

HELPFUL HINTS. Good Advice on How Domestic Happiness May Be Preserved. The Art of Wife Management from Various Standpoints.

Sense and Sarcasm Flow from "Evening World" Readers. Maid and matron, bachelor and Benedict meet in common in THE EVENING WORLD'S discussion of wife management.

A Philosopher View of It. A philosopher expresses his view on wedded life in somewhat this manner: "There is no mediocre state of happiness in marriage; it is either a heaven or hell."

"Just As You Please." Rule her with the Golden Rule. When she says "I will," you say "I will."

Neatly Put. I would manage a wife as a good and kind captain does a crew. On launching in the matrimonial ship I would adopt rules that would assist to promote health, happiness and wealth.

Study Her Character. How to manage a wife, did you say? Well, first thoroughly understand her. Study her character harder than you ever studied any subject in your life.

No Need of Management. There should be no management. First let the husband get an absolute conquest over himself and then let him manage the wife.

Be a Man. The wife only needs the confidence, the love, esteem and respect the husband to wife. Then, in addition, open your heart to her in confidence and counsel with her in politics, "in it," in business, in social affairs, in all your every-day transactions.

Ideal of the Opera Goer. He-I see that some people of our set are to produce grand opera at their own houses.

His Interest at Stake. Obwigger-I suppose you're looking forward to Easter with a great deal of pleasurable anxiety.

Between the Horns and Brays. How do you like the new suit of black clothing in which he was to meet death, for

THE NEW SPRING SHADES. Crepon with Watteau Stripes Undoubtedly the Favorite. Bonnets Small and Flat - Other Fashion Items.

The new materials for the spring season are now to be seen, and some are pretty, evocatively chosen with a view to the present mode, which requires simple and distinct outlines.

The modern bride is a shrewd girl. She buys her body linen in the big dry-goods stores, making the rounds first to see where she can get the best value for her money.

It is said that the old custom of removing the tablecloth after dinner, and of placing the fruit and wine upon a highly-polished table, may be revived; but a dinner-table is now such an elaborate affair, with its floral decorations and its electric lights, that it is more than probable that the present fashion will survive for some time to come.

Mrs. Richards, of Montana, will perform the ceremony of driving the last nail into the Woman's Building in that State. This nail will be "twelve-penny" in size and composed of the principal mineral products of the State.

Many of the dressy dresses and house gowns to be featured in the late Fall background in this and expensive netting cheap silk is used.

The rage for bizarre effects in dress trimming has led manufacturers to bring out the Moonlight handle in various sizes of crystal, porcelain, jet, steel, fire and French gilt and white metal of silver, gold, copper and bronze finish.

Some time after the opening of Wellesley College for Women, an gymnast, arranged in the general college building, most convenient at that time for the students who so easily could do the gymnast costume in their own rooms and retire to them again to bathe and dress after exercise.

Mr. George S. Upshur, the gentleman who so strenuously urged a policy of silence upon his friend, J. Coleman Drayton, when the latter arrived last week on the Majestic, abandoned that policy himself last Saturday night.

Miss Champert-Chumps (or England) Every girl in town wants to marry Lord Hasbrooke, even though he is so dissipated.

Too Much for Poil. Hicks-Did you read about the parrot that picked out the woman's eye and was killed?

"Tiger Head Brand" Robert Smith India Pale Ale and Beer, Superior to any imported. Sold by all dealers.

EXTRA BY SHOCK

Cotto Executed at Sing Sing.

The Murderer of Frankeloso Expiates His Crime.

A New Chair Used and Only One Contact Necessary.

The Electrodes Attached to the Head and One Leg.

Seventh Electrical Execution in Sing Sing's Death Chamber.

Story of the Crime for Which Cotto Was Done to Death.

UPSHUR GOT LOCKED UP. Mr. Drayton's Friend Wanted a Duel with a Bartender.

WAITING FOR THE WORD. Physicians with a Bottle of Whiskey Sent to Cotto's Cell.

THE ASSASSIN'S LAST HOURS. He Sends a Farewell to Relatives to His Wife and Son.

JUST BEFORE THE SUMMONS. The Sacrament of Holy Communion Administered to the Condemned.

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Sr. Carlos F. MacDonald, of New York, and Samuel H. Ward, of Albany, who have had that responsibility in the former electrocution. The latter was not present to-day.

