

"Well," said Dicky dubiously, "I think I know where the fellow would have taken us. I trailed him this afternoon, and I'll lay two to one that I can pick out the right road."

"Is this the third road from Brooklyn?" I asked pointing to the track that led to the left.

"I reckon so," said Dicky. "I haven't kept count, but I recollect only two before it."

"All right. Up with you then!"

Dicky obediently mounted to the seat beside the driver.

"I shall ride outside," I said to Mrs. Knapp. "I may be needed."

"I suppose you are right," she replied with somewhat of protest in her voice, and I closed the door, and climbed up. It was close quarters for three, but at the word the horses, refreshed by the brief rest, rolled the carriage up the road that led to the hills.

Half a mile farther we passed a house, and within a quarter of a mile another.

"We are on the right road," was my thought as I compared these in my mind with the crosses on the diagram.

About half a mile farther, a small cluster of buildings loomed up, dark and obscure, by the roadside.

"This is the place," I said confidently, motioning the driver to pull up. I remembered that Henry Wilton's map had stopped at the third cross from the parting of the roads.