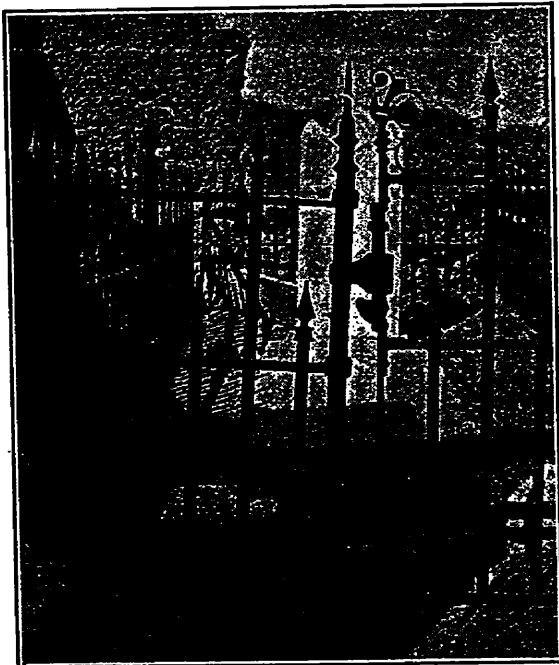


ful one, but was made more intriguing because of the veil of mystery that defied penetration to the very last. Occasionally the winds of chance lifted it for a hurried peep on his early life and these served to further excite the imagination and add zest to the romance when it was learned that he was born in England.

When the early-day cattlemen—fathers of the present ranchmen in Presidio and Brewster Counties, went into the Southwest along in the seventies, Milton Faver was there and firmly established. Just how long he had been there is only one of the many facts that is still shrouded in uncertainty. He was not only established, but was almost a nation unto himself. He had a fort and had it manned by soldiers that he either hired or drafted—at least they took their orders from him. His business at that time was freighting by ox teams from San Antonio to Chihuahua, Mexico. Much of the country was infested by Indians and outlaws, and the route he traveled was trails of his own selection and building. His headquarters were at his fort and known as Cibolo Springs.

#### PART OF OLD FORT STANDS

Part of the old fort, built of adobe brick, still stands and is used as a barn. The pro-



#### FAVER'S GRAVE

En Memoria  
MILTON FAVER  
Quien Murio  
El Dia 23 De Diciembre  
Del Ano 1889  
A La Una De La Tarde

perty is now owned by J. D. Bunton, sheriff at Marfa and owner of one of the good herds of cattle in the Highland Hereford Association. Rooms of the fort connected and formed a hollow square. Doors to the rooms all opened into the inner court, and one large door in the outer wall permitted passage to the outside. At opposite corners of the fort the walls rounded out with port holes arranged so the walls could be raked by gunfire in case an enemy rushed the fort. The walls also extended above the flat roof and afforded another vantage point for soldiers. When Indians came about the fort to trade or to be fed they were brought into the courtyard. Soldiers on the roof watched to keep them from prowling, and this also prevented the Indians from knowing how many soldiers were about.

Milton Faver, though he was born in England, had married a Mexican woman. He used Mexicans exclusively for his work and for his soldiers. A large number of families lived in the fort, and to this day old Mexicans will some times talk of the time the Indians made a raid and killed a number of Mexican women who were working in the field before they could get within the walls of the fort.

He was as eccentric as he was mysterious. A few years before his death it was necessary for him to make a trip to San Antonio. The railroad had by this time been built from San Antonio to El Paso, but he refused to ride it and with his escort he made the trip on horseback.

#### VALLEY LAND IRRIGATED

The water from the spring was used to irrigate the valley land and helped to support the families in the fort and provide feed for the oxen in the freight trains.

#### WALL AROUND GRAVE

Ranchmen who visted the old fort in the early days were welcome, but there was a degree of formality about their admission and reception that smacked of royalty and court customs, despite the crude surroundings.

All that was mortal of Milton Faver rests today as he chose to live—away from his fellow man. His grave is at the top of a hill so steep that it discourages all but the more athletic in climbing up to view it. To get the body up there was no small task. A protecting adobe wall was built around the grave, but time and weather have demolished some of it. Portions of it stand skeleton-like amidst a growth of catclaw brush and cactus and emphasize the loneliness of the sun-baked and wind-swept hill with its one lone grave.