It having been settled by Cotto himself that his body should be buried here, a keeper and two constables came to the prison this morning and the prisoners scooped out another in the lengthening row of unmarked graves.



WARDEN BROWN. Cotto was the seventh man to meet his death in the electrical chair at Sing Sing, and only two of those, Charles McKivaine and Harris Smiler, had friends to claim their bodies.

THE DEATH-HOUSE NOW UNOCCUPIED. The death of Cotto left the death-house without an occupant for the first time since it was built, two years ago.

All of these things were discussed by the curious villagers who passed along the hill road to a point of vantage opposite the prison and grouped there to watch for the little signal flag that the Warden runs up to the peak of the prison's office building at the moment when the physicians say that the law has administered death to the victim in the chair.

At 8 o'clock Cotto had his breakfast. He used to be a hearty eater, but his appetite has been very poor for the past few days and this morning he partook sparingly of toast and gulped down his bowl of coffee with little relish.



ELLIOT BROWN. Shortly before breakfast was served the two Italian priests, Fathers Mino and Di Sanctis, were admitted to Cotto's cell and administered holy communion. They did not leave him till the end.

ONLY ONE ARMED GUARD OUTSIDE. The doors of the prison were closed this morning to all visitors except the invited witnesses of the execution, but a single guard, armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, was all that was needed, pacing up and down the terrace before the prison, to keep intruders at a respectful distance.

WITNESSES OF THE EXECUTION. The witnesses present at the execution were Dr. R. T. Irvine, Prison Physician; Dr. Frank Abbott, New York; Rev. Father Serafino Di Sanctis, Brooklyn; Rev. Father John Mino, of St. Augustine's Church, Sing Sing; an EVENING WORLD reporter; Dr. John S. Johnson, Brooklyn; Dr. J. E. Johnson, Arkport, N. Y.; Police Inspector Alexander Williams, New York; Dr. Frank Wilson, New York; Dr. John H. Hunter, Brooklyn; A. Currier, New York; W. J. Jenks, Nyack; K. W. Hammer, Newark; L. C. Stuart, H. C. Terry, Charles E. Russell, L. B. Little, W. J. Chamberlin, E. P. Cohen, F. G. Patchen, J. Frank Clark, New York; Dr. F. Horton, Peekskill; R. A. Brown, Purchasing Agent, Sing Sing Prison; Electrician E. F. Davis, New York; Dr. John H. Hunter, New York; J. Doyle, Warden of Raymont Street Jail, Brooklyn; and Dr. David E. Callaghan, Brooklyn.

THE ASSASSIN'S LAST HOURS. He Sends a Farewell to Relatives to His Wife and Son. SING SING, March 28.—"Tell my little Frank I am dead. That is all I can say to my little boy. Tell him I did this thing, but I didn't know what I was doing."

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IRON-FRAME COIL, had grown so weak that he shook on his legs as he stood all day long clinging to his long, bony, yellow fingers to the grating of his cell door.

FATHER MINO, the Italian priest from Father Cotto's St. Augustine church in this village, visited the condemned man early in the day, and sought to soothe his mind. There is a cheap colored lithograph of the Virgin and the Babe Nazareth, tacked against the wall in Cotto's cell, and the slayer of Louis Frankeloso had for two or three days spent much time kneeling in supplication before the picture. Yesterday, however, he seemed to get little comfort from this, and so stood, apprehensively, waiting and watching at the grated door.

IT WAS A gloomy day, even in the outer world. The sky was overcast by storm clouds, the air was cold and cutting and rain came fitfully. Inside the house of death it was still gloomier, and Dornbecker and McLane, the day watch, lighted their lamps in the middle of the afternoon.

THEIR CHARGE had toast and coffee for breakfast, but the guard took away the toast untouched just before he brought in Cotto's dinner of roast beef, potatoes, bread and coffee at 1 o'clock. Cotto's appetite was gone. At 6 o'clock there was a clanking of iron bars, a turning of keys and creaking of iron doors. Some one was coming, and the wild eyes of Cotto turned in alarm towards the entrance to the cell house. Two men entered and approached the strong wire screen that keeps visitors at a distance of three feet from the doors of the cells.

