

the Secret of the Old Clock by Carolyn Keene. © 1987 S&S, Inc. All rights reserved. CHAPTER 1 The Rescue NANCY DREW, an attractive girl of eighteen, was driving home along a country road in her new, dark-blue convertible. She had just delivered a paper to her father. It was sweet of him to give me this car on my birthday," she thought. "And it's fun to help him in his work." Her father, Carson Drew, a well-known lawyer in their home town of River Heights, frequently discussed puzzling aspects of cases with his blond, blue-eyed daughter. Smiling, Nancy said to herself, "Dad depends on my intuition." An instant later she gasped in horror. From the lawn on a house just ahead of her a little girl managed five years of age had darted into the roadway. A van, turning out of the driveway of the house, was barely fifty feet away from her. As the driver vigorously sounded the horn in warning, the child became confused and ran directly in front of the van. Miraculously, the little girl managed to cross the road safely and pull herself up onto a low wall, which formed one side of a bridge. But the next second, as the van sped away, the child lost her balance and toppled off the wall out of sight! "Oh my goodness!" Nancy cried out, slamming on her brakes. She had visions of the child plunging into the water below, perhaps striking her head fatally on a rock! Nancy leaped out of her car and dashed across the road. At the foot of the embankment, she could see the curly-haired little girl lying motionless, the right side of her body in the water. "I hope—" Nancy dared not complete the harrowing thought as she climbed down the steep slope. W when she reached the child, she saw to her great relief that the little girl was breathing normally and no water had entered her nose or mouth. A quick examination showed that she had suffered no broken bones. Gently Nancy lifted the little girl, and holding her firmly in both arms, struggled to the top of the embankment. Then she hurried across the road and up the driveway to the child's house. At this moment the front door flew open and an elderly woman rushed out, crying, "Judy! Judy!" The next second, the child lost her balance. "I'm sure she'll be all right," said Nancy quickly. The woman, seeing Nancy's car, asked excitedly, "Did you run into her?" "No, no. Judy fell off the bridge." Nancy quickly explained what had taken place. By this time another woman, slightly younger, had hurried from the house. "Our baby! What has happened to her?" As the woman reached out to take Judy, Nancy said soothingly, "Judy's going to be all right. No harm, I'll carry her into the house and lay her on a couch." One of the women opened the screen door and the other directed, "This way." Nancy carried her little burden through a hallway and into a small, old-fashioned living room. As soon as she laid the child on the couch, Judy began to murmur and turn her head from side to side. "I believe she'll come to in a few minutes," said Nancy. The two women watched Judy intently as they introduced themselves as Edna and Mary Turner, great-aunts of the little girl. "Judy lives with us," explained Edna, the older sister. "We're bringing her up." Nancy was somewhat surprised to hear that these elderly women were rearing such a small child. She gave her name and address, just as Judy opened her eyes and looked around. Seeing Nancy, she asked, "Who are you?" "My name is Nancy. I'm glad to know you, Judy." "Did you see me fall?" Nancy nodded, as the child's Aunt Mary said, "She rescued you from the river after you fell in." Judy began to cry. "I'll never, never run into the road again, really I won't!" she told her aunts. Nancy said she was sure that Judy never would. She patted the child, who smiled up at her. Although Nancy felt that Judy would be all right, she decided to stay a few minutes longer to see if she could be of help. The child's wet clothes were removed and a robe put on her. Mary Turner started for the kitchen door. "I'd better get some medication and wet compresses for Judy. She's getting a good-sized lump on her head. Nancy, will you come with me?" She led the way to the kitchen and headed for a first-aid cabinet which hung on the wall. "I want to apologize to you, Nancy, for thinking you hit Judy," the woman said. "I guess Edna and I lost our heads. You see, Judy is very precious to us. We brought up her mother, who had been an only child and was orphaned when she was a little girl. The same thing happened to Judy. Her parents were killed