NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., an advance copy of the issue of "Love and Liberty," by Dumas the elder. In this work the great master of narrative follows in the footsteps of history, and shows that the fine garrulous ease of his style is not confined to his excursions in the line of imagination. "Love and Liberty" is a narrative of the scenes of the French revolution, beginning with the arrest of the fugitive King and Queen at Chalons, and conducting them to their awful fate on the scaffold. Interest is centered in this old tale by its professing to come from the lips of an actor in many of the scenes, Colonel René Besson, of Varennes, whom Dumas met at that town in 1850, obtaining from the aged lips the narrative now presented. It is one of the most absorbing chronicles of the Reign of Terror extant.

Parts 37 and 38 of *Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary* are ready, embracing definitions of words between BILE and BELMUSH. The favor accorded to this encyclopedic publication is constantly increasing, and the publisher is compelled to ask for time to correct some errors in delivering the numbers at a distance, owing to the subscription-lists having increased so beyond his expectation. His present system of lodging agencies in most of the principal cities of North America, including San Francisco on the West and Havana to the Southward, will doubtless obviate any slight inconvenience of this kind for the future, while the demand for copies is the natural evidence of the popularity to which the work has attained.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

Rev. Mr. Murray's Book—The Other Side of the Story.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* contains the following:

A lady, formerly residing in this city, and not unknown to fame, is in the Adirondacks, and has written a letter to a relative here, who furnishes the following extracts. It will be seen that from her information the Reverend gentleman has not exaggerated to long bow to an unendurable degree of tension:

We are called "Murray's victims," and they continue to come here in droves. Saratoga is deserted this year. Newport and the Branch are full of beaux, belles, and butterflies of the fashion, *per se* and *par excellence*. The majority who come, of course, are invalids, and in addition to whatever ofbrahmanitis they may have, they all have got Adirondacks on the brain, in a more or less inflammatory form. Such miserable, untenanted frames I have seen; bundles of carious and carious bones; weary limbs dragged along by the hope of being rejuvenated from the grave. I verily believe that there are plenty of people lying quietly out in Spring Grove, who are in robust health compared to these, and who, certainly, if taken out of their coffins and stood up on end, would present an attractive appearance by the side of these startling objects, who have been legislated, many of them, from comfortable homes by Murray's book.

Every day since I have been here the old stages have rolled up and unfreighted themselves of their sick specimens of humanity. Such specimens! The whole human race and all diseases of the flesh are represented here. There is a delegate for every disease, and a deputation from every class—except the poor, and blessed is their lot—they don't come. It is too expensive for them. But the old, even to the centenarian, and the young, even to the last fortnightly baby, and the high and the low, the lame, the halt, the blind, the well in fact, and the sick in fact—all come, and still are coming. Each day the old rattletybang wagons deposit a fresh load, and Saratoga Hotel gets a mail-bag full of letters begging for rooms. Each hour the proprietor turns away scores, and the season has not commenced yet! But nothing daunted, they continue to come, in all stages of disease (I positively do not know of the rickety wagons) and all styles of diabolic.

The number of people seeking life and health on the strength of that—book exceeds computation.

You know how I have traveled in my time, and I thought I knew something of it. But I was in error. The Adirondacks were left to me to illustrate what is meant by traveling in crowds. They came from the East, from the West, from the North and the South; from the remotest parts of the United States and Canada, from the States. Every city, town, village and hamlet is represented.

And we are all known hither hoping to find health in these lakes and mountains? They have but one prescription, and everybody has it. Great is Murray, and great has been his profit. He is the guardian angel—the guiding star, the friend, the—I don't know what to cast out for each individual. Some are benefited a little, others not at all, and some have died or ceased at this house already. But Murray is the head and front of all offending. But what cares he for death or other ills he creates? He has made himself a hero, and his book a success. It has run through two editions, which have netted him about $12,000. I am told he travels for nothing. Hotel-keepers went all the way to Boston to beg him to stay at their houses free of cost. And rumor has it that he vouchsafed to patronize them on those terms.

