

most of the wealth at their command, adorn and beautify Zion by erecting such an institution on some unoccupied lot of your principal business street, and invite orthodox friends to unite with them in their mission, prayer and reading-room work—unite in a common endeavor to redeem the fallen drunkards and prostitutes of the street, and welcome and encourage the strangers in our midst. Your city is also a splendid field for reform work among a large class of strolling miners; also a multitude of traveling sporting men.

Brethren, let us unite to "rescue perishing, care for the dying, and be merciful, Jesus will save." In answer to my request earnest prayers go up from the hearts of mission people on Clark and State streets for the happiness and prosperity of all the people of Salt Lake City.

I am yours very truly in Christ,
BAPTIST BROTHER.

Editor Deseret News:

I was much pleased yesterday while perusing a copy of your last issue of the Semi-Weekly News, to learn that Prof. Smyth, of Salt Lake City, is making efforts to introduce the Tonic Sol Fa methods of teaching and learning vocal music. That method was first introduced into England upwards of thirty-five years ago, by Mr. John Curwin, of London, and its beauty and simplicity soon attracted much attention, and choral unions were established in most of the counties of England. It was also used very extensively in congregational singing, psalmody, etc. Most, if not all the great Oratorios were transposed into this method, such masterpieces as Handel's "Messiah," Haydn's "Creation," Mozart's "Twelfth Night," were learned and rendered with much greater facility and accuracy than they possibly could be in the old, or standard notation. The great point of superiority of this Tonic-sol-fa system of vocal music, over the standard, is the dispensing with semi-breves, minims, crotchets, quavers, etc., and using simply the sol-fa characters, or their initials, as a for Sol, d for doh, etc., with the addition of dots and dashes to indicate the length of each note. The Tonic-sol-fa musical score needs. Every whole tone or semi-tone in the natural scale has a name, as doh, de ray re, me, fah, ascending, and the same descending, and the student becoming thoroughly familiar with these sol-fa names and their respective positions in their alphabetical order, without practicing upon the instrument, has only to learn the dots and dashes which indicate the pitch, and he will be enabled to sing almost any piece of music in standard notation at sight. Therefore, the reading of music is rendered much easier than it is by crotchets, quavers, etc. Besides this, the transition from one key to another, the course of a piece of music, is made much easier, from the fact that the sol-fa, name of the desired key, is placed beside the note requiring transition, and the vocalists proceed without any embarrassment, at least without straining his voice to produce the exact "sharp" or "flat," or three flats, as the case may be, as encountered in the old notation. The tonic sol-fa method of music is not adapted for instrumental music, but it seems to have been created specially to facilitate the practice of vocal music. Its chief feature being simplicity.

I have in my possession a certificate that was awarded me while a member of the Birmingham Tonic Sol Fa Union, some twenty-two years ago, and I can well recollect the time I received the news that David O. Calder was teaching the method at Salt Lake City, Utah.

This system of music commends itself for its simplicity, and I am of opinion that the simplest is the best whether in learning music, language, science, ethics or religion,

all the nonsense jargon of the schools? I shudder at the nonsense of laborious fools, who rather reason with perplexing rules.

Wishing Professor Smyth success in his Tonic Sol Fa labors, and giving your pardon for this short note, I am yours very truly,
JOHN BURROWS.
Brigham City, Nov. 15th, 1883.

ALL ABOUT WATER.
INDIANOLA, Nov., 14, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:
"Water is money."—The old ad-

age "Time is money" should change to the above proposition which I propose to demonstrate by merely stating that a large proportion of all plants is water and as all wealth comes from the earth and the fertility of the soil is largely dependent upon water, therefore the above proposition is correct. Having long been a resident of this Territory I have heard a great deal of contention in regard to the right of water, the thought occurred to me if all the water that falls from the clouds could be utilized all or nearly all of the land in nearly all the valleys of Utah could be successfully cultivated. A great proportion of the water from all the mountain streams, runs into the different lakes and is not used for irrigating purposes, which might be utilized by making dams and reservoirs in the course of those streams at comparably small expense so that all might have all the water they need, without contention or strife.

