

## Bookland.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING is not now going to bring out his volume of ballads until next spring. His new lot of jungle stories will, however, appear this autumn. Mr. Kipling disowns the alleged existence of the original of Mulvaney at San Francisco, but says that if Private McManus is a real person and can tell tales to back his claim, "we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific Slope, and wait developments."

A contemporary says: "The award of the coveted red ribbon of the Legion of Honour to Maurice Rollinat, the French writer, is generally approved. I made his acquaintance fourteen years ago, just after he had been 'created' by Madame Bernhardt, and 'produced' at a *Figaro* soirée by Albert Wolff. At that time he was a realist amongst realists—the Zola of poetry. Indeed, Zola afterwards borrowed the subject of one of his poems for prose treatment in 'La Terre.' He had a special hankering after the morbid and the horrible, as displayed in his ode entitled 'Tropmann,' which is supposed to be a confession by that murderer of the exquisite delights which he experienced in preparing and executing his abominable crimes. The first night on which I met Rollinat, we dined together as the guests of a dear and an unhappy friend of mine, and after dinner the poet recited his 'Tropmann,' and made our blood run cold. At that time he looked very ill. I fancied him bordering on consumption and insanity. He told us he could eat nothing, and that he was killing himself with abuse of tobacco. He said that his pipe never left his lips. I felt sorry, as anyone could see that there was excellent work left in him. Some weeks later, I heard that Maurice Rollinat had turned his back for good on Paris, and had decided to live in the country—a life that I have always longed to lead myself. The excellent effects of this change were not long in manifesting themselves. The taste for the morbid evaporated in the fresh air; sanity returned hand-in-hand with health. I never saw a case of more complete literary reformation. Some delicious prose sketches were its first manifestation; since there has been but a march forward. In the meanwhile, Rollinat has also made himself famous as a musical composer, a gift which is rare amongst poets, who, singers indeed, have not often any ear for the grosser musics."

Some particulars of Mr. du Maurier's next book have been supplied by Mr. J. Henry Harper to a *Tribune* interviewer. The opening chapters will deal with French school life; English life, "both fashionable and rowdy," will then be brought in; and after exploiting the artistic world of Antwerp and Dusseldorf, the scene will recur to England in conclusion. It is to be illustrated, but whether by Mr. du Maurier himself will depend on his health. This story, with "plenty of liveliness and some tragedy," is to be ready for the publishers about December, 1896, will be longer than "Trilby," and will first appear in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, in a pleasant book of poems called "Sita and other Poems," writes the following charming lines on Tennyson:—

All glorious with the mystery sublime  
Thy eyes shall fathom soon,  
Night's bosom pillows thee, O son of Time!  
In splendours of the moon.

Cometh thy daybreak—there shall be no night  
In that far heaven—untrod  
By course of quenching suns or stars, whose light  
Shall be the face of God.

True seer, from thy heart the lamp of faith  
Glowed clear through storm and shine,  
And clothed the fearful majesty of Death  
In robes of grace divine.

And thine the hand of might, the tender touch  
That makes our pulse thine own  
By love's enchantments, for thou hast loved much,  
And grief's excess hast known.

Sweet singer, by thy voice of human love  
And sorrow, pure and strong,  
Teach us to find our God, while thou, above,  
Art singing a new song.

## WHAT TO READ.

- "The Salt of the Earth," by Philip Lafarque. (Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.)  
"Two Suffolk Friends," by Frances Hindes Groome. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 5s.)  
"Danish v. English Butter Making," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Horace Cox. 3s. 6d.)  
"Professional Women upon their Professions," by Margaret Bateson. (Horace Cox. 5s.)  
"Soho and its Associations," edited from the MSS. of Dr. Kimbault by George Clinch. (Dulau & Co., Soho Square.)

## Inventions, Preparations, &c.

### IRON JELLOIDS.

ALL Nurses are aware of the difficulties which are experienced in the administration of medicines containing iron. Some patients will not take such drugs for fear their teeth should be stained. Many more object to the nauseous or astringent taste. Unfortunately some of the most efficacious forms are too bulky in their dose to render it possible to administer them in the form of pills, and then again so many patients either cannot or will not take pills. The preparation of Messrs. Warwick Brothers, of 18, Old Swan Lane, E.C., therefore, to which they have given the name of Iron Jelloids, will be welcomed both by Nurses and patients as a boon and a blessing. They are in appearance like a chocolate drop and taste like a sweetmeat. The most popular of these contain the active iron salt which under the name of Bland's Pill is so favourite a remedy for anæmia. Each jelloid is equivalent to ten grains of the pill, and we are informed that patients not only take them with advantage but also with pleasure. The jelloids are also manufactured of other drugs in combination with various preparations of iron. Their prices are very moderate, and the invention deserves the popularity with the public and the approval of the medical profession which it is obtaining in such a marked measure.

### THE ASTORIA CORSET.

FASHION and Art have alike decreed that tight lacing is bad form, therein following the teaching which for years past Lecturers upon Physiology and Hygiene have laboured to inculcate. But of course their words have been of none

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