The book is a lame—a romance, an exaggeration, well—not to put too fine a point upon it—a *pack of lies*. Said Martin to me, the other day—Martin's the man who figures in the story—of capturing a deer by holding on to its tail—said Martin, "I ain't be a preacher, and ain't he got a right to?"

"A right to what, Martin?"

But Martin sat down on me.

The guides here say you would stand a better chance of stopping a locomotive by grabbing the tender, than of conquering a deer by holding on to its tail.

Then that romantic story of the Phantom Falls. It might all be true about his seeing that lovely apparition in the falls, but I believe not. I am assured there are two verities in the way of belief. First, there's no such ghost; second, there's no such falls.

You remember, too, his daring feat of shooting the falls, and how well he told it. The guide who was with him at the time is very much pleased with the description, and don't doubt but that it occurred just as he represents it, only he didn't see it, and, like the historian of the Battle of the Nile, he was there all the while when it wasn't done.

He and his party arrived last Tuesday. They are eighteen in number, including his wife and her sister. The Rev. Mr. wore a black velveteen shooting jacket, with pantaloons cut tight at the ankle and buttoned up to the knee. A tight-fitting skull cap, of light blue color, ornamented with primroses and buttercups, picked by the way. He had with him (and chiefly upon his person) all the sporting fixings, guns, pistols, powder, shot, fishing-rods, reels, pelles, jack knives, books, boots, hooks and flies. He had on a belt with a knife and a tin cup. If he had such a pocket-flask as I have seen you carry, he didn't show it. His wife and her sister were dressed in a sort of Scotch costume, with exceedingly short skirts, shining Rob Roy plaid stockings, and balmoral boots. To heighten the effect of this dress, they had black leather belts buckled around them, carrying more implements of destruction than that celebrated Highland Chieftain ever thought of. There were loaded pistols and sporting cutlasses, vel wildtiss, and to each—a corkscrew. Query: What does a preacher's wife want with a corkscrew?

In these dresses, they had traipsed, and, we were told, in little dresses they had walked the streets of Boston before starting. If a party of bathers at Newport were to put on their bathing dresses in the hotel, and walk through the streets and down to the beach in that attire, I think they would create a sensation among the insensitive Newportonians, but not greater, I imagine, would be the astonishment thus was the surprise of steady Boston to stretch a sight.

The Lower Saranac Lake flows by the town which joins the pier, and the boats of his party, six in number, lay in waiting to convey them to Bartlett's Hotel, some twelve miles distant, at the mouth of the Upper Saranac, a lake longer, wider and more beautiful than this. It was moonlight before the party were ready.

All of the ladies were dressed according to the directions given in the book. A more decided set of Gipsies I never saw, as they looked in their costumes and surrounded by their camp equipments. The moon shone brightly down upon them as they launched out in the stream, and certainly made the scene a little unique and romantic. I have heard no more of the Gipsy Mannering, and the lady to whom I mentioned it declared as she wound a red handkerchief about her head, that it was time that she was Meg Merrilies.

There is a vast difference, mind you, between the outgoing and the incoming camper.

A couple of gentlemen from Dayton received leave to accompany the party. They owned remarkable white hands, with well-kept nails, and wore spotless linen. They made a fine appearance. Besides the usual number of guns, rods and ammunition, they had a trunk or two, four immense rubber ponchos, rubber blankets, water-proof coats and boots, waltzes, cooking utensils, from a Dutch oven down to a frying-pan, wherewith to bake yer pancakes, and—the book! The Reverend Mr. Murray's ship-packs." Two gentlemen, in fact, and John placed themselves outside of eighteen, six by ten inches in size.

Well, with this paraphernalia, they started on the morning of the Fourth. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone brightly and the birds and squirrels and their guides in their little boats, which were decorated with flags in honor of the day. Each was dressed in gay colors, and was decorated with a little American flag. They were here in their best and gayest clothing. Friends stood on the shore and waved adieus with fine cambric handkerchiefs. A smart young lady fired a miniature cannon from the pier, and amid its smoke they passed from our view.

