

A FEUD SETTLED.

The feuds of Kentucky have been celebrated in song and story, and many a stirring refrain or bloody tale has been founded on the family wars of "the dark and bloody ground," but no feud, ancient or modern, was ever settled in a more satisfactory manner or resulted in a more lasting peace between the factions than was brought about by the settlement of the feud between the Brown and Jones families in a county bordering on the Ohio river which shall be nameless.

How the enmity between the families arose in the first place belongs not to a story of modern times, for the beginning was far back in the early history of the state. At first it was bloody enough to suit the most sanguinary partisan, but as the county became more settled and peaceful the Brown-Jones feud took the shape of a political rivalry no less bitter than the old warfare, but not quite so destructive of the population of the county. Business rivalry also sprang up, and the family of Brown was arrayed against the family of Jones on every possible occasion, and their respective retainers always stood by their chiefs.

This led to some deplorable affairs on such occasions as conventions, election days and other gatherings, where both parties came in contact, but the leaders of the factions, advising law abiding conduct on every occasion, managed to keep the ill feeling from breaking into open warfare as a general thing. No one accused either of the parties to the feud of cowardice, and when at the breaking out of the war Brown cast his lot with the Federals it followed of course that Jones took up arms for the Confederacy, as he was in duty bound to do even if his sympathies had not been with that cause.

Each began as a captain of a company, and during the whole progress of the strife each fought valiantly, and on more than one occasion their commands met in the midst of the horrid storm of war and helped to make a few pages of history sodden with the blood of heroes, for in those days, when men in gray met men in blue, deeds of daring were performed that made the actors immortal and wrote their names high in the temple of fame.

The people at home watched anxiously the course of their respective leaders, and when Brown was promoted his partisans held a grand mass meeting which was still the talk of the town when word came that Jones had been promoted also, and his retainers met to rejoice.

So the fight went on, and Brown and Jones were in the thick of it, and their bravery was rewarded, until when the days of peace came at last, it was General Brown and General Jones who came back to the little town, and neither of them had performed a deed of valor that had not been equaled by the other.

General Brown had a son, John, and General Jones had a daughter, Jeanette, but they passed each other by in secret, when school children together, and as they grew older they were never known to speak to each other. In fact, they rarely met at any social function, because there was no middle ground in that county. He who was not for Brown was against him, and the same might be said concerning Jones.

Society was divided into the Browns and the Joneses, and the members of one party did not associate with the other more than was absolutely necessary. When a Brown partisan died, the Brown faction buried him from the Methodist church north, and when a Jones died he was carried to the cemetery from the Methodist church south, and the only place where the two parties rested together in peace and quiet was the little cemetery on the hills beyond the town.

John Brown and Jeanette Jones were 12 and 10 respectively when the war ended, and they grew up hating each other, and the name of the other, as had their ancestors since the memory of man went not back to the time, and the Brown-Jones feud was as bitter as it ever was as the years went on.

Then came a sad blow to each. On the very same day General Brown was thrown from his horse and killed, and Mrs. Jones died sitting in her chair from some sudden stroke, and the coroner of the county rendered his verdict accordingly, and from the church north and the church south solemn processions moved, composed of the friends of each party, and there was one day when the two factions met and passed no jeering word or insulting remark between them and when each went his way decorously as becomes Christians in a civilized land.

Then the years went on again. Mrs. Brown, fair to look upon, and as stately as a queen, became the leader of the Brown faction, while General Jones, the courtly and polished gentleman in all things, pursued the even tenor of his way, having regard for the sex of his opponent, and gradually peace began to settle over the community.

The Browns and the Joneses were as bitter toward each other as ever, but their partisans noticed that there was an unwonted quiet between the immediate members of the families, and those who were not of the blood of either began to see that one might belong to the faction they were opposed to and still be a decent sort of a person, and gradually a better feeling began to find a footing in the community. To be sure, no one deserted this party. It was not that party fealty had grown weaker, but the charity that covereth a multitude of sins spread its white mantle over the whole people and made them understand that others might be good men and women and not believe in all things as they did.

Now a strange thing happened. John Brown and Jeanette Jones were sent north to finish their education, and it happened that they were sent to the

same college, and it being a coeducational institution both entered the same class. Then the old feud took a new shape, for these two heirs apparent to the leadership of the ancient feud began a struggle for educational supremacy that lasted from the day they entered the college until the day they graduated, and on that day Jeanette Jones was the victor, with John Brown next to her.

