

DELUGE IS NOW DUE.

THE DAYS OF NOAH MAY SOON RETURN.

A Great Aquatic Cataclysm—Not Very Likely, However, to Disturb the Peace of Those Folk at Present Living on the Earth.

A scientist, who asked that his name be not mentioned in connection with this article, says the New York Telegraph, says that the days of Noah may return. Following is what he has to say in demonstration of his idea: The great flood occurred 4,003 years ago. There have been several deluges recorded in history besides that one, as that of Ogyges—which we read overflooded almost all Attica—and that of Deucalion, which drowned all Thessaly, in Greece. I state these facts so that you may be quite prepared to hear that another great deluge, according to many learned and modern geologists, threatens the earth. We are told this may come at any moment, burying the greater part of the continents of Europe, Asia and North America under millions of tons of water, and probably replacing them with new continents in the southern hemisphere. This new deluge is to be brought about by the melting of the great antarctic ice cap which now, so some scientists contend, holds an enormous quantity of water in its frosty grasp. Once released, this vast liquid volume will rush northward, submerging continents as it flows. Now, this is important if true, and interesting even if only an erudite vision. If we examine a map of the world we shall recognize that the surface of the globe is unequally divided into land and water; about one-fourth is land. The largest share of the land is in the northern hemisphere, where the proportion of the land to the water is as, it is computed, 415 to 1,000, while in the southern hemisphere the proportion of the land to the water is as only 120 to 1,000. In proof of the translation of the oceans southward and the consequent drainage of the northern continent, consider the relations of the hemispheres, when the "pull" of the antarctic ice cap will be evident. At one time all the existing lands of the northern hemisphere were covered by water.

At the points nearest to the north pole which have been reached the soundings have never been more than 300 fathoms. The depth of the German ocean and the Irish sea may be put at forty fathoms. These oceans were much deeper in earlier times; the ice cap has drawn or "pulled" the waters toward itself. With respect to the mountains of ice really in existence at the south pole, as all geologists agree in saying, it follows inevitably that many huge icebergs must be constantly breaking off from its outer edges and drifting away to the northward. Such is found to be really the case. Reports from an expedition now exploring the south polar regions confirm the theory that the warmth is now increasing there. If so, the change would favor the breaking up of the ice cap and the dissolved waters would flow back and find their level on territory now occupied by man, but which in long ages past was the bed of oceans. A recent report said: "We had comparatively high temperature during our voyage—a higher than Sir James Ross experienced, and higher than those observed last year by the whaling fleet south of Cape Horn." Proofs of the coming deluge seem to be afforded again by the frequent recurrence of large boulders—further evidences of past cataclysms. Innumerable blocks of rock of all dimensions have been torn at various periods from regions presumably near the north pole, and transported along every meridian down to the fifty-second parallel, and raised to altitudes exceeding, in many cases, 500 yards above their starting point. The nearer they are to the pole the more considerable are their number and dimensions. Some of these huge boulders weigh thousands of tons, and their displacement and translation could only have taken place through the agency and strength of powerful cataclysms. Adhemar states that a great deluge recurs every 10,500 years, and there have been fourteen such. To go back again to the antarctic ice cap. As soon as this began forming, it began "pulling" the waters of the ocean across the equator into the southern hemisphere. At various points all over the southern hemisphere there are ancient sea margins which indicate beyond cavil or question that the ocean once stood at the height at which we find these markings, or more than a thousand feet higher than at present. As this great antarctic ice cap grew and grew, it of course gradually displaced the center of the earth's gravity to the southward, until it is now two or three miles from the position it occupied before the sinister growth began forming. The situation then, of the whole question resolves itself into this: The development of the great glacier at the south pole has reached the point which immediately precedes its sudden breaking up into fragments. It is computed, therefore, that at any day or hour the abrupt disintegration of these millions of cubic miles of ice may let loose all the accumulated waters of the southern hemisphere, and start them northward on their dreadful mission of destruction. The glaciers of Greenland and other northern territories will at once attract these floating bergs and waters, and will come pouring across the equator in a water wall a mile high, bearing on their crests the gigantic fragments of the ice cap, which will be hurled against and submerge all low-lying

lands mentioned at the beginning of this article. This deplorable aquatic cataclysm, however, is not likely to disturb the peace of those folk at present living on the earth. We may safely assume that a gigantic mass of which has taken centuries to accumulate is not going to dissolve in a few months, or even years.

