

THE ELK ADVOCATE.  
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THE ELK ADVOCATE  
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# The Elk Advocate.

Rates of Advertising.  
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**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
**JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at Law,** Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**LAURENCE J. BLAKELY, Attorney and Counsellor at law,** and U. S. Commissioner. Ridgway or Bennington, P. O. Elk county, Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**SOUTHERN AND WILKES Attorneys at Law,** Ridgway, Elk county Pa. will attend to all professional business promptly. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**DR. J. S. BORDWELL Electric Physician.** Late of Warren county Pa. will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day. Residence one door east of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis. Mar-22-66-ly.  
**DR. W. B. HARTMAN, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa.** Late of the Army of the Potomac. Particular attention given to all cases of surgical nature. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY Physician and Surgeon,** St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**DR. W. W. SHAW Practices Medicine and Surgery,** Centreville, Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**DR. A. S. HILL Keresey, Elk county Pa.** Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day. [mar-22-66-ly.]

**WIDE HOUSE, M. V. MOORE Proprietor,** Ridgway, Elk county Pa. Mar-22-66-ly.  
**ST. MARY'S HOTEL, B. E. Wellendorf Proprietor,** St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. This house is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates. Free Hack, and from the Depot. Good stabling attached. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**EXCHANGE HOTEL, Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,** David Thayer Proprietor. This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**WASHINGTON HOUSE, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa.,** Edward Babel Proprietor. This house is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience of guests. Good stabling attached. Mar-22-66-ly.  
**BORDWELL and MESSENGER Druggists, Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, Paints, Oils and Varnish,** Perfumery Toilet articles and Stationery, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]  
**C. H. VOLK, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lager Beer,** opposite the Railroad Depot, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. Mar-22-66-ly.

**PRACTICAL CLOCK and WATCH-MAKER—ST. MARY'S, Elk county Pa.** Edward McBride, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, Watches, Clocks, Silver Plated Ware and Jewelry of all descriptions. Repairing neatly executed, and done on short notice and reasonable terms. Mar-22-66-ly.

**JOB PRINTING,** such as Cards, Posters, Hand Bills, Bill Heads &c., done at the ADVOCATE OFFICE on short notice and at reasonable prices.

1866  
**PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.**—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.  
It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them.  
Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.  
**TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.**  
Leave Eastward.  
Erie Mail Train 2 15 p. m.  
Erie Express Train 7 55 p. m.  
Leave Westward.  
Erie Mail Train 1 30 p. m.  
Erie Express Train 8 39 a. m.  
Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.  
**NEW YORK CONNECTION.**  
Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., Arrive at Erie 9.15 a. m.  
Leave Erie at 1.55 p. m., arrive at New York 3.40 p. m.  
ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.  
For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 30th and Market Sts.  
And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:  
S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.  
J. W. Reynolds Erie.  
W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.  
H. H. HOUSTON,  
Gen'l. Freight Ag't, Phil'a.  
H. W. GWINNER,  
Gen'l. Ticket Ag't, Phil'a.  
ALBRED L. TYLER,  
General Supt. Wash'ton

**SELECT STORY.**  
**A BACHELOR'S MISGIVINGS.**  
I have thought of getting married. When I've seen thee, Mary Jane, With thy dainty silks and satins, With thy crisoline and train; But a whisper came across me, Like a sign with omen rife, "Ah! 'tis very well to marry, But canst thou keep a wife?"

"There are faces, there are jewels, There is many a thing beside That looks charming on a maiden, But not quite so on a bride. If your purse is brimming over, You may win and you may wear; But alas! if it be empty, My good fellow have a care."

So the whisper I have heeded, And I have not offered yet, But my thoughts are taken captive, And my heart is on thee set. Yet I feel I dare not venture, Till I know, oh, Mary Jane, Should I be too poor to deck thee, Couldst thou be contented plain?"

There are milliners in plenty To entrap a heedless fair; There are artists, too, in jewels, There are workers, too, in hair; Canst thou pass unheeded by them, Canst thou hold thy purse strings With a dinner party looting, [t'light, Or a ball that very night?

If the last new bonnet suits thee, Canst thou wear it still the same, Though a newer pattern tempt thee, Lately handed down to fame? Will a dress or two content thee When stern Fashion orders more, And a solitary cheap dress do Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving, To expect so strange a thing, And they laugh to scorn my musings, And the hopes to which I cling; So I fear I must resign thee, And a bachelor remain, Yet I never can forget thee, Oh, too costly Mary Jane.