A fortnight after, one of those fearful storms which get themselves up so suddenly in that mountainous region, was raging in its strength. In the midst of its fury, two boats were seen battling with the waves which roll here on such occasions like the old Atlantic. There was a long delay in landing, and at last, two forlorn objects, scarcely to be human from appearance, emerged from the lake, and, if one looked as if he had the toothpick, and the other resembled a cold huckleberry pudding. The bright colored shirts had faded, and they were as ragged as Lazarus. One had been lamed in the foot by his rifle falling, and the other had fallen into Indian secrets by a fishhook. They were trans ormed from the nattiest neatness to the most wonderful objects. Their faces were as red as brick-dust, fly, the mosquitoes, the gnats and the midges had done for them.

"Come, let's go and wash our faces," said one to his companion.

"Oh thunder!" said the other, "what's the use? didn't we stop at Mud Creek the other day and wash?"

Do not think from all this that there are no benefits to health to be derived from this invigorating atmosphere—this delightful climate and this great altitude. No, I don't mean that for to some, to constitutions especially, I think it unequalled as a resort. I only wanted to let you know, that when you, as an experienced hunter yourself, wrote me that Mr. Murray was no hunter and that his stores were "shy," I rebuked you in my heart for speaking profanely of one of the Lord's anointed," but now I am left to believe that his book is every just as good and just as true, as "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour."

NEW IDEAL OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

Every generous American feels himself with the South, heart and soul, in her efforts to conquer for herself an industrial civilization. An—article by Wm. M. Burwell, on "Life at Teacher," in the July number of *Dr. Bow's Review*, embodies some enlightened views on the present necessities of Southern education, and the following extract will doubtless prove interesting. It is, of course, to be read as the advice of a Southerner to Southerners:

"If any reader will think over the leisured soldiers in the late war whose ancestors came from the South—if any realize the fact that the children of the South came from a race who won and planted by the South, they may realize what the want of varied employment, suited to the capacity of all, has occasioned our unfortunate country. There can be no better occasion to inculcate Southern youth that the sujtest and injurious asperions cast upon their alleged want of energy. There live a young period in Virginia when the young men who did not enjoy the means of agricultural prosperity were compelled to do as the cadets of all impoverished countries have done. We well remember when the unemployed young men of Virginia were engaged almost exclusively in politics, on their own account, or as neophytes or strikers for others. They had an indefinite idea that it might lead to office, or they were rode, spoke and fought duels for their friends, and so contracted the disease of chronic politics, which is many degrees more fatal to Southern prosperity than chronic rheumatism. Some, to fill gaps in their time, or income, resorted to the race-course, and, by an easy gradation, to the gaming table. We have known estimable young men, from the mere failure of the statesman to provide them employment adequate to support their positions, become professional gamblers, and maintained their association with respectable society. Society itself recognized racing as a business pursuit. One of the most respectable men that Virginia has produced was Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., the half brother of Mr. Long. He was a man of great ability, acquired a large fortune by running and breeding horses, and represented a district in the Senate whose entire party could prevail on him to run. Superior horses, and the necessary skill, are positive State in commerce. Would not Virginia have had her Vanderbilt or her Morgan? Is there anything more difficult in the organization or sail of steam lines than in the arduous and perilous vocation of raising and running horses? If he had undertaken manufacturing, was there any bar to his success in the same success with Lawrence? Might not such men have managed coal mines, and iron foundries, and forges as well as they did race-horses or cotton plantations? But the necessity of employment for the young men such as William H. Johnson misled thousands of youth; the intellect and energy of the country was long turned to the pedigree, or the time, of race-horses. The advance in the profits of cotton culture was a great deal of energy from the old to the new States of the South, while the temporary advance in the value of slave property relieved the masters, and they enabled it to carry the unemployed youth without complaint. Besides, the common staples of Virginia became more valuable, and a considerable class of young men, especially in the Southern Valley, were compelled to apply mechanical and chemical science to agriculture. We doubt whether a system of culture better adapted to the physical traits of a locality was ever invented than that under which the Randolphs, Hives, Gilmers, Minors, Garths, Rutins, Faulkners, and others, have converted Albemarle into a garden. So much of the population of Tobacco field into one of the most beautiful, delightful and profitable regions in America. These facts prove that the failure of Southern young men to redeem the usefulness for which they are so well adapted is the fault of Southern estates—so called—who have never provided for them the education, the resources, or the example necessary to qualify them for the various pursuits for which nature had so well qualified them. If any further indications of the native energy and resources of Southern youth be asked for, it will be found in their courage and endurance during the war, and in their (*sic*) industry and sobriety now.

