Streets of London.

The streets of London are of every conceivable width and length, and are paved with the Belgian block. the macadamized roadway, the asphalt, patent pavement and the wooden pavement. In the centre of "the city" the under soil is composed of very coarse debris of all sorts, prominent amongst which are large pieces of flinty chalk, with a fair proportion of ground up bricks; therefore the paviors have not much trouble in making a solid foundation from the start. This, however, does not apply to the north, south, east, west and suburbs, where the soil is largely composed of a very coarse clay, with flinty stones running through it. Out of this clay are made many of the bricks used for building purposes in London.

Regarding the use of the Belgian blocks, they first seem to be all of a uniform size, cut out of granite, a trifle smaller than those laid on Broad street, Philadelphia. They prepare the soil for laying them by first picking the ground to the depth of a foot or more, and all the stones and pebbles are carefully sifted in small hand screens, as the work progresses. The larger stones are placed on the bottom and the smaller ones on top; then a combination of Thames sand and ordinary lime is thrown on, some water is introduced, and the whole mixture of small stones, sand and lime is stirred together with a spade, until the surface assumes a uniform appearance; then a sprinkling of sand and small pebbles is thrown over all on top, and the whole smoothed over with a large piece of wood, about an inch thick, four inches wide and eight feet long. Those pieces of timber look like gauge rods (although larger) used by our tramways to maintain the gauge of roads. On top of the above described foundation are laid the blocks, as they are in Philadelphia.

The sewer inlets in London are not placed, like ours, at the corner of the streets, but are something like the water drains in Fairmount Park, being but a small iron grating, placed in what we could call the gutter of the roadway; but the gutter in London does not exist, in either the asphalt or the wooden pavements; in the other sorts, large Belgian blocks are laid end to end, and two or three, placed alongside each other, generally form the termination of the paving. The other descriptions of pavements are merely graded to the curb.

The macadamized roadway, which forms the largest proportion of highway in London, is constructed on the same style of foundation as used for the Belgian blocks, small broken stones being placed on the surface and rolled in by large steam rollers.

The asphalt is only used in the central portions of the city, around the Bank of England, etc. It is placed in this neighborhood to deaden the sound of the enormous traffic which takes place there. It is famous for its slippery qualities when wet, and is said to have caused the deaths of more horses than any pavement before introduced. It is laid on such a foundation as has been already described, but is made of such good material that it almost becomes as hard as rock when dry. The process of making it is a patent one, and is controlled by the Neutchatel Paving Company, limited. Everything in London is "limited," except the city and its streets, which seem to have no definite limits.

The wooden pavements come last and can be divided into two kinds—that which is placed on a foundation like the Belgian blocks, and that which is built on a wooden roadway. The all-wooden road is made by first leveling the ground, then rolling it and placing half-inch planks directly across the street from curb to curb. this is coated with tar, then another layer of timber is placed longwise or transversely over the planks, also tarred, then wooden blocks, previously coated, in shape resembling our Nicholson, are placed all over, end to end, and small quarter-inch strips of wood are nailed between each division of blocks; into the aperture thus formed is poured tar, and small pebbles are sifted all over, filling in the crevices and making a solid roadway. Another method of fixing the blocks is to insert in each block a small iron wedge-shaped nail, which is first driven into the block, and sufficient of it is left projecting so that when it is placed alongside of its fellow block a sharp blow administered to it with the back of a hatchet nails it fast, thus keeping it in position.

The streets in the heart of the city, during fair weather, are kept absolutely clean, notwithstanding the enormous daily traffic over them. This is accomplished by the authorities employing a legion of boys armed with large dust pans, and a small brush, who are constantly sweeping up all street deposits and emptying their pans into what are called "street-orderly bins." These are made of iron pillars, hexagonal in shape, and are placed at intervals along the curb on the foot pavements in the central portions of the city. They do not look unlike large letter boxes. These are in turns emptied by carts driven by men who wear a large brass number buckled on one of their legs. This system of labeling human beings is extensively carried on here, and if a dustman does not perform his duty properly his number is taken, perhaps by some aristocratic looking gentleman, who writes to the Times his grievance, or by a policeman, who makes a note of of it; and thus the street cleaner is beset by unknown informers.

