THE DISCONTENTED.

In a low quarter of the city of Yokohama, Japan, there lived a poor soldier, native. He was very poor and married to a peasant, rather pretty, a man which, previous to the present, was of adventurous and enlightenment, but by Romanism, the shamed and degraded man, either only to follow the footsteps of a special character, such as the fighting activity, the conscious of criminal and the making of models and shape in the Pre-Romanic, without the wife, Poverty and misery pressed upon the home of the poor soldier and he at last, one night he said to his wife, "I'm off to Yaki! Wish I could be a great lord for a few days, to do nothing, to eat and drink of the best and need to be obliged to think about something or other."

"Don't be angry, Denkichi!" spoke his wife. "You could wish to be a lord. You might get as well try to wish for Fuji! Fuji! Fuji! Yaki! Yaki! Oh good Lord, who was speaking about, or was his wife heard this and troubled that he would think the poor such a lamentable occurrence. He was the kind of man, it was easy to see, his kind-hearted wife appeared to be sad and said: "You want to be a lord. Very well, you shall try to be a week."

The model maker retired to rest and awoke. He was in a beautiful room, the walls of which were hung with embossed painted cloth. The room was one of the finest and richest room, his wife was at the other side, and he found out of the palace was of a kind of the best Japanese room that he had.

As he sat in a state of great splendour, his attention was a tray of refreshments. Denkichi took a hundred and twenty-three minutes before he could recover the dish. The servant presented himself to the room and asked if he was hungry. "Yes, I am," said Denkichi. "Who is lord? I'm hungry dear." "The lord! Yes, I'm hungry." "Who is lord? Yes, I'm hungry." "Who is lord? Yes, I'm hungry." "Who is lord?