

ASKABAD AND THE TEKES.

Habits and Customs of the Recently-Conquered Subjects of the Russians.

A correspondent of *The London News* writes as follows, under date of July 26: Askabad, or Ashkabad, as it is called by the Persians and Turcomans, when compared with other villages and halting-places in the Tekke territory, deserves to a certain extent its poetical appellation, "The Abode of Love," for such is the meaning of the name. The place was formerly a mere village situated in an extensive but only half-cultivated valley lying between two ranges of hills, which supply it with water. It was here that the merchants from Persia, chiefly of Yomut and the Goklan Turcomans, met the Tekkes for the purpose of bartering their goods. The Russians, after the capture of Geok-Tepe, the Tekke stronghold, which cost them so much blood, deeming the place unfit for the new province, left there a garrison of fifteen hundred men, and took themselves to Askabad, which they made the chief town of their newly-acquired territory. Here they began to build, and have continued since to erect many edifices necessary for the accommodation of the administrative body, the military, and other officials. In addition they built a church, a small hotel, and two caravanserais. They encouraged also people of every country to come and settle in the new town. Moreover, to make sure of their conquest and to prevent future rebellion or sedition, they tried and partially succeeded in disarming the Tekkes. They took the fleet and choice horses from the conquered people, and compelled many of the chiefs, notables, and heads of families to have fixed dwellings at Askabad, or at other villages, and to engage in agriculture.

Askabad has now besides the military, numbering about 5,000, a population of more than 6,000 inhabitants. About 3,000 are Persians and Persian Turks, 2,400 are Turcomans, 500 Kurds, 150 Russians and 30 Armenians. Under the Russian influence and by the influx of foreign settlers, chiefly from Persia and Caucasasia, a new mode of life was introduced in the Tekke villages, and especially in Askabad. The simple and patriarchal Turcoman, who lived exclusively on coarse bread and camel's milk, who scarcely ever tasted flesh, and knew no drink but water, has now been brought by the new civilization to have numerous wants and to feel the loss of luxuries of which until lately he had no idea. The town-dwelling Turcoman now takes tea and "yodka" as habitually as any Russian; but he swallows them while cursing those who introduce them into his country, and by ascribing the cause of his transgression of the ancient laws and customs to the fate which allowed Turcomania to be conquered by foreigners. This change of the popular habits, together with the construction of the railway, has added to the consolidation of Russia's dominion in that country. Her hold is sure on those Turcomans who live in villages, have fixed dwellings, or are dependent on her for their subsistence. But the Turcomans with fixed residence form but a small portion of the inhabitants of the country. The bulk of the Tekkes have stuck to their old habits and customs. Children of the desert, the desert belongs to them; there they lead a semi-independent life; there they are safe as long as they have camels, on whose backs they can travel and on whose milk they can feed. The Russian troops cannot without great efforts and extensive and costly preparations pursue on a sandy desert almost devoid of water refractory parties who, ever on the move, leave behind them neither possessions nor trail.

The only thing which might compel the wandering Tekkes to submit to Russia is the fact that they have to buy once a year a supply of wheat for their own use. But as this supply is obtained from Persia through the Yomut and Goklan Turcomans, co-religionists and brother tribes, and on a frontier which is more than four hundred versts in length, it will be easy to elude the preventive measures which could be taken by the Russian government, unless indeed the latter kept strong detachments on the whole length of the frontier. The feelings of the Tekkes toward their masters are not those of affection. The bazaar gossip, as well as the evening gathering talk among them, turns principally on the prospects of the war considered by them inevitable. The elders represent with some complacency to their younger listeners that some 60,000 Afghans are encamping outside the walls of Herat, and more than 200,000 English on the Indian frontier waiting orders to march against the Russians! This exaggeration of the strength of Russia's antagonists is indicative of the Tekkes' inward desire. They hope that in a struggle between Russia and England the czar's army, which is put by them at forty thousand at the most, will not be able to make head against such formidable forces, and in the general discomfiture of the Russians they may regain their liberty, or at least be able to loot the fugitives and plunder freely the new settlers. In any case, if war ever breaks out, Russia can not rely on the perfect loyalty and submission of her recently-conquered subjects;

neither can she, without some danger, detach any portion of the present garrison forces of the Transcaspian province in order to employ them elsewhere.

