

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER PUBLISHED FRIDAYS \$1.50 per Year 12c per Month Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING Of Every Description to Order Quick and Cheap! Amber Stamps Furnished. For Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, August 30, 1907

Five Cents

Sorosis SHOES Set Footwear Fashions

Canvas shoes in all colors that will match the summer gowns, price \$2.50 and \$3.50. Sorosis Hosiery to match the shoes, the best that can be obtained. Price 25 cents to \$1.50.

Sorosis Catalogue sent free on request. KNIGHT SHOE CO., Third and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING

All kinds of Reservoir and Cistern work in connection with water systems installed in first class style and all work done guaranteed. Dynamite and powder work on all kinds of Rock Excavations

H. A. Stuart, Moro, Oregon. PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot. Sunday Dinner 35 cents. Opposite Post Office Moro, Oregon.

Painting, Paper Hanging

Satisfaction Guaranteed Both in Workmanship and Price Office at Furniture Store. F. R. AXTELL, MORO, OR

L. W. STANKS & SON

Grass Valley, Oregon Manufacture and Keep in Stock

HARNESS SADDLES HALTERS

Repairing Solicited. All Work Guaranteed.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tubs. Everything First Class and Up to date. Agent for the Best Steam Laundry Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor. MORO - OREGON.

Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied: "In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man. In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk." We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons. Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject. We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right. And our work—if it's not right, send it back. Try us. We Print anything. Observer Printing Office Moro, Oregon.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F. & A. M., Moro, Or. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members cordially invited to meet with us. By order of the W. M., J. M. Parry, Secretary.

Bethlehem Chapter, No. 7 O. E. S. Regular communication each 2d and 4th Thursday evenings monthly. By order W. M., Mrs. F. J. Mendl, Secy.

Moro Lodge, No. 113, I. O. O. F., Moro, Oregon. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially invited. Members are expected to be present. By order of the Lodge, Mrs. Mae Barsum, N. G., Fred J. Mendl, N. G., G. E. Janak, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116, I. O. O. F. Meets regularly every Friday evening. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. Home members are expected to be present. By order of the Lodge, Mrs. Jessie Henriks, Secretary.

Dr. C. Hartley, Dentist. Charges reasonable, all work guaranteed.

WASCO OREGON Opposite the O. T. Co. store.

DR. O. J. GOFFIN, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN, Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty. Office in The Goffin Building, 1st St. Moro, Oregon.

Dr. H. E. Beers. Dr. W. N. Morse

Drs. Beers and Morse, Physicians and Surgeons. WASCO OREGON. Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night.

W. H. Ragsdale, Attorney at Law. Office Ground Floor Ginn Brick Next Door W.W.M.Co. Bank MORO OREGON

F. J. Mendl W. C. Bryant

Meindl & Bryant, Lawyers. Rooms 1 and 2 The Ginn Brick Oyer W.W.M.Co. Bank MORO OREGON

M. E. Miller, Attorney - at - Law. Office upstairs Rooms 5 and 6 Opera House Building MORO OREGON

E. B. Dufur, Attorney - at - Law. Office 737 Chamber of Commerce Corner Third and Stark PORTLAND OREGON

Frank Menefee. Fred Wilson

Menefee & Wilson, Attorneys - at - Law. Office in the Vogt Block, upstairs THE DALLES OREGON

BUR AND BACHELOR

By TROY ALLISON. Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Partridge.

Jarvis selected a comfortable looking rock, lit his pipe and leaned against the chestnut tree. "You see, we were all more or less in the same boat at college and that there was not a man at the club now who could brush him with a boxing glove. You see, we were all more or less alike—men and women." She contemplated him from the corner of her eye. "Now, I have a special weakness for being told that my hair has a tinge of red in it." She again gave a little gurgle of merriment.

