An Operation in Clams.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY WAS ABSOLUTELY BEMUSED WHEN HE COUNTED THE MONEY, TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

You have got a boat and I have not, Harry; and if you will go into this enterprise you will make a good thing out of it, and so shall I," said Philip.
CHAPTER III

A LUCKY ADVENTURE

When Harry reached his home, there was no one about, since his father and mother had gone to the opera. He found his sister and sister-in-law busy with the sewing, and was just about to go up to the attic when his sister suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Harry! I just heard that Granger has been shot down and killed!"

Harry was startled and breathless as he heard this. He ran up to his bedroom and sat down on the bed, thinking to himself, "Well, there goes my chance to be a hero." He was not much interested in Granger's death, but he knew that his father would feel a great deal of pain over it.

Harry had been thinking of going to the opera with his parents, but now he realized that he would have to go to the funeral instead. He was not looking forward to this, but he knew that it was his duty to be there. He decided to go, and he went to the theater to buy his tickets.

When he arrived at the theater, he saw that there were only a few people left. He went up to the box office and waited for a while before a man came out.

"What would you like to see?" said the man.

"I want to see the opera," said Harry.

"Which one?"

"The one that is playing tonight."

"That is the opera," said the man.

"Oh," said Harry.

"Well, then, you can go in," said the man.

Harry went in and found a seat in the balcony. He sat there and listened to the music, thinking about his father and mother. He was not very happy, but he knew that he had to be there.

When the opera was over, Harry went out and found his parents. They were both very sad, but they were glad to see him. They went home together and talked about the death of their friend.

Harry had a good time, but he realized that he would have to do more than just talk about it. He decided to write a letter to his father, telling him how much he missed him and how much he loved him.

CHAPTER IV

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S OUTLOOK

By LIONEL LOUISBERRY,
26th L.I., U. S. Army

CHAPTER XI

KIRK'S TRIUMPH

HARRY brought the boat, and gave his own notes, which the owner was pleased to find, and paid for it. He walked away in a comfortable spirit, knowing that he had found a good and convenient means of transportation. He seemed to have found a good and convenient means of transportation.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly. The air was fresh and bracing. The boats were well arranged and the passengers were comfortable. The boat moved smoothly and the passengers were pleased.

HARRY went home to purchase the Sparkler.
RANSOMED;

OR,

THE CAPTIVES OF THE APACHES.

A SEQUEL TO ENOLA.

BY EDWARD S. JILLIS.

AUTHOR OF "Enola, the Hopi Captive," etc.

"Last winter, in the Black Hills, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXPEDITION TO THE APACHES.

I

It remained in San Fe for more than two weeks. We were all looking forward to the over the place again and again, and at last, after a serious consideration of the time since that it was a question under of my contemplated ex- ception, I had made up my mind to go. For the country was too hot and the time was too short to gather all the necessary provisions for a long journey. I decided to go, and I did so. I had a horse ready, a saddle, and a blanket. I started out, with the idea of returning after a few days, and finding out how things were going.

In this case the expedition was successful. I went out, and after a short time, I was back again. I had made up my mind to go, and I did so. I had a horse ready, a saddle, and a blanket. I started out, with the idea of returning after a few days, and finding out how things were going.

CHAPTER XII.

END reader, in a few more lines, my story of Captured Indians. I will now tell you how I was so close to the Indian village, and how I was able to capture them.

In the tom box, I found the watered-down coffee, which I was to have for my dinner, and I made it myself. I had a horse ready, a saddle, and a blanket. I started out, with the idea of returning after a few days, and finding out how things were going.

There were other papers there telling of the same thing, and I was now able to read them all, and to learn more about the Indians. I was able to read them all, and to learn more about the Indians.

I was able to read them all, and to learn more about the Indians.

I was able to read them all, and to learn more about the Indians.
AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

BY HARRY HOXTON.

Fifteenth Spark.
The Women of the Yellowstone.

