REINDEER TO START NORTH.

Bark Seminole to Leave Tuesday in Tow of the Rescue.

WILL CARRY 337 OF THE HERD.

A Visit to the Laplanders in Woodland Park—Driving in the Herd—Change From Moss to Grass for Feed Debilitates the Animals—One Already Dead and the Loss of Others Feared—Crowds of Visitors

The government reindeer expedition to start for the interior from Pyramid harbor will leave here next Tuesday on the bark Seminole, in tow of the tug Rescue. The transportation contract was closed yesterday with Barneson & Chilcott, who have agreed to deliver 337 deer, forty Laplanders and about 100 tons of supplies at Pyramid harbor for $6,500. The Seminole is now at Everett, loading lumber. Capt. W. W. Robinson, jr., went there Thursday and inspected the vessel before giving out the contract. The Seminole will be here Sunday, and before the reindeer can be loaded forty-two boxes will be built on her deck, each to hold eight animals. This method of handling the deer was found most satisfactory when they were crossing the Atlantic. The deer left behind will go from here about March 20 by steamer to Prince William sound. The bark is 1,442 tons gross, and is 196 feet long, 41 feet wide and 25 feet deep, being a staunch, roomy craft. The tug Rescue is one of the recent additions to the fleet of the Puget Sound Tugboat Company, and is both powerful and fast.

At Woodland Park.

"Cueesh! Cueesh!"

It was the call of the Lapland herders to the reindeer in Woodland park.

"Cueesh! Cueesh!"

From the thick bushes that mask the descent to the banks of Green lake broke a man pulling a deer by a long rope. About the animal's neck was a bell, and while the man tugged laboriously up the hill toward the wire-fenced deer-keep the bell jingled, and from the bushes behind came the sound of stamping feet and the strange-tongued cries of many men. Soon they came in sight, trotting with their long necks thrust forward and at their heels the odd-looking masters, with costumes that carried one far away from Woodland park and Seattle.

Such funny looking men were these Lapps. Nearly all short and stubby, with bowlegs, they looked like very homely children masquerading in costumes of their own unskillful manufacture. Long loose blouses of fur, or some black material striped with red and yellow, were girded about their waists after the fashion now affected by up-to-date women. Their little, short legs were pinched in snug-fitting breeches, which merged at the feet in a swathing of odds and ends that could hardly be described. On their heads some wore fur caps and other an arrangement of red, yellow and black cloth looking like a college mortar with the stiffening badly mashed.

"Cueesh! Cueesh!"

The herd of deer seemed innumerable, and there appeared to be a little bow-legged man for each deer. The leader sat on a knoll to rest and when the entire herd of 338 had trotted into the open in the rear of the park hotel he started on again for the deer-keep. Soon all the animals were resting quietly within the keep and the Lapps called it a day and went to lunch.

Crowds of Visitors.

The clear gray morning, with flashes of sunshine, was not so attractive to sightseers as the previous day had been, yet all the cars from 2 o'clock on were crowded with people heading towards Woodland park. One picnic party of a dozen or more waited on Second avenue for almost half a day for a car which would accommodate all at once and was finally obliged to take passage in detachments of two or three.

The walk from the car station to the park entrance is almost a quarter of a mile over a trail that promises to be worn very smooth in the next month. At the gate all visitors were stopped and shown an order forbidding entrance to the park. Through the courtesy of Capt. W. W. Robinson, jr., and Capt. Abercrombie, a representative of the Post-Intelligencer was given the privilege of roaming at will over the grounds.

Down the long path leading past the lodge of the gate keeper to the hotel, not a sign of a human being was visible. A careful scanning of the trees revealed nothing in the shape of deer. But walking further in the reporter came upon the man with the camera. An enthusiasm that the most rigid government orders could not quell had boosted him over an obscure corner of the fence and he was now looking for pictures.

"This is an unaccommodating crowd," he complained. "Can't get a picture of a bush even, much less a real, live reindeer. I'll stay with it though," he added, the fire of combat lighting his eye.

Amusement of the Lapps.

Drawing near the hotel bright colors betrayed the presence of the Lapps. On the hotel steps was a tall blond haired youth enveloped in furs. In direct contrast there sat beside him a young Kanaka, with bright eyes, kinky hair and a face full of merriment. He is an attendant upon the officers. Near the incongruous team on the steps were two Lapland women, up to their elbows in soapsuds. They were very stubby and wrinkled and the most vivid imagination could hardly attribute to them the sweet graces of American womanhood. At their feet several children were playing.

The Kanaka boy had learned from his blonde comrade a few words in the Lapland tongue and was airing his newly acquired information for the benefit of the women. At every word there was a shrill laugh and finally one of the women shied a bucket of water at her dark skinned tormentor.

Suddenly from far down on the hillside came the cry "Cueesh." The reindeer were coming and in a few minutes all was life and bustle. Everyone stood out to watch the passing of the herd, and when it had been safely corralled and the men had gathered about the hotel the greatest animation prevailed. The men were athletic little chaps and amused themselves by jumping, running and standing on their heads. It was considered the height of sport to lasso a man while in the last position and drag him about for a while on the crown of his head. All had short larlats of woven hair and many were extremely skillful in throwing the rope. In this connection the Kanaka told the following story:

He Kissed Her Three Times.