in a boat explosion three years ago. The poor little girl has no close relatives except Edna and me." "Judy looks very healthy and happy," Nancy said quickly, "so I'm sure she must love it here." Mary smiled. "We do the best we can on our small income. Sometimes it just doesn't suffice for the two men in that van you saw. I don't know who they were, but I guess the price was all right." Mary Turner's thoughts went back to little Judy. "She's so little now that Edna and I are able to manage with our small income. But we worry about the future. We're dressmakers but our fingers aren't so nimble with the needle as they used to be." "To tell you the truth, Nancy, at the time Judy's parents were killed, Edna and I wondered whether we would be able to take care of Judy properly. But we decided to try it and now we wouldn't part with her for anything in the world. She's won our hearts completely." Nancy was touched by the story. She knew what was in the minds of the Turner sisters—living costs would become higher, and with their advancing years, their own income would become lower. "Unfortunately, I'm unable to give her those things she needs for the next few months ago. For years I carry out his promise." Edna said the same thing—that the Richard Topham asked. Nancy did not a man Mary Turner had selected an produced a will which made money in it." Mary Turner replied. "Edna and I must have been, I replied Mary. "Oh, M we had any old furniture that we wanted to sell. We'll never get it. Then I'll try to catch up to the van!" Nancy said that about a Missing Will THE BLUE convertible lost wish a trooper would stop me. Then he thieves had evidently made in the ed it r ghways. Both roads were paved, and sinc what shall I do?" Nancy concluded that her wise here and report the theft. "She kept looking for the said to herself ruefully. When she reached State Po d about the suspects. The officer promised to send out nd their problems. "I wonder why Mr. Josiah Crowley left all eed money as much as the Turners." Nancy did not know Richa any of the shopkeepers in town. Ada and Isabel had been unpopular in ents. "I wonder," Nancy thought, "if a way can't be found so the Tur rried across the lawn to the kitchen door of the Drews' large r reeted the pleasant, slightly plump woman who opened th her many years before. Nancy gave her a hug, then ask went to say hello to her tall, handsome father, then h ancy related her adventure of the afternoon. "What tr r. Drew commented. "Mary and Edna are in financia s who need the money?" Carson Drew smiled affec k there is another will," Nancy told him. "Wouldn't Josiah Crowley for some time before he died. Their excuse was that Josiah a smile. "How ever, they did give Josiah a home." "Only because ighed. "But w hen peo ple get old, they don't l ike change. And probably he of unfavorable comment t hroughout River He ghts. Nancy had not known wife had died du ring an infl uenza epidemic and after that he had made his h They in turn had been very kind to him, and though poor themse lf lawyer said that the old man had publicly declare d m, had experienced a ew . But as time went on, he became more elatives and friends, and that he intended ey became critically ill. Just before his dea funeral only one will came to light, giving t e had put some place where the Tophams couldn't find it?" N ated him of the opportunity. "Do you think anybody has look d for another will?" Nancy questioned. "I do ne, I understand, and they aren't the kind of people to share good fortune." "Can't the present will be contested in their favor. But unless it is located, I doubt that the matter will ever go further." "But the Tophams don't deserve seem fair, but it is legal," Mr. Drew told her, "and I'm afraid nothing can be done about the situation." "Poor Judy a ous women who live on the River Road. I don't know their names. I understand they were not related to Mr. Crow o silence. She felt strongly that a mystery lurked behind the Crowley case. "Dad, don't you believe Josiah Crowley Mr. Drew protested, but with evident enjoyment. "To tell the truth, Nancy, I don't know what to think, but something di ged impatiently. "Well, one day nearly a year ago I was in the First National Bank when Crowley came in with Henry R of listening to their conversation, but I couldn't help overhearing a few words that made me think they were discussi "That looks as though Mr. Crowley had made a new will, doesn't it? But why didn't Mr. Rolsted say something abou ver have drawn a