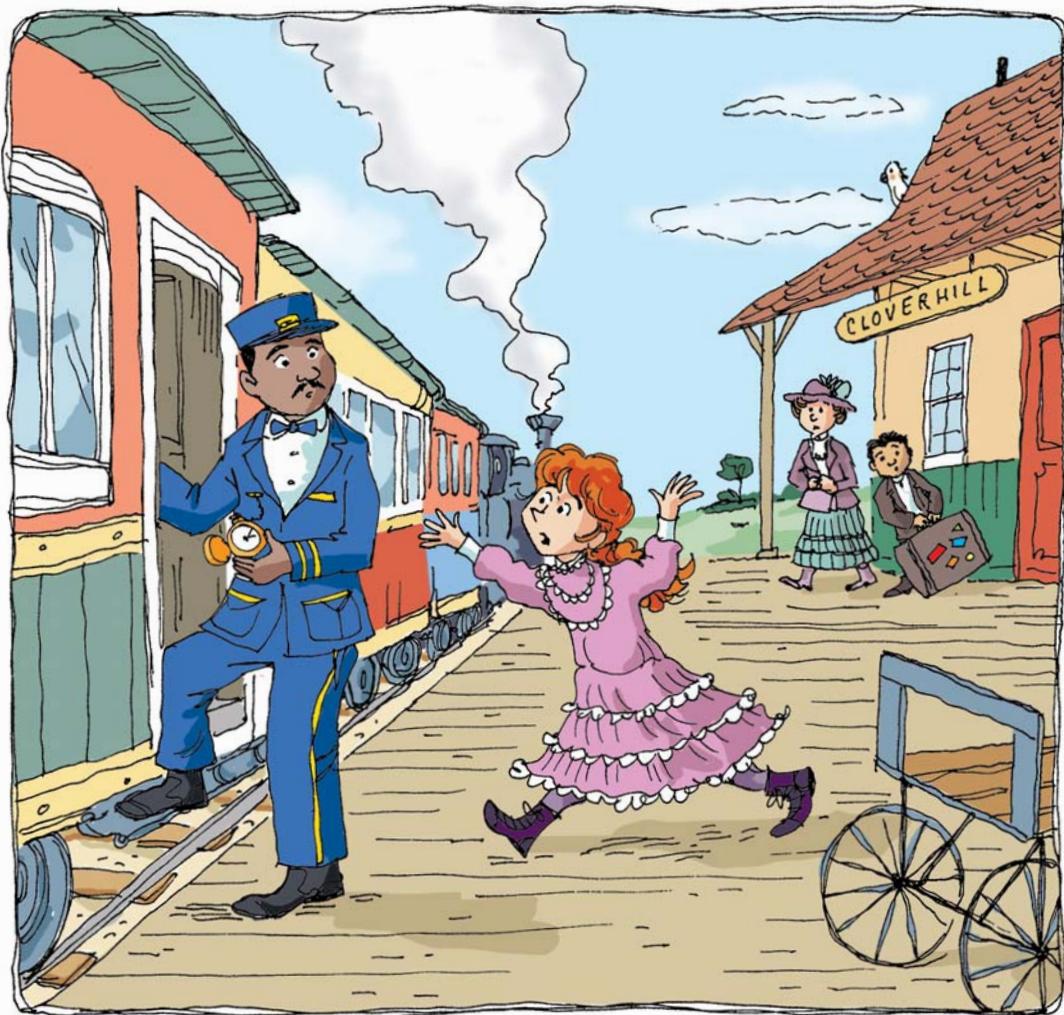


Instead, they ran through the tunnel and were greeted by a loud pop and flash of bright light. The next moment, they were back in Cloverhill—the Cloverhill of more than one hundred years ago!

Marco rubbed his eyes, still seeing spots from the flash of light. “Are we there?” Marco asked.

Abby checked their clothes. Marco had on old-fashioned knee-length pants, and she was wearing a long **frilly** dress—definitely not her normal style! “We sure are,” she said with a grin.





