

## ELDER JOHN SCHLEPPY - hanky panky (again)

Source: Weekly Argus News Oct 21, 1893 p Another idol shattered and another fall from grace. You ask what is responsible and echo answers, "woman, lovely woman." Elder John Schleppey, a hard shelled Baptist of 3 score winters, has dropped from his ministerial perch and a warrant is out for his arrest. He is an expounder of the gospel somewhat, but fortunately has not been entirely dependent on the revenues there from an existence for he is a carpenter as well. It is said that Mr. Schleppey was called upon to preach the gospel while plowing in the field. The good Elder has been handicapped to a very considerable extent by an unwarranted affection for the sisters. The complainant in the case is Nettie Toney, the 18-year-old daughter of John Toney, and withal a very prepossessing young miss. The young lady charges assault and battery but it is clearly a case of squeeze. She makes her home at the residence of JKP Thompson, where she officiates in the capacity of waiting maid and it was while waiting for the sun to dry the window panes and save her the trouble some weeks ago that the maid became acquainted with the Elder. He bowed and scraped but somehow didn't strike Miss Nettie's fancy and she tossed her blonde curls in disdain. The worthy disciple was in no wise abashed however, and according to Miss Toney's tale went out of his way to meet and speak to her about the house or on the street. And so the one-sided mash ran on until some evenings since and dusk found Miss Toney polishing the dishes and brushing the crumbs away when suddenly there sounded a gentle love whistle and operations came to a sudden standstill. Nettie thought perhaps it was someone whose attentions might not be positively obnoxious so stepped out and in an inquiring tone called out, "Who's there?" It's me, came the definite response but strange enough Nettie couldn't understand and approached "me" for a better inspection. She was somewhat disgusted to find it was her aged admirer and was about to return, but his language was so "coaxy," said she, "that I jest staid." Encouraged, the hooray headed troubadour sang his love song and encircled her waist with a gentle pressure that reminded Nettie of a double hitch lace and she became exceedingly restless. But Elder Schleppey only became the more tender and bade her, "keep still, angel, keep still." The little angel however was as fidgety as a frog out of water and a whole vocabulary of pet names such as, Lovie, Gum Drop, Tootsy and Popsy Woppsy had not the desired effect. He thereupon informed her that his folks were away from home and that if she would go down for a visit he would make her a present of \$5, but Miss Toney begged to be excused and went into the house in high dudgeon. Yesterday she hunted up the police, poured forth her tale of woe, and now proposes to make her ministerial admirer pay the fiddler. - transcribed by kbz