CITY OF SAN JUAN

Has Always Led in Population in the Island.

San Juan, as the seat of the island government, has always been the leading city in population, and also as regards the congested condition of the populace. It boasts naturally, as the past home of the Spanish governor-general, the principal military, naval and high civil functionaries, the finest public buildings, and there have been appropriated and expended more moneys for general local improvements than in any other city. It is undoubtedly the best harbor on the island, in that it is completely landlocked, though at present it is sadly in need of dredging, so that ships may have sufficient depth of water and room to maneuver in the basin. The city is entirely circumscribed by an immense sea-wall, and guarded on the north and east by the picturesque, antiquated and massive forts of Moro and San Cristobal. The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at about 30,000, and probably within the narrow confines of the town itself, which is compressed into a very limited space between the great forts on the seaward side and the battlements of the harbor, live over 20,000 souls. The principal harbor portion of the town consists of well-constructed—so far as the walls go—double-storied buildings, with now and then one rising to three floors. In the more squalid portions of the city (one can walk all over the town in an hour) the houses are but a story high, and in a single room an entire family—and more—eke out an existence in the semi-darkness of the one-windowed, ill-ventilated apartment. The storekeepers and business men who do not live outside the city, in the pretty little suburban towns of Bayamon, San Turce and Rio Piedras, usually live over their stores, on the second floor. A town residence with a front yard is unknown, and the only bits of green to be seen are in the gardens of the governor-general's palace, the Casa Blanca, or in the inner courtyards, measuring a few square yards, of some of the more prosperous merchants.—Harper's Weekly.

Bullets Wasted in Battle.

It is said that only about one out of every three or four hundred bullets fired in a battle is effective. Here are an expert's statistics on the question. When Frederick the Great defeated the Austrians at the battle of Czaasau, May 17, 1742, out of every 357 shots fired by the Prussians, only one Austrian was killed or wounded. In the campaigns of 1805 and 1806, when the great Napoleon was victorious everywhere, only one man was killed or wounded out of every 3,000 shots, and in 1813 and 1814 10,000 shots were fired to kill or wound one man. Bautzen was an exception, for there 714 balls were fired on one man hors de combat. At the battle of Victoria, Wellington's army fired 500 shots for one man killed or wounded. At Solferino, in 1859, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 cartridges, and only killed and wounded 12,000 French soldiers, or one man out of every 700 shots. In the campaign of 1864 and 1866 the average was sixty-six shots for one man hors de combat. In the terrible battles of 1870-71, 250 shots were fired for every man killed or wounded.

American Postal Statistics.

Many people will be surprised to learn that the postal establishment of the United States is the greatest business concern in the world. Charles Emory Smith, the postmaster-general, writing in the Cosmopolitan, tells us that it handles more pieces, employs more men, spends more money, brings more revenues, uses more agencies, reaches more homes, involves more details and touches more interests than any other human organization, public or private, governmental or corporate. The postoffice department directs 73,570 postoffices, musters an army of 200,000 employees, spends this year \$105,000,000 and counts receipts of nearly the same amount. It handled last year 6,214,447,000 pieces of mail matter, of which 2,825,767,000 were letters, so that every minute confides 12,000 new messages to its hands. It manufactured and delivered postage stamps to the number of 3,623,821,608, and the value of \$71,788,333. It carried 2,069,742,000 newspapers.

A Mystery.

"It is said that there are more than 5,000 different kinds of flowers which give forth no odor whatever." "Then, why the dickens do people go on raising lilies of the valley?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Exactly a Failure.

Mrs. Gotham—"So your marriage was a failure?" Mrs. Lakeside—"Yes, but I'm the preferred creditor; all my husband's property in my name."—Town Topics.

At the Hub.

"It's queer about Boston men." "What is it?" "Why, even a single man in Boston can be called 'hubby.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Moors of Arabia and Spain were the first to display colored globes in chemists' windows.

FISH GRANDFATHER CAUGHT.

An Old, Old Story with Some Modern Variations.