"You ought to have been named De-fiah," he said in disgust; "there was the very essence of treachery in the way you soundly me up then." She climbed up the rocks to reach a limb that hung heavy with huge burs. She broke them off gingerly, throwing them one by one at his feet. "They remind me of old bachelors," she said, holding a large prickly one between her thumb and forefinger, "but with a little experience a woman of intelligence can manage them fairly well and avoid the prickles. I don't suppose, if I had been a widow, she would have had any of the characteristics of man, that I would ever have got you sufficiently tame to have been allowed to take these woodland strolls with you."

"That is for you to keep as a souvenir," she commenced, but her voice broke in a gasp of alarm as she lost her footing on the mossy rock and fell on the ledge below.

Jarvis, his face anxious and white, lifted her gently, and her head fell on his shoulder.

He gazed helplessly until the stillness of the woods grew oppressive.

"My dear, oh, my dear," he said anxiously, putting his cheek against hers, "if you would only open your eyes—your beautiful eyes."

The corners of her mouth betrayed her to an involuntary smile. She gave him one look, then put her head back on his shoulder.

"I'm not hurt—much." There was a mixture of emotions in the mirth of her voice. "But I do so love to hear you say that, and I told you that neither a bur nor a bachelor was hard to manage—if one knew how."

Coming to His Title. Titles have rarely been conferred upon native Americans by European sovereigns, but several have succeeded to titles by inheritance. One of these was Sir John Davis, the first town clerk of Groton, Conn., who was graduated at Harvard in 1681. The story of his reception of the news of his succession to a baronetcy is told in the pages of "In Old Connecticut."

One day Davis was hoeing corn on the plains in company with John Pecker, a neighbor, both men in homespun and barefooted, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows and their faces red with the sun. When a stranger came in the latest London fashion appeared and asked the official if he were John Davis.

"Yes," was the reply. "This is the man," said Sir John Davis of Creedy Park, Devon," said the visitor.

Tradition says that the new baronet finished his row—he was hoeing on a wager with his fellow worker—the baronet accompanied his visitor to the barn and, seated him on a stool, and treated him to cake and wine and learned the whole story of his uncle, Sir John Davis, Bart., had died without male issue, leaving his nephew sole heir.

In the year of the Pequotock farmer exchanged the brown farmhouse for an English estate. He never forgot his native land, however, and always retained his interest in Groton. He aided the settlers to build their new settlement with a silver communion set. He also made gifts to his relatives and was one of the early benefactors of Yale college.

Hunting in Bygone Days. What long appetizing the world be huntmen had to serve in bygone days! Gaston de Foix considered a beginning should be made when the child had reached the age of seven, when it should be placed in the kennel. King Charles says that to become a perfect huntman the young gentleman who is intended for the post of venter should be taken at the age of twelve. He must be healthy and well built; he must have good sense and especially a quick and prompt judgment. One of the principal things required is that he should be painstaking. Also, 150 years later, we have D'Ysaubville telling us that a man possessing the requisite to qualify as a huntman! It was not only the paid gentlemen of the hunting establishments, however, who became real connoisseurs, for their royal masters took such personal interest in everything connected with the chase that most of them knew all their hounds by name and on the eve of a day's hunting would name each hound that was to be taken out. They also prided themselves on being able to follow in their own tracks in the morning and quest for and harbor the stag—Fall Mall Gazette.

His Delayed Proposal.

By H. M. KERNER. Copyright, 1907, by M. M. O'Connell.

For a moment Neil's hand faltered. The pounding of the machines and the endless click of the shifting studs seemed to pierce her very brain. She cast a quick glance down the long workroom of the Rotary Addressing company.

Out through the windows at the other end could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that

she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that

she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that

she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that

she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that

she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

THUMPING HEADACHES

Many More Women Have Them, But Few Know The Real Cause.

