

# Bachelor Brindle's Christmas.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

"Be merry now, be merry now  
With joy bring in the holly bough;  
With song and feast and smiling brow—"

Bachelor Brindle gives the half-burned log in the fire-place a kick that sends the red sparks flying, and wonders crustily where that bit of rhyme strung on a half-forgotten fragment of melody, comes from, and how it happens to chant itself to him so persistently to-night. It is a dismal night. Outside, a high east wind shrieks and squeals, skirmishes around corners and echoes away dolefully in every stray cavernous retreat and nook. Within bursts of tawny and scarlet flame light up bachelor Brindle's favorite apartment, big, low-ceiled, and comfortable, yet wearing the air of careless disorder peculiar to a bachelor's apartments.

And bachelor Brindle, listening to the wind's boisterous whistlings and plaintive minor chords, became cross-grained, and even misanthropical.

"Song and feast," he mutters grumbly, "holly, etc! Humph! Gammon! Where's any holly, and who'd go dragging round in this slush and sleet to bring it in? What's set me to thinking—"

"Christmas eve," chants the tea-kettle swinging briskly over the blaze.

"Crickety!" is bachelor Brindle's reproachable exclamation, "so it is. I like to have forgot it."

As if sprinkled with some subtle, magic powder, the firelight, flickering, quivering, dancing, suddenly lights a path across the floor, through the cottage walls, beyond the mist and mist, far into the past, where a cheery Christmas fire is burning; there are busy hands and hurrying feet and merry voices; there is an intoxicating flavor of holiday cheer; there is song and gladness; there are bright eyed cousins, troops of relatives and friends, and radiant among all, a romping, black-eyed girl with a turned up nose, who wore a scarlet jacket—

"And had a temper enough for two," grunts bachelor Brindle. There is a dim spot in the path of light. "Half your fault," sings the tea-kettle cheerfully. "More than half," scolds the wind belligerently, coming in a puff down the chimney to back the tea-kettle. "Twas, 'twas, 'twas!"

A momentary lulling of the aggressive wind, and a soft sputtering in the red coals brings bachelor Brindle's mind back to his present lot.

"Snow," he mutters with a shudder. "Time was when the idea had brought only foolishly bright visions of sleigh rides with her, of frolics and fun, and—oh, what's the use? They're all gone, she among the rest, and I'm a forlorn old soul with no one to so much as cook a Christmas dinner for me—unless I could coax Aunt Nancy over. Christmas eve! bless us. What an old wretch I was to forget it."

Bachelor Brindle gives the fore stick a discontented poke, and turns to light the tall lamp on the shelf, and then brings forth his old-fashioned brown Bible, and once more follows the sweet story of the beautiful Babe and the first Christmas morning, while without, the wind tosses and whirls its fleecy white burden about at its own erratic will.

"Ugh! what a depressingly un-Christian evening, Christmas eve!"

Mab Lacy caught her breath, and clutched at her veil with both hands, as the rampant gale charged with millions of sleety needles swooped around a corner and nearly blew her off the steps of the grim, tall, narrow-chested house with its gray-green shutters, the bit of white paper tacked against the door bearing the faded notice "Furnished Rooms for Rent," revealing its nature and characteristics.

"Shelter is shelter, such a night as this, if it is the waste and desert gloom of Malone's establishment with its snicker-sneer-crooked halls and roachey corners," she continued, plunging into the shadows of the long, dim hall, and feeling in the dark for her door-knob; "with all its faults it is a haven of refuge from—Mercy, Peggy! What are you tumbling my furniture about and slopping up my oil-cloth for? And whose is this big barn of a trunk?"

The stout maid-of-all-work, on her knees by the desolate little box-stove, arose with a red flannel floor-cloth in one hand, and a bar of yellow soap in the other, eyed Mab doubtfully, tried to scratch her eye with her elbow, and failing, gave her broom-like head a random rub with the soap, and answered: "New feller comin' to-morrow; and Miss Malone sayed as how you hadn' paid yer rent this week, an' bein' gentlemen preferred—cause they don't muss t'ings up cookin' in their rooms, an' not wantin' to lose a shore payin' room, an'—an'—"

"But, Peggy, to-morrow's Christmas!" Mab sat down on the strange trunk, clasping her damp, gloved hands in helpless bewilderment.