Leather for England.

Thomas Waller, the recently appointed United States consul general at London, has sent to Secretary Bayard an exhaustive report on the leather and boot and shoe trade of Great Britain. He says 321,591 persons are engaged in working leather in England, Scotland, and Wales. The estimated yearly production of hides in these three countries is 12,366,874. Nearly 7,000 firms are engaged in the different branches of the leather trade in London and suburbs. Mr. Waller says: "Notwithstanding the general commercial depression, the imports of leather into Great Britain are on the increase. The large imports from European countries are for the most part transshipments of South American hides. Last year the United States exported to Great Britain 29,420 hundredweight of wet and 4,119 hundredweight of dry hides. In dressed leather the United States furnishes more than one-half.

"In comparing the American and French exports it will be found that the value of the French leather was twice as much per pound as the American. In varnished, japanned, and enameled leather Holland came first and the United States second. It is said by leather merchants here that in this branch of the leather trade the United States has of late years been making great progress, especially in 'patent' leather, which depends upon sunshine so much for its 'non-crackable' qualities. American japanned and enameled leather for the numerous purposes for which they are used have a good reputation in London, and the trade is one it would seem that might be increased. Of 4,058,883 undressed sheep and lamb skins—the produce of Great Britain—more than 95 per cent. goes to the United States.

"There is no doubt an unjust prejudice is still existing against American leather; indeed, for general use it has no standing in the English market. The steady increase of the American trade in leather here during the last four or five years, as statistics show, indicates, however, that American sole, upper, and patent leather is gradually growing in favor. The difference between English and American leather almost entirely arises from the different systems and processes of tanning. The issue is between oak and hemlock. The verdict of the English is undoubtedly in favor of the former. A thorough investigation carefully made justifies the statement that American leather is only used in this country for waxed uppers and soles, and in rough, low-priced, and inferior goods. Indeed, it is the fashion of boot and shoe dealers to deny the use of American leather altogether, whenever they can. Some of the objections to American leather may deserve consideration. They are as to its harshness, its want of finish, and its red color. The enlargement of American trade in leather here, mostly depends, first, upon the readiness of our countrymen to acknowledge the faults of their production and to apply the remedy, and second, upon their recognition of English prejudices, if it exists, and, for the sake of trade, upon their willingness to humor it. The best way to cultivate and increase American trade in this country is to adapt American goods to this market and then depend upon established merchants and factors to sell and dispose of them.

"London and its suburbs support 406 wholesale and 4,248 manufacturers and dealers in boots and shoes. This country is supplied with the latest American inventions in shoe machinery. The American boots and shoes are scarcely known in London. As Great Britain exports over half a million pairs of shoes over all imports, there is not an absolutely necessary demand for foreign shoes here. Still France, Belgium, and Holland send 126,000 pairs annually, while America sends only four thousand. This record certainly ought to be speedily and gradually improved. To this end the practice of the French and Germans in sending experts here to investigate and report upon the trade, its needs, fancies, and prejudices, might be followed with profit. To succeed the American trade will have to offer this market the English form and style of shoe with American modifications. These should at first be slight to avoid or humor existing prejudices. There is no objection to the present mode of packing American shoes, the only point being to economize space without injury to the goods."

A Good Retort.

At the breaking out of the Crimean war, Rachel, the celebrated French actress, was in St. Petersburg. Just before leaving the Russian Capital, some of the Russian officers gave a banquet in her honor. One of the Russian officers, a nobleman of high rank, said to Rachel in a bantering sort of a way:

"We will not bid you good bye, but merely say *au revoir*, for we will soon be in Paris to drink your health in sparkling champagne."

"Monsieur," replied Rachel, "France is not rich enough to treat all her prisoners of war to champagne."—*Texas Sifting*

Carlsbad.