"Gen. Lee proved a great change in this system of Southern education. He appreciates the inestimable importance of the knowledge which will make first-class divines, lawyers, physicians, and soldiers; but goes further; he proposes to revive the eight years' course of professional youth educated in the South. He knows no use for a man who can't use his hands, refused scorn and dross of Intellect he cannot extract a large amount of these precious qualities of which the South stands so deplorably in need at present."

LITERARY ITEMS.

—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have ready the first five parts of their "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," by Dr. J. Thomas, the learned editor of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World." Such a work of reference is greatly needed, and its issue will be warmly welcomed both by scholars and by general readers. Vols. II and III of Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature, British and American authors, completing the work, are in press.

—Schoolmasters, clergymen and others interested in educational matters should refer to the educational numbers of the Literary Gazette, published on the 1st of February and the 1st of August each year. Office, 600 Chestnut street.

—It is announced that Mr. William Morris has determined on publishing a further poem in his series, the "Earthly Paradise," in November, instead of delaying it till the whole of the work is completed. The volume to be published in November will comprise the tales for Autumn; and we understand that the final volume of tales for Winter will follow in May next. Of Mr. Morris's treatment of Greek mythology, Mr. Ruskin has said, in his late work, that it is nearly as beautiful as the poetry of Keats, and far more powerful in general grasp of subject.

—Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon is about traveling through Russia, probably with a view to a subsequent volume, for which he will not resume the responsible and lucrative position of editor of the *Athenæum*, which he held since 1852. Sir C. W. Dilke, M. P., the new proprietor of the *Athenæum*, has now sole editorial authority by his "Greater Britain."

—The London *Athenæum* speaks in terms of high commendation of a new translation of Dante's "Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso," by David Johnston, in three volumes. It is published in the original metre, but in blank verse, such as Mr. Longfellow employed. Throughout the whole translation the rhyme corresponds with those of the original. These volumes are "privately printed," and the critic concludes thus: "The benevolence which induced Mr. David Johnston to print this translation for the benefit of his friends and friends, I think, induces him also to publish it, and thus to give a wider public of readers within that privileged circle."

—BISMARCK.—Possessing the gift of authorship, in addition to his other and hitherto unpublished qualifications, Bismarck, in his youth, translated the first six books of Virgil's Æneid, and he is understood to be publication in 1869.—*Zell's Encyclopedia.*

Dress in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post* writes: The aspect of the boulevards tells us that we are now in full summer. Outside the *cafés* and restaurants people are clustered together, slowly consuming rice or drinking German beer, which has become a favorite beverage with the Parisians since the period of the Universal Exhibition. Men sit with their hats off, and look fatigued, and lazy; the waiters have all that air of limpness and languid bashfulness which pass for working class when the sun is hot. The women trip by, provided with pink-lined parasols, in prettyish toilettes, all hair and no bonnet, and such high-heeled boots as pass generations ago for the proper round and in drawing-rooms. But how prettily women dress this summer! So much picturesque variety! There is a dreamy, half-oriental character about the *peignoirs* and bright colors. Then the tunic-like drapery which hides the hips, and goes straight and puffing about a little below the knees is also a mysterious, vapory material, which gets into a graceful and coquettish shape by dint of the back of the figure, reminding one of the "Venus" drapery. What an odd part of the body nevertheless, to put a hump on! But, thank Heaven, these costumes of 1869 taper off gracefully by a combination of broad ribbon drapery.

