

His Lord 55

Chapter 55

Yang Sheng and his brothers worked together and barely cleared the house in one day. The roof is covered with reeds, the wooden door is lifted and nailed, and a big lock is locked, indicating that this house is already a home.

After returning to the city, Yang Sheng took out his reward and took a few brothers to the restaurant.

Said it was a restaurant, but in fact it was nothing more than a small stall on the side of the road. A few people met their heads and squatted at the low table beside the stall. One person had a bowl of hot and spicy soup with two pots, and feasted.

This is the first time in their lives that they spent money, sitting on tables and chairs, and the stall owner greeted them enthusiastically.

Yang Luhou ate and wiped out tears.

“It’s so **** delicious. It’s almost like a dream. It feels like yesterday I was a slave who couldn’t even get half a piece of black cake. How can I sit here today and eat with a bowl?”

The brother on the side patted his forehead: “Okay, it’s alright. See you are so good and crying. Now we have met a good lord, as long as we hang around with our brother Sheng, sooner or later, you will have a good time. .”

“I, I, this soup tastes too thick, so I made it.”

“Look there.” Yang Sheng broke the cake and threw it in his mouth, his eyes falling on the street not far away.

There is an inn on the street, and there is a long line outside the door, full of soldiers in the barracks, everyone is beaming, more or less carrying something in their hands.

“That’s an inn.” The owner of the food stall has long been accustomed to this phenomenon, and while holding out the newly baked pot helmets, he explained to them, “The lord has added a lot of post stations to travel between Bianzhou and Jiangcheng. The soldiers in the city can bring family letters and things to the family in Jiangcheng. Several of them are also military masters. If you want to send a message to your family and bring something, you can go there. There is a special mail station to help write letters. If it’s a piggyback, it will cost a little more money.”

In that long line, A Yuan and his fellow villager Ahuang and the commander Han Shen are in the queue.

When they were lined up, A Yuan and A Huang Qian told Han Shen, and Han Shen was no longer polite. He stepped forward, took out two thousand large dollars from his arms, and placed them in front of the mail station that received him.

The Post Office asked Han Shen the address and the number of items sent.

Then he took a piece of paper, folded it in half, and copied two copies. A flower stamp was placed in the center, and Han Shen pressed his handprints on the amount of money, before cutting the paper in two.

One for Han Shen and one for the record.

“There are words to be piggybacked.” The Post Post asked with a pen.

“Thank you for the trouble. I have trouble telling Lao Ziniang to collect the money and ask her not to save too much money. His son is now a commander of thousands and can earn a lot of money. If the wife is not obedient on weekdays, ask her to just teach Don’t be angry with yourself, wait for your son to go back and wait for her to take care of the elderly.”

The Post Station took down his words one by one and put them together with the two thousand dollars.

Han Shen paid the handling fee and returned to the side to wait.

Ahuang stepped forward and touched his head: "I have nothing, so I have to send a message to my father, mother, and eldest brother, telling them that I have now worshipped Du Shijue and divided a hundred acres of fields. A piece of land to build a house. Ask them if they want to move over together, only that there is our own land here, and the officials here are not so fierce and easy to live."

The Post Post recorded detailed records one by one, and also charged him the corresponding handling fee and gave him a receipt.

When Ah Yuan, he blushed, took out a piece of blue-bottomed cloth and a small bag of coins from his arms. He didn't get a knighthood, and he hasn't been rewarded yet. These are still his two months of advance payment. He didn't keep a single point, so he went to the family.

Ahuang whistled: "Wow, I only sent a piece of floral cloth. This kid only thinks of his wife."

A Yuan held back his shame and blushed to the post and said, "Tell me my daughter-in-law, Ajuan, and said that everything is fine in the barracks. She takes care of Aniang and the children until I get the military service. After paying respect to Jue, I picked up their wives to Bianzhou."

Yang Sheng looked at the lively situation here, leaned back and leaned back, "Have you seen them, most of them are people from around Jiangcheng. This time the lord sent Bingqi County to open up Bianzhou and People like them are definitely fighting harder than us for the domestic channel of Jin."

He waved his hand and asked the brothers to approach him: "I don't care what they are. After this battle, our team must be first-class. Apart from anything else, you must at least become a civil servant. People have land, a house, marry a wife, and have a few kids. We are just like them."

At this moment, in the hall where Cheng Qianye is stationed,

Cheng Qianye was sitting at the desk, listening to Xiao Jin reporting the situation after the implementation of the New Deal.

"From exiles from other states, adult men over the age of 18 who settled in our Dajin can be allocated a piece of 30 acres of land. The ministers arranged for the refugees to be placed in the inner gate,

adjacent to each other, living in lanes. Set up the Lizheng, the pavilion chief, and supervise the enlightenment. The people do not move freely, so they can farm with peace of mind.

Cheng Qianye asked, "Will these 30 acres be too little? I went to Xishan today to inquire about the harvest situation with the roadside farmers. It turned out that one acre of land yields at most two to three shi of grain, deducting tax, and it is not enough to eat. Ah. The counties and counties we won in Bianzhou and the surrounding areas are vast and sparsely populated. Why can't we give them more points?"