On some of the steeets the method for obtaining water for the watering carts is an ingenious one. It consists of a sort of plug terminating at the top in a sort of goose-neck tube, fixed on a movable joint. When in use the neck is turned into the street and the cart passing under it is filled with water. It is then turned parallel with the street when off duty. When it rains in London—which it has done daily for the last month—the streets become covered with a sort of heavy slime, which accumulates rapidly from the inadequacy of the sewer inlets to carry it off; therefore, on the smooth asphalt and wooden pavements, the dust-pan boys exchange that household necessary for a rubber faced brush; this they run across the street with, pushing as they go the accumulated filth close on to the curb. The other streets are scraped and brushed like our own; by the same venerable looking brotherhood of street scavengers, who, unlike "Rip Van Winkle," constantly wake up and go to work.—Corr. of the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Manufacture of Spools.

It may have occurred to some of our lady friends, while using the common sewing thread, that a vast number of spools are required annually by the manufacturers of that article, but it may not be generally known that the Province of Quebec furnishes its quota of spools to the English and Scotch thread manufacturers. Such, however, is the case, and while on a flying visit to the romantic village of Drummondville recently, we had the pleasure of visiting the spool factories there in operation. Drummondville is situated on the St. Francis river, and the Northern Division of the Southeastern Railway passes through it. Several years ago the prevailing wood which grew in the vicinity was white birch, which does not, we believe, make first class firewood, but which appears to be the best for the manufacture of spools. This probably was the reason why Drummondville was selected as the place in which to locate these factories, and the farmers in the vicinity can always find a ready market for this kind of wood at about $2 50 to $3 per cord. The wood, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is destined to make. These pieces are put into a dry-house and thoroughly dryed, from whence they are taken into the factory and given to the "roughers" who in an incredibly short space of time bore a hole in the center a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers, in the centre of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools. The "roughers" receive a cent and a half per gross for their work, and experienced men can turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The round blocks pass from them to the "finishers," who place them in machines which give them the shape of spools and make them quite smooth. It is quite interesting here to notice the men at work. A man stands with his left hand upon a small lever, and with the right he places the blocks, one at a time, in the lathe, then draws the lever toward him for an instant, and the work is done; the lever is pushed back and the spool drops down into a box below, while the right hand is ready with another block. These blocks are handled at the rate of 25 or 30 per minute. The "finishers" also receive one cent and a half per gross, and they can each turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The spools are then thrown loosely into a large cylinder, which revolves slowly so that the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time. On being taken out of the cylinder they are placed in a hopper with an opening at the bottom through which they pass down a slide for inspection. Here the inspector sits and watches closely to see that no imperfect spools are allowed to pass, and a very small knot or scratch is sufficient to condemn them. The spools then pass into the hands of the packers, who handle them very lively. They are packed in large boxes made the proper size, so that the layers of spools exactly fill the box and no additional packing is needed. These boys receive a quarter of a cent per gross for packing, and a smart boy who is accustomed to the work can pack about 200 gross per day. One proprietor ships from 12,000 to 15,000 gross (or over two million spools) per month to England, and another firm ships from 6,000 to 8,000 gross (or over one million spools) to Glasgow, Scotland.—Toronto Globe.

He Was Fined, All the Same.

A pale faced, over-dressed Italian named Frederick Fernando, drug clerk, was in the Court of Special Sessions the other day, charged with an attempt at indecent assault upon Fannie Toberts, a pretty young blonde. According to her statement, Fernando made it a point to lay in wait for her on the stairway or in the yard when his wife was out, and attempted familiarities with her.

Justice Smith—"What did the prisoner do to you?"

Miss Toberts—"He put—"

Justice Smith—"Yes, he put—Why don't you go on?"

