

One hot afternoon, Desiree sat in her room, her gaze "fixed absently and sadly upon her baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her."



"She looked from her child..."



"...to the quadroon boy who stood, fanning it..."



"...and back again..."



"...over and over..."



"Ah!"

It was a cry she could not help. and soon "her blood turned like ice in her veins."



She tried to speak, but no sound would come out. Eventually she managed to utter the quadroon boy's name and he left.



