

Respectfully Dedicated to the Memory of  
**MRS. HETTY OGLE,**

the brave telegraph operator employed by the  
Western Union Telegraph Co. at Johnstown, Pa.,  
who stood nobly by her instrument, sending mes-  
sages of warning, until swept away by the flood,  
May 31, 1889.

**MY LAST**  
**MESSAGE**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
**J. P. SKELLY.**

# Hetty Ogle, the Heroic Telegrapher of Johnstown.

MARY BLACK CLAYTON, IN "HARPER'S BAZAR," AUGUST 17, 1889.

**H**EVERY one knows of the noble and tragic death of Hetty Ogle, but few have watched the consistent and well-ordered course of her life.

Hetty Earl was born in the beautiful mountain village of Somerset, Pennsylvania, and there she grew to be a cheerful, helpful, happy, pleasant-faced young woman.

Her father was for many years Recorder of the Courts there. He died a poor man. There were few educational advantages in Somerset, and though Hetty had a strong, well-balanced mind, it had little school training. After her father's death she married Charles Ogle, a younger member of the family so distinguished in Pennsylvania politics. He was one of the first to enlist as a soldier in the civil war, and was killed in the wilderness at the battle of Gaines' Mill. His body was never recovered. Mrs. Ogle was left with three little children to support, and she went to work calmly and bravely to do it. The telegraph office in Somerset was in a room also occupied as a store, and where the rough men of the town congregated to gossip and quarrel; but she undertook to learn that business, and she did it thoroughly, never getting a disrespectful word from any one, the hardest part of her task being that she left her babies at home to take care of each other as best they could. She soon became wonderfully proficient, and was given an office of her own in Somerset. From that she gained the confidence of the telegraph company so entirely that at the time of her death she had charge of three telegraph lines in Johnstown. Her two boys grew to be fine fellows, shaped by her strong will and good example. Her daughter was always frail in health, and was only kept alive by the tender care of her mother. Their home was the most perfectly ordered that can be imagined. It was seldom invaded by a servant, but was kept exquisitely neat by the skilful and deft hand of the mistress. Everything that came upon her table was of the daintiest, and she shared what she had with rich and poor. Her friends always said Hetty's coffee-pot was inexhaustible. She taught scores of boys and girls telegraphy for nothing, and helped them to find situations. At the time of her death two young girls were gratuitously sharing her home and earning good wages in telegraph offices from the benefit of her instruction. They died with their benefactress. She even found time to do beautiful fancy-work with her wonderful quick fingers. She was one of the sort of whom people say, "How does she find time to accomplish all that she does?" . . . She had at one time to endure a terrible surgical operation. After it was over, and she was just regaining consciousness, she saw her son, to whom she had taught telegraphy, standing by her side. He saw her fingers move, although she could not speak, and he understood that she was telegraphing on the bed-spread, "It is over; I am safe," to a distant and anxious friend. She was entirely unselfish during every conscious moment of her useful life. While this illness was progressing, the telegraph company to whom she was so faithful a servant sent a man, at their own expense, to take her place in the offices. All the mill whistles in the region were hushed, by a positive order from the owners, while she was in a critical condition, and bulletins were regularly issued to the anxious town, where she commanded general love and respect.

The company which she served had just repaired and put in perfect order the house which she occupied, and the world never looked brighter nor fairer to Hetty Ogle, than upon the morning of the day that she gave up her life in the effort to save her fellow-creatures.

Not a trace of her drowned, burned, maimed, scattered body has been discovered by agonized searchers. but we, who believe in the reward of the faithful servant, are confident that Hetty Ogle has "earned" from the Master. "Well done enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

# "MY LAST MESSAGE."

"THIS IS MY LAST MESSAGE."

*The last words of Mrs. Hetty Ogle, the noble lady telegraph operator at Johnstown, who stood bravely by her instrument till the flood swept her away.*

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon," said Electrician Bender, of the Western Union, "the girl operator at Johnstown was cheerfully ticking away that she had to abandon the office on the first floor because the water was three feet deep there. She said she was wiring from the second story and the water was rising rapidly. This was evidently before the dam broke, for our man here said something encouraging to her, and she was talking back as only a cheerful girl operator can, and had just said, "This is my last message,"—the last word being scarcely completed when the receiver's skilled ears caught a sound from the wire made by no human hands. The wire had grounded or the house had been swept away by the flood, (no one knew which at that time). At 3 o'clock the girl was there, and at five minutes after 3 o'clock we might as well have asked the grave to answer us."

