

in each instance the detectives returned without a prisoner. The police found that one of the thieves—the fellow who hired the buggy—had given the name of May. He had mentioned on one occasion that he was a soap drummer, but said that, besides using the buggy for business purposes, he enjoyed a ride about the city. In each instance the horse was well tired when the fellow returned the animal to the stable, and the detectives believed that the long and hard trips the horse was forced to go was for the purpose of finding some suitable retreat in the event of a steal being made. Chief of Detectives Reynolds called in a squad of detectives late last night and they started to make a search of several houses in the hope of locating the thieves.



(Photo by L. H. Corralor.

SCENE OF DARING STEAL.

Second Window From Corner, Marked by Cross, Was Smashed by the Daring Thieves.

BUGGY BANDITS' BOLD ROYAL STREET ROBBERY.

Drive Up to Waldhorn's Store, Smash Window, Take Two Trays of Diamonds and Skip.

Pistol Prevents Pursuit and Police Have Been Unable to Unearth Clues to Perpetrators of Carefully Concocted Crime.

The daring robbery, in broad daylight, at the corner of Royal and Conti Streets, just a little before noon yesterday, when two trays of diamond rings, valued approximately at about \$10,000, were stolen, seems almost a reminder of the days, twenty or thirty years ago, when burglaries and robberies, where the "swag" amounted up into the forty and fifty thousands, were committed. Two men drove up in a buggy. One was a tall, slim man with a brown mustache, and he handled the reins. The other was a short, stout man, and after the buggy stopped the two remained seated in the vehicle engaged in a conversation. No one paid any attention to them, and there was nothing suspicious about them, so no one noticed them particularly. The stout man left the buggy and carried in his hand a package or bundle which appeared to be weighty. He walked up to the second show window on Royal Street of Waldhorn's store, and for a few moments gazed in at the display of diamonds and jewelry. Suddenly he raised his arm and the package was thrown violently against the large thick pane of glass. There was a crash, and then the man thrust his hand and arm into the large hole and one tray of diamond rings was drawn out. A second time he thrust his hand in, and a second tray of diamonds followed the hand. He then stepped to the buggy, threw the two trays in and leaped in after them. Mr. Waldhorn was behind the counter, a few feet from the show case, when the crash came. The package flew through the window and dropped on the floor near an iron safe. Mr. Waldhorn, looking up, saw the tray of diamond rings disappearing. As quickly as he could he ran around to the door and out to the sidewalk. The robber was still on the sidewalk, getting ready to leap, and as Mr. Waldhorn appeared he drew a revolver and thrust it into Mr. Waldhorn's face. The latter, as he afterwards explained, said that it was bad enough to lose the diamonds.

WITHOUT LOSING HIS LIFE, too, and he felt satisfied that the robber would have killed him had he not retreated. The thief jumped into the buggy and the driver struck the horse a sharp lick with the whip. The animal headed forward and started off in full gallop down Royal Street. John Simontich, a tinner, employed by the Labor establishment, at No. 133 Carondelet Street, was at the corner and saw the man alight from the buggy. He heard a crash, and before he could realize what had happened the man was at the side of the buggy with the two trays of diamonds. He got in and the pair drove off at breakneck speed. Although there was quite a number of people on the streets, few, if any, realized what had occurred, and no attempt was made to stop the thieves. Passing down Royal Street at full gallop, M. Levy, proprietor of a furniture store, between Conti and Toulouse, saw the horse coming along, and thought it was running away. He stepped out into the street to stop the animal, when the short stout man presented a revolver towards him and yelled to him not to touch the horse. Levy stepped back on the sidewalk, and the horse continued his mad flight. At the corner of St. Peter Street the tall, slim man turned the corner, and out along St. Peter Street the vehicle dashed. At the corner of Rampart Street it turned down towards Esplanade, and then down to Frenchmen Street, and out that street. Then the tall man, taking the valuables with him, left the buggy, and the other drove as far as the corner of Villere Street, where he called a young colored boy named Tom Alphonse and asked him to drive the horse back to the stable on Gravier Street, where he had hired it. The boy jumped in and the man walked away. Alphonse drove

