

love making recognized no bounds and he started paying court to Juan's wife, and was not repulsed. The illicit affair was progressing duly, when Juan was appraised of the true state of affairs. Part of his blood had been brewed on the border; therefore, his first action was quick and deadly.

Juan made preparation for a journey, telling his wife he would probably be away some time. She acted her part too well, throwing her arms around his neck and weeping, "I shall be so lonely until you return." Juan did not leave, but hid in his home. (This building is now occupied by Reyes Saloon). When Captain Mose Kelly came wooing the attractive Gavina, Juan stepped out and gave him enough hot lead from his gun to end Moses' philandering qualities. Then Juan made a dash for the Rio Grande, swimming across the river to the American side, where he hid in the home of Richard Daly. The story has been circulated that Milton Faver paid out one hundred thousand dollars to have his son released from the Mexican prison. According to the story told to the writer by Juan's second wife, Gomesinda Zubia Faver, old Milton took his son back to the authorities in Ojinaga and turned him over to the Mexican officials, telling them that Juan would have to pay for the crime of killing Kelly, and Juan remained in prison in Ojinaga one year. She further stated that his father demanded of him why he did not kill his wife for her faithlessness. Don Faver believed in stern action and so he almost banished the son from his fire side after this event. The faithless Gavina lives in Ojinaga, until this year, 1933.

Years rolled by and Juan became reconciled to his first unhappy matrimonial venture, and married Senorita Zubia, a very beautiful Spanish girl. From this union came several girls and they are attractive, respected citizens—the last of an honorable family. All the girls live in Shafter.

Doctor White, brother of the noted writer, married Juan Faver's eldest daughter.

Time passed and great changes came to the Big Bend and to Don Milton. The railroad was completed between San Antonio and El Paso; settlers came in and the Don's herd vanished in a ratio proportioned to the strangers coming in. His land was filed on and taken up legally, and his herds were fenced in illegally, until when he died, in 1889, the vast fortune was unaccounted for.

Rumor has it that he buried vast sums around the Cibilo ranch, and treasure hunters have almost destroyed the historic buildings, seeking the buried treasures. Although after the completion of the railroad, wagon trains did not ply between Fort Davis and San Antonio, freight out fits were still running between Fort Davis and Presidio, and

often passed by Faver's, so that he enjoyed watching the wagon trains come in.

Don Milton asked that he should be buried on top of the mountain immediately behind his home. His relatives carried out his request, so he still dominates his former immense holdings. They built a little chapel over his burial place, and from any direction you can see the ruins of this chapel on the hill. A ruin it is, because the treasure hunters have violated the sleep of the dead by pulling the roof off the little house, tearing off the door and pulling out the window facing—it is to be hoped they will not dig into his grave!

Don Milton Faver was not an illiterate man; he spoke English, German, French, and Spanish fluently; he lived comfortably and easily, as such a man would live. Let his decriers be silent—he was a man.

#### FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE FAVER RANCHES

(The Cibilo is now owned by J. D. Bunton,  
Sheriff of Presidio County)

Cibilo is a beautiful place, and much more accessible than Las Moras or the Cienega. It is six miles from Cibilo to Shafter and from Shafter over the mountains to the Cienega it is a short distance. But to travel this route one must go on horse back or by plane. To go by automobile one must take the Marfa road back to the east side of the Shafter mountains, then turn south, pass along the east side of the above mentioned mountains to Tinaja China, then over the foot hills to Cienega. Then if one wishes to visit Las Moras, which is about three miles as the crow would fly, one must again charter a plane, or a horse, or go on foot. But neither plane nor horse being available at the time of our visit,



DON MILTON AND WIFE