

lined with cotton-wool; and then he gave a snorting, grunting sound intended for a laugh.

"Come below, King," said the captain affably.

With some difficulty Apinoka Rex squeezed himself down through the companion, and, no chair being large enough to accommodate his elephantine carcase, he sat on the transom lockers.

"What'll you have to drink, King?" queried the captain, with a glance at the steward, who stood by ready.

"Me? Oh, I like some champagne—I like big bottle with dash brandy."

The skipper nodded pleasantly. (Apinoka always asked for champagne, not because he liked it, but because he thought it was the correct thing to do, and was, besides, a good method of testing any trading captain's liberality by asking for it. If he was told there was none on board he would not hesitate to express his opinion of the ship's meanness in the matter of drink, and perhaps get up and go ashore immediately.)

However, Captain Evers knew his man. A bottle of fizz was brought up, with half a tumblerful of brandy.

"What will the ladies take, King?" said the captain, as some half a dozen of the monarch's boat's crew filed into the cabin and sat down on the cabin deck.

"Oh, him" (meaning they) "be d——d; give them some gin and some cakes."

The fizz was opened and poured out into a big tumbler. Apinoka, holding it in his right hand, looked at the captain, and then said, with a wheezy laugh—

"Here luck, Captain. I say, Captain, I bin wait