The following is the regimen prescribed to the majority of Carlsbad patients. They begin the day by rising not later than 6 and go to the springs. After having drunk three glasses of water at intervals of a quarter of an hour, they walk for an hour and then breakfast. This meal consists of two small rolls of rusks, a boiled egg, and a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate. It may be noted in passing that the custom is for each person to buy his rolls or rusks at a baker's shop and carry them to the place where the rest of the breakfast is provided. The hour of dinner is from 1 to 2 o'clock; as a *table d'hôte* is unknown in Carlsbad, each person or party dines apart in a restaurant. Three courses constitute the dinner, consisting of soup, roast meat, and a dish of vegetables, or, in place of vegetables a little stewed fruit. A quarter of a bottle of red Austrian wine may be drunk at dinner, and this is mixed with Giesshübler, a sparkling and very pleasant table water. At 5 o'clock a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, or a glass of water is permitted to those who require something. Supper is taken at seven o'clock, and this is confined to cold meat, bread, and wine mixed with water. Between breakfast and dinner a bath is taken every other day, and all spare time between meals is passed in walking. After a well-spent day, in which the patient has displayed the self-denial of an anchorite and has covered as much ground as if he were in training for a walking-match, he goes to bed between 9 and 10 o'clock, here to rest his weary limbs and dream of dining with Lucullus.

The course of treatment lasts from three to six weeks. Patients undergoing the treatment are advised to keep their spirits, forget worldly cares, and amuse themselves by contemplating the beauties of nature. If any have been accustomed to smoke tobacco they are allowed to do so in moderation, but subject to the condition that they never smoke at the springs in the morning and that they always smoke good cigars. The last piece of advice is excellent, far better, indeed, than the cigars which are commonly to be procured in Austria. Patients are also advised to avoid exciting conversation; to refrain from going to the theaters when tragedies are performed; to read light literature only and newspapers in particular; to listen to good music when they have the opportunity, and to abstain from everything which fatigues or distresses them. So far as eating or drinking is concerned, the hotel and restaurant proprietors do not heartily co-operate with physicians in keeping patients out of temptation. Everywhere notices are displayed to the effect that the food or drink displayed is "kurgemass," a word for which there is no English equivalent, its meaning being that the articles in question are suitable to be eaten during treatment. But, as many persons visit Carlsbad who do not drink the waters, provision has to be made for them also. To play the part of an anchorite where nothing but oats and water can be obtained is comparatively easy; but to deny one's self pleasant things when surrounded by them is a real exercise of self-denial. Now the visitor to Carlsbad who told that he must eat and drink those things only which are "kurgemass," and who has a bill of fare to choose from containing tempting dishes and wines, finds his lot a hard one. He should be rigidly do his duty he can personally recognize what Sancho Panza's feelings were when he was governor of the island of Barataria, and sat down to a banquet which he was forbidden to enjoy.—*Cor. London Times*.

A Lecture on Hugging.

"Vat you doing at de dore, Ike?" exclaimed Solomon angrily. "Vy don't you stay in the store and fix those shoes vat vas all over the counter?"

"I shust been here a little vile Miser Solomon" replied Ike. "Some ice young ladies vas walking along a street and I tinks I would go to de door and look at dem."

"Vell, I don't pay you vages for dot ind of vork, you know. Nefer mind de girls ven you got pishness, but stay e store in. I vill tell you something. Once two leetle pors stop in de street and look in a shop vindow vere dere as nice fresh pies. Vun of de leetle oys says: 'Dose vas beautiful pies, illie,' and Billy rubbed his nose mit e back of his hand and he says: 'Yes, ohny, dey vas mighty nice pies, but ley vasn't for us.' Den de leetle pors poked at de pies vunce more, and go vay und vish dey vas dead. It vas he same vay mit you, Ike. You can ook, but you don't get de pies, you now. All de time you vant to make vut mit de girls and you 'on't tink of anything else. Dis morning ven dot man from Cairo vas in de store you vent and sold him a pair of lose Russian ledder shoes vot cost six its for two dollars, ven if you don't af been tinkin of de girls more as do do uf de pishness you would have had dat man bay dree dollars for de shoes. De money vat you lost I hope o make up ven I sell him de suit of lue jeans, you know. You vill never ake mit de girls, Ike, because you ook like your fader, and he vas so igly dot he used to fall down and haf sit eferyt me he sees a looking-glass.

