

Some Account of the Last Illness

—OF—

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In the Second Month of 1896, my beloved husband contracted a severe cold, of the nature of "Grippe," after which he never entirely regained his former strength and vitality.

All through the following summer his health was variable. Sometimes he could work in his lots, and enjoy doing so; at other times he could only be out a little while without becoming much exhausted. He would then come into the house, and sitting at his desk, employ himself with pencil drawing, which seemed a greater rest to him than entire inaction. He made a number of nice drawings in this way.

During the fore part of summer he remarked to me, that he thought he would put out the lots next year, for he was strongly impressed with the belief that he would not be able to work them. When picking berries together, we often felt that he might not be able to do that again, but he would sometimes say: "May be I will."

He then told me that he was sure there was a cancer somewhere, making its inroads on his system, and if so, we knew what the result would be. I had such a dread of cancer, that he endeavored to comfort me, and reconcile me to what might await us in the near future, saying: "There is always something to take