"That's what I know," said Peggy rubbing her ear with the soap, "but Miss Malone she says how the rent aint paid an'—"

"But I was going to pay it next week, and would have last week if I hadn't been sick and not able to work, as I told her."

"That's so. But I reckon the aint no use in raisin' a fuss," said Peggy, philosophically, "he's done paid her a month's rent, and she's tuck it. She sayed anyhow, she reckoned you was more of a lady'n to want to stay where you weren't wanted. But he won't come till mornin', you can stay to-night."

"But what am I going to do then?" "Room-rentin' agency down yander," said Peggy, indicating the direction by a flirt of the floor-cloth.

Mab opened her flat little pocket book and shook its contents into her lap. "Peggy," said she, "how many rooms could I rent for a dollar and a half?"

"Dunno," answered Peggy, with easy vagueness as she picked up her bucket of suds and departed.

"Nor care," added Mab to herself, leaning her head against the cold, white wall of her little bed room, "neither does any one else in the world. How different from the old Christmas-eves in the country, when royal fires roared on every hearth, and everybody was in kin to everybody else, before so many of them died, or left the dear, peaceful, stupid old Hollow—and I among them.

And now there is scarcely one left who would know me—only Aunt Nancy Dawson, who would have been my aunt really now, if Ben and I could have kept our tempers till the wedding-day. Ah, well he has forgotten me, but Aunt Nancy might be glad to see me, and—yes, a dollar and a half will take me to the Hollow. I'll go. The room is mine to-night, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I will trust in the Father of the fatherless, who leads us on by paths we know not of."

"Aunt Nancy—Aunt Na-an-ey!" "Dear sakes! don't shriek a body all in pieces, you Ben Brindle; what are you after?"

The door of the little deep-eyed kitchen flew open, letting out a scent of boiling coffee into the clear December air; a blue linsey skirt cleared open the passage-way, and Aunt Nancy Dawson popped into the sitting-room, armed with a broom which she at once proceeded to devote to the obliteration of the string of powdery tracks left by the nephew across the striped rag carpet. "Knowned there'd be tracks who ever ther' was a man," observed the little woman, whisking away briskly, "what y' out so early for?"

"We-el!" said the old bachelor rather dolorously, "you see the long and short of it, I'm lonesome, Aunt Nancy—awful lonesome."

"Jest what you onto be," returned Aunt Nancy, with blunt candor, "y' own fault. I've told you to get married forty times' aint I?"

"But—there ain't any one left to marry round here as I know of."

"Fiddle! ain't ther' the wider Barley?" "Yes, there's the wider Barley," said Mr. Brindle, doubtfully, "but you know she does weigh most three hundred, and is kind of curious and cross-grained like."

"There's Milissy Hicks; a lovely house-keeper—couldn't get a better."

"No; she's too good. A feller could never get a bit of rest long as she could find a straw or a raveling to fuss about. Wants everything in straight rows and no crooks nowhere. She'd put strings to all the young ones she could find and run 'em up on poles like butter beans if she could. Anyhow, Aunt Nancy, I don't reckon I could get married right off to day, and I would kind of like some one to cook a Christmas dinner for me. Not that a fellow can't pack the spirit of Christmas round in his heart without any dinner, but it would make it seem like old Christmases, and I want you to jump right into my sleigh and go home with me, Aunt Nancy, and stay all day. Hey?"

"I shan't," said Aunt Nancy, with a ro waste of empty apology; "I'm going to Jim Dawson's folks, across the Branch—promised 'em a month ago, an' it's saved me cookin' a lot of truck. Old Pepper's hitched now, 'n I'm goin' to start in just the time it takes me to get my shawl an' green woosted sun bonnet on. You kin go along too if you like."

"No—I don't like," returned bachelor Brindle. "They'll fish out all their kin-folks from six counties and have 'em there, and I don't know half of 'em, and don't seem to want any crowd to-day—only just them I know. I'll go home and roast a sweet potato in the ashes and cook a spare-rib before the fire-place; that'll be good enough, only the gravy'll be full of cinders."