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH, Sunday, June 2d, 1889.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Moderato.*

The piano introduction is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The vocal entry is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The tempo marking *rall.* (rallentando) is placed above the piano part. The lyrics are:  
1. She stood at her post of  
2. Now cold in her grave she's

The vocal entry continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are:  
-du - ty, A wo - man true and brave, She heard the an - gry  
ly - ing, A - mong the count - less dead, — Where once a thriv - ing



wa - ters rush, While warn - ing words she gave. At last, a - mid the  
cit - y stood, Now des - o - la - tion's spread. While round her swept the

tor - rent's roar, She told her heart's dis - may. . . . "This is my last  
rag - ing flood, She stood with cour - age rare. . . . Bright in mem - ry

*Agitato poco accel.*

*Ped.*

*poco accel*

message!" Then her life was swept a - way,  
ev - er - - more, A - mar - tyr's crown she'll wear,

*rit.*

*rit.*

*f*

"This is my last message!" Then her life was swept a - way!  
Yes, with an - gels ev - er - - more, A mar - tyr's crown she'll wear!

*f*

# Chorus.

*a tempo.*

"This is my last message!" These were the words she sent, The

last words of a loy - al heart Be - fore its life was spent,

"This is my last message!" No thought to self she gave, But

*p* warned her fel - low - crea - tures round, And tried their lives to save! *rall.* *D.C.*

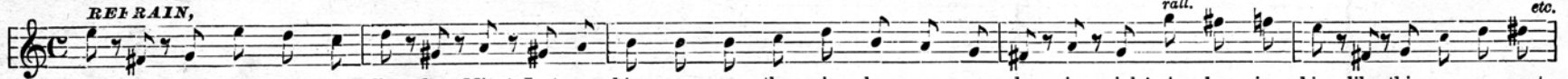


**ONLY A KISS. Song and Dance, by ALEX. SPENCER.**

Price 40 cts.

*Tempo di Polka.*

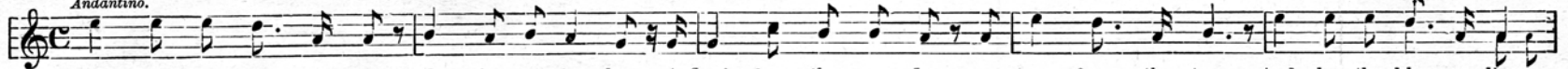
1. Oh tell me if there's a - ny harm In just one lit - tle kiss, Tho' some might view it with a - larm, Just one now who would miss? How  
 2. The rose is kiss'd by ev' - ry breeze, The wave - lets kiss the shore, And ev' - ry leaf up - on the trees Is kiss - ing o'er and o'er, The  
 3. The stars, I know are kiss - ing too, They twin - kle with de - light! And sun - beams in the sky so blue, Kiss ev' - ry dew - drop bright, Tho'

**REFRAIN,**

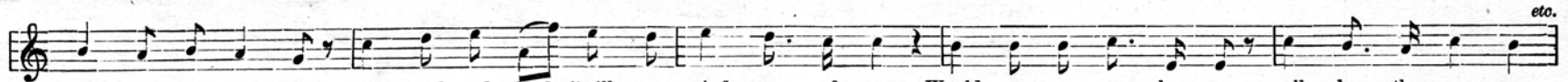
Kiss, kiss, kiss, from those sweet lips, dear Miss! Just a kiss up - on the sly when no one else is nigh! A lov - ing kiss, like this, one you wont

**TAKE FOR A TOKEN. Concert Song for Soprano or Tenor, by ADAM GEIBEL.**

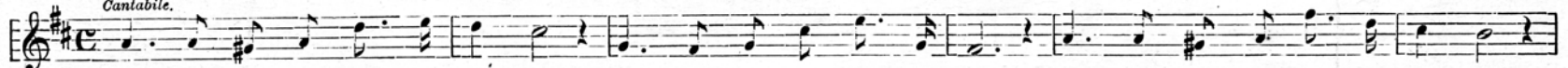
Price 35 cts.

*Andantino.*

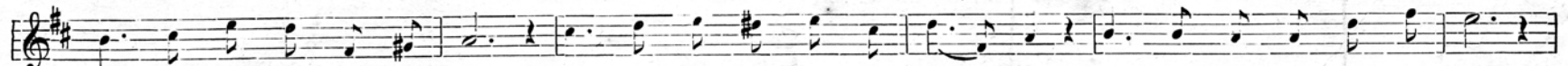
1. Would you re - mem - ber me, take for a to - ken A flow'r from the gar - den, a rose from the tree; And when the blos - soms lies  
 2. Would you re - mem - ber me, should it be on - ly Where in the sum - mer I wan - dered with thee; Then, if you feel in the

scent - less and bro - ken, With - ered and dead, 'twill re - mind you of me. Would you re - mem - ber me, walk by the o - cean  
world you are lone - ly, Check not the tear, 'twill re - mind you of me. Would you re - mem - ber me when we are part - ed**THE TENDERNESS OF LOVING. Song by H. P. DANKS.**

Price 35 cts.

