

**HER SENATOR: A
NOVEL**

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Her Senator: A Novel by Archibald Clavering Gunter

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ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

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NOVEL**

HER SENATOR

A NOVEL

BY

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

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"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

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HER SENATOR.

BOOK I.

WALL STREET IN 1873.

CHAPTER I.

THE WORD UNDER THE OCEAN.

It was the second day of April in the Year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-three. The newsboys were shouting extras telling of the loss of the steamship *Atlantic*, by which seven hundred passengers found a grave in the bosom of the ocean; a disaster that carried mourning into the homes of thousands—a calamity that even at this day has left scars of remembrance for lost ones on the hearts of those who loved them.

Sitting in his private office in Exchange Place, a business man occupied by his correspondence of the day, the voice of the newsboys dominating the buzz of the clerks in the outer office and coming to his ears: "Wreck of the *Atlantic*—seven hundred passengers unaccounted for!"—muttered nervously: "He cabled me he would leave about the 20th," then drooped his head and sighed these curious words: "No such LUCK!"

A moment after Overhand Guernsey rang his office bell hurriedly, sent out for an extra, and looking it over snarled;

"Pish! they don't telegraph the names!"

With that he rapidly wrote a cable, addressed to the White Star Line, Liverpool, brief, pointed, and bearing life and death in its significance:

"Did Arthur M. Ellison and children sail on the *Atlantic*? Wire immediately."

This being dispatched he looked over in a faltering, hesitating, broken-hearted manner certain memoranda and accounts, and at last placing them carefully away in his private safe and securely locking them up, gave a sigh, apparently of relief, when they were out of sight.

A moment after, a bright, cheery voice broke into his meditations.

"Come to lunch, old fellow," cried Curtis Wynans, of the New York Stock Board. Then looking at the man before him Wynans, who was a dashing, sunshiny broker, said: "Why are you so silent and gloomy, Guernsey?" And his eye catching the extra that had dropped upon the floor, he whispered quietly, in a hushed voice: "No friends on board, I hope?"

To this the mind of the man he questioned answered: "NO SUCH LUCK!" but his tongue said: "Yes, I'm afraid—one of my dearest friends—and his family—Arthur Ellison—you know him? He left New York in '68 to live in France."

"A Wall Street man?"

"No! but still a lucky dabbler in stocks. A man of little business capacity, but very fortunate. He had a simple and blind faith in always buying the market at the foot of a panic, and the happy tact of always selling when he had a fair profit. You've heard of a fool for luck?" added Guernsey, almost bitterly.

"Yes, I'm a living example of it," remarked Wynans.

J. V. N.

"I've sold the market short when everybody said it was going up—and look at the quotations! But come to lunch."

Together they strolled into the street, but curiously enough Overhand Guernsey did not gaze at the quotations, as he passed through the outer office. An act of devotion to the bulletin board he had not omitted for years, which produced some strange comments from his clerks.

"By Jove!" remarked one of the juniors. "Did you see that? The governor must be hit hard."

"By what—a woman or the market?"

"By neither," suggested the old bookkeeper. "I think he fears the loss of a friend—an intimate friend of former days—on the *Atlantic*."

This stopped any laugh; for despite the rush of business—despite the excitement, latent or apparent, that is always in the air of Wall Street—despite the unanimous bowing down to the golden calf that permeates the region of stocks, bonds, and insecurities, the tremendous loss of life on the great liner that should have been now at her pier in New York unloading her passengers, who had already become "things of the past" in the chilling waves and icy blasts of the North Atlantic, the recollection of faces they would never see again, the remembrance of voices their ears would never listen to—cast its gloom even over the worshippers in the Temple of Mammon.

Two minutes after Guernsey and Wynans were at the home of the gourmands of that day—Delmonico's downtown restaurant.

Here the news of the great shipwreck dominated the clatter of knives and forks, the buzz of the waiters, and subdued the smiles produced by the last *bon mot* of Travers or Jerome; even subordinating to its horror, speculators' thoughts of the market, which

was now presaging the panic of 1873, its quotations being feverish, with gold rising and stocks declining.

Amid the clatter of knives and forks, the buzz of conversation, and the hurried bolting of exquisite dishes by brokers too eager to note their taste or flavor, Guernsey and Wynans sat down to eat, though the former apparently had no appetite, playing with his oysters, but drinking feverishly, and once or twice wiping abstractedly with his napkin the clammy perspiration of nervous agitation from the palms of his unsteady hands.

"If you can forget your friend long enough to listen to me," whispered Wynans, "I may put you in the line of something good."

"What is it?" said the other, shortly.

"It's this: The Comstock mining stocks are very low in California. You remember that two years ago Crown Point went up from three dollars to three thousand dollars a share in a year."

"You should have told me that two years ago, before it rocketed," laughed Guernsey, nervously.

"Yes, but I've received a letter from an intimate friend of mine—you remember him—Packard, a level-headed fellow, who is now out there on a visit. He tells me that some day or other he thinks there may be a chance for a mine called the Consolidated Virginia, that is selling somewhere between thirty and forty dollars a share. You might make twenty points on gold on extreme fluctuations; but this stock may go up to hundreds, even thousands of dollars a share. Buy a little and lock it up. I have done so."

Here Guernsey astonished his friend by saying: "I will, if things go right with me."

"Why, there's nothing particular the matter, is there, except the loss of your friend?"

"Yes, that's it; I don't wish to speculate until I