Colson is a star at telling fish stories, but he isn't a marker to the man we met in a canoe off Twin Island, says the Lewiston Journal. He was evidently an Oxford bear and he greeted us pleasantly as we pulled by. "What luck?" we asked. "Nuthin' much," he answered. "Ain't very good fishin'," chipped in Colson.

"Good?" he grunted, turning so that he could keep alongside us and carry on the conversation. "Good? I should say it wa'n't. You ought to hev seen this here pond when my father was a young feller. Lord bless ye, ye don't know nuthin' 'bout fishin'. How big a fish did you ever catch?" "Three pounds," said I, truthfully. "Nine pounds," said Colson.

"Nine pounds," repeated the native, scornfully. "Nine pounds! Why, I've heard my grandfather tell 'bout their using nine-pounders for bait! Them wuz the days when fishin' wuz fishin'. The lake wuz so dern full of fish then that the farmers never used to buy grain fer the hens. Uster set nets an' catch fish fer 'em. Some of my grandfather's hens got so they'd catch their own fish. Grandfather says he larnt the ducks how, an' they larnt the hens."

"That seems to'able strange, I know, but I've heard grandfather say as how his father uster feed out fish to the cows. They larnt to like it better'n hay, an' as there wasn't much hay raised them days it were a great savin'." Only trouble wuz the cows couldn't pick out the bones, an' they uster work down along with the milk and stick into a feller's fingers when he were milkin'.

"Them wuz days when there wuz some fun goin' fishin'. They never'd never think of takin' home a fish that weighed under fifty pounds. Some of them big whallopers uster fight like time. I've heard grandfather tell about bein' out when they'd hooked onto a big feller and brought him up to the side of the boat. He was ugly and wuz fer comin' right into the boat an' settlin' things. 'Tother two fellers wuz scairt, but granddad he just pulled out a big revolver he always carried an' shot that fish right plumb through the head."

"Granddad said it wuz a 'pretty close call, but he wuz a prudent feller, granddad wuz, an' he never went fishin' without bein' armed."

Colson had been listening with rapt attention. As the native concluded he took off his hat deferentially. "I am something of a liar myself," he said, and I rowed away.

MALAYAN TRAITS.

Points of Character of the Philippine Islanders.

The Malay race is impassive, reserved, and even bashful, so that, until one knows the race better, one can scarcely credit his bloodthirsty reputation. The Malay is entirely unemotional. If he has any feelings of surprise he never shows them. Perhaps he experiences none, no matter how wonderful the sight which meets his gaze. He is slow and deliberate in speech, and circumlocutory in introducing a subject to be discussed. Even the children and women are timid, and scream at the sight of a European, while in the presence of the men they are silent and taciturn. Even when alone the Malay neither talks nor sings, in this respect differing much from the Papuan, who has all the negro traits of chattering and singing to himself for company. Overpay a Malay for some trifle and his countenance betrays no sign of emotion; a Papuan will be grave for a moment out of perfect astonishment at the mistake made, and then burst into peals of grinning laughter, while he bends in two, and finally rolls on the ground in ecstasies of merriment. The Malays, when in company in a canoe, chant a plaintive, monotonous song; at other times they are silent. The Malay is cautious of giving offense to any one, and accordingly will hesitate to quarrel about money matters, and rather abandon a just debt due to him than to run the risk of a feud with his equals. In his ordinary life he is as impassive as a typical Scot, and as fond of all the nil admirari line of conduct as the American Indian, though, unlike him, the Malay does not dissemble his feelings or play a part. He has really little, if any appreciation of humor, and does not understand a practical jest. To all breaches of etiquette he is very sensitive, and equally jealous of any interference with his own or any one else's liberty. To such an extent does he carry this idea that a Malay servant will hesitate to waken another, even his own master, though told to do so. The higher classes are exceedingly polite, possessing all the repose and quiet dignity of the best-bred Europeans. There is, however, another side to the character of the Malay. He is reckless, cruel and careless of human life; possesses but a poor intellect, and has neither taste for knowledge nor any indigenous civilization.

No Cause for Doubt.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to get through," faltered the young knight, preparing for his first tourney. "Never fear!" grinned his opponent, as he playfully poised his lance. "I'll run you through."—Answers.

Not Much Warmth.