[From the Weekly Press.]  
**"THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED."**  
"Horrid, horrid features, repulsive reflection; I, who so pine for the love of man, am denied the boon I crave. Why am I less favored than the scores of my acquaintances? Have I ever been guilty of any heinous sin that Nature has seen fit to inflict me with a face, which, despite the acknowledged accomplishments of my mind, repel the advances I make to man? Have I deserved this torture, life long it may be? Oh! rather let the grave at once hide face and form from all mankind than to be called upon to endure, for even ten years, this misery. Once in my grave, my virtues may possibly be remembered by those who cannot look at my face without an involuntary shudder. Perhaps, when thinking of the soul, they will forget the hideous face which enshrouded, but would not reflect, its purity. Oh! this world worships at the shrine of a transient shadow, beautiful though it be, and neglects the substance which endureth forever! But thus it has ever been, and will be until the end of time. The glittering bauble, set in gold, though it be but a piece of transparent glass, will attract more admirers than the valuable diamond in its native state. Few can detect the spurious from the real; and still fewer care to look beyond the encrustation that enchirises the jewel, so dazzled is their vision by the tinsel that attracts them!"

Oh, for a magic wand wherewith to transform these detested features into a beautiful mould! I would even barter my mind, my talents—all my noble aspirations would I fling to the winds of the heavens for the beauty I crave; for all these, though I possess them, benefit me nought—so few appreciate them. But beauty—ah! All follow in its train; every one worships and pays a tribute to it. Beauty, next to wealth, carries magic with its presence, and whoever possesses it, need not ask for more; for wealth often empties all its stores into the lap of beauty. Yes; had I my choice between the two I should not choose the latter, for once possessed of that, the other would soon be within my grasp.  
Thus soliloquized a young girl of seventeen, as she stood contemplating her features in a mirror, which certainly did not reflect a prepossessing face. Her figure was good, say graceful; slight, though well formed; but her features were very homely. Her eyes were small and piercing black; her nose was a pug; her mouth large, though not irregularly formed, but the teeth were irregular and dark, presenting no agreeable sight when she spoke or smiled. However, these slight defects might have been overlooked had not a most prominent one existed in her skin, which

was coarse, pimpled, and freckled. All who glanced at her for the first time invariably started, for its appearance was truly horrid. But the feeling of repulsion wore away while conversing with her. Her mind was richly stored with varied knowledge, and after listening to her for half an hour one could almost doubt that so repulsive a casket could contain a jewel so rare.  
But, as she said, so few there are who prefer the substance to the shadow, that though all who came in contact with her acknowledged her abilities and accomplishments, very few courted her society. Of course, pride had as much to do with this as any other feeling; few men have the courage to associate with a repulsive woman, for the world is general, not knowing what lies beyond the rough surface, will scoff and jeer at such a companion, and who will willingly expose himself to the shafts of ridicule?

It is, then, at all strange that Madeline Dubois should weary of the world she lived in, and long for another, where defects of person are obliterated, or, if not, at least not continually pointed out to one by the many invisible fingers this world employs for that and other cruel purposes? Is it a wonder that, in the agony of her tortured spirit, she should be willing to barter a beautiful mind for a beautiful face? Thousands have suffered but one tithe of what she had, young as she was, and unable to bear continued neglect and insult have plunged into the abyss of sin—the final refuge for the scorned woman. But Madeline possessed a strong spirit, a soul that could endure much without repining; and she might possibly have continued to do so had not love—love for man—entered her pure and susceptible heart.

Yes, she loved a man whose every action proved that her presence inspired him with profound disgust, a feeling he did not seek to conceal. Cut to the soul by his knowledge she yet could not cast from him his dear image as unworthy a place within so pure an abode. She still loved him, and, as a natural consequence, suffered. Had she been able to hate him, or even feel indifferent when in his presence, she might have been satisfied, but this boon was denied her. Poor Madeline!