It was no triumph for Jeanette though, for she was very well satisfied in her own mind that John Brown had made his examination to fit the occasion, and had given her first place deliberately and intentionally, and this made her feel that there are times when victory is worse than defeat.

They had been on speaking terms for some time, because it was necessary on occasions for them to speak, but there was nothing like intimacy or even friendship existing between them.

The more Jeanette thought about the matter the more fully was she convinced that she was the victim of John Brown's courtesy, and she felt that she must let him know that she understood this to be the fact, or the laurels she had won would forever burn her brow. She could not make any excuse for approaching him until she was ready to go home.

The coaches were filled, and it so happened that she got a lower berth in the Wagner that was to carry them home. John saw the situation at a glance, and betook himself to the smoking compartment and staid there until midnight in order not to annoy his fair neighbor and enemy, but she had made up her mind to speak to him, and when he sauntered down the aisle to retire he saw Miss Jeanette sitting in her seat and was about to turn back when she called to him:

"One minute, please, Mr. Brown," she said.

John doffed his cap and bowed without speaking.

"I want to say to you," began Jeanette in some confusion, "that I am perfectly aware of the fact that you placed the honors of our class on my head by not doing your best. I love you, thanks, from the ordinary point of view, but under the circumstances I can but wish that you had pursued a different course."

This speech was a rather prim one, and was not well delivered, in spite of the fact that Jeanette had been coming it for hours and had it word perfect.

The young man was no whit less confused than was the young lady, and for a moment he stood unable to reply. He could not be by saying that she was mistaken, and he did not want to acknowledge that she was correct.

"You have no reason for your belief, Miss Jones," he said, "and if your surmises could by any possible chance be correct the honors go to Kentucky, and to our home, and that is her lot."

This was a question that required considerable discussion, and before either of them was aware of it the light of the new day broke through the windows and the porter smiled grimly to himself as he slipped the dollar John gave him into the proper receptacle and said something in an undertone to the conductor of the car about some folks being "awfully sweet on each other."

The dispute between the young people was not definitely settled that night, and after their arrival at home every time they met casually when going about the country it was renewed. It was surprising, too, how often their rides on horseback were over the same roads, and at the same time, and if there had been any one in their secrets that one would have concluded that the old dispute between the families was going to break out in a new form, though it may be said that the arguments of the young people were very decorously conducted and frequently strayed away from the original matter of the school honors.

One day as John went up the hill he met Jeanette coming down. This was not a very unusual occurrence, and neither of them made any pretense of being surprised. In fact, John said plainly that he came that way because he hoped to meet Jeanette.

There was that in John's eyes that day that made Jeanette's brown orbs droop when she looked at him. With a woman's prescience she knew that he was going to talk to her of things that had not been spoken of before and tell her a story that would sound infinitely sweet to her coming from his lips.

John turned his horse, and together they went slowly down the hill along the winding road beneath the green trees. All the glory of summer was about them, and the sapphire skies seemed to bend just above the hills to the south, while across the river to the north the blue Ohio heights lay basking in beauty, dim, blue and far away.

"Jeanette, darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

John spoke without preface and without warning, and the girl gasped at the suddenness of it all.

"Don't say so," pleaded the big and handsome John, as the girl bent her eyes to her horse's mane and paled and flushed from the sweet emotion that surged through her heart. "Don't throw me over, for I love you better than life, better than ever any other one can, and will love you always. You say you owe your college honors to me and want me to have them. You do not owe me anything that your love will not repay a million times over and leave me hopelessly indebted to you. I know we belong to two factions who have been at war always, but cannot we go down the way in peace with each other? Cannot we forget that our families are enemies, and by joining hands make the old hateful feud a thing of the past to be forgotten forever? Won't you say yes, dearest?"

The young man grew eloquent in his earnestness, and yet the girl said no word nor gave him even a glance. Surely this was the day of triumph for her when she saw the hereditary enemy begging a favor at her hands, and triumph was in her heart, but not of the sort that the warrior feels when his ene-

my lies vanquished before him. It was the triumph that caused the maiden in her Indiana, long years ago, to sing, "My lover is mine and I am his," and she simply put out her hand in a bland sort of a way toward John, who seized it and kissed it as if he were saluting an ambassador.