new will for Mr. Crowley. And even if he had, the old man might have changed his mind again an he looked thoughtfully at her father. "Dad, Mr. Rolsted is an old friend of yours, isn't he?" "Yes. An old friend and hat might solve this mystery?" "That's a rather delicate question, young lady. He may tell me it's none of my bu s case. Will you do it? Please!" "I know you like to help people who are in trouble," her father said. "I suppose d be a splendid opportunity to find out what he knows about a later will." "All right. I'll try to arrange a date. H ow, so we won't have to waste any time trying to find another will." Mr. Drew smiled. "We?" he said. "You m CHAPTER III An Unpleasant Meeting "WHAT are your plans for this morning, Nancy?" her father asked a up at the country club and I'd like to get a new dress." "Then will you phone me about lunch? Or better s Drop in at my office about twelve-thirty. If Mr. Rolsted does accept my invitation, we'll try to find out s wntown." After her father had left, Nancy finished her breakfast, then went to the kitchen to help Hann keeper replied. "And good luck with your detective work." Hannah Gruen gazed at the girl affection ends. But through no fault of her own, she had made two enemies, Ada and Isabel Topham. This w ol. But loyal friends had always sprung to Nancy's defense. As a result, Ada and Isabel had beco her a hug. "Whatever you do, Nancy, beware of those Topham sisters. They'd be only too hap urners. She was glad to hear that Judy had suffered no ill effects from her fall. But she was di you learn anything," Nancy said, and Edna promised to do so. Becomingly dressed in a tan reaching the more congested streets, made her way skillfully through heavy traffic, then p e of River Heights' finest stores. Nancy purchased several items for Hannah on the main f ble finding a sales-clerk. But this particular morning seemed to be an especially busy on down in a convenient chair to await her turn. Her thoughts wandered to the Turner siste ced complaints. "We've been standing here nearly ten minutes!" a shrill voice declared or manager. "I'm afraid I can't," the man replied regretfully. "There are a number of o ly. "Indeed I do," the floor manager told her wearily. "I will have a saleswoman here i y. "Such service!" Ada chimed in. "Do you realize that my father owns considerable ased man apologized. "But it is a rule of the store. You must await your turn." Ada t ensive clothes she wore, Ada was not attractive. She was very thin and sallow, with a he pride of the Topham family, was rather pretty, but her face lacked character. She ha d acquir as her mother's ambition that Isabel marry into a socially prominent family. "I pity any future husband of Isabel coldly returned the nod, but Ada gave no indication that she had even noticed Nancy. At that momen young woman for her failure to wait on them sooner. "What is it you wish to look at, Miss Topham?" the clerk sai ously as the Tophams, in an unpleasant frame of mind, tossed aside beautiful models with scarcely a second glanc ly, as she displayed a particularly attractive dress of lace and chiffon. "It arrived only this morning." Ada picked it er frocks. The fluffy gown slipped to the floor in a crumpled mass. To Nancy's horror Ada stepped on it as she tur "Nobody asked for your help." "Are you buying this?" Nancy asked evenly. "It's none of your business!" As Nanc t. "Now you've done it! We'd better get out of here, Ada!" "And why?" her haughty sister shrieked. "It was Nanc t. Reluctantly Ada followed Isabel out of the department. As they rushed toward a waiting elevator, Nancy gaze s. "Where did my customers go?" she asked Nancy worriedly. Nancy pointed toward the elevator, but made no co , I don't know," the woebegone clerk wailed. "I'll probably be held responsible and I can't afford to pay for the dr eally happens is that such a dress is greatly reduced." "Thank you," the clerk replied. "I'll call Miss Reed, the fitte her suit and blouse. Then she slipped the lovely pale-blue dance creation over her head and the saleswoman zipp Presently Miss Reed, a gray-haired woman, appeared. Within seconds she had made a change in an overlap of the he saleswoman. "If you want the dress, he will reduce the price fifty percent." "How wonderful!" Nancy exclaimed self she added, "Ada Topham did me a favor. But if she ever finds out what happened, she'll certainly be burned u was putting on her suit. "But how I dread to see those Topham sisters come in here! They're so unreasonable. An