When I was east I noticed the manner in which some cities (especially Cleveland and Chicago) obtained their water. I then thought how much more easily this people could obtain an ample supply of water and instead of forcing water up, merely save that which comes down, then there would be plenty for all. I have made some calculations in regard to the expense of reservoirs, and I find that reservoirs for water will in no case cost more than ten dollars per acre, that is, a reservoir large enough to contain water enough to irrigate one hundred acres of land, will not cost over one thousand dollars, and in most cases will not cost one-tenth of that amount. I propose to save all the water that runs in these streams during the fall, winter and spring and then apply it during the summer. In some cases it may be necessary to so construct them so as to be perfectly water tight. If so, resort must be had to water lime cement or clay that can be rendered impervious to water in such a manner that springs will not break out below, but where it can be done make all reservoirs in the course of the streams themselves. Then if springs do break out no damage will be done, and no one's right will or can be interfered with. If such an arrangement could be entered into, thousands of acres that are now lying dormant would become rich, fertile farms, luxurious with vegetation, and thousands of people could make comfortable homes in these valleys that are now emigrating.

I merely design to throw out hints for others to enlarge upon. In regard to the construction of these fountains for water, various methods may be adopted, according to locality and the various circumstances of the people. There are some localities where there are streams which run only a part of the year, and where the ground is too porous to be made to hold water. In such cases resort must be had to either pipes or lumber conductors and cemented reservoirs. As I said, I hope some one will tell us how to construct these weirs, dams, reservoirs and fountains in the cheapest, most durable and efficient manner.

I have noticed near Payson, and also in this place, several thousand acres that are now vacant for want of water, when at the same time a great amount of water is running to waste. You Salt Lakeers might not like this idea, considering that you bring a large amount of your water from Utah Lake, but you must utilize your mountain streams in the same way, and from past experience and observation we learn that as vegetation increases in any locality, water increases in like proportion. If this be true, Utah Lake will remain about the same.

Resort is had to artesian wells and dry farming, which may prove profitable, but I think the saving of the water we already have will be much more so.

H. E. H.

ALONE WITH A TIGER.

**A NIGHT IN A RUSSIAN HOUSE—
HOW MUSIC SAVED A MAN
FROM BEING EATEN BY
A TIGER.**

Traveling once near Moscow I chanced to meet N. Petrovitch, an old college chum. After some merry talk over our scrapes and adventures of former days, he entreated me to accompany him to the house of his friend Baron Staloff, at a place about 10 miles distant, adding by way of persuasion: "Staloff is a fine,

open-hearted, generous, hospitable fellow, just such a man as you would like to meet. He told me to bring with me as many friends as possible. Come, we will be there about a week. I can promise you a very agreeable visit."

Although a stranger to the baron, as I then thought, I yielded to my friend's request, and we took the afternoon train, arriving at Staloff late in the day. The baroness received us graciously, regretting that the baron was unavoidably absent until dinner.

Punctually at 7 o'clock my friend and I entered the magnificent dining-room. There was just time for a hasty introduction to the host before we took our seats; we were about twenty minutes at the table.

"What is the matter with you?" whispered Petrovitch. "You look so frightened, have you seen a ghost?"

"Frightened! I may well look so, indeed! I am frightened. Your fine, generous, openhearted baron is my deadly enemy, than whom I would rather meet a thousand ghosts. I will tell you all about it after dinner."

After an uncomfortable dinner I succeeded in finding an opportunity to speak to Petrovitch in private.

"That man and I were once friends," said I, "but the old story, we both admired the same girl. That made the first breach between us. He proposed to settle the matter with the sword. I easily disarmed him. She jilted both of us for it, and married Paulovitch, of the dragoons. Two years later the same thing happened. We fought again. I wounded him severely, and he swore vengeance upon me. But she married him and is his present wife. But how has he become 'Baron Staloff'? When I knew him he was merely Gregoroff Altoff."