"Well, I want to see my rich uncle to see if he would help me," said Squidwig. "Did he receive you warmly?" asked McSwiltigen. "Yes; lukewarmly."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

CUTS OFF OWN HEAD.

FEAT THAT HAS BEEN CALLED IMPOSSIBLE.

She Made Three Lunges, the Last Was Successful and the Severed Head and Body Both Fell to the Ground—A Shocking Scene.

One of the most tragic events ever recorded in that section occurred at Rhea Springs, Tenn., a few days ago. Mrs. Sarah Clark, a highly respected lady, 50 years of age, ended her life by severing her head from her body with a sharp razor. Mrs. Clark had been demented for four months. She had had suicidal intent since her mind began to give way, and her relatives have been compelled to keep a close watch on her. About three months ago she poisoned her daughter, son-in-law and four of their children, but they all recovered. The other night Mrs. Clark retired about 9 o'clock, at which hour her daughter noticed no change in her condition. Some time after 4 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Dee, her daughter, arose, and, missing her mother from the bed, which was in the room with her own, became alarmed and called her brother, who was in an adjoining room. The two made a search of the house, and, failing to find the old lady, they went into the yard. The front gate was standing open and Mrs. Dee walked to it to see if she could see her mother up or down the road. As she went out the gate she saw her aged mother, with head severed from the body, clutching a razor in one hand and the razor-box in the other, lying by the roadside. The head lay fully four feet from the body, being on the left-hand side of the walk, where the body had first fallen. The razor was clutched tightly in the right hand, and the case from which it had been drawn was in the left. The warm blood was yet trickling from the keen steel blade. A neighbor who saw the deed committed from a far-off spot says that it was a cool and deliberate act. He says that the woman walked leisurely down to the gate, unfastened her collar, and made three desperate lunges, two from the front and one from the back, just as she was falling. The back lick completely cut off the head. Physicians consider the case most remarkable, and one unknown in the annals of medical science.

ATLANTIC STEAMER'S LARDER.

Two and a Half Tons of Butter Are Used.

One tidy little refrigerator about six feet wide and twice that depth is the buttermilk stall in this market under the sea. Little tubs of butter are arranged on shelves to the amount of 5,000 pounds, and in company with these are 20,000 eggs. Twenty-five hundred quarts of milk and cream are stored in a separate room, all having been sterilized. This market has a room especially for salt meats, and here are hams, bacon and tongue to the amount of 4,000 pounds. There are some articles of food without which the epicure would be unhappy, and which must be alive when cooked. Chief among these are oysters, of which 16,000 are carried to meet the wants of the passengers. Clams are only provided to the number of 1,500. Lobsters are not abundantly supplied; 700 pounds is all the storeroom shelters. This market in the bottom of the ship contains, beside the things mentioned, fruits, green vegetables and an enormous stock of groceries. The latter is only limited by space, for groceries are not perishable goods and will keep from one voyage to another until used. Tea and coffee are used in large amounts—about thirty-three pounds a day of tea and fifty pounds of coffee. Perishable supplies are taken on board in proportion to the number of passengers booked, and anything of this kind which is left over when the ship reaches port is eaten by the crew.—Ladies' Home Journal.

SARDINIAN WOMAN.

Graceful Carriage, Dark Eyes, Brilliant Colors, Characteristic Costumes.

The women of Sardinia are elegant of figure and have a graceful carriage. Their eyes are large and black, their hair dark, with a brunette complexion. They dress very much in the same style as women in every part of civilized Europe, except that there is not the same extreme haste to adopt the latest fashion. The wives and daughters of farmers and tradesmen amply compensate for the simplicity of dress among the upper classes by the brilliant coloring of their costumes and at their religious fetes and other festivities, when they appear in gala dress, they present a truly wonderful spectacle. The aforesaid costumes are a sort of family heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter, and treasured as highly as hereditary jewels or ancestral portraits. The fashion never changes, and instead of feeling ashamed of being seen in the same dress at two different entertainments, they glory in this antiquity and in the number of occasions on which it has been worn.

As to Hailstones.

The organisms of hailstones have been investigated on two occasions by P. C. Harrison, a Canadian bacteriologist, who has found numerous bacteria and moulds, including a bacillus and a coccus hitherto undescribed. This character of the germs confirms Haidwin's theory that surface water is carried up by storms and frozen, producing hail.