What further was said belongs not to this story, for there are some things that sound well when time and circumstance may be fully considered, but which seem to be quite silly when put in cold words in black and white. Suffice it to say that the question of what the people would say came up, and these two brave young people concluded that they had not quite the courage to make open announcement of the treaty of everlasting peace which had been duly ratified and sealed after the manner known to lovers since the world began, and they then planned and conspired to escape to Ohio and at the town of Aberdeen, known and famed as the "Gretchen Green of Ohio," he married unknown to friends and relatives, who, after it was too late, might discuss the question of what they would do about it.

The night when the elopement was to take place was set and the young people went their respective ways happy as young people are on such occasions.

The night when John Brown was to steal his lady fair and carry her away across the river came as dark as the most timid lovers could wish, and John could hardly wait till the day was done. He consulted his watch every two minutes and wandered about like unto one possessed of the spirit of unrest. And finally the night fell.

The thick clouds hid the moon and cast a dense gloom over the whole face of the earth, and the young man rejoiced and told himself that Fate had favored him in all things. Saddling two horses, he proceeded to a wood near the home of his innamorata, and hardly had he got there when a female form, clad in black and deeply veiled, stepped from the darkness under the trees and stood dimly revealed.

"Are you ready, darling?" whispered John.

"Yes," was the whispered response, "but I thought you said you would come in a carriage."

"You must have misunderstood me, sweetheart," replied John, "for I don't remember saying how I would come. Let me assist you to mount."

"I don't know whether I can ride or not, I feel so queer and foolish."

"That is natural under the circumstances. You are nervous, dear, and will soon be all right. We must hurry, for I have hired the ferryman to wait for me."

In a minute later the two were flying down the road. Soon the sound of carriage wheels came to their ears. For a few minutes John said nothing, but it was not long before he was convinced that some one was following him.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said in a loud whisper, "but let us ride faster."

"Why?"

"I think we are pursued, and if not I do not care to have the carriage behind us overtake us."

The lady caught her breath, and in a moment they were going at top speed along the level river road to the landing place of the ferry.

The carriage still kept within hearing distance, but did not seem to gain on them. Presently they came to the ferry, and hastily tying the horses John lifted the lady down and stole a kiss from under her veil as he did so. The ferryman was waiting, but it seemed to the flying lovers that he would never be ready to cast off.

"Make haste," said John to him under his breath. "We are followed, and our pursuers are drawing near."

The stupid boatman made a desperate effort to hurry, and in so doing unshipped one of his oars and it flew from his hand and was lost in the dark waters of the river.

Just then the furiously driven carriage drove up and a gentleman jumped out, without seeming to observe the three at the boat side.

"Hello!" cried the newcomer in a stentorian voice. "Where in blazes are you, my lazy lubber?"

"Here I be, sir, if you are meanin' me," answered the boatman.

As the newcomer's voice rang out there were two exclamations in unison from the ladies, and each tore her veil from her face, just as the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and there was such a tableau as is rarely seen anywhere. At the side of the boat stood John Brown and Mrs. Jones, while near the carriage stood General Brown and Jeanette.

For a space the length of which none of the parties present have ever tried to compute these four stood as if transfixed, while the boatman looked with wondering eyes from one to the other.

The general was the first to recover himself.

"John—madam," he said, "will you please explain yourselves?"

To this very reasonable request neither replied.

"It seems," resumed the general, after a solemn pause, "that some mistake has occurred."

"Mamma, were you going to elope, too?" inquired Jeanette, whose mind had gone from cause to effect and back again, and aided by woman's intuition began to divine in a dim way what had happened.

Then explanations followed, and it was discovered that there had been two elopements planned for the night instead of the one we know of.

"We're discovered," said the general, gravely, after the matter had been fully explained. "Shall we go on like fools or go back like sensible people and get married each to the woman of his choice, like men and women and Christians ought to?"

That is all. They went back and were married, and the writer hereof sets it down as his own conviction that they have lived happily ever since. And so the feud ended.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

THE WORLD'S SILVER

SOME LITTLE UNDERSTOOD POINTS CONCERNING THE WHITE METAL.

Once Gold Was Less Valuable Than Silver. It Is Everywhere Present, Even in the Sea—America Has Most of the Big Mines. Production.

