

## A Smart Dog

Some years ago we were living on Upper Lake St. Croix at Solon Springs, Wisconsin, where we had a partly wooded ten-acre tract. On this we built a barn and converted most of the space into pasture for two cows. A friend gave us a puppy, half collie and half shepherd, that grew into a very intelligent and useful dog.

Going with his master to the milking was a chore our Jack greatly enjoyed and never would miss. He would drive up the cows, wait until milking was over, then return home carrying whatever article his master might entrust to him. Only one thing he enjoyed more than this milking trip. That was to hunt rabbits with our son who came from the city week-ends.

One Saturday after an early supper our son got out his gun and said to the dog, "Jack, bring my hunting boots and we will get a rabbit." Jack acted a little excited but confused for a moment. Then, instead of going right to the closet for the boots as he had done so many times before, he bolted out the kitchen door and ran up the hill toward the pasture. We were still puzzling over his unusual conduct when suddenly he reappeared, ran to the closet, brought out the boots and deposited them at our son's feet, thus announcing his readiness for the hunt.

Shortly after the hunters had gone my husband remarked that it was nearly milking time and that he would start to drive up the cows as his helper had gone hunting. Imagine his surprise, on arriving at the barn, to find the cows already in their stalls. Jack had been there and done his work before going hunting.

---- Mrs. Angela E. Favell, Superior, WI

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*Note: This true story is presented here verbatim from the original. It was hand written about 1890 by Angela Haste Favell, my great grandmother. She typed it circa 1920, and lived to the age of 102 years, passing on in 1953, in Superior. In the mid 1800s, about two decades after Thomas Favell, my great grandfather and namesake, returned from four long years in the Civil War, he and Angela homesteaded in a small, quickly built log shelter east of the Lake. Later, they cut and hauled logs from that property across the ice to their new land mentioned above. They built "Shores Acres", their farmhouse around 1890, homesteading and farming this time on the west side of the Lake. We live on the very part of that west side homestead where this story happened about 118 years ago - and believe we can almost see Jack running to the barn as we look out our south windows right now. The written word has power and magic to preserve and convey so much over so many years. Transcribed without editing.*

*--Thomas W. King Solon Springs, WI March 1, 2008.*

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