"Well, he put his arm around my waist."

"Was that all? Now go on. This hesitancy is not natural, and the court can't waste its time in this way. Now, go right on and hesitate no more."

"He put his arm around my waist, and—and drew me toward him, and tried to kiss me."

"Did he succeed? He's a very wicked man to do such things in the absence of his better half. That will do, you may step down."

Fernando said that the story was false from beginning to end, and that Miss Fanny, who was continually making advances to him, was endeavoring to get him into trouble because he would not reciprocate.

Justice Smith—"Now, did you or did you not hug and kiss Miss Fanny? Come, out with it."

"I never did. She should be behind the bar instead of me."

"The Court finds you guilty of kissing or attempting to kiss the complainant. We will send you to the penitentiary for one month and fine you $50, to stand convicted until the amount is paid."—N. Y. Star.

How rapidly, says the Burlington Hawkeye, a man looses all interest in politics and national finances when he shuts a door on his own thumb.

Sensible Women.

A White Mountain letter tells how the school teachers in New Hampshire and Vermont utilize their Summer vacations by waiting on tables at White Mountain hotels. The correspondent was impressed at the intelligent and lady-like manners of these waiters, and on inquiry found that nearly all taught school during the school season. He discovered, also, that some young men waiters were students, also bent upon turning their vacations to account. No one will contend that the young girl waiting upon a table at a fashionable Summer hotel is not as worthy, in every respect, as the same young girl, a few months earlier or later, when engaged in teaching school. Yet such absurd notions prevail in some quarters, that one would be met as an equal and the other looked upon as in some way inferior. It is this unjust discrimination which keeps American girls out of occupations which are suited to them and in which they are wanted. Without doubt ten thousand good American housemaids could find homes and fair wages in this State if they should offer themselves. But very few American girls fit themselves to become good housemaids. They prefer the store, the shop, even the factory, to the comparatively independent occupation as a domestic. It is not the work they shrink from so much as the inferior position which the domestic is falsely assumed to occupy. The young girl who stands in a store twelve hours a day and waits on customers, is spoken of as a young lady. She always looks upon herself as a young lady, and rightly, too; if she is honest, polite and attentive, as most of them are. But the young girl who accepts a position as domestic is not so sure about her social standing. She thinks she is a young lady, but is not certain that other people think she is. She is addressed by her Christian name by the family and guests without the prefix "Miss," which reconciles young ladies to such familiar use of their home names. But the average domestic is more independent, enjoys comfort, and is more secure from temptation than the average of her sisters who earn their living in stores, shops and factories. She is better off in all essential respects, and has quite as good a chance of having some day a home of her own. The sentiment to inculcate is, that occupations only reflect honor as they are heartily filled. The honest, modest and intelligent table waiter is a better member of society than any of her sex who do not possess these qualities, and so society should regard her. The frivolous assumption of superiority on the part of some society ladies and gentlemen in their intercourse with chance attendants, is no evidence of true refinement or of good breeding. On the contrary, the true gentleman or the true lady will so deport themselves to attendants that neither will feel embarrassed if the chances of life should throw both into the same circle of society. If this rule was established there would be less reluctance on the part of girls to become domestics.

Henry Ward Beecher's Age

It having been stated in the Bangor Whig and Courier that Henry Ward Beecher was seventy-three years of age, that gentleman wrote as follows to that journal: This would make my birth year to have been 1805. But the great family bible says I was born on the 24th of June, 1813, and my most reputable parents have always assured me that their acquaintance with me began then. Were they mistaken? Was I eight years old when they took me into their arms? It must be so if your paragraphist is right, and I have always regarded an editor as infallible as is the Pope. Pardon my natural curiosity in desiring to know something of those obscure and silent years in which I must have been far less noisy than in any subsequent period. When I was ten or twelve years old I should have been thankful for the gift of years. But I do not need them now. I have enough already, and am sure of earning more without depending on charity. Give them to some lad too big for a boy and not big enough for a man, who would like to be plumped into full manhood at once, without the kicks and cuffs so often employed in ripening youth. You speak of my visit to Bangor as probably the last. Do not be too sure. What merit has Bangor that it should be exempted from the inevitable ills of life?

