

Bessie Johnston, (Died June 1892), Duncannon Record, June 17, 1892

From lip to lip, on last Saturday morning, passed the sad and startling intelligence that **Bessie Johnston**, daughter of **Dr. T. L. Johnston**, was dead. Had she passed away during the critical period of her illness, it would not have seemed so severe, but death came when everybody thought she would recover. For eight long weeks her life hung in the balance, enduring untold suffering, but, as we thought, slowly convalescing. How often was the question "How in **Bessie** to-day?" asked and answered? It showed the kindly interest we all felt for her restoration. She had that rare social quality of being loved and admired by all who knew her, and as such left a large circle of friends to mourn her untimely departure. Of her it could truly be said,

*"None knew thee but to love thee.
None named thee but to praise."*

She was a great lover of flowers, and her friends knowing this, she was the recipient, during her illness, of more than one hundred bouquets! No doubt, that by these simple offerings her mind was diverted from bodily suffering to the kindness and sympathy of her many friends, who wanted to do some little act that she would appreciate.

Bessie being the only child, leaves a sad and desolate home, a good and affectionate mother and a kind and loving father, her twin brother **Tom**, having died about five years ago. A remarkable coincidence in their deaths is that they died of the same disease.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon. Her pastor, Rev. J. D. Miller assisted by Reverends Hoke and McCurdy performed the last sad rites of admitting her body to the tomb. The funeral was largely attended, friends and relatives being present from New Jersey, Lebanon, Lewistown, Dauphin and Newport.

The floral offerings were many and beautiful, one basket of flowers being labeled, "From the boys and girls."

Her remains now rest on the quiet hillside in Evergreen Cemetery, but there are kind deeds and pleasant recollections that will live as long as the rains fall and the flowers bloom over her grave.

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