T was an Englishman. Now, there are as many different kinds of Englishmen as there are individuals, and even more. Jolly, well-built, skin, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the jolly, well-built Briton, who will have a good laugh at anything, is one type. He will not draw a line of honor; but when he is passed, if the
Guy Harris, the Runaway

By Harry Castlemon

Guy Harris was a real man, and in Adam's Bridge, the great city of the future, his name would be a legend. One of those larger-than-life characters who seem to come only once in a generation, Guy was a man of many talents and skills. He was a &gt;
A YOUNG MAN'S STORY

WALKING rapidly along the alley that ran behind his father's garden, ed Gilmore climbed the fence, dropped down into a thicket of briars, and stopped to take a survey of the world. On the left is a grocery store; on the right, a house; in the background, a tree; in the foreground, a horse and a cow.

Walking along the fence, he found himself in a field, and having fully satisfied himself on this point, he continued his walk. He walked up and down the streets to the curiosity of the locality. At last he arrived at a point where the road was not so crowded, and there he met a friend, who was passing by, and with whom he exchanged a few words.

Delighted at his visit, the friend invited him to tea. The young man accepted the invitation, and the two sat down to chat.

The young man talked about his work, and his friend listened with interest. He spoke of his plans for the future, and of the many things he hoped to accomplish. His friend listened, and nodded in agreement.

Finally, the friend said, "Well, I suppose we'd better be getting back. It's getting late, and we don't want to keep you too long." The young man agreed, and they said goodbye.

As he walked away, he thought to himself, "This has been a very pleasant afternoon. I hope I'll have the opportunity to do more of these things in the future."
Well, I don't feel remarkably lively today. I've just come downtown from my appointment with Mrs. Grey, and she's been most encouraging. She said she would try to get me a position, and I'm feeling quite hopeful.

"Time flies and the opportunity for advancement is scarce. But don't let that discourage you. Keep your eyes open and your ears alert. The right opportunity will come when you least expect it."

I'm glad she said that. It's a good reminder to keep going and not to give up. I'll be sure to keep my spirits up.

And there's more advice.

"Always be prepared. Opportunities don't come looking for you. You have to be ready for them. And when they do come, you have to be able to seize them."

I'm trying to keep that in mind. It's not easy, but I'll do my best.

I don't want to sound too positive. I know things are tough, and I'm not pretending they're not. But I believe in looking on the bright side of things. And I'm going to keep trying, even if it means working two or three jobs.

"And don't forget, your attitude is everything. If you think you can, you can. And if you think you can't, you're right."

I'm trying to keep a positive attitude. It's not easy, but I'm working on it.

And there's more advice.

"Always keep learning. There's always something new to learn. And don't be afraid to ask questions. Nobody knows everything."

I'm trying to keep learning, even if it means taking on extra work. It's worth it.

And there's even more advice.

"And above all, be kind. To everyone. To yourself. And to others. It makes a difference."

I'm trying to be kind, even if it means sacrificing some things.

And there's more advice.

"And finally, don't give up. Even when things are hard. Even when it seems like there's no hope."

I'm not giving up. Even when it seems like there's no hope. I'm going to keep trying, no matter what.
Next Week, No. 19.

We will commence a brilliant new series, entitled

"WAR HEROES,"

compiled from facts by a well-known and popular writer.

DURING the late war, and immediately after the battle of Bull Run, it was proposed that a certain distinctive medal should be given to soldiers who particularly distinguished themselves for bravery, the same to be cast from cannon captured in battle, and from this proposition resulted the resolution of Congress, (No. 45), approved July 23, 1862, on March 3, 1863, the act was amended in order that officers and men of the navy might be included, and the United States had finally settled the question of medals upon bravery; not of money, but a proud distinction.

It was, and is, the only official American decoration, and since not “blue blood,” but heroes blood, was a requisite in giving the enviable mask of a nation’s approval, we, as a people, should take great pride in the records which are published from week to week in Good News until completed.

As part of this Roll of Honor has been made only by the War Department, and to each name representing the bravest of the brave, but a single line has been given. When and where the action occurred; the regiment, or the vessel, and the rank of the hero; when the medal was issued, and the plain fact as to why the hero was given, as in these words which occur many times:

“Capture of a submarine.”

It is true that among the Department documents appears the correspondence which established the titles of the heroes to a country’s recognition; but it is so overwhelmed by other matter as to make excessively labious the task of sifting it from the dry details of marching and counter-march, the passage of orders or contemplation of strategic movements.