Bachelor Brindle drove slowly homeward, his spirits rather depressed in spite of the beauty of the day, bright with a glad glory of sunshine pouring down goldenly over the flawless white fleece of the night's bestowing, yet already beginning to grow damp and heavy under the warm glow, when turning the corner of a fence, where the drifts had blown up like blocks of marble, his horse gave a startled spring and stopped at sight of a small, dark figure trudging along on foot, a picture unusual enough to scare any horse in the country where not a farmer's daughter, in however moderate circumstances, will undertake a mile journey at any season of the year unless provided with some shape or form of a "nag." Mr. Brindle gazed down with a wonder that grew intense at sight of the fair little face with its dark eyes and slightly upturned nose raised toward him.

"Mab Lacy," he cried, "is it Mab Lacy, or a Christmas vision?" "It is Mab Lacy," she answered, with a little, fluttering laugh, "I've come back to see Aunt Nancy."

"Then you've come on as much of a wild-goose chase as I have," he returned, ruefully. "She's gone—gone plum to the Branch. Her old Pepper beats my Floss woefully, and I saw the gable end of her sleigh shy round the corner before I got to the end of the lane."

"Oh, then what—what shall I do?" cried Mab, overcome with the sudden desperate appearance of her position, and sitting recklessly down upon the wayside stump, whose white cap of snow was gradually shrinking away and oozing in drops down its sides.

"Don't do that!" cried Mr. Brindle, with alarmed sharpness; "You musn't sit on that wet stump and catch a cold just because Aunt Nancy took a notion to go bumping around for a Christmas lark. Jump in my sleigh like a sensible girl, and we'll see."

"What's the use?" wailed Mab, trying to stop a small rill of tears that was slipping down her cheek with a corner of her gray veil. "I can't go in with you, and there's nowhere to go. Oh, Mr. Brindle—Ben, what shall I do?"

"Do just what I tell you," sighed Mr. Brindle. "First give me your hand, and you jump in here back of this robe. We'll have a talk. So you're alone, Mab?"

"All alone, Ben," sighed Mab.

"Well, look here. I'm the same old Ben you always knew—and hated."

"I didn't," said Mab. "I—I—you know, Ben—"

"You're the same Mab Lacy I always knew?"

"Yes; I'm tempted to wish I was someone else just now."

"Well? I aint. If you're alone we're both alone, Mab, for I am; and it's rather rough, in my opinion. Now, why couldn't we drop overboard this big slice of time that's separated us so long, and go back to where we left off before we flew out at each other?"

"How could we?" asked Mab.

"Look through yonder," said Ben, pointing to a little yellow cottage at the end of a lane branching off the road. "Our new minister lives there, Mab."

"Does he?" Mab's tone expressed nothing whatever, but bachelor Brindle's solemn gray eyes caught the flicker of a blush in her cheek.

"Yes he does," he answered. "Mab, I've got ten dollars in my pocket. I expect the minister is needing about ten dollars' awful bad."

"Hadh't you better make him a present of it," asked Mab, sweetly smiling off at the lace-work of the snow-dappled tree branches in the winter-blue distance. Ben looked a little disconcerted, then rallied.

"Put, Mab," he said, "he's kind of proud. I wouldn't dare to offer it to him without giving him a chance to earn it. Mab—Mab, you haven't lost your tormenting ways, but the bargain we made back yonder at the stump was that I would help you out of your trouble if you'd do as I said. There's no one to find fault with what we do—nothing to keep us apart. Now, Mab, we're going straight to the minister's cottage, and you know what for."

So Mr. Brindle had a wife to creak his Christmas dinner, after all. There was merry bustling, there was laughter and gladness in the hitherto lonely bachelor quarters. And there was, too, a sweetly solemn hour in the tender gray Christmas twilight, wherein Ben and Mab, with the big Bible between them, bent low in grateful acknowledgement of the loving care of the One who, through trial and sorrow, ever and always leads us on.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

