

"NEL,"

The FARMER BOY

A Possible Result of a Lad's Industry and Foresight.

By GEO. E. FOSTER.

CHAPTER I.
Land As Capital.

"Ned, there is a plot of ground all ploughed up, which you can plant with potatoes this season, provided you will take care of it, and whatever you make from it will be your own property."

The speaker was a Maine farmer, and his remark was addressed to his son, a rosy cheeked lad of fifteen summers.

The proposition struck Ned favorably, for he was an industrious little fellow, and was anxious to swell his account, which was accumulating slowly at the village savings bank.

After reflecting a few moments to be sure that he fully understood his father's remarks, Ned expressed his satisfaction by turning a summersault, and then giving a loud hurrah he started to tell his mother.

"Hold on, Ned," called his father, as he saw him about to disappear around the corner, and Ned came reluctantly back to see what his father wanted.

"I wanted to tell you, Ned," said his father, when the lad stood again before him, "that I am doing this that you may learn strict business habits. The earlier you begin to be industrious, and to understand how to make and save money the easier it will be for you."

Now this plot of ground I have ploughed up, I have seen that it is properly fertilized for this year. There is a quarter of an acre of it. All you have to do now is to put in the seed and keep it properly hoed until harvest time. I know it is quite a piece for a boy of your age to take care of, but you can do it. You are large of your age and quite plucky, and if you are industrious, you will have no trouble. This piece of land I am going to let you have as so much capital. Do what you please with it and with the money you make from it. If you take care of it, and plan right, you can make quite a sum before you are a year old, which will give you a good start in life. But if you are not industrious, spend your money foolishly and make bad speculations, you will be so much out. Now, Ned, let me see what kind of metal you are made of. Here is a blank book. So far as this piece of land is concerned, place all your expenditures on this side and your receipts on that, and at the end of the year let me see the result. Of course I shall be willing to advise you, and you need never be afraid to ask, but I wish you to read all you can in relation to your work, and as much as possible work out your own problems. You can make this plot of ground a most important school for you."

"All right, father, I'll do my best and don't you forget it," replied Ned, in the somewhat slangy idiom of boys in general, "and so here goes to tell mother, and away he went as happy as a boy could be."

Mr. Jackson, for that was the name of Ned's father, had his own idea of training children. He believed in order to make them strong men, that they should have reliance on their own resources as much as possible. Consequently, he decided that unless Ned asked him, he would make no direct suggestion concerning the potato planting. He noticed, however, that Ned was now studying the agricultural works in his library with considerable diligence, but he said nothing to him.

Not long after this, he noticed Ned sitting on the stone wall overlooking his field, with paper and pencil in hand, and a rod-pole beside him. He was evidently making some profound calculations.

"Well, Ned," said his father, "what are you doing now? A measure here too? Was you afraid that I had not given you a full quarter acre?"

"No, father," replied Ned, "but I wanted to be sure about it. It will be a safe plan to go on to prove all things. My teacher says, it all depends on starting right. If we do not begin right there is no knowing what the end will be. I have measured this land, and I find it is five rods wide and eight long, and it consequently contains forty square rods, which is a rod or one-fourth of an acre, just as you said, and I have a safe basis for my calculations."

"But in this speculation of yours, business is business. If I furnish myself, horse and tools to help plow out the crop, my bill will be three hours work for one. In this case man, horse and tools count time, therefore for every hour of our work, you must give me three hours of your labor."

"That is all right, father, and I shall save time at that, so you can consider yourself engaged, and to-morrow I shall want the furrows made."

A few days after this, Mr. Jackson saw Ned pouring out something from a bag which had been left in the field. "What have you there, Ned," he queried.

"Seed potatoes," was the reply. "Buy them?"

"Well, I have been speculating a little," said Ned. "I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, this time actually surprised.

"Yes, for nothing," said Ned triumphantly. "You did not beg them, I hope."

"By no means, father; but I will tell you all about it. Two or three days ago I overheard Mr. Jones of the hotel say that he would be willing to give an extra price for ten bushels of 'Carter' potatoes, as he was going to have a house full of people during convention week, and he did not know hardly where to get them, and he was in a hurry too. While he was speaking I remembered that when I was up to Dick Black's house the day before I had his father say that he had a few bushels of fine 'Carter' potatoes which he would sell if he knew of any one who wanted them. I had been thinking of planting 'Carter's' myself, and I had wondered how I was to get my seed. You see, I have no ready cash for my farming business yet, and I did not wish to borrow. When I heard the landlord say that he was willing to pay a larger price than usual for Carter potatoes, I began to think hard about those that Dick's father had for sale, and finally I touched my hat and said:

"I know where there are ten bushels of that kind for sale."

"Where?" said the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I think I can furnish them," said I. "You exclaimed the landlord, looking quite surprised."

"At what price?" asked the landlord. "That depends," I replied. "Carter's are very scarce just now, and are worth more than the regular price. I have been thinking of buying from the lot I speak of to plant on my field."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, this time actually surprised.

"Yes, for nothing," said Ned triumphantly. "You did not beg them, I hope."

"By no means, father; but I will tell you all about it. Two or three days ago I overheard Mr. Jones of the hotel say that he would be willing to give an extra price for ten bushels of 'Carter' potatoes, as he was going to have a house full of people during convention week, and he did not know hardly where to get them, and he was in a hurry too. While he was speaking I remembered that when I was up to Dick Black's house the day before I had his father say that he had a few bushels of fine 'Carter' potatoes which he would sell if he knew of any one who wanted them. I had been thinking of planting 'Carter's' myself, and I had wondered how I was to get my seed. You see, I have no ready cash for my farming business yet, and I did not wish to borrow. When I heard the landlord say that he was willing to pay a larger price than usual for Carter potatoes, I began to think hard about those that Dick's father had for sale, and finally I touched my hat and said:

"I know where there are ten bushels of that kind for sale."