*Cantabile.*

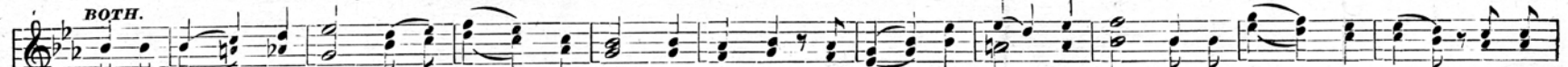
1. All the earth is fill'd with bless - ing, Which no sor - row can de - stroy, And for ev' - ry day of trou - ble  
 2. Tho' the clouds may hang a - bove us, Some - where sun - light lin - gers still; And the good of ev' - ry mo - ment  
 3. Take the dew - drops as God gives them, Be they mo - ments, be they hours, So the stream of life which bears you

There shall come a day of joy; There are mo - ments full of sil - - ver, All the show'rs from heav'n which fall, etc.  
Shall sur - pass the mo - ment's ill; Love and trust are yet im - mor - tal, Lov - ing souls im - mor - tal too, etc.  
Shall flow on thro' banks of flow'rs; There are mo - ments full of bless - ing, As the show'rs from heav'n which fall, etc.**TWILIGHT. A Song for Two Voices, by GEO. S. PEARSON. (Lithograph Title.)**

Price 50 cts.

*SOLO. Moderato.*

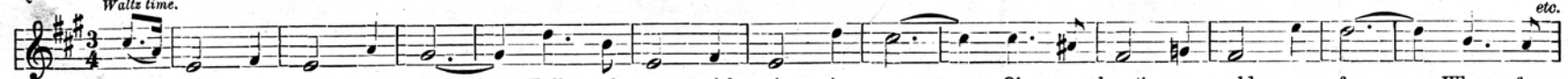
1. V. He. The gold - - en light of the sun - set is fad - ing, And the stars are ap - pear - ing one by one, And the  
 2. V. She. I know that my dar - ling is wait - ing for me ... At our place of tryste in the si - lent glen, Let me

In our leaf - - y bow'r, At the sa - - cred hour Of twi - light, dear love. I wait for thee, In our leaf - - y bow'r, At the  
Lest they should un - fold What must be un - told To all but thy love, Who waits for thee, Lest they should un - fold What etc.**THAT LOVING FACE. Song & Dance, by HARRY SAXTON. (Lithograph Title.)**

Price 40 cts.

*Moderato.*

1. 'Twas in the gold - en sum - mers sweet, Be - side a brook where lil - ies grow, While stray - ing there I chanced to meet, etc.  
 2. The pret - ty rob - ins sang their song, 'Twas all of love so fond, so dear, And while we gai - ly strayed a - long, etc.  
 3. While twink - ling stars were in the sky, When all the birds were gone to sleep, Now what if lips met on the sly, etc.

*Waltz time.*

That sweet, that lov - ing face, ... Full of ro - guish win - ning grace, ... Oh my heart's a gold - en frame ... Where for -

**WHERE ARE YOU. Song. Words & Music by MINNIE MADDERN. (Lithograph Title.)**

Price 40 cts.

*Andante.*

1. Dark is the night, the snow is swift - ly fall - ing, Lone - ly I sit In the fire's dim glow; Deep in its light,  
 2. Yes, dear, 'twas right, best for us both, my dar - ling. That you should go, In cold si - lence part; And though to - night,

**REFRAIN or CHORUS in Unison.**

Where are you, dear? You an - swer not! A - bove or here? Am I for - got! Your mem - ry lin - gers in my heart, And yet 'twas

**THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. Song & Chorus by HARRISON MILLARD.**

Price 20 cts.

*Moderato.*

1. My moth - er, she died long a - go, ... My Fa - ther is a - ged and poor; And of - ten - times saye he can see, ... etc.  
 2. Yet Fa - ther in - sists that some day ... The big wolf that's watch - ing the door Will rush in and seize on us all, ... etc.  
 3. As long as we live up - on earth, And Fa - ther is pared to us here, Our love will il - lum - ine the hearth, etc.

**CHORUS.**

dear Mis - ter wolf, do not come! Go back to the woods, I im - plore, And nev - er in - vade our loved home, etc.