ONE WAS ALEX PANDOLPH, of 34 Light street, New York, a cousin of Jeremiah Cotto. The other was Jere's brother, Dominick Cotto, who is a member of Commissioner Brennan's street-sweeping brigade on Broadway. The brother was very much cast down when this too was refused.

THE VISITORS WERE led through the dark underground passage out of the prison near the railway station, and were soon on their way to New York. Cotto, left again to himself, stood by the grated door as if dazed. He dropped on his bed at 1 o'clock and fell asleep immediately. He slept peacefully till 6 o'clock this morning.

THEY WERE FOR FIVE HOURS. The visitors were led through the dark underground passage out of the prison near the railway station, and were soon on their way to New York. Cotto, left again to himself, stood by the grated door as if dazed.

WERE FOR HIS PARANOID. "Oh, where is Mrs. Frankeloso?" he asked with much interest. "Have they got her locked up in prison yet? I know they are waiting till I am killed—then they will let her out. But they ought not to. I know all her faults, and it was her that set me on to do this. She told me to kill Louis Frankeloso and then we would live together in peace."

THE OLD PLAYMATES talked again of the days when they were boys; of how they romped together at the foot of Mount Vesuvius; what tricks they played upon each other; of the other boys, and what had become of them. Then Cotto returned again to the talk about his wife and little boy in Italy.

HOW DOES TERESA LIVE? Is she as adorable as ever?" he asked. "Are you sure that she does not hate me? Does she tell our boy that his father was not a wicked man?" And then came the last message to that thirteen-year-old son: "Tell my little Frank that I am dead. That is all I can say to him. Tell him I did this thing, but I didn't know what I was doing."

IT WAS 9 o'clock when Principal Keeper Connaughton sent word that the hour for the departure of Alex and Dominick had come. Dominick Cotto is very much like Jere, though Jere was forty-two and he, but twenty-three years old. He is a small, thin man, with sharp features. He was completely overcome by his brother's trouble, and said very little during the long visit.

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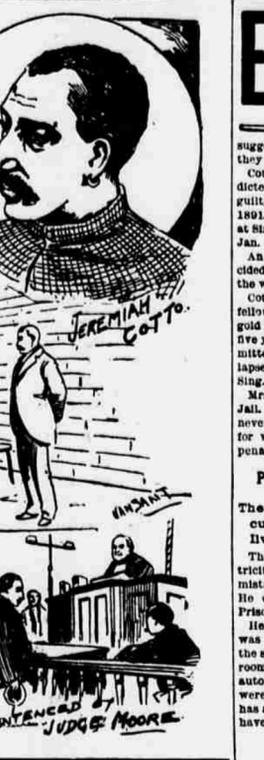
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STORY OF THE CRIME. Cotto Waylaid and Murdered the Husband of His Italian Mistress.

THE MURDER OF LOUIS FRANKELOSO by Jeremiah Cotto, was a revolting crime. Frankeloso lived in two basement rooms at 158 Twenty-fifth street, Brooklyn, occupied entirely by Italians. His wife was a few years the younger. They had three young children.

FRANKELOSO called at the Eighteenth Precinct Station and made inquiries for her husband. He had disappeared the night before, his wife said, and she feared that some disaster had overtaken him.

THE DETECTIVE learned that Cotto had several times threatened to kill Frankeloso and of his relations with Mrs. Frankeloso. The pair were finally arrested in this city, whether they had moved. The detectives found several knives in Cotto's possession, and a long rat-tail file, sharpened to a needle point. He disclaimed all knowledge of the murder and protested his innocence.

MRS. FRANKELOSO readily admitted that she and Cotto had been intimate, and that she had known him in Italy, from whence he had come of getting her husband out of the way, so that they might marry, had been discussed.

THE WOMAN said she did not see Cotto again until nearly 4 o'clock Saturday morning, when he entered the room covered with dirt and blood. She asked where her husband was, and he told her that he had been shot. She was very much shocked, and she washed him. Then he tore his bloody clothing into shreds and stuffed it into a rag bag. He licked the blood from a gory knife and buried it in the yard.

AFTER WASHING and dressing himself he took the bag containing the bloody clothes out to sell. Upon his return he accompanied Mrs. Frankeloso to the police-station to identify the body found.

BEFORE BEING LOCKED UP, Mrs. Frankeloso was taken to Cotto's cell, and there she pointed her finger at the covering wretch, and in Italian accused him of being the cause of all her trouble. Cotto soon afterward made a confession.

