

This woman Ola was tender and a good nurse. She had been meant by nature to be a mother, her body had a nesting expression. She had taught in a country school, supporting her mother for many years. When she was forty-two her mother had been paralyzed. Ola gave up her school and moved to the city where she could get plain sewing to do at home. Very soon she met a man at church: a tall blonde wheat-grower from Minnesota. A man of her own age, but so full of strength and colour that he looked no more than thirty. He fell in love with Ola the first time he saw her and she quietly knew that he was for her. He asked her to marry him, pled with her to bring her mother and come with him, but she was afraid that with this burden his love might change. She asked him to wait. She had his unquestioning unchanging love for eight years....on the day of her mother's funeral he had died of pneumonia. She took care of Karen as she had taken care of her mother, in some way it made it seem as if he were still waiting.

Karen had not been in bed long when Andrea's younger daughter came to the farm. She looked at Ola through narrowed eyes, she did not speak, but went in to Karen and sat beside the bed. She was very angry. The farm was now hers, she had bought the sister's share. She wanted possession. Karen had cut down some trees to keep warm in the winter. That was not in her tenure. The tenure would be broken. She must leave. Karen lay with her face to the wall and said nothing. The other woman taunted her about her illness, asked her why she didn't die. When she saw that Karen wouldn't talk she sat silent looking at the bed with narrow eyes..... presently in a voice smothered with hate she said, "If you don't go I'll have you dragged out of here. I will go to the church and tell them why you were never my father's wife. They will come and drive you out of the country for mother's sake. You can think it over." She went away.

When Ola, frightened, crept into the room she heard Karen sobbing. She went to her and put her hand on her shoulder. "Karen, Karen don't cry, the pastor won't let them. I will tell him, your body is as white and round as a girl's. You put