"The other afternoon I lets a lot of ladies in the park to look around, but keeps the men outside. One lady was very handsome and the most inquisitive one you could imagine. She fastens onto the biggest Lapp in the crowd and begins to ask questions. She asks about everything and more. Finally the fellow gets tired of it and turns away. She still keeps after him, and catching his lariat asks him how he uses it.

"Me show you," says Mr. Lapp.

"Then he stands the fine-looking lady up before all the other women and a big gang of Lapps and makes her put her hands at her sides. Then he gets off a little way and lassos her. When he has her bound tight he kisses her three times, square on the mouth, and pats her on the back. You should a' seen that woman's face. Oh, my!"

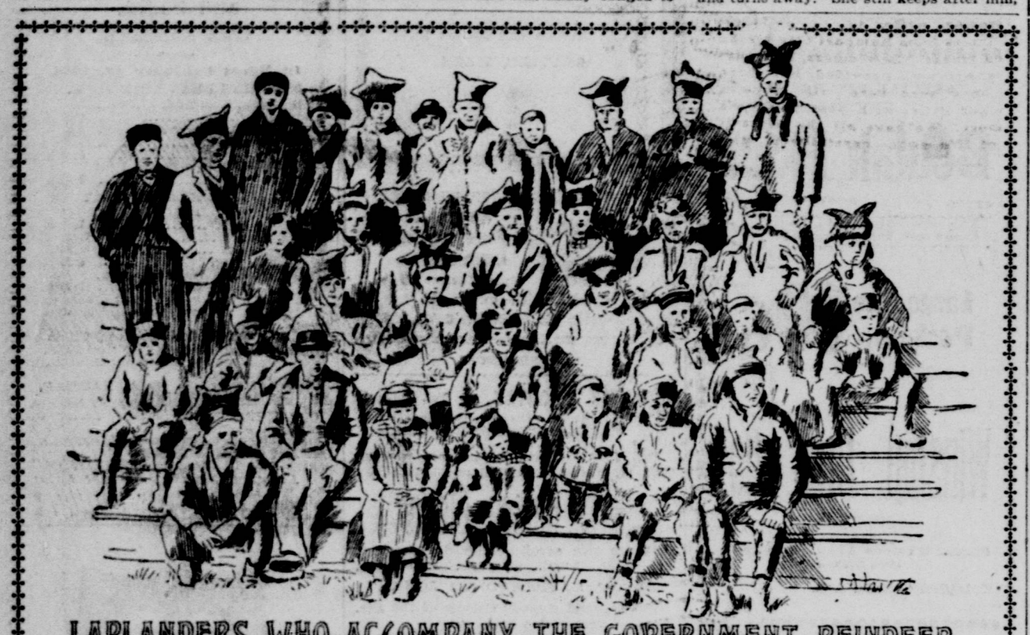
One Reindeer Dies.

One of the reindeer died last night, and another is now sick. William Kjellman, the expert in charge of the herd, attributes the loss of the animal to the change of feed from moss to fresh green grass. "It is probable that deaths will average one a day so long as the deer are kept here," said Mr. Kjellman yesterday. "We have any quantity of moss to feed the animals and it is not very good policy to put them on green grass at a time when they are inclined to suffer any way from the warm climate. Aside from the fact that several will die, the herd on its present feed will be in poor condition to work. They are beginning to run down now. It is poor economy to save the feed at the expense of the reindeer."

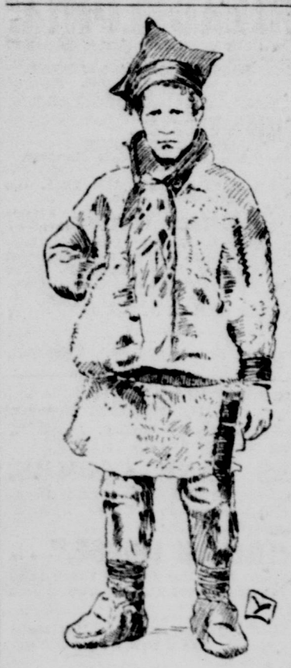
The deer that had died was skinned and cut up by the Laplanders, the work that would be done by two American butchers requiring six Lapps and a vast deal of gutteral consultation. Occasionally one of the butchers would retire to some secluded spot, get a bottle from his blouse and take a long, satisfying drink. While whisky is not supposed to be allowed the Lapps, they succeed in getting it. The women like the fiery liquor as well as the men and they tipple together in great concord.

The interior of the hotel where the Laplanders are quartered presents a combination of sights and smells to linger long in the memory. There are mattresses, blankets, clothes, lassos, sticks, whips, babies and odds and ends scattered thick about the floor. The settlement is wealthy in babies, none of which seemed to be over two years of age. In the stilly night, when the deer herd is lulled to slumber and the birds are dreaming with their heads beneath their wings, the Kanaka boy says those babies "makes a racket that's simply turrific."

