescuing others, and has never received any reward for his work. In the majority of cases the ones rescued even neglected to tell him their names or thank him.

DANISH ISLAND PLANTERS.

Say Sugar Trade Will Be Ruined if the Sale Is Not Consummated.

St. Thomas, D. W. I., Jan. 11.—The following cablegram signed by a large number of the residents of the Danish West Indies, was sent from the Danish Island of St. Croix to the Minister of Finance and the Rigsdag at Copenhagen January 3:
"Confirming the memorial to his majesty, King Christian, June, 1900, the undersigned planters, representing 38,000 acres out of a total of 50,000 acres, and merchants and other representatives of the Danish West Indies assert that if the American market is not secured by the sale of the islands, the sugar industry here will suffer severely and will have to cease in the near future, the prices for sugar now falling being below the cost of producing that article."
Subsequent signatures secured to this message raised the ratio of representation to nine-tenths of the total acreage under cultivation.

PHILADELPHIA RETURNS TO PANAMA.

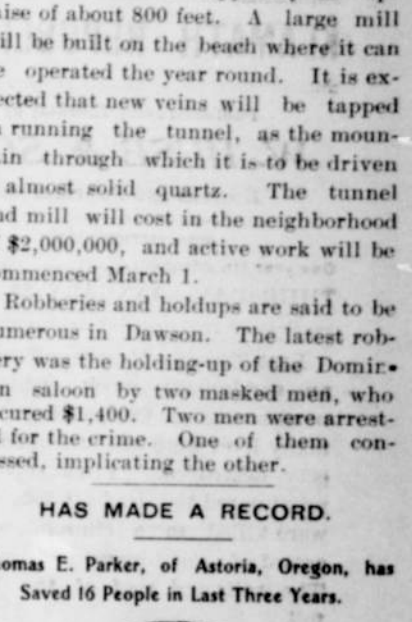
Colon, Colombia, Jan. 15.—The United States cruiser Philadelphia returned to Panama yesterday from La Tablas, whither she conveyed the commissioners who purposed to arrange an exchange of prisoners between the Colombian government and the Liberals. An exchange of fifty-eight prisoners was finally agreed upon, to take place on the island of Taboga, in the gulf of Panama, ten miles south of Panama.

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