The Good of Marriage.

The French savant, Dr. Bertillon, has given the result of his study of the mortality statistics of every country of Europe. He comes to the conclusion that marriage is conducive to good health, long life and morality, and is, so to speak, a limited insurance against disease, crime and suicide.

He says that a bachelor of 25 has not a better prospect of life than a married man of 45; that among widowers of from 25 to 30 the rate of mortality is as great as among married men of from 55 to 60. Taking the French bill of mortality, he shows that while the annual death rate among married men between 20 and 25 years of age is rather under 10 per 1,000 bachelors of that age die at the rate of 16 and widowers at the rate of 19 per 1,000.

These figures apply to the whole of France, while, taking Paris, it appears that the rate for men between 20 and 25 years of age is 15.7 per 1,000 for married men, 27 per 1,000 for bachelors and 32 per 1,000 for widowers. With advanced life the difference goes on increasing.

With regard to crime, Dr. Bertillon asserts that the offences against the persons are 50 per cent. less, and against property 45 per cent. less, among married men than among unmarried. The difference is still more remarkable among women, amounting to 250 per cent. The number of suicides is at the rate of 629 per million for widowers, 273 per million for bachelors and 246 per million for married men.

Mrs. Sprague's Story.

The Providence Journal prints a letter from Mrs. Sprague, in which she says: "As you must have surmised, Governor Sprague's dissolute life and dissipated habits long ago interrupted our marital relations, though I have striven hard through untold humiliation and pain to hide from the world for my children's sakes, the true condition of my blighted, miserable domestic life. About one year ago even this poor semblance abruptly culminated. After a disgraceful orgie and arrest at Nantucket beach, with which circumstances many people in Rhode Island are not unfamiliar, I then sought, with my little girls, the neighborhood of old friends, and the shelter of my honored father's former home. There, dwelling almost within the shadow of his tomb, I felt more secure, less unprotected. There, kindly sympathy sought me out, and though covert malice printed some censorious comments, relief came and our circumscribed means were adequate to our simple and quiet mode of life." She speaks of Sprague's failure to supply her with funds, and says that he told her she must look to powerful Washington friend for aid. She adds: "And to my deep distress and mortification, permitted, after a long delay, a bill for carriage hire for his mother's use during a visit to in Washington, to be paid by the gentleman who had recommended to us the stable from which the carriage was hired. This and other unmanly exhibitions have been incidental to the past year, while the brutality of recent events—repetitions of similar scenes of violence and outrage enacted in former years—has finally driven us from the door, and filled the public prints of the country with a scandal too cruel to be endured without redress. Mr. Conkling was, of course, as unconscious as I that Governor Sprague sought an occasion to enact the tragic role of an injured husband, for, at their last meeting, not long since, Governor Sprague had sought from Mr. Conkling not only legal counsel, but accepted at his hand a favor as only the friendliest confidence would warrant."

Improved Tenement Homes.

It is now generally admitted that the present tenement house system is a blight and curse. How can New York be delivered from it? Wise legislation will do much, systematic and thorough administration even more, to promote the welfare of the working classes, but if the one hundred thousand families who now live in tenements are ever to have clean, comfortable and healthy homes, new buildings must be constructed. As soon as improved accommodations are furnished at low rentals the better class of tenants will move into the new buildings, and the tenements which they give up will be occupied by a poorer class. The worst rookeries would be left vacant; the tenements that were not so bad would be mended, and the worst of them would be made over from the bottom, and in this way the whole system would be levelled upward.