"Where?" said the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I think I can furnish them," said I. "You exclaimed the landlord, looking quite surprised."

"At what price?" asked the landlord. "That depends," I replied. "Carter's are very scarce just now, and are worth more than the regular price. I have been thinking of buying from the lot I speak of to plant on my field."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"But in this speculation of yours, business is business. If I furnish myself, horse and tools to help plow out the crop, my bill will be three hours work for one. In this case man, horse and tools count time, therefore for every hour of our work, you must give me three hours of your labor."

"That is all right, father, and I shall save time at that, so you can consider yourself engaged, and to-morrow I shall want the furrows made."

A few days after this, Mr. Jackson saw Ned pouring out something from a bag which had been left in the field. "What have you there, Ned," he queried.

"Seed potatoes," was the reply. "Buy them?"

"Well, I have been speculating a little," said Ned. "I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, this time actually surprised.

"Yes, for nothing," said Ned triumphantly. "You did not beg them, I hope."

"By no means, father; but I will tell you all about it. Two or three days ago I overheard Mr. Jones of the hotel say that he would be willing to give an extra price for ten bushels of 'Carter' potatoes, as he was going to have a house full of people during convention week, and he did not know hardly where to get them, and he was in a hurry too. While he was speaking I remembered that when I was up to Dick Black's house the day before I had his father say that he had a few bushels of fine 'Carter' potatoes which he would sell if he knew of any one who wanted them. I had been thinking of planting 'Carter's' myself, and I had wondered how I was to get my seed. You see, I have no ready cash for my farming business yet, and I did not wish to borrow. When I heard the landlord say that he was willing to pay a larger price than usual for Carter potatoes, I began to think hard about those that Dick's father had for sale, and finally I touched my hat and said:

"I know where there are ten bushels of that kind for sale."

"Where?" said the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I think I can furnish them," said I. "You exclaimed the landlord, looking quite surprised."

"At what price?" asked the landlord. "That depends," I replied. "Carter's are very scarce just now, and are worth more than the regular price. I have been thinking of buying from the lot I speak of to plant on my field."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, this time actually surprised.

"Yes, for nothing," said Ned triumphantly. "You did not beg them, I hope."

"By no means, father; but I will tell you all about it. Two or three days ago I overheard Mr. Jones of the hotel say that he would be willing to give an extra price for ten bushels of 'Carter' potatoes, as he was going to have a house full of people during convention week, and he did not know hardly where to get them, and he was in a hurry too. While he was speaking I remembered that when I was up to Dick Black's house the day before I had his father say that he had a few bushels of fine 'Carter' potatoes which he would sell if he knew of any one who wanted them. I had been thinking of planting 'Carter's' myself, and I had wondered how I was to get my seed. You see, I have no ready cash for my farming business yet, and I did not wish to borrow. When I heard the landlord say that he was willing to pay a larger price than usual for Carter potatoes, I began to think hard about those that Dick's father had for sale, and finally I touched my hat and said:

"I know where there are ten bushels of that kind for sale."

"Where?" said the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I think I can furnish them," said I. "You exclaimed the landlord, looking quite surprised."

"At what price?" asked the landlord. "That depends," I replied. "Carter's are very scarce just now, and are worth more than the regular price. I have been thinking of buying from the lot I speak of to plant on my field."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"But in this speculation of yours, business is business. If I furnish myself, horse and tools to help plow out the crop, my bill will be three hours work for one. In this case man, horse and tools count time, therefore for every hour of our work, you must give me three hours of your labor."

"That is all right, father, and I shall save time at that, so you can consider yourself engaged, and to-morrow I shall want the furrows made."

A few days after this, Mr. Jackson saw Ned pouring out something from a bag which had been left in the field. "What have you there, Ned," he queried.

"Seed potatoes," was the reply. "Buy them?"

"Well, I have been speculating a little," said Ned. "I mean that you have been purchasing, not speculating," said Mr. Jackson, suggestively.

"Well, I look on it as a pretty good speculation," replied Ned, "for by it I get my seed for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, this time actually surprised.

"Yes, for nothing," said Ned triumphantly. "You did not beg them, I hope."

"By no means, father; but I will tell you all about it. Two or three days ago I overheard Mr. Jones of the hotel say that he would be willing to give an extra price for ten bushels of 'Carter' potatoes, as he was going to have a house full of people during convention week, and he did not know hardly where to get them, and he was in a hurry too. While he was speaking I remembered that when I was up to Dick Black's house the day before I had his father say that he had a few bushels of fine 'Carter' potatoes which he would sell if he knew of any one who wanted them. I had been thinking of planting 'Carter's' myself, and I had wondered how I was to get my seed. You see, I have no ready cash for my farming business yet, and I did not wish to borrow. When I heard the landlord say that he was willing to pay a larger price than usual for Carter potatoes, I began to think hard about those that Dick's father had for sale, and finally I touched my hat and said:

"I know where there are ten bushels of that kind for sale."

"Where?" said the landlord, looking much pleased.

"I think I can furnish them," said I. "You exclaimed the landlord, looking quite surprised."

"At what price?" asked the landlord. "That depends," I replied. "Carter's are very scarce just now, and are worth more than the regular price. I have been thinking of buying from the lot I speak of to plant on my field."

Advertisement for Sears, Roebuck & Co. featuring various goods like trusses, watches, and other items. Includes text: "SEND ONE DOLLAR", "TRUSSES, 65c. \$1.25 AND UP", "WATCHES, 65c. \$1.25 AND UP".