

The Elk Advocate.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to the Interests of the People of Elk Co.
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from these terms.
JOHN G. HALL, PROPRIETOR.

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TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
Second Monday in January.
Last Monday in April.
First Monday in August.
First Monday in November.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.
Stir Poland starch with a common candle, and it will not stick to the iron and it will be much nicer.
Alum or vinegar is good to get colors of red, green or yellow.
Sal soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.
Save your seeds for garden plants, or for garden yards, when ready.
Wash your tea trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour, and rub with a dry cloth.
Frozen potatoes will make more starch than those which are not; they also make nice cake.
A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out the white spots.
A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old craps.
Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds, and not rinsed.
If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.
Oats straw is the best for filling beds, and should be changed once a year.
If you are buying a carpet for durability choose small figures.
A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.
Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.
A gallon of strong ley put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.
Half a cranberry on a corn will soon kill it.
Always mend clothing before washing.

A HOG IN HOOPS.—The Vergennes Vermonters tell the following ludicrous story: A few days since a lady residing in the eastern part of the State, having just returned from an evening's entertainment, hearing a noise on the back stoop, a long and very narrow one, she stepped out to ascertain the cause. At the further end she discovered the intruder in the shape of a good sized hog. She at once assumed a belligerent attitude and commenced screaming: "Who's there!"—The hog took the alarm and made for the door, and discovering the largest space to be between the lady's two feet, pitched for that, and she instantly assumed a horizontal position and movement for the door. But to prevent a premature ejection she caught hold of a post and her hoops caught the hog. His swinishity at once found himself incarcerated in hoops. Then came the struggle, a woman's determination against a hog's will—a contest not unequal, but as persistent as it was ludicrous. The noise brought the lady's good mother to the scene, but what could she do? although the squealing of the pig and the positive assertion that she "should be killed," was hard for a fond mother to hear without lending assistance. A compromise was unavoidable, and to effect this, the hoops were unfurnished, and away went his pigship, arrayed in his new attire, lacking only one thing to make him respectably dressed, viz, a waterfall.

The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

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A Religious Story.

From the Sunday Magazine.
HOW NEUMARK SANG HIS HYMN.

The Care of Providence.

The Thirty Years' War was over, and Germany rested from blood. Two years after the peace, George Neumark, a young man was living in one of the narrowest and filthiest lanes of Hamburg. No one visited him, and all that the people of the house now of him was, that for the most part of every day he played his violoncello with such skill and expression that they thronged round his door to catch the music. His custom was to go about midday and dine in a low restaurant, frequented by beggars; for the rest he would go out in the twilight with something under his shabby cloak, and it was always noted that he paid his bill the day after such an expedition. This had not escaped the curiosity of Mistress Johansson, his landlady; and having quietly followed him one evening, he stopped, to her dismay, at the shop of a well known pawnbroker. It was all plain now; and the good-natured woman determined to help him if she could.

A few days after, she tapped at his door, and was filled with pity to find nothing in the room but her own scanty furniture. All the rest had been removed, save the well-known violoncello, which stood in the corner of the window whilst the young man sat in the opposite window-corner, his head buried in his hands.

"Mr. Neumark," said the landlady, "don't take it ill that I make so free as to visit you, but as you have not left the house for two days, and we have had no music, I thought you might be sick. If I could do anything—"

"Thank you, my good woman," he answered wearily and with sad gratitude in his tone; "I am not confined to bed, and I have no fever; but I am ill—very ill."

"Surely, then, you ought to go bed?"

"No," he replied very quickly, and blushed deeply.

"Oh! but you must," cried Mistress Johansson hotly. "Here, just show me. I'm an old woman, old enough to be your mother, and I will just see if your bed is right."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," he replied, and sprang up quickly before the bedroom door.

It was too late, however, for the good woman had already seen that there was nothing but a bag of straw and that same shabby mantle in which he made the evening journey. She left the room, and in a few minutes returned laden with dinner.

"You must not take it ill," she began, when dinner was over; "but you are surely not a native of our town. Do you know any one here?"

"No one; I am a stranger; but you are the first person that has spoken to me kindly. May God bless you!"

"Well, now, if it would not be rude, I would like to ask you some questions—Who are you? What is your name? Where do you come from? What is your business? Are you a musician? Are your parents alive? What are you doing in Hamburg?"