## A Story of the Crimean War.

During the night which followed the engagement fought at the bridge of Trahtir, the commanding officer of the Russian engineers employed on this service passed on foot along the French and Turkish lines, with all the plans which had been drawn by his subalterns, comparing them, as he proceeded, with the appearance of the positions. He trusted that the faint starlight, which sufficed for his purpose, would not be bright enough to enable the advanced sentries to see him. When he reached the Sardinian lines, however, he was seen by the retired officer of English Dragoons, who was standing sentry in front of an outlying picket. He did not challenge, but, after laying down his rifle, he advanced slowly and stealthily with only his sword-bayonet in his hand. On coming near the small mound on which the Russian colonel stood examining the plans, he crept on his hand and knees, then suddenly started up and ran at him, placing his bayonet on the officer's breast, and calling upon him, in such French as he was master of, to surrender. The Russian tried to draw his sword, but was prevented by the Irishman. He refused, however, to surrender but seized his adversary round the waist, vainly trying to throw him to the ground. They were both strong and active men, and, neither of them being in the least wanting in courage, a fierce struggle ensued. The dawn was beginning to break, but they were not near enough to attract the notice of the Sardinian guard, who slept in full reliance on their sentry. Many hard blows were dealt on both sides, but still the Russian kept hold of the bayonet with his left hand, and did not succumb. At last the Irishman wrenched the bayonet from the Russian's grasp, and flung it away, contriving at the same time to get his adversary's head under his left arm, when he propelled it so lustily with his right fist, that the punishment soon became too severe for the officer's further endurance. He surrendered, and gave his word of honor not to attempt to escape, while he handed his sword to his conqueror. They walked to the outpost, the Irishman talking all the time in his broken French, and laughing very heartily as he spoke of their morning's adventure, which he treated as an excellent joke. The officer in command of the outlying picket sent the Russian colonel under a strong escort to General Durando, with the Irishman to tell his own story. The plans were found to be most accurate and complete, and the service rendered in intercepting them was so much thought of that General de la Mar-mora got an officer's commission for the young Irishman, and took him on the staff as an aide-de-camp. An attempt was made to treat the Russian engineer as a spy; but his captor came forward and saved his life by declaring that he had never entered the Sardinian lines, and that he had been attacked and made prisoner at a distance of more than two hundred yards from them. His evidence was accepted as conclusive, and the colonel was accordingly sent to Constantinople as a prisoner of war. He bore no ill-will for his capture, which he attributed solely to the Irishman's superior knowledge of the British science of boxing; and he spoke in the highest terms of his opponent's chivalrous conduct in throwing away his sword-bayonet when he might have stabbed him to the heart with it, so helpless was he with his head in so awkward a predicament. He also praised the Irishman for relying on his parole instead of binding his arms ignominiously, and for preventing his being shot as a spy.—*Temple Bar.*

## The Love of the Eagle.

The largest birds of the eagle species are found in the Wood River mountains. They have often been known to omit devouring weakly rabbits and squirrels, and to have shown almost human kindness. An event which occurred some days since at Foster's ranch, above Hartley, fully establishes the trait of the Wood River variety. One of the ranchers saw a huge eagle flutter over the barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and in its crippled condition it wobbled and dopped around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was evidently a mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and, examining the wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to the mountain side where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter. During the past seven days the men on Foster's ranch have noticed, each day, that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly, and is yet feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds, and mice. Mr. Foster could kill the birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. A small American flag will be fastened about the wounded bird, and when it again flies it will carry the emblem of freedom with it to the highest mountain peaks.—*From the Wood River Times.*

## NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

### Five Minutes' Select Reading.

#### Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy and Pointed.

##### DOMESTIC.

The investigation at Halifax into the wreck of the Cedar Grove is still continued.

Nearly five hundred deer have been shot in the northern townships of Hastings this year.

It is estimated that every brick in a building at Winnipeg, now in progress, will cost ten cents.

A chore-woman named Bedard died suddenly in St. Sauveur recently under very mysterious circumstances.

Sergeant-Major Lake has been commissioned to raise 100 recruits in Ontario and Quebec for the Mounted Police.

The Common Council of St. John, N. B., has voted \$5,000 to the Dominion Exhibition to be held there next year.

No action will be taken by the friends of the late Mr. Tackaberry, whose body was stolen from the cemetery at Elgin.

All lasters who leave the union at Montreal are being encouraged by the employers, who give them work immediately.

