

x x x No Room for Old Mother. x x



GOING north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why there are only two ways to go."

"I don't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story—to help her.

"Excuse me. John in trouble?"

"No, no; I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head on my cloak."

"You are very kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three