Breathless rather than exhausted, she stopped, and the young man, smiling at his good-natured catechist, began: "My name is George Neumark. My parents were poor townsmen of Muhlhausen, and are both dead. I was born there nine and twenty years ago, on the sixteenth of March, 1621. There have been hard times ever since, and I have had to eat, and often first to seek my daily bread with tears. Yet I must not be impatient, and murmur and sin against the Lord my God. I know that he will help me at the last."

"But how did you think to get your living?" interrupted the landlady.

"I studied jurisprudence, but was unsuccessful. For ten years I suffered hunger and thirst enough at the Latin school of Schleusingen, a little town in the neighborhood of my birthplace, where I learned that the wisdom of this world will not give me bread. Then, at two and twenty, I went to Konigsberg to study law. It was far to journey, but I fled from the hideous strife that wasted my fatherland. I avoided the horrors of war, but only to fall into the equal horror of fire, and I soon lost by the flames all I had, to the last farthing, and was a beggar."

"Why, what had you to live on?"

"The gift of God. You must know that I am a poet, and you may have heard that I have some readiness in playing the violoncello, and by these I found many friends and benefactors, who helped me indeed sparingly enough."

"And did you remain in Konigsberg till you came here?"

"No," he answered, sighing heavily. "After five years I went to Danzig, in the hope of earning bread there; and finding that a false hope went to Thora, and there succeeded beyond my expecta-

tion. God brought to me many a dear soul, that took me for friend and brother. But for all that I could find no official position, and so I determined at last to seek in my native town what was denied me elsewhere. Hamburg lay in my way, and as I passed through it a voice seemed to say to me: 'Abide here, and God will supply thee.' But it must have been the voice of my own will; for you know that things are not bright with me here."

"But tell me," said the landlady, "what office do you seek?"

"If it were God's will, I could earn my bread at writing, at a clerkship of any sort."

"Then you are not a musician?"

"Well, I am, and I am not. I can play a little, but for my pleasure, and to win bread. This violin is my only friend in the world."

"But how do you live?"

"My good woman," he said with a faint smile, "I could tell you much of the wonderful goodness and mercy of God to me in all my misery. It is true I have now nothing left but this dear old violin. But you know Mr. Seibert? He has a clerkship vacant, and he is to answer my application to-day. I believe it is time for me to be with him, so you must excuse me."

CHAPTER II.

Nathan Hirsch, the Jew pawnbroker, dwelt in a narrow, crooked lane that led down to the harbor. Late one evening a young man in a shabby cloak, entered the dusty shop.

"Good evening, Mr. Neumark," said the Jew. "What brings you so late—Have you no patience till the morning?"

"No, Nathan; if I had waited till the morning, perhaps I had not come at all—What will you give me for this violoncello?"

"Now, what am I to do with this great fiddle?" drawled the Jew.

"That you know perfectly well, Nathan, put it in the corner there behind the clothes, where no one will see it. Now, what will you give me for it?"

Nathan, took it up, examined it on every side, and said, as he laid it down, "What will I give you? Is it for two pence worth of wood and a couple of old strings? I have seen fiddles with silver and mother-of-pearl; but there is nothing here but lumber."

"Hear me," said Neumark, "full five years long I hoarded, farthing by farthing, full five years I suffered hunger and pain, before I had the five pounds that bought this instrument. Lend me two on it—You shall have three should I ever redeem it."

The Jew flung up his hands. "Two pounds! Hear him! Two pounds for a penny worth of wood! What am I to do with it if you won't redeem it?"

"Nathan—and the young man spoke low and strong—"You don't know how my whole soul is in this violin. It is my last earthly comfort, my only earthly friend. I tell thee, I might almost as well pawn my soul as it. Wouldst thou have my soul?"

"Why not? And if you did not redeem it, it would be mine. But what would a Jew do with your soul?"

"Hush, Jew. Yet the fault was my own. The Savior, whom thy people crucified, has redeemed my soul, and I am his. I spoke in the lightness of despair.—But I am his, and he will never leave me to want. It is hard when I must sacrifice the last and dearest. But he will help me. I will pay thee back."

"Young man, you will not deceive me with these vain hopes. The last time, did you not tell me that a rich merchant would help you?"

