

pointing to the section of the kingly harem squatted on the cabin deck—

“Where is that young wife of yours, King Apinoka; that girl that I saw last time? She was a Tarawa girl, you said, and her name was Ne Tiratiko.”

The moment the name left the captain's lips the women bent their eyes to the deck in a timid, frightened manner, and the King, with a scowling glance at the captain, rose and snorted and puffed up the companion-way, without even saying farewell.

“You've hurt his feelin's,” said a white trader, who was a passenger with us. “Ne Tiratiko was one of his favourite wives; but a yarn came along one day that she was seen speaking to a young fellow who was one of the King's fishermen. The next day they were both dead.”

“Killed them?” queried the captain.

“You bet! The man was brought before the King early in the morning, and Apinoka emptied a six-chambered revolver into him at a distance of ten feet. The girl was taken away over to the little island near the passage into the lagoon, and strangled by some of the King's bodyguard. He's a holy terror is Apinoka. I would like to put a bullet into him.”