

## The Power 44

### Chapter 44 Leaving the city

Xie Zhiwei pursed her lips, and Qiu Nanny understood, she pulled Jin Nanny up from the ground, and personally sent Jin Nanny out, before going, stuffed a purse, and collected twenty taels of silver.

Nurse Jin dared not refuse.

Early the next morning, the old lady sent Jinmao again, and gave a ten thousand tael bank note, but the old lady was ill, and even the second wife said that she was not well. All of a sudden, Yuan's family's support fell on Yuan Shi alone. She was so busy that she only sent someone to send over the deed paper and account books of the tea house, together with two thousand taels of silver, saying that it was for the eldest girl. For pocket money.

Xie Zhiwei spent two days in a row, apart from going to boudoir school to enlighten Brother Xi, he settled accounts in the house.

Cui's Zhuangzi in the outskirts of the city was originally a hot spring village. Xie Zhiwei reckoned that this Zhuangzi was too conspicuous, and everyone knew it was Cui's dowry.

Zhuangzi has a total of 500 mu of good paddy fields and more than 40 households. The surname of Zhuangzi is Zhao.

This Zhuangzi produces about two to three thousand taels a year, neither too much nor too little.

There are two shops in the capital, one is a tofu shop and the other is a silk and satin shop. The income of the tofu shop is slightly less, less than 50 taels a month, while the profit of the silk and satin shop is high, with a monthly income of nearly 200 taels.

In this way, Xie Zhiwei's monthly income is nearly 500 taels.

This is not counting the more than 60,000 taels of silver bills in her hand.

Zhuangzi, three shops, ten books thick, Xie Zhiwei's math is good, and the accounts are almost done in two days.

The old lady is considered thorough in her work, and there are not many mistakes or omissions. Although there is a slight discrepancy in money, Xie Zhiwei does not intend to care about such small money.

Zi Mo watched from the side, and asked, "Girl, this tofu shop is still on Ma Xing Street. It's a good place. The storefronts of the two rooms are not too small. They only earn fifty taels a month, isn't it a little less?"

Xie Zhiwei's slender fingers moved the abacus, and under the light of the candlelight, it was translucent and slender, like fine suet white jade.

Girl, everything is fine and perfect.

"The predecessor of these two tofu shops was originally a \*\*\*\* shop. The reason why my grandmother replaced it with a tofu shop was because the ancestors of Cui's family did not allow future generations

to open \*\*\*\* shops, and secondly, my mother liked to eat tofu." Xie Zhiwei said here, I don't know what I thought of, my eyes became a little dark, "It doesn't matter if you make money or not, as long as you don't lose money."

Zi Mo was a little curious, how did her daughter know about these past events?

"Tomorrow, you take two hundred taels of silver, and everyone in my yard will give you a reward. The few of you personal servants will pay one hundred taels, and the rest will be rewarded!"

Zi Mo was happy when she heard that, and quickly thanked her, "I will thank the girl for the reward on behalf of Qizhaoyuan!"

"Let someone prepare the car. I'm going to visit Zhuangzi tomorrow morning." Xie Zhiwei said, the five hundred acres of paddy fields will be plowed in spring after the new year, so she has to go and have a look.

On the third day, Xue Shipeng set off at Ningyuanbo Mansion before dawn.

Xie Mingxi heard that his sister was going to Zhuangzi, so he almost rolled on the spot and was going to follow.

Ms. Yuan has been so busy recently that she doesn't even have time to eat, and she doesn't have time to take care of this brat. Xie Mingxi has been ill for almost a month, and she is about to go crazy. Seeing him pitiful, Xie Zhiwei took him with him.

Zhuangzi is located ten miles west of the city, on the upper reaches of the Cai River. When it is flooded, it cannot be flooded. When it is dry, it can be irrigated with water from the Cai River. It is a real fertile land.

If it weren't for Zhuangzi being in the suburbs of Beijing, it was too eye-catching, Feng would not be willing to show it anyway.

Old Zhao was the dowry from the Cui family, and he was the son of the Cui family. For more than ten years, the old Zhao has been managing the village. He is already old, but fortunately, his two sons Very effective, help a lot on weekdays.

Zhuangzi was managed in an orderly manner, and there was no such thing as squeezing the farmers or deceiving the master.

Xie Zhiwei decided to go to Zhuangzi on the spur of the moment, and Mother Qiu only sent someone to report it one hour in advance. When Xie Zhiwei's carriage left the city gate, he met the person sent by Old Zhao to pick him up on the way. It was his eldest son Zhao Quan. .

When the carriage arrived at Zhuangzi, the old Zhaotou had already led the people in Zhuangzi into two lines, waiting at the door. Before Xie Zhiwei got off the carriage, the old Zhaotou led the people to kneel down and said in unison, "Give it to the eldest girl." Please!"

Xie Zhiwei got out of the carriage with the help of Zi Mo, she looked at the old Zhao's head calmly, her square face was tanned purple, she was wearing a worn lotus blue robe, she was bowed, her expression was very respectful.

Xie Zhiwei nodded, "Guan Zhao is an old man who has been with his grandfather and mother, so don't be too polite!"

"The eldest girl is finally here. All these years, the younger ones have been looking forward to the arrival of the eldest girl." Zhao Guanshi bowed his body and led the way, "Eldest girl, the courtyard is ahead, and the eldest girl and the fifth young master are going to rest first. Let's go, or go to the fields to see?"

Xie Mingxi followed Xie Zhiwei obediently. The siblings held hands. Xie Mingxi looked around. It was his first time out of the city, his first time in the field, and he was very curious about everything.

The courtyard is backed by Fragrant Hills and facing Caihe River. From the perspective of Fengshui, the front has hope and the back has hope, occupying the best position.

This is a great family that has been passed down for more than a hundred years. Compared with the dignitaries in the court, the background is even worse.

Xie Zhiwei asked all the tenants who came to greet her to go back, and asked Old Zhao to lead her around the house. There are five yards in total, and the main house is five rooms wide. The large yard at the back is full of fruits and vegetables. It is said that hunting is still possible on the back mountain.

As soon as I heard that Houshan can hunt, Xie Mingxi was delighted, "Sister, when will you teach me how to ride and shoot? When I learn it, I will help you hunt little rabbits."

"Guan Zhao, take us around the back mountain!"

Although I didn't bring bows and arrows and horses, but first go to familiarize yourself with the environment. Next time you come, be prepared and you can also enter the mountain.

At this time of year, the mountain doesn't necessarily only have prey, and it's not in vain for the little guy to pick some wild fruits.

Hearing this, Xie Mingxi was satisfied. He held his sister's hand and walked imposingly, arrogantly, as if he could fight dragons and tigers.

On the way, Xie Zhiwei asked about some Zhuangzi matters.

"Every year, farmers pay 30% of their income as the rent for the land. This is a rule set by the old man and cannot be changed." Old Zhao said while carefully watching Xie Zhiwei's expression, seeing that she was in no danger, he continued, "In the fields, rice is planted in spring and summer, and wheat and beans are planted in autumn and winter. Although the harvest is not high, it is considered very good in the nearby Zhuangzi."

Xie Zhiwei was walking among the fields. Just as the old head Zhao said, most of the fields were planted with wheat, which was less than one finger high, but it was green and growing very well.

Winter wheat is hardy to the cold, and with a few snowfalls, it will be a good harvest in the coming year.

"I heard that there are people in the south who grow Champa rice, which is drought-resistant and has a higher yield than rice like ours." Xie Zhiwei said, "There is only so much soil in the field. If we can change the rice species and increase the yield, will the harvest be good? Higher?"