"Siebert? Yes. I went to him at his own hour, and he said I came too late; the place was given to another. Am I to bear the penalty of the conduct of others?"

"I deal with you, and not with others," returned the Jew coldly. "Take your great fiddle away."

"Nathan, you know I am a stranger here. Remember when you were a stranger, and the Christian helped the Jew. I know no one but you. Give me but thirty shillings."

"Thirty shillings! Have I not said already that no merchant can give thirty shillings for a pennyworth of wood?"

"Thou art a hard and cruel man! And, with these words, Neumark snatched up his beloved violoncello and rushed out of the shop."

"Stop, stop, young man," cried the Jew; "trade is trade. I will give you one pound."

"Thirty shillings, Nathan. To-morrow I must pay you five pounds, and how am I to live? Have mercy."

"I have sworn that I will not give thirty shillings; but out of old friendship, I will give you five and twenty; that is, (you will note,) with a penny interest on every florin for eight days, and for the next week two pence, and if you cannot pay me then, it is mine. Now, what am I to do with this great piece of wood?"

"It is hard; but I must submit. May God have mercy on me?"

He is a good and faithful God, the God of my fathers, and he helped me much, or I could not afford to lose by such bargains as this. Twelve pence and four-and-twenty pence make six-and-thirty. I may as well take it off the five-and-twenty shillings! it will save you bringing it back here."

Neumark made no answer. He was gazing at his violoncello, while the tears rolled silently down his cheek.

"Nathan, I have but one request. You don't know how hard it is to part from that violin. For ten years we have been together. If I have nothing else I have it; at the worst it spoke to me, and sang back all my courage and hope. Ten times rather would I give my heart's blood than this beloved comforter. Of all the sad hearts that have left your door there has been none so sad as mine."

His voice grew thick, and he paused for a moment.

"Just this one favor you must do me, Nathan; to let me play once more upon my violin."

And he hurried to it without waiting for an answer.

"Hush!" cried the Jew, in a passion; "the shop should have been closed an hour ago but for you and your fiddle. Come to-morrow, or not at all!"

"No—to-day, now," returned Neumark. "I must say farewell, and soiling the instrument, and half embracing it, he sat down on an old chest in the middle of the shop, and began a tune so exquisitely soft that the Jew listened in spite of himself. A few more strains, and he sang to his own melody two stanzas of the hymn—

"Life is weary, Saviour, take me."

"Enough, enough," broke in the Jew. "What is the use of all this lamentation? You have five-and-twenty shillings in your pocket!"

But the musician was deaf. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he played on. Suddenly the key changed. A few bars, and the melody poured itself out anew; but, like a river which runs into the sunshine out of the shade of sullen banks, he sang louder, and his face lighted up with happy smiles:

"That's better. Stick by that," shouted the Jew. "And don't forget that you have five-and-twenty shillings in your pocket. Now, then, in a fortnight the thing is mine if you have not redeemed it." And he turned aside, muttering mechanically, "but what am I to do with a great piece of lumber work?"

Neumark laid his violin gently back in the corner, and murmured, "Uti fiat divina voluntas—As God will—I am still; and without a word of adieu left the shop."

As he rushed out into the night, he stumbled against a man who seemed to have been listening to the music at the door.

"Pardon me, sir, but may I ask if it was you who played and sang so beautifully just now?"

"Yes," said Neumark hurriedly, and pushed on.

The stranger seized hold of his cloak. "Pardon me, I am but a poor man, but that hymn you sang has gone through my very soul. Could you tell me, perhaps, where I might get a copy? I am only a servant, but I would give a florin to get this hymn—that was just written, I do believe, for myself!"

"My good friend," replied Neumark gently, "will willingly fulfil your wish without the florin. May I ask who you are?"

"John Gutig, at your service, and in the house of the Swedish Ambassador, Baron von Rosenkrantz."

"Well, come early to-morrow morning. My name is George Neumark; and you will find me at Mistress Johansson's, in the Crooked lane. Good night."

CHAPTER III.
One morning, about a week after this, Gutig paid a second visit to Mistress Johansson's. Neumark received him kindly.

"Perhaps, sir, you will think what I am going to say foolish, but I have prayed over it the whole night, and I hope I may make so bold—"

"What? Is it a second copy of the hymn; of course you may have it with pleasure."