"His uncle left him this property last year with his name. He wisely took both."

"If I had only known it. The man hates me and sees me present myself at his dinner table. How soon can I get away?"

"Not to-night, I am sure. If you fear any treachery come spend the night in my room. But, really, the common rules of hospitality—"

"Oh, I don't believe in hospitality when it comes to a man of his nature. He has heard 'Macbeth' and may imitate him—not for ambition, but to satisfy his cherished revenge."

"Well, I will speak to my servant and have your bags removed to my room before bed time."

"Thanks, old fellow."

The evening passed pleasantly by means of music and cards. The baroness was charming, the baron did not appear. Late in the evening my friend left on receiving a message from the baron to join him. Half an hour later a lackey made a sign to me from the door. I turned to him.

"I am come, sir, to hand you this key."

"I am to spend the night in my friend's room."

"Yes, sir, but a larger room has been prepared for you two gentlemen when you are ready. Sir, I am at your service to show you the way to it."

"I am ready now; go on, I will follow." I followed him, as lamp in hand he went up a long, winding staircase and along a narrow corridor until we reached what seemed to be a sort of tower. Here in a broad space where were several doors, he stopped. "I suppose this part of the house is not occupied?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it is all occupied. Your room is one of the best. This is it."

He opened the door of a large spare apartment. On one side near a large old-fashioned bed I saw my travelling bag. "Your friend is here, sir, probably," and he left me.

With the key in one hand and the lamp in the other, I advanced to the fire-place. There was no fire, but one single candle stood on the mantel. This I lighted, but the darkness and gloom seemed impenetrable. "Petrovitch is not here," thought I, as I threw myself into an immense arm-chair to wait for him. "What can delay him?"

I sat there until midnight. Still he did not come. Rousing myself, then, I thought I heard the rattling of a chain. "The fellow is somewhere here. What else could make a noise?"

Then I distinctly heard a regular breathing.

"He must have fallen asleep somewhere. I will look for him." So lamp in hand I proceeded to explore the room, I reached further away than I had thought. I heard

the chain again. * * * What was my horror to behold stretched at full length, fast asleep beside his open cage, a splendid tiger. The chain attached to his collar hung loosely to the ground; he was free!

I rushed to the door. It was locked on the outside; to the windows, they were enormously high from the ground! There was treachery I feared. This must be the trap of the generous, hospitable Baron! To call or make a noise might be useless, and would certainly arouse the animal. I had no pistol with me. I carefully and without any noise piled the chairs in one corner to serve as an ambush, reserving a stout little one as a weapon of defense. Then I sat down, keeping my eyes on him. He lay cat-like, opening occasionally his drowsy eyes, sometimes giving his enormous head a shake. By degrees his sleepiness passed away, and with a frightful yawn he raised himself up and advanced towards me.

He paused for a moment, and, raising his head, he sniffed the air as if suspicious of the presence of an intruder. With a growl he continued to advance cautiously, as if on his guard against a foe whose strength he was ignorant of. A few steps discovered me to him, and, with a growl of rage, he crouched as if for the fatal spring. While I awaited in terror the fearful fate which would be on me in a few seconds, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty of the animal, whose splendid stripes of black on his brown and orange skin, and glaring eyeballs, as he lashed his sides with his tail, made him a perfect study. The quivering movement of his body told me that in a moment I would be torn to pieces without a chance of escape or defence. I closed my eyes for a second, and as I opened them he suddenly raised himself and stood with his head turned toward the door. Was any one coming to save me? I listened in vain for a footstep. Suddenly the soft music of a guitar broke upon the stillness. My first impression was that it meant another trick of the wily Baron, but to my intense relief the tiger, with a purr of satisfaction, laid himself down against the door in the attitude of an attentive and delighted listener. Hour after hour passed away as the music continued without a moment's cessation, and his highness the tiger remained subdued and quiet in his evident enjoyment of the sounds. This lasted until daylight, when the door was suddenly opened and a man entered with a heavy club and a carbine. This was the tiger's keeper. At sight of him it crept lazily into its cage. The man's surprise at seeing me was very great.