the buggy to the corner of Esplanade and Rampart Street, where he stopped to take his brother, Pierre, in with him. As they were about to start off a man named E. Texte, a painter, stopped the boys, and said he knew where the team belonged. He had seen the buggy dashing by, and also thought the horse had run away. Telling Tom Alphonse to drive along slowly and that he would follow on the sidewalk, the vehicle was driven up to Conti Street. There it was turned out to Waldhorn's store, where a large crowd was assembled. Those who had seen the buggy dash down Royal Street at once recognized it as the one in which were seated the two men who had committed the daring robbery. The two colored boys got out meantime, and the crowd thronged around the vehicle. Tom Alphonse saw the excitement without knowing what it was all about, and concluded that he had better disappear in the crowd, which he did. Pierre, however, remained, and he was taken into the store and questioned, when he told the above story of how his brother came to be in possession of the trap. Chief of Detectives Reynolds, Detectives Littleton, Brewer and others of the force, as well as several Pinkerton men, were on the scene, and commenced investigations. The crowd, however, was so dense and excited, and every one wanted to hear himself talk, so Chief Reynolds decided to bring all the witnesses up to the Central Station, where he could proceed with his investigations without interference from outsiders. The Pinkerton men accompanied the party and the horse and buggy was taken to the First Precinct Station. Chief Reynolds sent out men to ascertain to whom the buggy and horse belonged, and found that it came from Hardy & Ayer's stables, on Gravier Street. The party who had hired the trap described the two men and it tallied with the description given of the two robbers. He said that yesterday morning was the fourth time the same two men had ENGAGED THE HORSE AND BUGGY.

The first time they came was on Feb. 2; then again on the 8th inst., again on the 15th, and last yesterday. He knew nothing of the two men except that one of them gave his name as C. C. May. The buggy was a top buggy, with rubber tires, and when brought back to the stables yesterday was bespattered with mud, the dashboard being coated with mud thrown up by the horse's hoofs while galloping away from the scene of the robbery. Mr. Waldhorn was seen after he had regained his self-possession in a degree. He said that when he confronted the man with the revolver he felt as though the thief was desperate. When the buggy started off he ran after the vehicle, as did also several of his employes, but they could not overtake the galloping horse, which the thieves had no doubt tested during the drives they took in the past three weeks. Mr. Waldhorn stated that each of the trays stolen contained fifty-six diamond rings. One tray contained valuable rings, but just what they were worth he was unable to say until he had checked up his stock and found just what was missing. He thought that an average of \$150 per ring on one tray would not be excessive, while the other contained rings valued at from \$25 to \$75, or, say, an average of \$50 per ring, or a total value of about \$11,200 on the two trays. The missile with which the window was broken was a piece of granite such as is used in Belgian block pavements, and was wrapped in a handkerchief and a piece of cloth. The robbery of the Waldhorn store yesterday was one of the most extensive committed in this city in many years. The last big robbery prior to this was that of the Metropolitan Bank, then at the corner of Chartres and Canal Streets, where the Godechaux Building now stands. This occurred some time during the year 1880 or 1881. Prior to that time there were several big robberies, such as the Lillenthal, the Scolor, the Danziger and others, but these were all committed in the night time by professional cracksmen. The robbery of the Waldhorn store was the first of its kind in the South. Several similar robberies have occurred in Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and cities in the Northwest, which are policed by a force, some of them, ten times as large as the city police.

Several days ago Inspector O'Connor issued instructions to notify the citizens of the city to be careful where they placed their valuables and money, and this applies more particularly to merchants and business men in general, as well as the various banks in the city. The North and West are overrun with a horde of desperate thieves, who are making their way to the South, and at the present time Memphis is suffering from the depredations of porch robbers, who have been very successful thus far. The Inspector and his Chief of Detectives will warn banks and other institutions to exercise particular care in transferring large sums of money, as the city is likely to be overrun with thieves this season.

Both Inspector of Police O'Connor and Chief of Detectives Reynolds were busy throughout the evening and night with the daring steal from the Waldhorn place. Many men were held in close conference, and detectives were sent here and there with men who had seen the thieves, and