The North-west Mounted Police numbers 500, and it is reported to be the intention of the Government to make it 1,000.

A movement is on foot among the aldermen of Montreal, to offer the Canada Pacific a new site on Gosford street for the railway depot.

At Kingston, at one time when the sun was covered by a thin white cloud, Venus could be observed plainly with the naked eye.

While John Considine was hunting near St. Thomas recently, a cartridge which he was removing from the gun exploded and inflicted a severe wound on his forehead.

J. J. Joplin, teller of the St. John, N. B., agency of the Halifax banking company, recently obtained leave of absence to visit friends in Boston. During his absence his books were inspected and a deficit of \$700 discovered. Joplin has not returned.

The Rock Lake Herald, published by Mr. W. T. Hill at Crystal City, is the latest yet in Manitoba. The first number has just reached us. It is full of bright, fresh localities, pertaining to the locality, and looks as if it would succeed.

Burlington, Shoal Lake, has caused quite an attraction to the Province. Speculators. Lots in that new laid out town have been exchanging hands at \$100 advance. It is situated on the Portage and North-Western Railway, 38 miles west of Minnedosa, immediately at the south end of Shoal Lake, and where the leading road crosses going to the Big Saskatchewan.

##### UNITED STATES.

There are seventy-five bodies at the morgue in New York waiting to be claimed.

At Lacrosse, Wis., it was 25° below on Thursday morning and 10° below at noon.

Recent advices indicate that China and Japan desire a ratification of the Stufeldt Treaty.

Joe Coburn, the pugilist, was released from Sing Sing recently. He had been sentenced for ten years.

Lloyd's agency has ordered all steamers for New York to pass Cape Race at a distance of at least one hundred miles.

The trial of Dr. Pynchon for having procured an abortion on Buddie McCrea, with fatal results, is in process at Buffalo.

At a Mexican wedding feast recently at Saballo, Francisco Natan, a drunken guest shot and killed two brothers named Ravall.

Lieutenant Newcomb of the Life Saving Service, has been ordered to investigate the causes of the recent wrecks on Lake Michigan.

A divorce has been granted to Mary Harvey, of Brooklyn, who is aged sixteen, and has just discovered that her husband, William Harvey, is a thief.

At Moorhead, Minnesota, it was 30° below zero recently. At Chicago, Bloomington, Freeport and Rockford, Ill., the thermometer indicated from 15 to 20° below zero.

The New York State canvassers recently declared the vote at the recent election as follows:—Cleveland, 835,318; Flerger, 342,463; Howe, 111,975; Hopkins, 25,783.

It is stated that the evidence taken by the commission appointed by the New York Legislature in respect to the condition of the Onondaga Indians reveals a revolting state of affairs.

Charles Decker, proprietor of a grist mill at Deekerville, Mich., was caught in the shaft Wednesday night and killed, being horribly mangled. He was a Canadian, and his friends live near London, Ontario.

##### GENERAL.

Prince Bismark is suffering from neuralgia.

The Emperor William has returned to Berlin.

More fighting is imminent with the Caffres in Basutoland.

The Khedive has refused to accept the resignation of Riaz Pasha.

A vessel has foundered at Tynemouth. All on board were drowned.

Dillon has abandoned his proposed visit to Colorado, and will go to Malta.

The Kurd she Rheim Obeidullah has arrived at Mossu with his wives and children.

Great disappointment was expressed in the Bundesrath at the absence of Bismark.

British Trade returns for November show an increase in imports and a decrease in exports.

Fifty per cent. of the men, and nearly 45 per cent. of the women of Ireland are unmarried.

Madrid despatches lead to the belief that the success of Marshall Serrano's policy is impossible at present.

M. Zaucoff, ex-Premier of Bulgaria, will

be tried on a charge of inciting the people against the Government.

The transit of Venus was successfully observed at Melbourne, and thirty three photographs were obtained.

At Plymouth, England, the Harvey Claude Cresote Works are burned. The conflagration was immense.

Mme. Sardou, the mother of the well known dramatic author and academician, has just expired at Nice.

The Glasgow Corporation conferred the freedom of the city on Mr. Forster, M. P., late Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Eight persons arrested in connection with the riots in the suburbs of Vienna have been sentenced to imprisonment.