Let us devote a little attention to silver today—not "the silver question" with its complications as to ratios and values and economies, but the white metal itself. Everybody is talking upon the "question," nearly everybody has views upon it, and you and I, reader, may hold such utterly diverse opinions concerning it that if we were to discuss it we might fall out and fight. But there can be no possibility of a row over consideration of the metal itself. It is an interesting element, and always has been. It is doubly so just now, both be-



CASTING SILVER PIGS.

cause it seems possible that it will be the king pin around which the great political fight of 1896 will revolve and because of the enormous quantities that will have to be got together by the Chinese to pay their enormous war debt to the victorious Japs. There are a lot of curious facts about silver, and herein I shall simply collate some of the least known of these out of the way bits. It would be impossible in any space of less extent than an entire newspaper to intelligently treat of so big a subject as silver in any other way.

First of all, it seems not to be generally understood that in some ancient states silver was held in much higher esteem than gold, yet such was undoubtedly the fact. It was certainly so in ancient Arabia and in ancient Germany. During the whole period termed antiquity, silver was almost universally at least equal with gold in value, and there was no change in their relative worth until the silver mines began to show signs of giving out. Owing to the greater softness of gold, the yellow metal was not much used for coinage prior to that time, silver and copper being employed chiefly for money purposes. But when silver began to grow scarce gold was pressed into service, legally declared to be worth more, weight for weight, than silver, and hardened by alloys, so that it would bear the wear and tear of circulation.

Down to the seventeenth century the two metals were still held to be of equal value in Japan, the country into whose coffers China will shortly pour all the silver she can rake and scrape anywhere.

Another curious point about silver is the alleged fact that, if the total cost of its mining and the actual value of the product of the mines were written on opposite sides of a ledger page and a balance were then struck, it would be found that the world's supply has cost many millions more than it is worth, even at the 16 to 1 ratio. At the present commercial rates the selling value of the silver in existence bears a still smaller relation to the cost of digging and refining. This should not be considered detrimental to silver as compared with gold, however, for gold is alleged also to be produced at a loss, everything considered, and figures have been published showing that considerably more than \$2,000,000,000 in money have been expended in getting out the \$3,000,000,000 worth of the two metals that has been yielded up by the mines of California, Australia and Nevada.

Like gold, silver has always been much more plentifully produced in new countries than in old ones, and this is easy to understand, since the mines are always well worked out before a land attains age. But there is this difference between gold and silver. While there are very important gold mines in Australia and Africa, almost all the great silver mines in the whole world are in America, north and south, the United States, Mexico and Peru being the chief producing countries at this time. It is not possible to make an accurate statement regarding the total annual output of silver because its production, unlike its coinage, being "free" no government supervision is made. It is estimated, however, that the present yearly production is not far from 60,000,000 ounces, but he would need to be an ex-



IN A MEXICAN MINE.

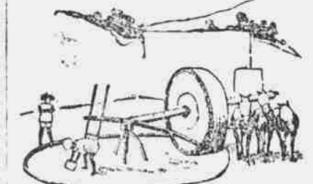
ceedingly wise man who should undertake in the circumstances to reduce that vast quantity of the white metal to a money value.

Unlike gold, silver is rarely found in its native state, and then in comparatively small quantities. Moreover, most

silver ores are difficult to reduce, and that is one reason why silver was the last of the three money metals to be used for coinage purposes. Originally silver was as widespread as gold, occurring in nearly all volcanic rocks and in some of the primary ones. But gold remains unaltered by the elements, and no matter how far it may be carried from the place of original deposit, by reason of the breaking down of the rocks containing it, may be procured by comparatively simple means—such as the "washing" of dirt or gravel where it has been carried by water after the disintegration of the matrix rocks or the crushing by mechanical appliances of the rocks themselves where they persist in spite of nature's attempts to break them down. Silver, on the other hand, is only to be found in the rocks of original deposit. When these are broken down, the silver either enters new mineral combinations—or—and this is far more common—disappears entirely. Silver, then, can be mined only by appliances requiring capital for their creation, while gold may often be procured with the aid of nothing more expensive than a shovel and a pan.