s are counting on the fortune already. Last week I heard Ada say to her sister, 'Oh, I guess there's no question ab do us out of it.' " Nancy was too discreet to engage in gossip with the saleswoman. But she was interested and ex d will! The conversation reminded Nancy of her date. She glanced at her wrist watch and saw that it was after twel ce. Although she was a few minutes ahead of the appointed time, she found that he was ready to leave. "What luc utes. Do you still think I should quiz him about the Crowley will?" "Oh, I'm more interested than ever in the case." ually holds good, 'Where there's smoke, there's fire.' Come, let's go!" The Royal Hotel was located less than a bl r, then the three made their way to the dining room where a table had been reserved for them. At first the conve ether and finally of their profession. Nancy began to fear that the subject of the Crowley estate might never be br ses which he had handled. "By the way," he said, "I haven't heard the details of the Crowley case. How are the T nt to enter into a discussion of the matter? Nancy wondered. Finally the lawyer said quietly, "The settlement of r resent will stands. I do not believe it can be broken." "Then the Tophams fall heir to the entire estate," Mr. Drew a second one?" Mr. Rolsted hesitated as though uncertain whether or not he should divulge any further inform ONFIDENTIAL?" Mr. Drew repeated, looking at Mr. Rolsted. "You may rest assured that whatever you tell us will raw up a new will. He indicated that he intended to spread out his bequests among several people. He express y, he promised to have me look over the document after he had drawn it up." "Then you actually saw the will? ere would be a chance that it would not be legal?" Nancy spoke up. "Yes. He might have typed it and signed person were ill or dying and had no witness, and wanted to make a will?" Mr. Rolsted smiled. "That somet cept it for probate." "Then if Mr. Crowley wrote out and signed a new will, it would be legal," Nancy comm . "Mr. Drew nodded. "If Josiah Crowley left any loophole in a will he wrote personally, the Tophams wou ve some other relatives have filed a claim, but up to the moment they have no proof that a later will exist cheon check, the three arose and left the dining room. Mr. Rolsted took leave of Nancy and her father in r. Crowley did make a later will! He hid it some place! If only I could find out where!" "It would be like next morning thinking about the mystery. But where should she start hunting for possible clues to ing" from her father and Hannah Gruen. During breakfast Mr. Drew said, "Nancy, would you do before noon. I'd take them myself, but I have several important appointments. I'd appreciate it t the office. You can drive me down and I'll get them for you," Nancy, wearing a yellow sunback dress and jacket, hurried away to get her gloves and handbag. Before Mr. Drew had collected his own belongings, she ha at the front door. "I put the top down so I can enjoy the sun," she explained as her father climbed in. "Good idea. I haven't heard you mention the Crowley case yet today," Mr. Drew teased as they rode alone. "Have yo forgotten, but I must admit I am stumped as to where to search for clues." "Maybe I can help you. I've learned that the two girls on River Road who expected to be remembered in the will are named Hoover. You m ch the mailboxes for their name." When they reached the building where Mr. Drew had his office, Nancy parked the car and waited while her father went upstairs to get the legal documents to be deliv ila envelope in his daughter's hand. "Give this to the judge. You know where to find him?" "Yes, Dad. In the old Merchants Trust Company Building." "That's right." Selecting a recently construct on either side. Beyond were rolling hills. "Pretty," she commented to herself. "Oh, why can't all people be nice like this scenery and not make trouble?" It was nearly eleven o'clock when she fi med he had gone to the courthouse. Recalling that her father had mentioned the necessity of the papers being delivered before noon, she set off in search of the judge. Nancy had considerable Manila envelope into his hands. "Thank you very much," he said. "I'll need these directly after lunch." Nancy smiled. "Then I'm glad I found you." When Judge Hart learned that Nancy was the d is wife at their home before returning to River Heights. She accepted the invitation and spent a very pleasant hour with the Harts. During the meal the judge laughingly asked if Nancy was still