Ven he died de only ding he left you vas his looks und an old peddler's vagon, and de best for you to do vas to stick to de pishness und let de girls go vay. Vile you vas valzing around mit Rachel Isaacs und spending your money, she vas making fun at you mit deoder girls. She tells my vife dot if you vas to get lost in de voods dot you vould nefer starve to dead, because your head vas so red dot de vood-peckers vould feed you. All uf de time dot you vas making love to Rachel Isaacs, und tink dot you vould marry her, she vas engaged to Jake Steinitz; und he vill get old man Isaac's money, you know. I vill tell you something. Ven you vas courting a girl, hug her the first chance you get, und she vill dink more of you. Dot vas de reason I vas so popular mit de girls ven I vas a young man. Vun haf de men in de vorld don't haf any idea, Ike, uf de right vay uf hugging a girl. Der vas shust as much art in hugging as dere vas in anything else. Ven you vas courting always sit on de right-hand side uf de girl, und ven you dink de coast vas clear, shust slip your left hand around her neck und let it drop on her left shoulder, you know. Den you tell de girl, she vas de sweetest girl in de vorld und draw her up easy, Ike, until her head rests on your shoulder. Den you put your right arm around her vaist und bring her closer, und my gr-a-cious, your toes draw up und you vill feel so happy dot you vill shut your eyes und dink you vas a harp mit a dousand strings. Ven you vant to kiss her, shust lift her chin up easy, you know, Ike, mit your left hand until you can get at her sweet leetle mouth mitout sticking her nose in your eye. Den you shust kiss her lips long und easy, und before you haf been der dree seconds you hears leetle birds singing up in de trees, you sees beautiful flowers, und dinks you vas floating far avay. Whoop! my gr-a-cious, Ike, I feels I vas a young man vunce more ven I talks about it. Dake my advice, und ven you meets another girl vot hafs money, hug her as soon as possible, und ven you do it, don't act as if you vas lifting a saw-log. Be easy und nice, you know.—*St. Louis Whip*.

No Flies on Her Horse.

A fancy-looking horse was pulling a fancy cart and a young man up Cass avenue towards the driving park the other morning when a milk wagon driven by a woman turned in from Canfield avenue, and there was a slight collision.

"You ought to be prosecuted for driving such an old rig around!" exclaimed the young man.

"And you ought to be in bed instead of tiring out that horse with your dude cart!" she shouted.

"You'd better learn how to drive!" "And if I can't beat you I'll go out of the milk business."

"It's a wonder your old beast doesn't drop dead on you!" growled the young man as he looked his vehicle over.

"Drop dead!" she shrieked—"why he's the better of yours!"

"Humph!" "Yes, he is! If I can't go in on the track with this wagon and beat you a mile I'll lose ten dollars!"

"Have you got the money?" "Here it is, a good ten dollar bill, and you shall put up the same!"

He told her to come on, and ten minutes later she had the cans out of her wagon and the money was up. Several horsemen were on the track, and they saw a fair score and a fair start. The dude got the pole, but he lost in the first quarter, and when the milkwagon rolled under the wire the dandy cart had been distanced.

"No, I didn't know how to drive, and this horse is liable to drop dead!" chuckled the woman as she pocketed the stakes. "Now, then, is there any one else who wants some of this kind of milk—five or ten dollars' worth—single mile or two out of three?"

Nobody wanted any, and she drove off saying:

"Well, take a good look at this horse, and gimme half the road next time we meet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Driving Boys From Home.

Mothers who are disturbed by the noise and untidiness of boys at home must be careful, lest by their reproaches they drive their children from home in search of pleasures elsewhere. "There are those banisters all finger-marks again," said Mrs. Carey, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again.

