

SHOT DEAD BY A CONVICT

DETECTIVE JOHN J. CAREY MURDERED IN THE STREET.

TILL TAPPER DE BLANCHE, ALIAS WHEELER, KILLED HIM JUST AS THE DETECTIVE WAS ABOUT TO ARREST HIM—THE MURDERER CLUBBED INTO SUBMISSION.

Central Office Detective John J. Carey was shot dead last night by James De Blanche, alias David Wheeler, a Chicago all-around crook, whom he was trying to arrest at Seventh Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street.

Carey had been long on the trail of De Blanche, who is better known in this city as "Dave" Wheeler. Wheeler is an expert till-tapper, and has also an ugly habit of knocking down and robbing belated drunkards.

He was wanted by the police of the Nineteenth Precinct for till tapping, and was also suspected to be mixed up in a jewel robbery which occurred Oct. 22 at the home of S. G. Hartshorn, 28 West Fifty-first Street.

About 9:30 o'clock last night Detective Carey and his "side-partner," Detective Doran, also of the Central Office, saw their man standing on the northwest corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue.

Carey wanted to make the arrest at once, but Doran, who noticed that Wheeler was watching a drunken man who was staggering toward him along the avenue, preferred to wait and catch him redhanded in a new felony.

Carey crossed the street, not, however, without being noticed by Wheeler, who slipped into the side door of the saloon outside which he was lounging. Carey did not follow him, but waited for his man at the front door.

Wheeler soon appeared with his revolver drawn and cocked, and before Carey had even laid a hand on him he had fired, the ball striking the detective in the abdomen.

Carey fell forward, grappling in his death agony with his murderer.

Doran was across the road with his hands on Wheeler's collar in a second. Wheeler tried to shoot this new enemy and it might have gone hard with the second detective but for the timely nightstick of a policeman who ran up.

Ward Detectives Madden and Sullivan of the Nineteenth Precinct were strolling down Seventh Avenue when they heard the crack of the revolver. They raced down the avenue, and quickly clubbed Wheeler into submission and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

The murderer was at once clapped into a hack and taken down to Police Headquarters.

Carey's wife and five children live at 201 West Seventy-seventh Street.

Detective John J. Carey was forty-two years old. He started life as a stable keeper, but April 12, 1881, was appointed on the force. He served first at the Church Street Station and then was transferred to the Sixteenth Precinct. Afterward he did police duty in the Nineteenth Precinct. May 25 of this year he was sent to the Central Office, where he had done efficient service ever since.