HIS STORY was that he and Frankeloso started together to steal vegetables. They filled their bags and started home. On their way they quarreled. They had stopped to light their pipes, and Cotto spoke to Frankeloso about some money owing him. Frankeloso was angry and picking up a stone threw it at Cotto.

THEN THEY DREW their knives and fought. When Frankeloso fell Cotto went home. He could not explain why they fought; he had no wounds. He denied planning the murder, but admitted that Mrs. Frankeloso had suggested getting rid of her husband so that they might marry.

COTTO and Mrs. Frankeloso were jointly indicted by the Grand Jury. Cotto was found guilty of murder in the first degree Dec. 2, 1891. He was sentenced to die by electricity at Sing Sing Prison during the week beginning Jan. 18 last.

AN APPEAL was taken, but the case was decided adversely by the Court of Appeals and the week of March 28 was fixed for his death. Cotto was a low-browed, swarthy-skinned fellow, with a villainous eye. He wore little gold rings in his ears. He was almost thirty-five years old. It has been said that he committed a murder in Italy. He almost collapsed from fright when first received at Sing Sing.

EXTRA.

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PREVIOUS ELECTROCUTIONS.

The Fate of Kemmer, Jugro, Siocum, Smiler, Wood, Lippy and McIvaine. The first murderer to be executed by electricity was William Kemmer, who killed his mistress, Mrs. Matilda Ziegler, in Buffalo. He was put to death in the Auburn State Prison Aug. 6, 1890, in a shocking manner. He was alive six minutes after the current was turned on. During the second contact the sickening odor of burning flesh filled the room, and smoke came from his mouth. The autopsy showed that the muscles and brain were literally baked. The voltage employed has always been a question, but is said not to have exceeded 900.



KEEPER CONNAUGHTON.

Tuesday, July 7, four murderers were executed by electricity at Sing Sing. They were Shibusha Jugro, the Japanese who assassinated his fellow-countryman, Mura Commi; James Siocum, the ball-player, who chopped his wife to death with a hatchet; Harris A. Sullivan, the Westchester man, who shot his wife to death; and Joseph Wood, the negro, who killed his fellow Aqueduct workman, Charles Ruffin.

According to the official report a current varying from 1,408 to 1,480 volts was applied twice to Siocum, three times each to Wood and Jugro and four times to Sullivan, but in spite of this the experts testified that death was painless in each case, and that there was neither smoking nor burning.

Smiler's body was brought to this city, and an EVENING WORLD reporter discovered that the face and head and legs where the electrodes were applied had been seared and burned until it presented the appearance of having been broiled.

The three other bodies were buried in quicklime in the prison graveyard and guarded for thirty days, and could not, therefore, be examined.

Martin D. Lippy, who stabbed his wife to death in a Chrystie street tenement to Smiler, but in spite of this the experts testified that death was painless in each case, and that there was neither smoking nor burning.

Charles McIvaine, who killed Grocer Christie in Brooklyn, was executed Feb. 8, 1892. It was the first execution under the amended law permitting the presence of newspaper reporters. The current was applied twice, the voltage being 1,600 and 1,600 volts respectively. The current was first applied through the hands, according to Inventor Thomas A. Edison's suggestion. It was successful. The man was badly blistered. The current was then applied at the forehead and right leg. Both the forehead and leg were blistered, but it was the general opinion that electrical execution was a snug case.

A MONSTER SEA BASS.

One Captured on the California Coast Weighing 400 Pounds. A large crowd on the moon ferry boat collected about one of the trunk cars, attracted by a huge and queer fish that was extended along the frame of the truck. To every appearance the fish belonged to the trout family and was judged to be a freak in size.

One of the curious lookers-on, says the San Francisco Chronicle, measured the length of the monster and found it to be nearly seven feet, while the greatest breadth about the body was three and one-half feet. The scales appeared very much like pieces of abalone shell but were ductile and semi-transparent.

By and by the inevitable know-all came along and explained the wonder to the crowd. The sea leviathan was a species of the black sea bass, and by all odds the largest of his kind ever captured on this coast. Its weight was about four hundred pounds. It was captured off the Catalin Islands, and the powerful ropes fastened through its enormous mouth attested to its prodigious strength.