Although silver is found in paying quantities in but comparatively few places, it is present in varying quantities everywhere, including the ocean. Relatively the quantity thus held in solution is small, but whoever should come into possession of such a mass of silver as exists in the world's seas, no matter how low the current price, would be quite justified in leaving all work for others to do, since according to the wise men this silver amounts to some 10,000,000,000 tons or 20,000,000,000,000 pounds. At \$1 an ounce—the 16 to 1 value—this amount of silver would be worth \$320,000,000,000,000. At 50 cents an ounce it would be worth \$160,000,000,000,000—quite enough to keep the wolf from the door during one short human lifetime. This vast sum is many times greater than the total amount of silver coins in the world.

The annual production of silver, until the slump caused by the repeal of the Sherman law, was nearly 180,000,000 ounces, of which the United States produced 64,900,000 ounces, or more than one-third, and of the total production, according to one unimpeachable authority, about two-thirds are used in the arts, lost or shipped to Asia. However, as another authority, equally unimpeachable, states that in 1892 only 35,000,000 ounces out of a total of 180,000,000 ounces produced were used in the arts, it will be impossible here to make any definite statement upon this point. It is stated, however, and may be safely accepted, perhaps, since I can nowhere find it contradicted, that one-fourth of all the silver used in this way is made up into spoons and forks. Another quarter is used by silversmiths for other manufacturing purposes, another quarter is absorbed in the making of



CRUSHING ORE BY MULE POWER.

plated ware and about one-sixth is disposed of by the photographers, dentists and surgeons. There is a remainder left after these fractions are added, but as the available authorities fail to state what is done with the residue I shall not try to.

Since the United States stopped buying silver for coinage an enormous trade in uncoined silver has sprung up between New York, the great port of silver export for America, and London, which carries are the centers of the silver traffic. In 1891 about \$47,000,000 of the white metal was thus sent to the world's metropolis and the year before about \$1,000,000 worth less. It is shipped in the form of bars more than in coins, the bars usually weighing from 100 to 120 ounces and their weight and fineness being guaranteed by the refiner.

More costly machinery is used in the silver mines than anywhere else, for, even when costly, machines are cheaper than men and mules wherever Uncle Sam rules. In the Spanish-American countries, where wages and the cost of living are much lower, much cruder methods of mining silver are employed. In place of the intricate stamp mills, for instance, the ore is broken up by primitive crushers consisting of great round dressed stones rolled over the broken rock by mules which travel in a circle, and in place of the rapidly moving "diamond pointed" compressed air drills, hand drills operated by men who work practically naked are used in the mines.

In bringing this compilation to a close, I may venture upon certain statements as to coinage without in any way trenching upon the province of those who would discuss the "question." Between 1793 and 1893 427,363,323 silver dollars were coined in the United States and enough smaller silver coins to bring the total up to \$665,929,323. On July 1 of this year there was in circulation in the United States of silver coin and "silver certificates" the equivalent of \$747,913,340. On the same date the treasury contained \$127,131,346 in silver. The cost to the government of the silver coinage has averaged \$1.024 an ounce, or 79 2-10 cents for each dollar, and the market value of the silver now in each of Uncle Sam's dollars fluctuates in the neighborhood of 52 cents.

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

Followed Tolstoy's Example. Prince Dimitri Khilkov, a Russian nobleman, has followed Tolstoy's advice and divided his estates among his peasants, having reserved only seven acres for himself, which he cultivates to support his family.

THE ATLANTA FAIR.

A Review of Some of Its Characteristic Features.

[Special Correspondence.] ATLANTA, Aug. 27.—The World's fair at Atlanta, known as the Cotton States and International exposition, is to be devoted primarily to an exhibition of the products of the southern belt of commonwealths of the Union, but beyond this it is also intended to give a thorough display of the improvements and progress that have occurred in our own land and abroad since the World's fair in Chicago only two years ago. In this brief period there have been so many advances made in various fields that the present fair will be a series of surprises to those who spent months entering and studying the splendors of the White City. In aluminum, for example, the progress made in the past two years has been something phenomenal. There was a good display at Chicago, but it was confined chiefly to alloys, jewelry, bells and similar small objects. In Atlanta it will embrace all sorts of domestic utensils, gardening tools, bicycles, boats and even machinery. The price of the new metal has dropped in this brief period from \$3 a pound to less than 50 cents and now enables a manufacturer to turn out goods that were impossible at the former period. In electricity there has been another tremendous advance, especially in the conveying of power and the general transmission of energy. The science of electric lighting has done away with nearly every difficulty which confronted it two years ago and is now supplanting gas and other lights not only in the United States, but even in India, China and Japan. In printing presses, paper making and bookbinding machinery the progress has been so great that a book can be made today for 15 cents that ten years ago cost \$1. The brainy management of the fair has made a special effort to secure exhibits representing the improvements mentioned and hundreds of others in the more important industries of the land. There will also be an interesting display in the tobacco business, showing the novelties that have sprung up in late years. They now grow tobacco in Florida, in Tennessee and other localities which were unknown five years ago, which differ from existing varieties in many details, and yet which are marked by a very high excellence. In the cottonseed oil business they are now preparing high grades of glycerin, stearin, oleomargarine, cattle food, husk paper and other industrial products of considerable commercial value. Another feature of the exposition will be the presence of many scientific objects of the highest interest.