"No, no, sir, it is not that. I have the copy you gave me in my Bible, to keep it better; though if it were lost, I think I have it as well off as the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. But yesterday—"

"Never mind; go on."

"Well, sir, the Ambassador had a secretary that wrote all his letters. Yesterday he suddenly left the house; why, no one knew; but we believe that the master found him in default and let him easily off. Yesterday evening, as I saw my lord to bed, he said to me; 'Now that Mr. Secretary is gone, I know not where to look for as clever a one.' Somehow your name came into my mind; for these letters were in the house, and

is entertained at the table, and has a hundred crowns a year paid down. So I said; 'My lord, I know some one—' 'You!' he cried, and laughed; have you a secretary among your friends?' 'No, my lord,' said I though I know him, I am much to humble to have him for a friend or acquaintance.'

The result was, that Neumark obtained the situation. On an interview with the Ambassador, that functionary asked him if he could sift papers that required a knowledge of jurisprudence and politics?

"If your grace would try me, I would attempt it."

"Well, then, take these papers, and read them through. They contain inquiries from Chancellor Oxenstiern, and the answers I have been unable to procure. Bring me a digest of the whole. You may take your own time, and when you are ready knock at the next door."

CHAPTER IV.
Neumark left the hotel of the Ambassador that evening with a radiant face, and as he walked quickly through the streets, talked with himself, while a smile stole across his lips: 'Yes, yes: leave God to order all thy ways.'

It was to Jew Nathan's that he took his way.

"Give me my violoncello," he cried. "Here are the five-and-twenty shillings, and a half crown more. You need not be so amazed. I know you well. You took advantage of my poverty, and had I been an hour beyond the fortnight you would have pocketed the five pounds. Still, I thank you for the five-and-twenty shillings; but for them I must have left Hamburg a beggar. Nor can I feel that you did anything yourself, but were simply an instrument in the hand of God. You know nothing of the joy that a Christian has in saving another, so I pay you in what coin you like best, an extra half-crown. Here are the one pound seven and sixpence in hard money. Only remember this:—"

"Who trusts in God's unchanging love. Builds on the rock that naught can move."

Seizing his violoncello in triumph, Neumark swept homeward with hasty steps, never pausing till he reached his room, sat down, and began to play with a heavenly rapture upon him with a storm of questions, all of which he bore unheeding, and played and sang until his landlady scarce knew if she was in heaven or earth.

"Are you there, good Mistress Johansson?" he said, when he had finished.

"Well, perhaps you will do me the kindness to call in as many people as there are in the house and in the street. Bring them all in. I will sing you a hymn that you never heard before, for I am the happiest man in Hamburg. Go, dear, good woman; go bring me a congregation, and I will preach them a sermon on my violoncello."

In a few minutes the room was full—Then Neumark seized his bow, played a bar or two, opened his mouth and sang:—

"Leave God to order all thy ways, And hope in him, whate'er betide; Thou'lt find him in the evil days An all sufficient strength to guide. Who trusts in God's unchanging love, Builds on the rock that naught can move."

"What can these anxious cares avail, These never ceasing moans and sighs? What can it help us to bewail Each painful moment as it flies? Our crosses and trials do but press The heavier for our bitterness."

"Only your restless heart keep still, And wait in cheerful hope, content To take whate'er his gracious will, His all-discerning love hath sent; Nor doubt our inmost wants are known To him who chose us for his own."

Here the singer stopped, for his voice trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little audience stood fixed in silent sympathy; but at last Mistress Johansson could contain herself no longer.

"Dear, dear sir," she began, drying her eyes with her apron, for there was not a dry cheek in the crowd, "that is all like as if I sat in church, and for got all my care, and thought of God in heaven and Christ upon the cross. How has it all come about? You were so downcast this morning, and now you make my heart leap with joy. Has God been helping you?"

"Yes that he has, my dear, gracious God and Father! All my need is over,—Only think; I am secretary to the Swedish Ambassador here in Hamburg; have a hundred crowns a year. And to complete my happiness, he gave me five-and-twenty crowns in hand, so that I have redeemed my poor violin. Is not the Lord our God a wonderful and gracious God? Yes, yes, my good people be sure of this:—"

"Who trusts in God's unchanging love Builds on the rock that naught can move."

And this beautiful hymn, where did you find it, sir, if I may make so bold—For I know all the hymn-book by heart, but not this. Did you make it yourself?"

