

**THE IRON HAND: A
STORY OF
THE TIMES**

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The Iron Hand: A Story of the Times by Howard Dean

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HOWARD DEAN

**THE IRON HAND: A
STORY OF
THE TIMES**

THE IRON HAND

A STORY OF THE TIMES

BY

HOWARD DEAN

Founded upon Department Store Life

"I must confess to burning midnight oil to read 'The Iron Hand.'"

"I would like to see this book in every home."

"I arose at 2 A. M. to finish the 'The Iron Hand.'"

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' number two."

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PREFACE.

IN presenting my little book to you, dear reader, I have tried to write something to help you pass away some of your idle time to your own satisfaction, and I hope my story will find a place in your heart as well as in your library. My characters are drawn from life, and I assure you their story is not half told. Nellie, Mike, Ole, and Little Jack are all very dear friends of mine; I hope they may become yours also, and that you will join me in laughing at and pitying them in the different phases of their lives.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE IRON HAND

CHAPTER I.

A STORY OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

"I SAY, girls, this thing must stop! I can't stand it any longer, and I won't, either!"

"Why, what are you in such a rush for, Nell?" said one of the girls addressed. "What's up now? You are trying to laugh and cry at the same time. You'll be having hysterics if you don't look out!"

"No; I'm not nervous, girls, but I'm so vexed I don't know what to do, and it's so funny, too, I can't help laughing. What do you suppose those horrid boys have done now?"

"Oh, they've been up to some of their pranks, have they?" said one of the three who had not yet spoken. "It's getting pretty monotonous, this sort of thing. I wish we could get even with them some way or other."