CHANEAU ROUGE DOOMED.

For Years the Haunt of Thieves and Ruffians.

The curators of Carnavalet museum paid a visit to the notorious Chateau Rouge, in the Rue Galande, says a Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. The building is coming down in connection with street improvements, and, as there is a legend that it was within its walls that Gabrielle d'Estrees received her royal lover, a thorough examination was made of the premises to see whether they contained any relics worth preserving. An illegible inscription or two was all, however, that was found.

Once a princely mansion—of this there is no doubt—the building had long since fallen from its high estate and come to serve the most disreputable purposes. The Chateau Rouge, the "cafe" which occupied the lower portion of it, was for a number of years the favorite haunt of thieves and ruffians. The arrest in the place of Gamahut, a particularly notorious murderer, drew general attention to the den, which it became the fashion to visit in the small hours of the morning. Every celebrity piloted around the slums of Paris by detectives was taken to the Chateau Rouge, where, without any effort of the imagination, he could fancy himself in the company of authentic cutthroats. As a matter of fact, most of the real criminals migrated elsewhere when their refuge began to be an object of curiosity. Their places were taken by outcasts, who were glad to masquerade as scoundrels of the deepest dye for the sake of the pence liberally distributed by visitors.

Still, the Chateau Rouge at night presented a curious spectacle enough. On the counter from behind which were served drinks various, cheap and poisonous, there always lay in full evidence two cudgels, both of them formidable, but one of much stouter proportions than the other. They were for the use, in case of emergencies, of the proprietor, a giant of the name of Trollet; the lighter one served him to quell minor disturbances, while with its fellow he had more than once to defend his life against the friends of those of his customers whom he had been unkind enough to introduce to the police. The main room, grimly termed by its frequenters the "Mortuary," was entirely devoid of furniture. It served as a sort of dormitory to poor wretches who could afford no better accommodation than that offered by its floor. Such as it was, it was difficult to pick one's way among the ragged humanity lying huddled about it like a living carpet. The pictures on the walls were another of its features. They were hideous but appropriate compositions. One of them represented a confrontation at the morgue of a murderer with the corpse of his victim, and another, called "La Veuve," showed the guillotine rising above a pile of heads. In a smaller room at the back the conditions were rather more comfortable and visitors would listen to songs written in thieves' pattern.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS LUNCHEONS.

How the Beauteous Cloak Model Fooled Her Admirer's Employer.

The heroine of all this is a beauteous cloak model, and the story—romance, comedy, tragedy, or whatever you choose to call it—is told by the heavy villain himself, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser. The latter is a gentleman of persuasive manners and much wealth. He is the cloak model's employer, and (he does not tell this part of himself) had tried for something like a year to induce the lovely creature to accept an invitation to luncheon. She finally accepted (he tells that part) and was duly escorted by him to a restaurant noted for its swell company and its ruinous prices. The lady promptly proved that her looks were superior to her manners. (Her host tells that.) She swallowed her soup from the end of the spoon, with a sound like the exhaust pipe of a bathtub. In the consumption of her entree she performed the feat of an Asiatic sword-swallower; she conveyed her salad to her mouth with her fingers and drank her coffee from the saucer. Before she had time to eat the lemon from the finger bowl her employer was ready to quit (he tells that, too), and later he asked his friends, tearfully, if it was not a shame so lovely a girl should have had such a vile bringing up. The model gave her own version of the affair to her associates in "the store." "I was afraid I'd get fired if I didn't go," she explained. "But," naively, "I don't think he'll ask me again." She dined that night in Sixth avenue with her "steady," and her table manners were those of an empress. The employer does not tell that part. How can he? He doesn't know it.

Insult to Injury.

Cholly—I was walking down the avenue, dear boy, when a common woman allowed her beastly flowerpot to fall on me head. Reggy—How painful! Cholly—It wasn't the pain, dear boy, it was what the dweefel woman said. Reggy—What did she say? Cholly—Said she wuth glad her flowerpot landed on a soft place and didn't break.

In the Wilds of Missouri.

Tourist—"I understand the buffalo and other large game is almost entirely extinct in the west." Native (of St. Louis)—"Reckon you heard 'bout right, stranger. Outside of poker there ain't no big game left 'round these parts wuth speakin' of."

