

W. D. Marsh met with a slight catastrophe as a result of a cat recently. We are told that W. D. went out with a revolver gunning for a cat and just as he pulled the trigger his foot slipped and instead of hitting the cat the ball struck his foot a glancing blow and as a result he will have a sore foot for a few days. No bones were broken we are pleased to be able to report and the genial W. D. will soon be all right again. It was a narrow escape for the cat—who still lives.