"Well, yes, I am the instrument—the harp, but God swept the strings. All I knew was this: 'Who trusts in

God's unchanging love; these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I wept over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves in this song. How, I cannot tell. I began to sing and to pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord, and word followed word like water from a fountain. Stop," he cried, "listen once more:—"

"Nay in the heat of pain and strife, Think God hath cast thee off unheard; Nor that the man whose prosperous life Thou enviest, is of him preferred; Time passeth, and much change doth bring, And sets a bound to everything."

"All are alike before his face; 'Tis easy to our God Most high To make the rich man poor and base, To give the poor man wealth and joy. True wonders still of him are wrought, Who setteth up and brings to naught."

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways, But do thine own part faithfully; Trust his rich promises of grace, So shalt it be fulfilled in thee; God never yet forsook at need The soul that trusted him indeed."

When he ceased for the second time, he was so much moved that he put away the violoncello in the corner, and the little audience quietly dispersed.

Such is the story of one of the most beautiful of all the German hymns, one of those which has preached the truest sermon to troubled and fretted and despairing hearts. After two years, Baron von Rosenkrantz procured his secretary the post of Librarian of the Archives at Weimar, and there he peacefully died in his sixty-first year. He wrote much, verses indeed almost innumerable. But the legacy he left to the Church was the hymn that the simple-hearted man played when God gave him back his beloved 'viola di Gamba.'

SALTING BUTTER.—A. Raymond, a New Hampshire correspondent of *The Rural New Yorker*, gives the following receipt for salting butter: Take two quarts of good salt, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of saltpetre, Use one ounce of the composition for one pound of butter. It should be stamped and left to cool before putting in jars. Butter prepared in this way should not be used for two or three days. You will find that your butter will be very fine, as it will have no brittle or salty look or taste. By following this course your butter will keep the year through, in warm as well as cold weather.

HOW IT WORKS. The National-Intelligencer remarks upon the striking violation of the American sense of justice displayed in the matter of extradition of offenders between Northern and Southern States. Governor Fenton, of New York, made a requisition on the authorities of North Carolina for an individual charged with fraud. It was honored, and the alleged culprit handed over. Gov. Pierpont of Virginia, made a requisition on Gov. Fenton for an alleged criminal now in the Empire State. It was not honored on the plea that Virginia is not a State in this Union. It is a particular grievance to the North Carolina a State to receive justice to its own citizens, but to deny that Virginia is a State to prevent all efforts to do justice to citizens of Virginia. The fact tells its own story. We forbear comment, simply saying that the national love for fair play will no longer stand such transparent double-dealing.

—They have an old Free Mason ninety-eight years old in Haverhill.

—They have a big lump of Colorado silver on exhibition in Boston.

—The death in an English poor-house of a woman 108 years old is reported.

—The poor Canadians are rollicking and hurrahing over the new colonial arrangements.

—A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds contains only two and a half pounds of perfectly dry residuum.

—A young lady, just married, in New York, had twenty-four pairs of shoes to match twenty-four dresses. She was a whole soled maiden.

—There is talk of a movement to impose a national tax of fifteen dollars on every dog. They cost us that much now in sheep and wool.

—A Chicago sportsman recently shot a penguin in a lake near Milwaukee, Wis. The bird has never before been seen in that vicinity.

—This time the tables are turned. A coquette in Ashland, Ohio, was made to return \$2,300 worth of presents and pay six cents damages to the blighted object that she had jilted.

A Missouri blacksmith has prepared a horse-shoe for the Paris Exposition, made of raw ore from the Iron Mountain. Half the shoe is finished, and the other half shows the ore as it is dug from the mine.

—In Richuond, Va., lately, Richard Milburn ate, upon a wager, four dozen and seven raw eggs, and when he had finished did not seem to be surfeited—the glutton. A few days before he drank a gallon and a half of water at one time. Richard must be making up for short commons during the war.

A horrible murder occurred recently in Kingston, Wisconsin. The victim was a widow lady, the mother of seven children, and the murderer a descendant of hers, who, having been threatened with prosecution for stealing her turkeys, crept up behind her as she was sitting at a window and blew out her brains with a gun. His foot prints betrayed him, and he was arrested.

If you would look "spruce" in your old age, don't "pine" in your youth.

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