Xiao Jin laughed: "It is a good thing for the Lord to be sympathetic to the people and be gracious to the common people. But this is a time of war, and everything should be national interests first."

"Our army's soldiers are all recruited to their own military households. These foreigners who have flowed in, the ministers believe that they should be encouraged to do more farming, and providing a large amount of taxation for our Jin army is the first thing.

Cheng Qianye understood: "You just want to attract them to Jin country, but also make them not have enough land to grow, so that they can rent more land to pay taxes?"

"The Lord's New Deal and the system of conferring military merits are now being implemented, and it is getting results with each passing day. The Lord's heart is wide and talented, and the subject has to be subdued. These two policies are the cornerstone of the country's prosperity."

"Military households paid tribute to the knights and sealed a large area of land. But they have no time to cultivate. The new farmers happen to rent the land of military households to cultivate. If it is not for renting the land, they need to pay a lot of rent, and they don't keep much. It may not be possible to rent so much land at once. In this way, our tax revenue must be reduced a lot."

"It can't be seen." Cheng Qianye smiled, "We Xiao Sikou have no talent in the financial accounts."

Xiao Jin saluted: "The lord has great ambition, the minister eats the monarch's salary, and divides the worries for the emperor. In my heart, I think that only the rich storage of grain is the guarantee for my great Jin master to fight in all directions. It is the cornerstone for the lord to enter the world."

Cheng Qianye was stunned. When she first crossed over, there was only Xiao Jin beside her who could be trusted.

Moreover, it is not very reliable.

During that time, she was spinning around Xiao Jin's side every day, trying her best to make Xiao Jin look at herself a little higher and no longer regard herself as a temporary substitute, but there was not much effect.

Today, she is no longer attached to this way and no longer focuses on others' views of herself.

Concentrate on what you can do and go the way you want.

But unexpectedly, he got the sincere approval of this individual.

When I first saw it,

The man once threw a dagger in front of him, persuading her to commit suicide as a weak woman to avoid humiliation.

Today, he is still in front of him, but he bowed his head sincerely, and began to support himself sincerely, working towards a common goal.

"Xiao Sikou." Cheng Qianye said, "From now on, you will be entrusted with the improvement of the New Deal and the formulation of laws and regulations. Although this task is onerous, it will affect the vitality of the people of our great Jin Dynasty and will benefit the future. I also hope you Don't refuse."

Xiao Jin's eyes flashed, she adjusted her sleeves, and solemnly bowed to a big gift.

At night.

Liang Toad was full of screened windows, and Cheng Qianye sat in front of the window, tuned the Zheng, and played the song "General Order".

Step by step to where she is now, the vision in front of her is getting wider and wider, and she is gradually following many people behind her.

No one can lead her on the road ahead.

How to take each step requires her to explore and take her own steps.

But at this moment, in her heart, she felt very stable, not panic, nor confused.

Perhaps, it is precisely because of these trusted friends, these loyal ministers, that there are so many people who look to her.

Her weak heart became firm and steady day by day.

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Mo Qiaosheng lay in the shadow of the eaves.

Above his head is the sky of Haoyue.

The clank of the piano came to his ears.

The lord is playing the piano.

He closed his eyes, and his heart resonated with the vigorous zheng sound.

He understood the hero's lofty ambition.

What the lord thinks in his heart is also his wish. He will hold a gun across the horse to break through the dark night and usher in the bright world the lord expects.

“Hashimoto.”

Mo Qiaosheng opened his eyes and held out his head from the eaves.

The man was standing under the porch, looking up at him with a smile.

“Why are you there,” Cheng Qianye waved at him, “Quickly come down and come to me.”

Mo Qiaosheng thought of the big ugliness that he lost in the hot springs because he couldn't hold it for a while in the daytime.

He brushed his flushed face and stomped for a while, then slowly climbed down from the roof and barely stood in front of Cheng Qianye.

Cheng Qianye took out a triangular piece of tortoiseshell, a small hole was punched in the translucent piece, and a black rope was tied.

“Come on.” She hooked her finger.

Mo Qiaosheng obediently lowered Hong Yun's unresolved head.

Cheng Qianye stretched out his hands and tied the black rope around his neck.

“I don't have anything to wear for a long time. This piece of armor is used by me to play the piano. Give one to you, and you wear it as if I'm always by your side.”

She tugged at the rope, pulled Mo Qiaosheng's head down a bit, and pointed his nose: "What about you, would you like to give me something?"

The author has something to say: Gong Xinwen: Interview, Hashimoto, I heard that in addition to the nickname of crying bag, you have another second name for General SHE?

Mo Qiaosheng: I, I was just too excited for a while, please give me another chance, I will definitely justify myself.

Gong Xinwen: What is the name rectification? What's the proof that you can cry while crying?

Mo Qiaosheng: Q-Q

Cheng Qianye: Codewords, you give me similar points, do you dare to bully my people?

Gong Xinwen: Your Majesty, I was wrong.