Dull, thumping headaches; Sick, prostrating headaches; Dizzy, whirling, blind headaches; Pain to disorders of the kidneys; Tell of uric poisons in the blood. Narcotics may ease the pain. But won't cure the cause. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney; Remove uric poisons, purify the blood, Banish headache, backache, urinary ills. Mrs J. Mueller, 438 East 4th St., Albany, Or., says: "It is not often one finds a remedy so good as Doan's Kidney Pills, and I feel it almost a duty to tell my experience with this medicine. I had been suffering with kidney complaint which brought on backache, pain in the loins, headache and dizziness. There was much annoyance also from irregularity of the kidney secretions. Though I used several remedies trying to get relief, Doan's Kidney Pills procured at a drug store, were the best. In fact, there was really no comparison. They did all else had failed to do, and I cheerfully give them my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Additional Locals. Wedding Stationery, at The Observer Book Store. Carbon paper, any size to order, at The Observer office. Get one of our indelible pads and stamp for marking lines. Inks, mottilage, cards, envelope, paper of every kind, stationery, style, at The Observer Book Store. Ladies Fancy Note Paper, large assortment with envelopes to match, at The Observer Book Store. A single copy of The Observer costs only 5 cents; and we want to tell you right now that no 10-cent magazine is any more interesting. Try it. The Observer is prepared to turn out any class of up-to-date job printing. New stock, steam presses, new type, satisfaction guaranteed. The Observer is sustained by its own reputation. The Official Paper of The People. If you want to keep posted on all that is doing in Sherman county, you want The Observer. Terms \$1.50 per year. To insure publication, articles for The Observer must reach the office before noon Wednesday. The mail comes daily. A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Endorsed by the County. The most popular remedy in Oregon county, and the best friend of my family, writes W. M. Dietz, editor of the Oregon N. Y. Journal, is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proven to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for lung and throat diseases. Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker by Moro Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

For Sale—at a Bargain. We have a 16-foot cut Holt Combined Harvester, in first-class condition, in proper condition to put into the field at once. We will sell this machine for \$700, free on board the cars at Dufur, Oregon. If you are interested, address us. JOHNSON BROS., Dufur, Or 265]

We are here to do printing, and if you want some done bring it to us or let us know and we will see you. If you think we are not extensive enough for your consideration—oh, go 'long. A 1-cent Postal Card, no more, nor no less, is all that is necessary to obtain your address, or have The Observer follow you wherever you may go. Then why send a verbal message by any one who has business of their own to attend to and forget to attend to your errands? Remember this suggestion. We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent. Difficulty in having your Observer changed may be avoided by sending the desired alteration to this office. Always give the name of the office from which you want it changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent. Did it ever occur to you that it costs no more to produce printing that is pleasing to the eye than the other kind. The Observer is equipped with all modern facilities for doing good work at the very minimum of cost. Try us with an order and if it is not executed to your perfect satisfaction you need not pay for it. According to General Passenger Agent Wm McMurtry, the O.R. & N Co will make especially low rates to Long Beach, and other coast points this summer, giving anyone who may desire, a chance to spend their vacation by the side of the sound-ing sea. To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Give the Chef a Chance. It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street, is either a dyspeptic or a self-reliant ignoramus who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the miner who, having "struck oil rich," arrived in New York and anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair he turned to a patient waiter with, "Just bring me \$45 worth of ham and eggs!" Some of our fellow countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken or steak and fried potatoes, dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home could do it. A Parisian chef broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.—Travel Magazine.

O'Connell's Map. At a meeting of the County Kildare Archaeological society some years ago a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. O'Connell's name in his own handwriting was written on the inside of the hat, which was of large dimensions, the width inside being eight and one-half inches and its longer diameter ten inches. The chairman of the meeting put on the hat, which entirely covered his head and went down to his chin. What He Took. Mrs. Backpay—Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair? I'm waiting House Collector—No, thank you, ma'am. I've come to take the place.—Fallible Beauty.

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.

"Hurry up!" she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Neil's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that she earned could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their left fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of sheets was needed. Between the stales paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eyes detected Neil's pause.