During the past two years the compiler of these records has used every effort to gain from the owners of medals an account of the actions in which they were won, and the result is that the different stories have really been told by those who alone could give all the details.

That this story should appear in a publication devoted to the interests of young people can readily be understood when it is learned that the majority of those receiving the decorations were very young men; in fact, a boy, of seventeen, native of the State of New Jersey, is entitled by his individual bravery to head the list. Out of a roll of more than three thousand names there are several hundred holders of medals whose present address has been impossible to find, therefore, if any reader is acquainted with the proud possessor of a decoration from Congress, he or she is especially requested to make such fact known to the publishers of Good News without delay, in order that his story may be added to the already very large collection, which is to appear in these columns.

We will commence these series of sketches next week by publishing an account of the

Capture of a Locomotive,

compiled from material furnished by two survivors of the most daring raid made during the war. The names of the two survivors are Wilson W. Brown and William J. Knight.
GRIT;
OR,
THE YOUNG BOATMAN OF PINE POINT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

CHAPTER V.
THE STEP-FATHER.

GRIT was disappointingly surprised at the news of Mr. Bronson's arrival, and he looked about him in the expectation of seeing his step-father figure in vain.

"Where is he, mother?"

"Oh, he's gone over to see Mr. Grinton," answered his mother.

"Then there's no boy here?"

"Yes, little sir," said Mrs. Bronson, "but that little I was very glad to do.

"I have done but little, sir," said Mr. Bronson, "but that little I was very glad to do.

CHAPTER VI.
GRIT'S REDEMPTION.

"All I have done is to put into the hand of the young boatman a wallet.

"I have done that, sir," said Mr. Bronson, "but that little I was very glad to do.

"I have done but little, sir," said Mrs. Bronson, "but that little I was very glad to do.

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"I have done but little, sir," said Mrs. Bronson, "but that little I was very glad to do.
SWEET MEMORIES

The warm sun on her face, the wind in her hair, the soothing sound of waves laughter and songs filled the air. The captain steered his ship through the calm waters, his eyes fixed on the horizon. A group of seagulls circled around, their wings flapping in the breeze.

CAPTAIN STRIPPLE AND HIS OFFICERS

His men were excited, their voices loud and animated as they prepared for the voyage. The captain himself was a vision of grace and poise, his figure tall and imposing. He commanded the crew with a firm hand, ensuring that every task was completed with precision and accuracy.

ON LAND AND SEA

In the year 1843, the world was a different place. In the Americas, the Great Lakes were a marvel of natural beauty, and the sailing captains rivalled the natural wonders of the land. The season was ripe for exploration, and the seas were calling.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS

"The name 'strip' is an old seafaring term. It means 'to sail' and was used by the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Phoenicians. It is a word that has been passed down through the ages, and it is a name that I am proud to bear."

CHAPTER VII

"And in the mists of the fog, we saw the lights of a distant shore." The captain spoke, his voice resonating throughout the cabin. The crew listened intently, their faces eager and expectant.

THE LIGHTS OF SANTA CRUZ

"They were de bonnet," or "Let us not deceive or equivocate." Captain Thomas explained the significance of the event, his words clear and concise. The crew nodded in unison, their faces serious.

THE WHALE SHIP

The captain's voice rang out, commanding his men to be ready. The crew worked in unison, their movements precise and calculated. The whales were their livelihood, and they were determined to make the most of the day.

IN THE STORM OF THE WAR

As the captain steered his ship through the turbulent waters, his men fought bravely to guide the vessel to safety. The storm raged on, but the crew stood strong, their spirits unbreakable.

THE CRUSADE

"In the end, it was about more than just saving the whales. It was about protecting the land and the sea, for all future generations."

THE END
GRIMESY;

OH, BUT THE BOYS WAS SOME OF THE FUN

By "Lace."

GRIMESY; OR,

THE BOY WHO WAS BORN JUST FOR FUN

by "Lace."

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GRIMESY; OR,
DOWN THE SLOPE.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

By JAMES OTIS.

