

When he was talking to the young man, he said to the young man, joking of course. "You see you've got a good start with blackberries, already. I've heard that cultivated berries pay big money, sometimes."

"Not blackberries," said Ogden. "At least not big enough for me. Strawberries do with hill culture, but as for me, I like string beans. The land lies right and looks right for beans, too."

"Um, I'm afraid the quack'll give you a lot of trouble if you try beans," said Mr. Burwell.

"Oh, I don't mind quack," said he, as cheerfully as if quack were as easy to get rid of as dandelions. "The heavier the quack, the better the soil."

He was talking as if he was really determined to try his luck; and so he was. Mr. Burwell set him down as about as much of a crank as old Ogden had been. But this is not to say the young fellow did not examine the land. He looked at every rod of it, and he

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the surface. Then above these openings he fitted iron pipes painted black. I had to ask what they were for.

"You know a chimney makes a draft, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," said I.

"Of course you do," said he. "Well, these iron chimneys will heat up in the sun and make a draft that will draw the cold air out of the drains, and they will then draw the warm air into the drains from the lower ends. So, when spring comes I'll put them at work, and the warm air will warm up the soil all around the drains and clear up to the surface. My soil will be ready for beans two weeks at least ahead of any other around here."

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.

"Why, yes, to some extent. The ground being warmer will protect them; but I have another plan for fighting frost, as I'll show you when the time comes."

In the meantime Mr. Burwell hired



"Nellie and I had become very friendly."

would have seen the ore if Mr. Burwell hadn't thought to send me down and hide what was in sight. When he was done, he said:

"It needs humus and it needs lime, but it's got the making of the best soil I ever saw. Best of all, it slopes to the south, and then there's the spring for irrigation. I think I can make it show up as well as Uncle Ben wanted me to do."

Mr. Burwell said it was hard word to keep from laughing when he said that, especially as the soil was underlaid with limestone, a few feet down, and it cropped out along the road. But what he did first of all seemed more foolish yet, for in spite of the slope he laid three lines of tiles under the patch, 66x660 feet large, that he laid out for beans. At the upper end of each line of tiles he put in an elbow, and so with added tiles made openings from the drains to

him for the harvest—two dollars a day, and worth the money, as I had to admit, though I hated him for his airs. Between hay and oats he had a few days off, and he put in the time ploughing under the weeds on his patch. Next he spread on a ton of quicklime and harrowed it in, after which he put on a ton of phosphate (he called it "a mixture of potassium sulphate and acidulated rock!"), and harrowed that in. Last of all he sowed Canada peas in drills.

Did I say he had determined to try his luck? Well, the old saying, "A fool for luck," came true. Rain fell just right, the weather was coolish, and along in August the vines were a foot deep, and solid, as one may say, all over the patch. Then he ploughed them under and, after spending more money for phosphate, he sowed vetch and cow-horn turnips, "for a cover crop to

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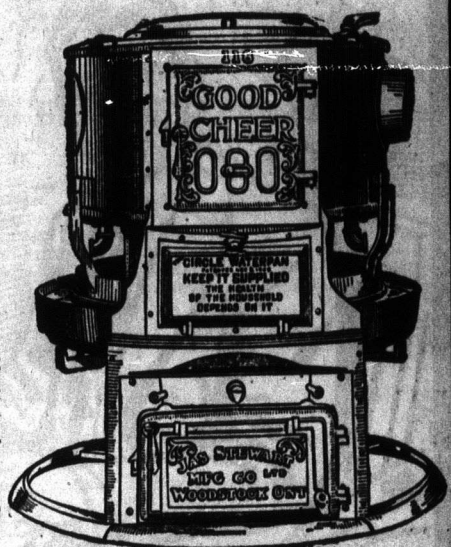
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