And who was this man for whose love an accomplished woman sighed and tormented herself because he slighted not only her love, but her company? Was it a magnate of the land, a man of wealth who counted his houses by the block, his gold by millions? No. Was he one of those intellectual beings who, by his oratorical powers, was able to control the feelings of a multitude and lead them captive with his tongue? No, thrice no! Louis Wilberforce was a brainless son of a foolish woman who was the owner of a few tenements; a woman whose annual income did not exceed eight hundred dollars per annum; a woman whose silly indulgence had spoiled her handsome son so as to unfit him for the ordinary duties of life, and who would have been a pauper, or, what is worse, an outcast, but for the fostering care of his fond mother, who, poor fool, was blind to the fact that, after her demise, her son would probably waste his inheritance in one year!

The reader may deem it a weakness in so gifted a woman as Madeline to bestow, unasked, so rich a love upon so unworthy an object. But the wisest men and women in past ages have had their little weaknesses, and this love for Louis Wilberforce was Madeline's only one, unless we may add her desire for beauty. But the latter weakness might possibly not have enslaved her had she not loved as she did.  
But spurned by one so far beneath her, she could no longer remain in a place where they would meet daily; so, mustering up all her courage, she quietly left Hazelton, and the inhabitants of that place knew Madeline Dubois no more.

Some months afterwards, one of her acquaintances saw a marriage notice in a New York paper, which read as follows:  
"MARRIED.—On the 7th inst., by the Rev. James Barron, Mr. Robert Layman, M. D., to Miss Madeline Dubois."

Was the lady mentioned in the paper their Madeline? None could tell, and so the matter was apparently forgotten for the time.  
Two years later a lady came to the Afton Hotel at Hazelton. She was accompanied by two servants and registered her name as Mrs. Carlyle. Report said she was most beautiful, and those who obtained a glimpse of her face said that report did not lie, for she had a face calculated to enslave the heart of every male biped whose heart was at all impressible. In less than a week those who choose to avail themselves of the opportunity had a view of the wonderful woman, and all with one accord,

pronounced her a superb, ravishing creature. Imagine a figure slightly above the medium height, black hair and eyes, small straight nose, a beautiful mouth, and teeth like pearls, and to crown all a complexion smooth as velvet, and fair as wax, with a rich carnation on each cheek ravishing to behold. Such was Mrs. Carlyle. Then she was wealthy, of course, for she occupied the best suite of rooms in the hotel, and her dresses and jewels were magnificent.  
But if her personal appearance created such a stir among the inhabitants of Hazelton, what must have been the effect when it became known that the wealthy widow, known as Mrs. Carlyle, was the once despised, homely girl known as Madeline Dubois? Such was the plain fact, surprising as it may seem; but by what magic she transformed her former repulsiveness into her present bewitching loveliness was a mystery no one could tell, nor even imagine. One of her friends, presuming on their former friendship, ventured to ask what had brought about so happy a result. Mrs. Carlyle, with a grave countenance, replied "Time!" after which she was questioned no more on the subject.

It was presently ascertained that Mrs. Carlyle had been twice married. It was she who first married Dr. Layman, who died shortly after, when she was united to a wealthy merchant named Carlyle, who lost his life by a railroad accident. So at the age of twenty-two Madeline was a widow for the second time.

What had brought her to Hazelton? was the current question, secretly asked, however. Possibly to revisit her birthplace, and perhaps to astonish the citizens with her wondrous beauty. Few, if any, knew of her love for Louis Wilberforce, consequently no one ever guessed the secret of her return. She had not forgotten her early love, and though she strove to persuade herself that he was not worthy of her, she could not help longing to meet him. She made no direct inquiries about him, but did so in a way as to avoid any suspicion of the real cause of her inquiries. He had left Hazelton a year before, and gone to California, where he was reported to be poorer than when he left. His mother had died nearly three years before, leaving her little property in his hands; he spent it all in less than ten months, and urged by necessity and shame, he went to the gold regions, without bettering his condition, as it appeared. In fact it was believed that he was then contemplating to return to the States again; at least so one of his associates wrote not long before.

The beautiful widow resolved to await his return; a month or two flew by, and sure enough Louis Wilberforce returned to Hazelton, as handsome as ever, though poor enough. He was soon made acquainted with the change that had come over the girl whom he used to call "as ugly as a mud fence on a dark night." He could scarcely credit his senses when he first beheld her after the lapse of five years. But it was Madeline, he felt assured; there was no mistaking those eyes, nor that voice; these he recognized; but what had become of the "ugly pug" nose, the pimpled and freckled skin, and the yellow hair? Hair-dye was then not yet thought of, and surely those flowing locks were natural, and her own! Artificial teeth might replace those unsightly "tusks" which once disfigured her mouth; but surely the beautiful nose and splendid skin were natural! Whence this magic change? Ah! that was doubtless Mrs. Carlyle's secret—a secret to be kept to the end of time, perhaps.

