

## A MAN HUNT

To abandon their game  
While the scent is so strong.  
Such an ending is tame  
To the man-hunting throng.  
Shall we pause and take breath  
And turn back from the crush,  
Or be in at the death  
When the law claims its brush?  
This fox killed himself—  
Hanged himself in his cell;  
For that pitiful pelf  
Chanced the suicide's hell.  
And a woman next day,  
With a babe at her breast,  
In a lone garret lay  
Stiff and cold; but at rest!  
Her eyes staring wide,  
And fixed right on the door,—  
She had missed from her side  
One who never came more.  
She had missed him that night:  
As the death-film came fast  
And encurtained her sight,  
She had gazed till the last!