DOLLAR SIGN'S DEBUT.

The Author of the Familiar Character at Last Discovered.

Some weeks ago Dr. Marcus Baker of Washington published in one of the magazines an account of a theory which he has to account for the origin of the familiar dollar sign, says the Boston Transcript. This has long been in dispute. All sorts of explanations have been given, the most common of which is that the initials of the United States are crossed. But there have been seven or eight other theories to account for the dollar sign which are about as good. Dr. Baker, in his researches in the library of the bureau of education, came across an old book entitled "A Compendium of Federal Arithmetic, designed for the use of schools, and especially calculated for the meridian of the United States," which was published at Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1797. Its author was the Rev. Chauncey Lee of Rutland, Vt. In this book the author sets forth a system of what he calls "characteristics," by which one vertical stroke was to designate the mill, two vertical strokes the cent, these two crossed by one S-shaped stroke the dime and for the dollar the sign consisting of the two verticals with the two curved strokes, now so familiar, was proposed. At that time the people of the country were just emerging from the use of pounds, shillings and pence, where each was separated by a space from the next denomination. It accordingly seemed necessary to Mr. Lee to have an arbitrary mark for each of the denominations of our monetary system. But he soon found that one character, with the decimal point, was all that was necessary, and in the latter part of his own book all of his elaborate system of symbols, except the one intended to mark the dollar, was found to have been dropped. Dr. Baker certainly finds the dollar sign in this old arithmetic, and he does not find it in use at an earlier date. By the time Adams' arithmetic was published in 1805 the symbol had become well established. He therefore regards Mr. Lee as the inventor and believes the sign to have been absolutely arbitrary in its origin. Since the publication of his paper in one of the magazines Dr. Baker has received many letters on the subject, but none in which his conclusions are challenged. He intends, for further verification, to make a study of the department records to see when the dollar sign first appeared in the treasury accounts. He also hopes to make a more thorough search of the old text books to see if by chance any use of this sign prior to that of the Rev. Chauncey Lee can be discovered. It is certainly interesting to know the origin of a thing in such constant use as the dollar sign. Dr. Baker's discoveries seem likely to take all the sentiment out of the matter, but this is the common result of modern historical research.

HADING STARTS A FASHION.

Because She Looks Beautiful Even in Plain Clothes.

Veils and bonnets such as Josephine wore threaten Dame Fashion's peace of mind, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, for Jane Hading, who is playing Josephine in Paris, is beautiful and looks well in even ugly clothes, and the women who love novelty and the gown builders who encourage folly are ordering and making many empire gowns for garden parties, where any picturesque garment may be worn without exciting unkind comment, and where a quaint frock or a daring hat worn by a pretty woman often sets a fashion for a season. One of these Josephine bonnets has a large and wide-open brim hemmed by a thick roll of many-colored beads; a branch of roses runs under it on the hair. The crown, which is melon-shaped, is veiled with green net; the white lace is draped around it and falls on the left side, when it does not cover the face. A Josephine turban of net and pearls is said to be a trifle more becoming than the usual empire headgear. It has two white ostrich feathers bending forward and adorned by a splendid veil of Honiton lace. These veils are almost indispensable accessories of empire bonnets.

A Valid Objection.

Mr. Citydweller (to suburban real estate agent)—I only find one fault in your town, Mr. Boomerup, but that makes me decline to buy a residence here. Mr. Boomerup—Why, what is the matter? Mr. Citydweller—I noticed today as we have been driving about that all your finest houses are owned by physicians.

Their Portion.

Freshman (showing young lady about the campus)—Here's the Seniors' fence. That fence belongs to the Juniors and this one the Sophomores have. Young Lady—Oh, yes; how very interesting. And what do the Freshmen have? Freshman (gloomily)—They have troubles in large and generous slices.

Overheard in a Cemetery.

Boyle—I am strongly opposed to cremation. I think it is carrying things entirely too far. Coyle—How so? Boyle—We would then be compelled not only to earn our living but to urn our dead.

No Cause for Concern.

Brown—I hear Jones is sick. I wonder if it's anything contagious. Smith—Don't worry; if it is it won't matter. He's too close to give anything to anybody.