"George," she said with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished." "I should like to know where I am to go?" said George. "I can not stay in the kitchen, I am so much in the way, and I can't go in the parlor for fear I'll muss that up; and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go to Nil's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it." And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from the door to hang about the steps and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop.

—*Philadelphia Home*.

A Reporter Visits the Holy Land.

"I have been up to see that great panorama of the Holy land you were speaking about," said the reporter, as he dropped into a cushioned chair and elevated his brogans on the city editor's desk.

"Well, how was it? Tell us all about it. It is so long since I was there I have forgotten about many of the points of interest."

"Well, I went up one flight of stairs, from Seventh street into Mount Olivet, and sat on the ropes that surround it to keep spectators from falling off into what appears to be a life sized section of sheol below. Then the professor came up and took a long stick and began poking it at Jericho and the Dead sea and Damascus and other places you have probably read about."

"When I went to Sunday school we didn't go around poking sticks into the Holy land."

"Well, that was because you went to Sunday school in California, where they advertise the Garden of Eden as a suburb of San Francisco. Besides, you didn't stick to it long enough to learn anything about it, anyhow. Don't you see, this is a panorama, an illuminated canvas displaying the whole country in miniature, just as you see it from a balloon view, with the mountains and valleys, the hills and seas, the rivers and cities, in fact the whole contour of the country displayed in their proper proportions. I tell you it was pretty fine, but it takes a fellow who is well-informed in biblical lore to catch on to the interesting points. The professor with the long stick pointed out Jerusalem and the temple, with its many courts and gates, and the tower of Antonio, on the right, where Paul was rescued from a mob of influential citizens, who waited on him for the purpose of carrying him in small pieces.

"Then I wanted to see Lot's wife and the place where the young dude who went down from Jericho fell among thieves and was robbed of his watch and valuables. The professor took his long stick and pointed out a green spot on the map, which he claimed as Lot's wife. I remarked that I was surprised. I hadn't expected to see the lady looking so fresh, having been salted so long, but it must have been the paint. Said he: 'I have a chunk of the salt. When we go down the mountain I'll show it to you. It's modern Lot of course.'"

"Job lot, I suppose," chimed in the city editor.

"Well, then he displayed Bethel, where Jacob slept with a stone for a pillow; it must have been rocky traveling in those days, and the road where the caravan used to run from Damascus to Egypt before the North-east Pacific was completed, and the vineyard of the chap who walled up his lot and then went off to a far country; maybe he went to Jerusalem to apply for a fourth class postoffice,—the professor didn't say.

"Away out on one side of the scene were a lot of white dots which represented the cities of the plain, every one containing fifteen thousand people, twenty of which Solomon gave to some royal duffer for furnishing cedar wood for the temple.

"But the most curious thing about the whole business was the mountains and valleys, very life-like, indeed; the mountains all cut in gorges, with streams running down to the valleys below, which were most luxuriantly furnished with herbage, palm and fig trees, and other vegetables to order. The professor gave me some points about oranges growing six inches in diameter, and grapevines as thick as the electric mast, bearing bunches of grapes twenty inches long."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

His Belief.

"Well, Coleman," said an Arkansas planter, addressing one of his tenants, "how is your crop this year?"

"'Tain't no mighty good, boss; 'tain't no might good."

"Suffered from drouth, I suppose?"

"No, sah, we've had rain plenty."

"The boll-worm, I suppose, has injured your cotton?"

"No, sah, I ain't seed no boll-worms dis year."

"Rust, den, eh?"

"No, sah, no rust."

"What, then, is the cause of your poor crop?"

"Too much trust in de Lawd, sah."

"What?"

"Too much pra'r, boss, an' not ernuff work. Yer see dat I thought dat I'd try whut de preacher said I mus' do—watch an' pray. Wall, de whole family woul' watch an' I woul' pray every now an' den, specially when de weder was hot, but somehow it didn't peer ter do no good. Boss, does yer know whut I b'lebes?"

