

of table furnishings, and such a variety of wholesome and well cooked food as they now saw ready to satisfy their wants, both of hunger and thirst.

One of the men who came in on the stage was John Brushy, who the reader will remember as one of the men in Mr. Root's company of road-makers. As he took his seat at the table he said to the landlord, "Great changes have been effected here in twenty years."

"Yes, that is true no doubt. But I don't know much about what this place was like twenty years ago. I have been here only five years," said the host.

"I was here twenty years ago. I helped to open out this road, and I helped to raise the first house in the vicinity. We found a plucky young fellow in the woods all alone, and we helped him to build a house on his lot near a pretty little lake. I don't remember his name. I have often thought that I would like to know how he succeeded. He was a brave, determined young man, and deserved success," said Mr. Brushy.

"He has succeeded grandly," said the host. "His name is John Bushman. He has one of the finest farms in the county. And he is one of the best men that I have ever met with."

"Who owns the mills here?" inquires some one.

"The mills belong to Messrs. Root & Millwood," was answered.

"I wonder," said Mr. Brushy, "if that could be the John Root that had the contract of opening out this road."

"The identical John Root that opened out the road,"