The beautiful widow made no secret of her preference for Louis Wilberforce, and he, nothing loth, paid assiduous court to her and finally proposed. In three weeks after they were united, and in six months later Mrs. Wilberforce was again a widow. When Louis married he seemed to be in robust health, yet in a short half year he fell into a decline, to arrest which baffled the combined skill of the ablest physicians.

Mrs. Wilberforce was overwhelmed with grief. She evidently loved her husband, for, according to the statement of her servants she allowed him a large amount of pocket money without demurring at his extravagance, for it was currently known that he had resorted to the gaming-table, where he had frequently lost large sums.

A year passed and the widow emerged from her seclusion a sad, though still beautiful woman; in fact her beauty increased rather than diminished. If any one would have for a moment thought that she caused her late husband's death, as some of her envious foes hinted at the time of the occurrence, her conduct would have refuted so foul an accusation. Besides, why should she have desired his death? She had nothing to gain by it, whereas all her actions proved that she deeply loved him. The fair was certainly mys-

terious, but why should that fact be made a pretext for accusing the women of murder?

Some sixteen months after her husband's death she married for the fourth time! The present husband was a young lawyer named Harper Mayne. He owned some property, yet his possessions were not to be compared to those of his wife. She was very wealthy—so much so that it was said she did not make use of all her interest money, but kept adding a portion of it to the principal every year!

Many of the envious of her sex predicted a short lease of life for her husband, and in less than three months their predictions bid fair to be verified. Mr. Mayne grew thin and pallid; his gait, usually so elastic, became slow and feeble, as though premature decay had seized upon him. His relatives grew alarmed, and, urged on by those who envied the fascinating woman, they regarded the mysterious creature with fear and hatred. Suspicion once fully aroused, assumed threatening proportions; a secret committee of three went to New York to ascertain accurately by what manner her two former husbands came to their end. Their mission failed in its principle object—namely, to strengthen the suspicions of foul play against Mr. Mayne. Mr. Layman, her first husband, was a noted chemist, and lost his life while experimenting with some explosive compounds. The occurrence took place in the presence of two of his employees, one of whom was slightly injured at the time by a fragment of glass. His wife, the present Mrs. Mayne, was out of the city at the time of the accident.

Her second husband, as has been stated, lost his life by a collision of two trains on the railroad; hence no one could accuse her of the death of either one.

When the gentlemen comprising the committee made their report, Mr. Mayne's relatives were more favorably disposed towards her; but when they saw the wreck of Harper Mayne, and remembered what he had been four months before, they could not but believe that a fatality was attached to the woman, and that all who united themselves to her were inevitably doomed! In view of this they dreaded Mrs. Mayne, and urged Harper to try the effect of the sea-shore. By the request of his wife he agreed to follow the advice of his friends. He went to Cape May and remained two months. He returned in health and spirits, though not the same man exactly as he had been; still he was in fair health and his step was more firm than of late. But his recovery was of brief duration; he sank more rapidly than before, and after eight months of wedded bliss he was conveyed to his tomb!

Suspicious of foul play revived, and though Harper with his last breath pronounced his wife an angel, his relatives ordered a post-mortem examination to be made upon his body. This was done by three eminent chemists from New York, but not a trace of poison could be discovered in the stomach. He was healthy, and in a state usually found two or three days after death.

What then could this mystery mean? "Gentlemen," said one of the faculty, "I will venture an assertion, barely an assertion, remember, for I have no foundation on which to base a positive belief that I am correct. There have been cases where a woman had such abundant vitality as to be fatal to those with whom she associated daily. This fact has been proved, though such cases are of rare occurrence; still this person may be one. Whether she really is one of those women I have no means of positively knowing." Poor Mayne was finally buried, and Mrs. Mayne one morning left Hazelton before any of its inhabitants even suspected her intentions.

Gerald Mayne, a cousin of Harper, had occasion to visit Charleston about four years later. He was engaged in conversation with a gentleman before a hotel when that person drew his attention to an approaching two-horse conveyance in which sat a lady and gentleman.

