
Flotsam and Jetsam.

How the automobilist got even is told thus by the *Detroit Free Press*:
When you ask the automobile enthusiast about it he grins cheerfully,
and then tells the following story:

"These confounded country officers seem to think that an automobile is some sort of an awful monster that eats little children, causes the potato blight and drives all the rain out of the country. Besides, I have an impression that they are aware that the owner of 'mobe is apt to have money and look upon him as a good thing. Certain is it that I have found myself continually in trouble through breaking some ridiculous law that these country towns have, simply to catch strangers unaware and get the contents of their pocketbook. Last week I was passing through a small town at a snail pace when the village constable ran out and announced that I was under arrest.

"'What for?' I asked, in amazement.

"'Exceedin' speed limit,' he answered. 'You'll have to come along with me.'

"While we were having it hot and heavy the village justice of peace came along and ordered the constable to bring me into court.

"'Guess we might as well ride there with you, mister,' said he, climbing in. 'I ain't never rid in one of these here machines, besides we need it ez evidence.'

"'Jump in,' said I, an idea suggesting itself to me.

"He did so, and then I let the 'mobe out for all she was worth, and there isn't a machine that can go any faster, if I do say it.

"'Stop her, gol darn ye!' yelled the justice of the peace, 'we've gone past the court room already! Stop her or I'll have ye up for contempt of court!'

"'I can't stop her!' I shouted back, with a cheerful disregard of the truth; 'she's running away.'

"Twelve miles out of town I allowed the machine to slow down.

"'You'd better jump!' I shouted, 'she's going to explode in a minute!'

"And jump they did. The justice landed on his head in a mud puddle. I didn't see how the constable made out. I hope they enjoyed the "walk home."