Lesieur and its Linen Factories.

Lesieur (France) is noted for its cotton and linen mills. The Taronne, a rapid little river, runs through the town, and drives the great undershot wheels of the factories. The undershot wheel seems to be the favorite here. The turbine is rarely seen, unless where some adventurous Englishman has come in to establish a manufactury. Having wandered around the place and seen all the old monuments, and learned that Lesieur was the Louvreum of Caesar, I attempted to investigate the mills, but was finely refused entrance to every one. At last having got into conversation with a workman of one of the linen factories, I induced him to let me into the establish-ment.

A linen factory is not the most agreeable place to visit in the world. There is to begin with, the glaring room, with its rows of hungry machines that seizes on the flax with iron jaws, break it and tear it, and send it whirling through a whole digestive apparatus of wheels and toothless cylinders, until it runs out in long ribbons of felt-like substance into full sized linen jets.

The choicest part that comes from the machines fill the eyes and ears and nose of the spectator, and he is very glad to pass on into the room of the spinners. Here one finds himself at once in a temperature boiling hot, and an atmosphere filled with clouds of almost scalding steam. The spinning is on what is called the wet system; that is, the thread in going to the spindles passes through a series of淹d hot water. Three vats are ranged along just behind and above each range of spindles, and are heated by steam-pipes. So intense is the heat in this room that it is impossible for the operatives to retain their clothing. The men were either quite naked, or were simply a very short pair of drawers, and the women wore simply a cotton shirt coming down to the knees and up only to the waist. The export of the room, filled with clouds of steam and dripping with water everywhere, and these poor naked, pale, perplexed looking creatures, that came and went silent as spectres, was strange enough.

The thread having once passed through the water has a very disagreeable sour smell, that grows stronger and stronger as it goes on through the various processes of rolling, drying, hashing, and bailing, until in the storeroom, where it is coiled up and waiting for the market, the odor is positively overpowering.

The advantages of the wet system consist in the dissolving of certain glutinous substances of the flax in the hot water, which, on its cooling and drying, bind together the little filaments of the thread, and give increased strength.—Correspondent, Chicago Republic.