

Carey Williams

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DEATH OF CAPT. CLAY WILLIAMS

It matters little when the summons comes-in youth or middle age or even in old age, it brings with it sadness and sorrow. Such were our thoughts last Monday when we followed the remains of our townsman, Captain Clay Williams, to his last resting place. Cut down while yet in the prime of life, he leaves many to mourn his loss, among them the wife of his bosom, six children, an aged father, a brother, four sisters and a host of friends. He was buried from the Presbyterian church, and escorted to the cemetery by a large concourse of people, conspicuous among whom were his old comrades in arms, the Brunswick Riflemen, who acted as pall bearers.

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