

## A SOCIETY LADY.

How the Demands of Fashion Are Satisfied.

From the Morning Bath to the Evening Reception.

### A LIFE OF LUXURY.

A little French gilt timepiece ticking away the minutes in an upper room of one of Murray hill's fine residences struck the half-hour beyond 9 o'clock on a recent morning, and while its deep cathedral note yet echoed upon the air there was a sudden movement among the lace hangings of a brass bedstead standing in a recess of the same apartment, and a woman's face looked forth.

The room was full of pretty things, warm with the blaze of a hickory fire, and brilliant with the dazzling winter sunshine, which, filtering through the draperies of the broad windows, lay in patches of light on floor and furnishings, but there was nothing one-half so pretty, so warm, or so brilliant, no picture so sunny or dazzling within the four walls, as that made by this same face, the face of a young and lovely woman, which, flushed from the pillow's downy caress, the eyes dewy with sleep, and the rumpled chestnut hair framing the whole in sweet confusion looked out to see what had awakened its owner.

"Oh, it's you, you chattering little clock," as her eye fell upon the telltale hands, then, before she sank back into her nest, she leaned out to touch an electric button within easy reach. A moment and a soft knock prefaced the entrance of a neat-looking middle-aged woman in cap and apron.

"Good morning, Barker," came from the pillows. "My bath, please;" and Barker opened a second door and disappeared. In three minutes she was back standing at the bedside with a bath gown of thick, soft flannel and a pair of low shoes, warm and woolly.

The young woman got up, suffered the flannel garment to be thrown over her lace and cambric night dress, thrust two white feet into the wadded shoes, and crossed to the bath-room.

Barker only waited to take from various drawers and presses an outfit of feminine apparel, finished with an embroidered muslin combing gown whose ribbons were of the same pale-pink hue as tinted the silken stockings, before she vanished a second time, and the room was left to the clock and the fire, with occasional muffled splashings from

the naiaid in her tub.

But not for long. The hall door unclosed again to admit a tall old negress, black as Erebus, her head bound in a brilliant bandana. She shuffled to the door of the bath-room and knocked.

"Ez you ready, honey?"

"In a moment, mammy," sounded from within; then:

"You may come now," and once more the fire and clock had it all their own way in the outer apartment.

Next Barker reappeared bearing a silver tray, on which was a cup of bouillon with some wafer-like crackers. She had scarcely placed her tray upon a stand and wheeled a luxurious Turkish chair before the crackling fire when the inner door was flung wide open and, fresh from her plunge and glowing with mammy's vigorous massage, Beauty came out, her flannel gown wrapped warmly about her and her beautiful hair still closely snooded in its oilskin cap.

She sank with supple grace into her waiting chair, the stand with its light refreshment quickly lifted to her side; then, as the fire gleamed too ardently on the soft, clear skin, Barker interposed a glass screen, which tempered the flame's fervor, while it took nothing from its cheerful light.

While the bouillon was sipped and the crackers munched mammy brought a low hassock, upon which she drew her young mistress' feet, and with gentle, caressing touch put aside the wadded shoes and incased each slender ankle and arched instep in its silken covering, using a silver shoe-horn of exquisite workmanship to spring the little satin slipper to its place.

Then mademoiselle stood up while the black hands went deftly on with the task they loved so well.

"You's jest like ez if you was a baby yet, honey," the old woman said, patting the lovely shoulders which rose smooth and dimpled above the cobweb chemise; and, "Deed, I wish you was," as she slipped the clinging petticoat of knitted silk over her charge's head.

Mademoiselle laughed, and the dressing went on till, the last ribbon of the muslin gown tied, mammy was forced reluctantly enough to resign her nursing to another's care.

For Barker had not been idle during the robing process. The bouillon tray and stand were gone; a low dressing-table whose beveled mirror was the perfection of reflective excellence had been