"What do you believe, Coleman?"

"W'y, sah, I b'lebes dat when de cotton is in de grass, elbow grease is wuth er daim sight mor'n pra'r. Pra'r is all right fur Sunday, but endurin' de week days er pussen haster sorter work his j'int's."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Travel More.

Little or nothing new or progressive a man learns about business if he never moves outside the narrow circle of his own business or ideas, but grinds on and on in the narrow rut which he has come to believe is the only correct course and incapable of improvement.

—*Exchange*.

Benton's Brag.

From the Youth's Companion.

Fifty years ago strangers, on entering the United States senate chamber, asked that Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton might be pointed out to them. They were the four leading statesmen of the day, and the personal appearance of each one justified the gaze of his admiring partisans.

But neither of the first three, not even Webster, was more striking in figure, face, or head than Benton. He was conspicuous physically, dressed neatly, bore himself with dignity, save when irritated, and delivered instructive and edifying speeches upon such subjects as he investigated.

His senatorial brethren used to dislike his dictatorial manner, and the people thought him pompous and egotistical. Mr. Benton's bearing was not conciliatory. He was as dogmatic toward his colleagues as if they were pigmies and he a giant. In addressing a popular assembly, he threw modesty aside and spoke boastingly of himself and his deeds.

Though fond of talking about himself, prompted by a strange freak of modesty, he rarely used the personal pronoun "I," employing the third person instead, as "Benton said this," or "Benton did that."

"Citizens," said he once, in a public address,—he rarely said "fellow-citizens,"—"no man since the days of Cicero has been abused as has Benton. What Cicero was to Catiline, the Roman conspirator, Benton has been to John Caldwell Calhoun, the South Carolina nullifier. Cicero fulminated his philippics against Catiline in the Roman forum; Benton denouncing John Caldwell Calhoun on the floor of the American senate. Cicero against Catiline; Benton against Calhoun."

"Colonel, I believe you have made an impression on these people," said a friend to him, after he had ended his speech.

"Always the case, sir," replied the egotistical but sincere man; "always the case, sir. No one opposes Benton but a few black-jack prairie lawyers; fellows who aspire to the ambition of cheating some honest farmer out of a heifer in a suit before a justice of the peace, sir; these are the only opponents of Benton. Benton and the people, Benton and democracy are one and the same, sir—synonymous term, sir, synonymous terms, sir."

Two of Benton's active political opponents were Jones a statesman and Birch, a judge of the supreme court. They followed him in his canvassing, and replied to his speeches.

"Citizens," said the amazed statesman, "I have been dogged all over this state by such men as Claude Jones and Jim Birch. Pericles was once so dogged. He called a servant, made him light a lamp, and show the man who had dogged him the way home."

"But it could not be expected of me, citizens, that I should ask any servant of mine, either white or black, or any free negro, to perform an office of such humiliating degradation as galant home, such men as Claude Jones and Jim Birch, and that with a lamp, citizens, that passers-by might see what kind of company my servants kept."

A Very Tough Story.

From the San Francisco Post.

A very tough story which vouched for, after a fashion, is going the rounds and given for what it is worth. It is related that Mr. S—M—was sitting in his back yard talking to some friends when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from his hole the house cat, awake from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low she awaited developments, and stood prepared to spring on his rathship. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the wood-shed, pricked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy. A little chick wandered too high and he was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone, he hurled it at the rodent. The aim was no good, and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released its grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and beside the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that it is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on—street.

The following is a new technical description of the new "immediate delivery" postage stamp: A line engraving on steel, oblong in form; dimensions 1-3 16x1 7-16 inches; color, dark blue; design on the left, an arched panel bearing the figure of a mail messenger boy on a run, and surmounted by the words "United States;" on the right, an oblong tablet, ornamented with a wreath of oak and laurel surrounding the words, "Secures immediate delivery at a special delivery office." Across the top of the tablet is the legend, "Special postal delivery," and at the bottom the words, "Ten cents," separated by a small shield bearing the numeral "10."