Mr. Forster, in a speech at Bradford, explained the circumstances of his resignation of the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland.

The French Government is awaiting fresh proposals from England regarding the settlement of the Egyptian question before making definite reply.

The four men awaiting execution with Myles Joyce for the Ma-an-trasna murders have petitioned the Lord Lieutenant to reprieve Joyce on the ground of mistaken identity.

The Spanish newspapers express surprise at the severe action of the English Government against the officials at Gibraltar in connection with the case of the Cuban refugees.

Capt. Norman, Commander from the Danish Admiralty to gather information regarding the "Dijmphna" Arctic expedition, had an audience with the Empress of Russia on Tuesday.

The Parliamentary situation and the Egyptian question were subjects of discussion in the interview between Prince Bismark and the Emperor William on Monday. The Emperor expressed satisfaction with Prince Bismark's policy.

The Official Gazette of Cetinje, states the measures of defence being taken by Montenegro are in view of a possible attack on the Principality. The difficult situation in which Montenegro is left by the Berlin treaty compels her to maintain warlike efficiency.

M. DeGiers, the Russian diplomatist, had an audience with the Pope on Tuesday, the interview resulting in a satisfactory basis for arrangement of the questions at issue between Russia and the Vatican, especially the one relating to the renomination of bishops to the Polish Sees.

### MINING MATTERS.

#### Operations in Keewatin—A Canadian California.

Gold mining operations in the districts of Keewatin are in progress to an extent and with a success not generally known. This is especially the case regarding the country in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, which promises to be a Canadian California.

The strides made in mining business during the past summer has been far ahead of the most sanguine expectations. Companies have been formed, work hurried forward, shafts sunk and mills erected. As a consequence, an immense amount of supplies have to be shipped to the seat of operations. These supplies, for want of good storehouse, in many cases, have to lay on the wharf for days exposed to the weather, besides running the risk of being stolen. A large storehouse built close to the water would remedy this, and be a safe investment.

About twenty-five different parties, each showing gold in their vein matter, claim to have a mine, but of those some will be disappointed, as that portion of the precious metal for the area of the Lake of the Woods would exceed the usual allotment of nature. There have been several companies stocked, among which are the Keewatin Mining Company, the Manitoba Consolidated, the Winnipeg Consolidated and the Argyle Company.

Extensive prospecting has also been done with good results, and other companies will in all probability be formed in consequence. Houses have been built by the Winnipeg Consolidated and the Argyle Companies, and experienced Colorado miners have been brought over and are prosecuting excavation, with the encouraging yield of \$22 to \$350 per ton of ore. The other companies have been for a long time "going to start," but have not yet regularly begun.

The opening up of railway communication to the east and west has given an impetus to mining enterprise which before no one would have been considered level headed if he had ventured to predict it, and a most encouraging feature in this new connection is found in the fact that the adventurous spirits are not of the wild cat speculator progeny, but are actually at work, delving and digging and bringing forth the solid metal. Nothing is so calculated to give a health tone and impart a robust faith in mining operations in Canada than the course now being pursued in the mineral district. Instead of ballooning uncertain stock, the worth of which depends upon the glow or dullness of the imagination, our people have started the drill, and the pick and shovel, and are daily producing actual value, as only true value is created, namely, by the result of labor.

It will be well, for what is destined to be a great industry in Canada, if we steer clear of the rocks upon which the mining interests of the United States are so long stranded.

Up to five years ago the great aim of ninety per cent. of those connected with mining, was to float upon the market some bloated stock of a high sounding location, upon which not a hole had been drilled, or an atom of quartz dislodged. The consequence was that hundreds made blind ventures in mining stocks with disastrous results, and fell into the belief that they had thus sounded the mining business, and that there was no good nor profit in it. This was that for years the production of precious metals did not increase, and capital fled at the mere mention of such enterprises.

History repeats itself, and the experience of our neighbors will be ours, too, if we indulge in the fascinations of mining stock gambling, instead of the actual output of bullion. Canada is but young at the business, but already the reputation of mining has suffered from stock operations, which have been foisted upon the country by ignorant or designing men.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel.*