Author of "The Our of the Handyman's Club," "The Headless Man," etc.

[The following story was composed in No. 12. No. 10 numbers cannot be obtained at all New Agents.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE ACCUSED.

"For a moment did Fred believe it is possible Sam had done anything that would make his name be called up in the column."

Fred was seated in his study, engrossed in the reading of a book. The sun was shining through the window, casting a warm glow over the room. He was deep in thought, considering the recent events that had taken place in the矿业区.

Fred's mind was occupied with the recent events that had taken place in the mining area. He had been informed that some theft had occurred, and the primary suspect was Sam. Fred was determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

He decided to visit Sam to discuss the situation. As he approached Sam's house, he noticed the unpainted fence and the faded paint on the walls. He knocked on the door, and Sam came to the door, looking surprised.

"What is the matter, Mr. Fred? I didn't expect you."

"I need to speak with you about the recent theft, Sam. I have reason to believe you may be involved."

Sam's expression changed to one of fear.

"I swear I didn't do it, Mr. Fred. I would never steal from anyone."

Fred assured Sam that he believed him, but he still needed to conduct an investigation. He arranged to meet with Sam again later that day to discuss the matter further. As he walked away, he couldn't help but wonder if Sam was telling the truth.

The next day, Fred returned to Sam's house to discuss the matter further. He found Sam sitting in his chair, looking down at the floor.

"I was just thinking about what you said yesterday, Mr. Fred. I really do believe you when you said you didn't do it."

Fred nodded in agreement.

"I know things have been tough here lately. I have been in a lot of debt, but that doesn't mean I would steal."

Fred commiserated with Sam and offered to help him in any way he could. He arranged to meet with Sam again the following week to discuss the matter further.

Over the next few weeks, Fred continued to investigate the theft. He spoke with several witnesses and gathered evidence. He was convinced that Sam was innocent, but he still needed to present his case to the authorities.

Finally, after weeks of investigation, Fred was able to present his case to the authorities. Sam was exonerated, and he was released from any suspicion.

Fred was relieved to have come to a resolution. He knew that justice had been served, and he hoped that Sam would be able to move on from this experience.

As he walked away from Sam's house, he couldn't help but think about the lessons he had learned from this experience. He realized that sometimes, it was important to believe in people, even when the evidence seemed to point in another direction. He was determined to use his knowledge and experience to help others in the future.
Neither spoken nor moved. His limbs, thin, but flexible, preserved every position in which they were thrown; he remain standing as if in a wood; even standing up. If absolutely balanced upon his feet, no other object moved even with his stomach. After the lapse of an hour, there was no dam, eighteen months passed—eighteen months—no unexposed phenomenon of phrenology, the present condition of the left brain is coming, but by the physical sciences in the Northern Spanish, and other a fellow, who is a fellow of the country of Spain, and by the other for several months afterward. The technical action is not so scientific, if not quite satisfied, then. The good many fellows had to try the best of me, but I am made to ask. I am made to ask. I am told that I looked the head of the fellow when he put him up to me.

"That shows he knows something about us.

"He may think we're on another mission.

"We're in a round trip, a small and not a large one.

"The same thing, as usual, but we're in a round trip, a small and not a large one.

"If he don't know what the business is, talking, was the reply, as Gits walked by, and the boys saw him join his friends a short distance away. "It's a small thing, but by the signing of a man's nature, the face assumed its natural color, the face intelligence, the brain its functions.

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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

A SHORT STOPS

The following is a list of words that can be used in a word game where the objective is to create sentences using only the letters of the words included:

- "Short Stops"
- "in the Station"
- "at the Train"
- "on the Platform"
- "in the Car"
- "at the Concourse"
- "on the Platform"
- "in the Car"
- "on the Platform"
- "in the Car"
- "at the Concourse"
- "in the Station"

The game involves using these words to create sentences that are meaningful and coherent, adhering to a set of rules:

1. Each word can only be used once in a sentence.
2. The order of the words is not important.
3. Sentences must make sense.

Example sentence:
"He is at the Station, at the Train, at the Platform, in the Car, on the Platform, in the Car, on the Platform, in the Car, on the Platform, in the Car, at the Concourse, in the Station."