

mouth, was the King's major-domo, and told the captain that his master had been expecting the ship for a long time, and was coming aboard at four o'clock.

And at four o'clock his Majesty came alongside in a slashing whaleboat. The coxswain was the scoundrelly looking major-domo before mentioned; the crew consisted of handsome young women—ten in number—who were members of Apinoka's numerous harem.

Now, although I had visited Apamama ten years before, I had not seen Apinoka, who was on that occasion away at one of his dependencies, a small island named Kuria, situated to the leeward of Apamama. Naturally enough, I was anxious to see the man who in his own little way was the Napoleon of the Equatorial Pacific.

Our mate went and looked at the gangway ladder to see that everything was all safe for the royal ascent, and, the boat having ranged alongside, King Apinoka ascended the latter, and was met at the gangway by the skipper.

He was about the biggest Polynesian I had ever seen, and although not very tall, was of immense girth. He was dressed in a suit of black cloth, and wore a white helmet-hat, white canvas shoes, and had a network of heavy gold watchchains across his huge paunch. In complexion he was a dark-reddish bronze, and his aquiline features, personal resemblance to and manner of speech, irresistibly recalled to mind a description I had read of his Majesty George IV.

"How are you, King?" said our captain, shaking hands with our visitor.

"Me? Oh, me all right," was the answer, in fat, wheezy tones, as if the monarch's internal anatomy was