"The secret of this door," said he, "is known to the Baroness and myself alone."

I lost no time in escaping from my prison, and soon reached the other part of the house. I found Petrovitch wandering about in search of me. I told him what had happened. "I must leave this house at once," said I.

"Stay to breakfast. Let the Baron see that you are alive and well. I shall enjoy his surprise."

I did stay to breakfast. The Baron's yellow face turned green at the sight of me. The Baroness did not appear. After a month I heard of the Baron's sudden death. I called on the Baroness. She had known of the horrible design on my life. It was by her influence that the servant who confided his suspicions to her was induced to spend the night playing on the guitar, she having known that wild animals are tamed by musical sounds. She is now my wife. The tiger has been placed in a menagerie. I hope they will be as good to him as he was to me, and will feed him well, as I escaped doing!—Ex.

DYING AS HE PREDICTED.

A MAN WHO ANNOUNCED WHEN HIS DEATH WOULD COME AND PREPARED FOR IT.

Lewiston, Mo., Nov. 13.—Two weeks ago Lafayette Cook, an eccentric citizen of Auburn, announced to his family that he would die on Sunday, Nov. 11. Yesterday his friends came to this city to buy a coffin in which to bury his remains. He was a sewing machine operator, and had been employed on a long job making overalls. He worked at home and lived happily with his family. For a long time he had been talking about his approaching death, but as he was in excellent

health little attention was paid to him.

One day last week he asked a neighbor to take to town some work he had been doing.

"Shall I bring down some work for you?" asked the man.

"No," Cook replied, "I have done all the work I shall ever do."

At the Sunday morning meal he remarked sadly, "I shall never eat another breakfast with you." He was in his usual good health, and in the afternoon he went out for a walk with his grandchildren. Returning to the house he calmly announced that he would prepare himself for his coffin, and that he was ready to meet his maker. He shaved himself carefully and put on clean clothes. He called for a spread, and, lying down upon a lounge, he drew a comforter about him, and apparently settled himself for a nap.

His wife and family gathered about him, he bidding them all good-by. They were impressed by his gentle earnestness, but had no idea of his dying. They believed he had given too much attention to religious subjects, and that this whim was the result. Mr. Cook lay with his cheek resting on one hand and with the other arm by his side. In this position he seemed to fall asleep. His friends saw no change in him. At tea time they tried to wake him. He was breathing softly, but they could not rouse him. He sank into a deeper stupor. They worked over him all night, and a physician was called, but it availed nothing. Early yesterday morning he died. He had made no movement after he first closed his eyes. Those who were with him scout the idea of his having taken drugs. They say that suicide never entered his thoughts, that he was simply willing to die because he thought it was God's will. Those who have investigated the case regard it as a simple surrender of vital power.—N. Y. Sun.

THE INVENTOR'S LOT.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune complains that Steele Mackaye, who invented the double stage that has been such a source of profit to the pious owners and managers of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, has reaped no profit from it whatever. Upon this a writer in the Philadelphia Press adds that the play of "Hazel Kirke" has brought millions to these managers, and made them vastly rich men, while the author of the play is a poor man. To these the *Continental* replies that the reason the inventor and author is poor is because he trusted the results of his genius to the mercy of these same pious managers, the Mallorys. If the contract they exacted could be published, the secret would be perfectly plain to all. It exacts of Mackaye to the last farthing, and the utmost detail of performance, but concerning his reward it is so vague and misty that there has never yet been found a lawyer who could draw a ray of hope from it for the unfortunate author and inventor. This is quite often the outcome of genius. The inventor more frequently than otherwise remains poor, while others reap the reward of his labor.—Ex.

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