

In the middle of the night she heard the bedroom door open quietly and saw two Indians silhouetted for a moment against the glow of the fire.

"Now it's come," she thought. "Dear God, may we die quickly and bravely!" But some instinct warned her not to move.

The two Indians crept softly over to little Jo's cradle. They leaned over the baby and whispered in low tones. Mrs. Barber was in a half coma from desperate fear.

Suddenly the two dark forms slid noiselessly back to the door, were highlighted again for a moment, till the door closed softly behind them.

Jo's mother jumped for the crib. The baby was asleep, unharmed. The relief was nearly as unnerving as the fear had been.

Through the night Mrs. Barber heard the low murmur of voices. Towards dawn she slept from sheer exhaustion.

When little Jo began to call for breakfast, her mother went fearfully to open the living room door. The room was empty. The fire had died to embers and ashes.

But on the hearth was one of the most beautiful pairs of little moccasins that one could ever imagine. Made of soft deer skin, every inch was embroidered with various colored beads in an intricate and beautiful design.

The moccasins fitted little Jo's feet exactly!

Those moccasins were a treasured possession in our family for three generations.