"See," said he, "there comes the fairest of her sex, the fascinating widow, Mrs. Denin."  
Gerald looked in the direction pointed to by his companion, and as the carriage, driven by a mulatto, came near, he started as though he had been shot; the fair occupant of the vehicle was the widow of his cousin! Mrs. Denin, and a widow! then she had buried another victim! perhaps a half dozen! mentally said the young man.

"Ah!" cried his friend, jocularly, seeing how agitated Gerald was, "so you swell the number of her admirers?" "Admirers!" cried the other, with horror; then changing his tone, he concluded not to make known his former acquaintances with the woman who had just passed them, but wait events, and in the meantime learn all he could

about her. By questioning his friend, Mr. Bailer, he learned that the lady came to Charleston a year before—she was then called Mrs. Raymond, and was a widow. Her wealth and beauty attracted many of the sterner sex, but she seemed really averse to matrimony. But a Frenchman named Denin, threatened to kill both himself and her, unless she would become his; so she accepted his hand and fortune, with this strange remark: "Better yourself alone, than both!"

"They were married," said Bailer, "and in less than four months Denin was laid under the sod!"  
"And how came he to die so soon?" asked Gerald.  
"There's the mystery," was the reply. "He began to lose flesh shortly after marriage, and declined daily until death claimed him."  
"Was there no suspicion of foul play?" asked Gerald.  
"None."  
"But does it not seem mysterious?" queried Gerald.  
"Yes, I acknowledge it does; but what object could she have in killing him?"

"That is best known to herself," replied Gerald, who then related what he knew of her, and greatly excited his friend's curiosity thereby.  
"This then accounts for your agitation when you beheld her?"  
"Yes."

"Well, Mayne," said Bailer, after a pause, "I begin to think, myself, that there is a sort of fatality attached to that woman, and this reminds me of an incident which, when it first occurred, created merriment, but since the death of Denin folks look serious when the affair is alluded to. It is this: A pet poodle belonging to a lady in this city snuffed at and bit Mrs. Denin in the arm, inflicting a slight flesh-wound. Scarcely had the excitement subsided when the animal went into convulsions and died within half an hour. Some say that Mrs. Denin turned pale as death, and those who saw her face at the time declare that she uses no paint, as some have insisted, as her cheeks lost every vestige of color while gazing on the defunct poodle!"

"Strange, mysterious woman," muttered Gerald Mayne. "Would I could fathom her soul and drag from the cause of this strange fatality. Who was the gentleman in the carriage with her just now?" asked Gerald, after a brief silence.

"Colonel Ross, U. S. A."  
"Think you he has any intention of marrying her?"  
"There is no saying; possible enough, though," replied Bailer; "though they say she has vowed not to marry again."  
"Perhaps her conscience begins to be troublesome," observed Gerald, bitterly.

During the next three days Gerald managed to become acquainted with Colonel Ross and found him to be a sociable person. He informed the Colonel of Mrs. Denin's antecedents, to that person's extreme horror. He only needed proof of what Gerald had told him, and then he would "tear" himself forever from the fatal enchantress. Gerald told him to write to certain gentlemen at Hazelton, who would afford him all the proof he desired.

The Colonel went further; he went to that town and returned fully convinced that if Mrs. Denin was not a criminal woman, she was at least a dangerous one. He abruptly left the city and returned to his regiment.

People began to talk about the wealthy widow, and her parties were less and less attended. She made no remark, but was observed to grow sadder every day.

One morning she was found dead in her bed, and among her effects were found documents which revealed the secret of her life. She was a systematic poison eater!  
She learned the secret from her first husband, Dr. Layman, who advised her to begin the use of arsenic, if she would rid of the unsightly pimples and freckles on her face. She did so, and found he had spoken the truth; her skin became cleared every day; and, once convinced it was a settled fact that she might be made considerably less homely, she had her teeth removed and substituted artificial ones. Next she turned her attention to her nose! She consulted an eminent surgeon, who informed her that it was quite possible to transform her pug into a pure Grecian, but the operation would be painful to a certain extent. She scoffed at the idea of pain deterring her from obtaining a decent nasal organ. The part of dividing the nostrils was cut and a wedge-shaped piece taken completely out; the parts were then brought together and sewed. In a month after no one would have believed that the nose had ever been a pug!  
By reading her husband's medical works she discovered a hair dye—since brought to greater perfection—such her coloring was, as her freckles were