

Before any more damage could be done, he had put out his light and fled out into the corridor, where he trembled in company with another member of the faculty, who had come down from the regions above. The besiegers could not get in, however, and at length went away, after some shoutings and bangings on doors. The next day the matter was explained away and hushed up.

But the basement was no ice-house, and the body that had been left there all these days was getting "rich." The students saw that if anything further was to be done with it, it must be done at once. They had secured the skull and determined to complete their operations at all hazards the next night. It was Saturday, but waiting until Monday was out of the question entirely. Everything went well, and they set the wash-boiler with its contents out to cool in the shadows of the trees north of the building. But it could not be hidden from at least one of the five senses, and the academic students soon smelled it out. A party, some of whom have since become famous and who shall be nameless, made off with it. But they soon found that they "had an elephant on their hands which they could not accomplish," for what was to be done with so horribly smelling an object. But the Nebraska State Democrat had said some very unkind things about the University in connection with the finding of the skull, and they determined to have their revenge. They put a pole—as long as possible—through the handles and carried it off down Tenth street to O. This was done easily enough, as there were no buildings at all on that street north of P. Then they slipped around the corner and east on O street to the alley by Baum's hardware store. Here in the basement was the Democrat office, and they dumped the entire contents of the wash-boiler down the steps.

But the city marshall had followed them down Tenth street. The whole procedure looked suspicious to him and his mind yet dwelt on the night before. Down by Harley's drug store on Eleventh and O streets they

spied our excellent chief engineer, John Green, who was at that time Lincoln's only policeman. He got a whiff of the wash-boiler and at once began closing on the centre. The only escape was up the alley; but this was a blind alley then and they were trapped. The police station was in a wooden building on O street, opposite the Democrat office and thither they were hailed. John interceded manfully for them, urging their youth, their inexperience, and the fact that students are privileged characters anyway. But the judge was obdurate and had already ordered their incarceration. They offered their watches as security for their appearance, but it was only the subscription of ten dollars to the official oyster and beer fund that softened his heart. If they would only clean the mess up— Oh, they would do anything, please, sir! So John found them some pails and brooms and they carried water and scrubbed and washed and wasted chloride of lime until the break of day. But it was weeks before O street enjoyed pure air again.

Lincoln was a sleepy place in those days. It was seldom that anything startling happened. The University building was the most prominent feature of the landscape, inasmuch as it was the largest building in the city, and good people had been accustomed to waking up in the early forenoon and looking out upon the expanse of tin roof for years in the same old, mechanical way. There was no smoke or mist then, and a gaze at the stable tower and roof of the University building seemed to fortify them against the vicissitudes of the day. But one morning the rising populace were dimly aware that something was wrong. That vague impression soon took tangible shape in the legend, CASH FOR STIFFS, painted in eleven-foot letters across the roof of the University. Who the artist was is a mystery to this day.

Up to 1885, the chapel was a marvellous affair. The platform was directly opposite its present location. It was bare and un-