Greatest of all, there will be a woman's department which promises to surpass any and all predecessors. It was started by a committee of 41 of the most prominent Atlanta women, headed by Mrs. Joseph Thompson, who was known socially as the belle of Georgia, and contains such representative women as Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson, wife of the governor; Mrs. Clark Howell; Mrs. W. A. Henphill; Mrs. Maude Andrews Ohi, the poet and litterateur; Mrs. Louie Gordon, the art critic and lecturer; Mrs. S. M. Truman, wife of the cotton king; Mrs. Porter King; Mrs. Hugh Hagan; Mrs. A. B. Steele; Mrs. W. C. Lanier; Mrs. A. E. Thomson; Mrs. W. H. Felton; Mrs. R. S. Barrett and Mrs. Nellie Peters Black. They have erected a woman's building so beautiful and excellent in its accommodations that when the fair is over it is to be converted into a permanent museum belonging to the city of Atlanta.

They have formed an organization in every state and territory numbering over 1,000 of the leading women of the country. In each state there are representative committees in Atlanta, and in addition to this there are in all the leading states and the large cities powerful committees which report to the chairman of the standing committees in Atlanta. The managers have been ingenious in securing attractions such as did not obtain at Chicago. They have tried their best to avoid copying that famous World's fair and to make one which would possess qualities of its own. In this they have been extremely successful. They will have, for example, a colonial section which will give a series of exhibits representing life and social and domestic relations from the settlement of the country down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Another feature will be a literary exhibit, giving a vast number of portraits, autographs, manuscripts, pamphlets and books by every famous author from 1700 to 1895, a musical exhibit of the portraits, autographs, manuscripts and published compositions of every female composer, and, oddest of all, a collection of the patents, models and inventions of the 500 women inventors of the United States.

There will be a Midway pleasure similar to the one which was a mine days wonder in Chicago; there will be an artificial lake, water canoes, whitetail boats, gondolas, sampans, electric launches, naphtha launches and praus will be at the beck and call of every visitor. Most interesting of all, from an intellectual point of view, will be a series of woman's congresses, continuing through the duration of the fair, in which there will be representatives from every one of the 50 great women's organizations of the land.

So much has been done that when the fair opens on Sept. 18 it will represent a total cash value of nearly \$50,000,000.

The people of Atlanta have joined heartily in the endeavor to make the event a great success. The hotels of Atlanta, headed by the Hotel Aragon and the Kimball House, have agreed to make no increase in rates; the people who keep boarding houses or rent rooms have made the same contract. All the railroads which converge at Atlanta will carry and return exhibits free of charge and will also make special rates to every part of the country while the exposition lasts. Taken altogether, the Atlanta World's fair promises to be a great step in the development of the new south.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

A Simple Barometer.

Some morning when you do not care to drink your coffee try this experiment, which a Spanish savant declares will surely tell you what the weather will be. Take two or more lumps of sugar and drop them into the cup, but do not stir the liquid. When the bubbles rise, notice how they form. If you see a round mass in the center, it is going to be fine. If a ring should be formed around the sides of the cup, it will rain. If the bubbles are half way between the sides and center, take an umbrella when you go out, for it will be one of those days when, as old women say, "it may do anything."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Water Is Healthful.

M. Germain sees that the use of water improves nutrition and that the obese should therefore be allowed to drink ad libitum. The most useful forms in which it can be taken are as tea and coffee, particularly the former.