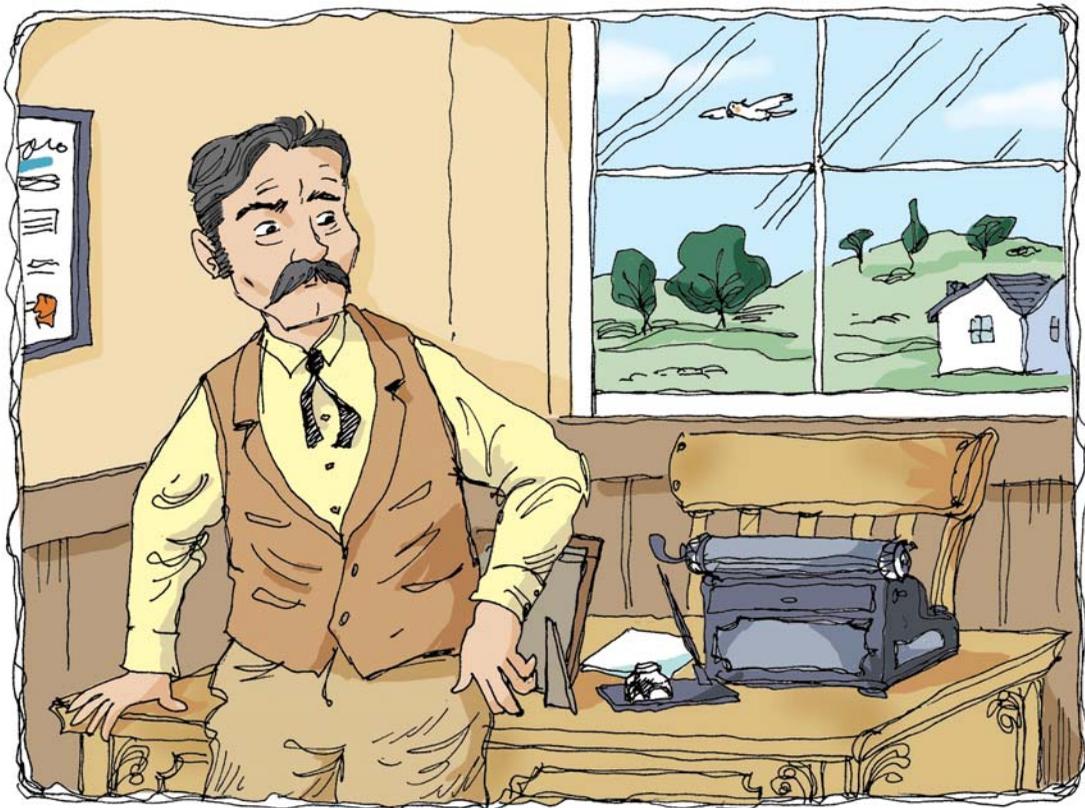
Marco took the woman's suitcase, while Abby sprinted ahead to the train station. She got there just **in the nick of time**. The train was about to pull away, but the conductor agreed to wait for the woman.

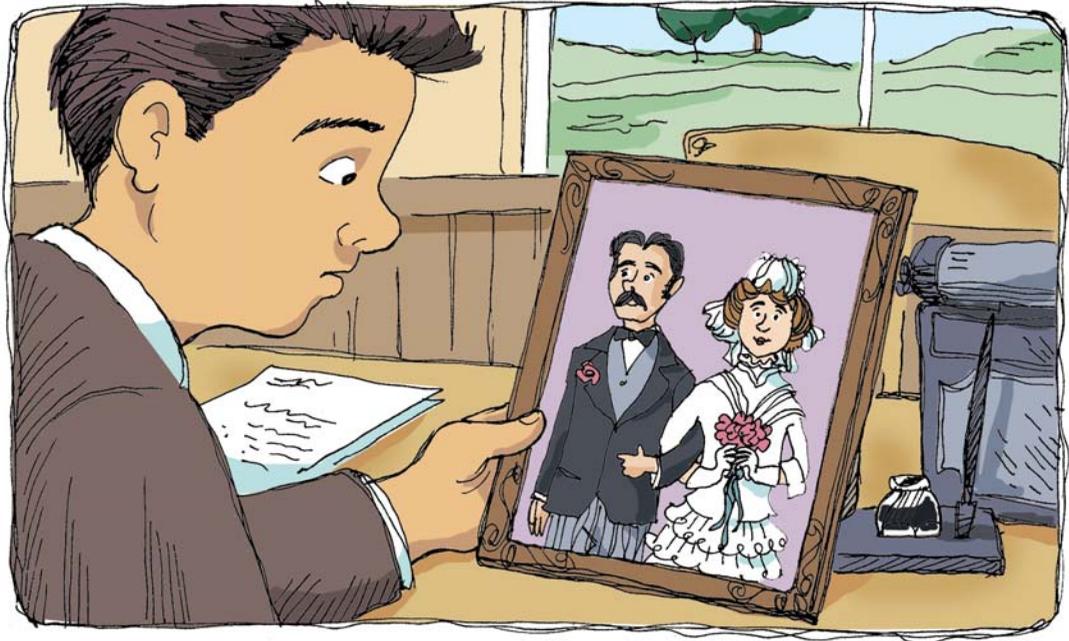
"Thank you, thank you," the woman said to the kids. "I'm so grateful." With shaking hands, she opened her purse, pulled out two nickels, and handed one to Abby and one to Marco.

Mr. Fletcher sat down on the edge of his desk, trying to stay calm. “Tell me about this woman,” he said.

“She came out the back door of the newspaper office,” said Marco. “She was acting pretty nervous—like she was afraid someone would see her. We helped her get to the train station.”

“The police need to hear about this,” said Mr. Fletcher. “You can wait in the printing room until they get here.” As he stood up, he casually scratched his back. The **gesture** looked natural, but Marco could tell that Mr. Fletcher had also moved something on the desk. The other kids didn’t seem to notice.





Mr. Fletcher hurried them all to a large room, where the broken printing press was located.

“Wait!” Nick suddenly said. “I left my notepad in the office.”

Marco saw his chance. “I’ll get it,” he said. And before anyone could stop him, he dashed out of the room.

Back in the main office, Marco easily found Nick’s notebook. Then he snuck up to Mr. Fletcher’s desk. He wanted to see what the editor had been fiddling with behind his back.

A picture frame lay face down on Mr. Fletcher’s desk. That had to be it! Marco turned it over—and gasped. The frame held a wedding photo of Mr. Fletcher and the woman they had helped reach the train. The woman with the purse loaded with money.

The robber was Mr. Fletcher’s wife!

Suddenly heavy hands landed on Marco’s shoulders.