The women and children and such men as are not going to Alaska will be sent next Monday to old Fort Townsend on the steamer Idaho, there to remain until shipped to St. Michael to join the heads of the families. There are seventeen women, twenty-six children and six men who will be domiciled at Fort Townsend. Of the children eighteen are under the age of 10 years.



LAPLANDERS WHO ACCOMPANY THE GOVERNMENT REINDEER.
From a Photo by Wilse & Kirk.



A TYPICAL LAPLANDER.

LIKE A SUBMARINE MINE.

Sensation In Hart Case May Be Touched Off at Any Time.

WHERE'S THE PRETTY WITNESS?

Miss Black Should Be the Star Attraction in the Case, but Is Not to Be Found on American Soil—She Is Said to Be Enjoying Herself at Vancouver, B. C., and Question Is, Who Is Responsible?

The trial of the Hart-Rucker case in Judge Benson's court proceeds steadily but slowly. The cause may be likened to a submarine mine, in this, that, according to rumor, sensational allegations reflecting on the parties interested either directly or as witnesses are liable to be touched off at any moment. Since the first trial of the cause there have been charges and counter-charges between the principals in the suit.

A feature of the case, reference to which was made yesterday, lies in the inability of the attorneys for the defendant, Wyatt Rucker, to secure the presence of Miss Maggie Black as a witness. Miss Black was for several years an employe in the county courthouse in Snohomish county. Of late she has been working in the auditor's office. It appears from the deposition of A. N. Woods, which was offered in evidence yesterday, that Miss Black made out the report of the appraisement of the Hart mill, the value of which is an issue between the parties to the suit, to the board of state land commissioners. It is alleged that Miss Black made an error of $8,000 in the footings, and, discovering it, called the attention of the board of county commissioners to the matter.

It is further alleged that the commissioners replied that an error of $8,000 in favor of the owner of the mill cut but little figure, and the matter was allowed to go uncorrected.

Miss Black is well known in Snohomish county. Just now she is greatly wanted in King county to tell her little tale to the jury that sits patiently all day long in Judge Jacobs' court listening to the testimony of the witnesses that have been summoned to throw light on the transaction, to the objections and arguments of the attorneys and to the court's rulings. Miss Black has, it is stated, evinced a feverish desire to visit friends on the north side of the boundary line between the United States and Canada every time the Hart-Rucker case has come up for trial. It is related that she was at Everett a few days before the superior court of that county on the last day of December, 1897, fixed the date of the trial of the cause for February 7, 1898. Immediately the case had been set, the attorneys for Mr. Rucker had a subpoena issued for Miss Black, but the most diligent officers found her not, and it is now stated that she is in Vancouver, B. C., enjoying the society of the British and her immunity from subpoenas and other processes from the courts of the United States.

Now, the question is, who would go and kidnap Miss Black and take her out of the country? And when one side of the Hart-Rucker suit puts the interrogatory, it looks with pious horror and amazement, not to say suspicion, at the other. And so the responsibility for Miss Black's presence on British Columbia soil and her failure to appear before the superior court of the state of Washington has not as yet been fixed.

The plaintiff in the suit closed its case yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The last witnesses were Fred Brown and J. A. Anderson, both formerly county commissioners of Snohomish county. It was the duty of the board of county commissioners, when school land was sold under the law as it stood in 1892, to appraise the value of the improvements on the land. The land was to be purchased subject to these improvements and the payment of the value placed on them by the proper authorities. The commissioners appraised the Hart mill at $48,000.

The witnesses, Brown and Anderson, were shown copies of the records at the time the appraisement was made, and identified them as the proceedings of the board. In fine, the same proof was made for the plaintiff in the case as was submitted to the supreme court when that tribunal denied the motion for a non-suit.

On cross-examination the questions were cast in a vein leading to the supposition that it was the purpose of the defense to show that the appraisement had not been strictly according to the law, and that in fact it had been loose and in some material points high, out of all proportion. There was a hint, too, of a purpose on the part of the defense to show corruption.

Ex-Deputy County Surveyor H. B. Niles testified for the plaintiff to having surveyed the ground and to have measured the diking, which was appraised by the commissioners at 22 cents per cubic yard.

The first witness for the defense was George W. Loggie, who testified that he was well acquainted with sawmills and sawmill machinery and was qualified to estimate the value of a sawmill such as that involved in the suit. He testified that in 1894, at the request of Mr. Woods, of Seattle, he examined the property and found that it was worth, at a liberal estimate, $12,000.

The attorneys for the defense sought to show that Loggie was not competent to testify in this matter or was an interested party.

Before adjournment the court told the jury that it would be locked up over night and kept from all communication with outsiders. One juryman rose and asked for permission to telephone his family grocer to look after the supplies for his household. "I would like to send word to my folks, judge," he said, "because they don't know how I've been caught up here."

This remarked convulsed the court, jury and attorneys. Another juror, a physician, asked if he could telephone to a patient of his for whom he had prescribed only the day before. Finally the court, after making provisions for these requests, said that the jury should not take its confinement hard, as much worse treatment might be given if the case was a criminal one. The trial was then set over till this morning.