Taking my seat at one of the *cafés* of the boulevards to-day, and watching the pretty toilettes (not always accompanied by pretty faces), I began to meditate how it was the French ladies almost invariably dress in good taste, no matter how the fashion may be. For long I got into conversation on the subject with a neighbor, who proved to be a lady, calm, transcendent, intelligent, highly refined in manner and language, a perfect gentleman. He was of opinion that French people allow their people to dress them more than the ladies of other lands. "Then," he added, "we have a natural feeling for color, as we have for German music; we at once see a discord; it shocks us. We have the sense of color in a great secret for dress. I have been to London. Some of your ladies have dresses that are *disputed* the matter, and lost not the glory of the day without a fair Combat; whereas no sooner was that too-pleasing Apple given to Venus, but the man, without scruple he greedily *falls on*, and *Rebel* as he was, would have gone back to his allegiance, whose bitter relish remains to this day."

Further on, see how he learned Doctor establishes a great strength in his argument.

"But if any object with *Aristotle* that the male is much more *strong* and therefore to be more valued, we desire such to consider how contemptible a *Glory* tis to boast of *big bones or brawny Arms*. If *strength* alone must give the pre-eminence, let Men give place to their *Horses*, contribute their Arms, Backsters, and pay homage to *Elephants*. But in truth they have little reason to rauat of the *strength* or *gravity*, the *colour* or *ability* of their Sex, having been always shamefully *baffled* by those whom they wish to be the weaker Sex. What Man was ever able to vie in strength with *Samson*, yet did this prodigious lad rive *Hercules* a truckle to a Distaff and was ridiculously captivated by a Woman. Who ever exceeded in Beauty the fair *Helen*? Yet *Paris* Berisbeha caused him at once to *sulky* the pure Robes of his Sacrificing Priest, and to scarce both of *Adultery* and *Murder*. Who so wise as *Solomon*, yet was not all his wisdom's *Amulet* sufficient to guard him against Woman's charms. Who more fervent and revived in the faith than *Peter*, the chief of the Apostles? yet a *silly Damsel* made that great Pastor of the Church twice to deny his Master?"

And now for her mental abilities:

"If any *scrupulous* heads should doubt of Women's capacity for the dispatch of all affairs which are usually transacted by Men, we shall find by Examples that never any *difficult affair* was managed, *hazardous undertaking* attempted, or *brave, generous exploit* achieved by Men, but the same hath been performed as *famously* and with as much *dexterity* and *success* in every respect by Women."

After giving us a long catalogue of famous examples of old, he continues:

"Tis a proud, self-flattering Conceit of the *Bareled-Tribe* to arrogate all Learning to themselves, or think the noble Female Sex incapable of making as *generous flights* towards the top of *Parnassus* as they. Women's *Plantations* are much more quick and searching, their *memories* as tenacious and faithful, their genius as capable of the most noble reading, and their thirst after knowledge and fame no less *intentive* than Men's. Why then should they not, with the same *intentions*, make at least an equal progress in *Literature*? Tis our *Male Dictators* strive to *monopolize* Learning, and having, by a brutish custom, barr'd the Doors of the Muses' Temple against Women, do cry out they are *unable* and unfit to enter."

Of course, if the ballot had been in vogue three hundred years ago, when he wrote, our champion would have demanded it for his fair clients in such sort that the agitation of woman's equality and the rights thence following would prove no exception to Solomon's denial of novelty under the sun.—*Hearth and Home.*

The ALEXANDRA correspondent of the *Mahdi Times*, writing under date of the 22nd of July, says:—"If civilization here is not on a level with that in Europe, it is not Ismail Pasha who is to blame. All the Highness's Harem may often be seen driving out dressed almost entirely in the European fashion, with the exception of a very thin veil, and with Englishmen in scarlet and gold livery as drivers and footmen. A smaller bolt step towards doing away with old customs is that the Viceroy has telegraphed from London and Paris for a complete set of uniforms from Egyptian Government offices, to make room for chairs and smoking-rooms in the Government offices, and, in fact, all more important, clerks and other *employés* are henceforth to be deprived of the pleasure of both smoking and coffee-drinking while remaining within Government premises. A very sad accident occurred at Cairo a few days ago. Miss Hart, a lady connected with the American mission, and her two servants were under the roof of a house on ignition of a can of paraffin. Miss Hart leaves many friends in Egypt. The regulation as to the water of the Nile is very slow in coming down; indeed it has not commenced to rise as yet, and water, a strange occurrence for Egypt, is becoming very scarce. To make things worse, the Government contractor has failed, either on account of the pumps being out of order. The highest degree of the thermometer has been 98 in the shade, and 120 in the sun. It is a heat that is fully felt, and we consider it a hot summer."