Three New York capitalists, we are glad to observe, have taken a step in the right direction. They are building near the Grand street ferry a block of tenements six stories in height on an improved plan, which has been successfully introduced in London. The characteristic feature of the design is a central tower leading from the sidewalk to the roof. In this tower are circular stairways inclosed by fire-proof walls, and from the landings balconies with slate flooring give access to the rooms. The danger from fire is thus reduced to a minimum. Each family has a set of two or three rooms entirely apart from the other tenements on the same floor, and each apartment has direct light and thorough ventilation. From the living room a door opens into an extension which is fitted up as a wash room, with a water closet in the rear. The rooms are large, the windows are of unusual size, and all the appointments are excellent.

Points on Economy.

Miss Birney writes as follows: Economy in cooking does not consist in the use of what are called the necessaries, but rather in getting up even the simplest dishes in such a manner as not only to taste but to look well. Some housekeepers possess this faculty in a remarkable degree. Others are totally without it. And there is, too often, waste which might be avoided by exercising a little forethought and care. Meat is thrown aside which might be hashed; the flour is sifted in a wasteful manner; soap is left in water to dissolve; sugar is spilled from the barrel; apples decay for want of looking over; pie crust is left to sour; bones, good for soup, are thrown away; pieces of bread go into the swill bucket, and in a hundred such little ways is the substance of the household wasted. The importance of economy in small matters is too little considered. It is seldom that the wife can in any other way help her husband, and it is her duty to lighten his load by exercising economy, if economy is any consideration to him. Under the English housekeeper's management there is no waste. She is economical concerning everything, her care extending even to the drippings. Nothing is too trivial for her notice, and she is ever on the alert to detect an error in the household accounts. It is not surprising, therefore, that English girls, under the supervision of such mothers are, as a general thing, better fitted to take charge of a household of their own than our average American girl.

"George has had a great many pullbacks in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said, "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

CHOICE RECIPES.

POACHED EGGS.—It is hardly proper to call any kind of fried eggs poached. To poach eggs have a spider or basin of water, in which put a little vinegar to prevent the egg sticking; have this hot, but not boiling, and drop in the egg; let the water cover the egg; when done take out, dust a little salt and pepper over, and butter if liked. Eggs cooked in this way very rare are good for sick people.

OMELETTE.—Six eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, and a pinch of salt. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Mix the flour, milk and salt, add the yolks, then the whites; have a buttered spider very hot; pour in and bake in a quick oven five minutes.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk, then beat the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, a little milk, and one teacupful of sugar; pour into boiling milk and just boil; turn into a pudding dish. Beat the whites to a froth, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; cover the pudding and set in the oven to brown slightly. Flavor with vanilla or lemon.

GRAHAM GEMS No. 1.—Ingredients: Two cupfuls of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, an even teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites and yolks separately and well; bake in deep gem-pans, which should be well heated and greased before the batter is put in; fill them half full, and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot.

GRAHAM GEMS, No. 2.—Ingredients: One pint of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful (level) of soda, and sweet milk enough for a thin batter. Beat well and bake in a quick oven, and serve at once.

SCOTCH BUTTER CANDY. — One pound of sugar, one half pint of water. Boil as hard as possible without graining. When done add half a cup of butter, and lemon juice for flavor, if desired. Turn on a buttered dish, or better, a marble slab, and when partly cool, cut with a knife into small squares, and when cool a slight tap will break them off.

BERRY SHORTCAKES.—Take one quart of sifted flour and a teacupful of lard or pork drippings; rub them together well; then take a teacupful of sour milk, and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water kneaded up pretty stiff, and add more flour if needed. I cannot give an exact rule about the quantity of flour, as some absorbs so much more moisture than other kinds. When kneaded smooth, divide it equally, and roll out into two cakes, the size of the plates you bake upon. Bake in a quick oven. Have your berries well sweetened—three pints of berries is about right. When the cakes are baked, take a bread knife and split them open; butter each layer and spread the berries on; then add another layer of cake. That gives four layers of crust and three of berries. Serve hot; if cream is plenty, two or three tablespoonfuls on each piece is very nice. Try it.