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The interpreter burst into tears.
His name was Ci ka yo.

From there we started back home
and in time arrived at Fort Buford
when very soon after we were placed
in a row and disarmed. They did
not demand my gun so I kept it.
Again they took away all our ponies.
Then they gave us rations. Soon after
this, a steamboat arrived and we were
all loaded thereon. We navigated
down to Standing Rock Agency. We were
there ten days, when we were again
loaded on another steamboat and
this time landed at Fort Randall -
just opposite Yankton Agency. We
camped inside of an enclosure within the
military reservation. We were kept
there about two years. My uncle, St.