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have a much larger amount of solid substancy, richer in the medicinal properties than any other Springs in Saratoga, and shows what the taste indicates—namely, that it is the purest, most agreeable, and the best Water.

It also demonstrates that the STAR WATER contains no

100 Cubic Inches More of Gas

in a given quantity than any other water. It is this extra amount of gas that imparts to this water its peculiarity of sparkling, and its exceedingly light, easy digestibility. To the use of this Water it is owing that the delicious flavor of the Star water when bottled, and carries it to unock with an effervescence equal to the best Champagne.

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Also for sale by W. Walter Mellon, Chestnut Hill, Pond, Brown, corner of 20th and Chestnut streets, Twaddell, Fairchild, Shoemaker, Blair, Blair & Co., Twaddell, Smith & Peck & Co., Jas. Page, Jr., Smith, Kline & Co., Tomlin and Sprague, A. B. Taylor, 30th Chestnut; P. O. Oliver, Eighteenth and Spring Garden; J. Jacoby, Fr. Ann; Geo. C. Bower, Sixth and Vine; Jas. N. Shinn, Broad and Spring Garden; Geo. W. Sweeney, 17th and Spruce, W. H. Daill, 52 North Second, Spring Garden.

AMUSEMENTS.

ARCH STREET FREE THEATRE.
FOR A SHORT SEASON.
Continued Success of the Great Comedy Drama, Dr.
MATINEE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 2½ o'clock.
DUPREZ & MINARDI'S ARCH STREET FREE THEATRE, Opposite Post Office.
THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, AT 2½ O'CLOCK, and EVERY EVENING, THE ENTIRELY NEW AND MAGNIFICENTLY improved, remodelled for 1869-70, introducing nightly Ballets, Pantomimes, Spectacles, Burlesques, etc., and presenting greater novelty and satisfaction than any Theatre in the Union.
Grand Ballet of Costume.
Admission as usual.
Aug 6t. CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.

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LEASE AND MANAGEMENT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN ASSUMED BY MR. JOHN DREW.
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, AND MONDAY, AND ANOTHER HOST OF CHARMING ATTRACTIONS.
The world-renowned
CHRISTY MINSTRELS,
More New Songs,
More New Dances,
And a new Burlesque Opera,
"LA SONNAMBULA."
Seats secured from 10 to 5. aug 31

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—See notice in Educational column. [2m30]

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS,
CHESTNUT STREET, above Tenth.
Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Benjamin West's Great Picture of
CHRIST REJECTED
still on exhibition. 5t22-tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4TH, 1869.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AND addressed to the Department of Highways, No. 104 South Fifth street, on SUNDAY, the 8th inst., at 12 o'clock M., for a contract for paving Germania street, from Front to Richmond streets, with Belgian pavement, and for the furnishing of the stone for the same. Bids will be noted may attend at the time and place if they see proper. The contract will be awarded to the lowest bidder, if the proposal be found to be the most advantageous to the City, and will be required to be completed in all its appurtenances. The Contractor will be required to take the Scrap Iron, at a price agreed upon, and to remove the same from the premises. Bids will be opened in the presence of bidders.
Specifications of Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine, Cedar, Locust, Hickory, Oak, Poplar, Cypress, Cedar, Cherry, Ash, Willow, Chestnut Rails, Rockland Lime, Lehigh Lime, Cement, Hair, Brick, Sand, Gravel, Stone, Iron, Glass, Oil, Paint, Varnish, Turpentine, Putty, Nails, Spikes, Screws, Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Door Knobs, Door Plates, Door Springs, Door Bells, Door Knobs and Plates, Door Springs, Door Bells, Door Knobs and Plates, Door Springs, Door Bells, Door Knobs and