

Scarcely were the last words uttered, when the chamber latch was raised. The door flew open, and the outlaw, in his dark grey cap and cloak, stood before them. Constance was too much alarmed to utter a word. She clung to her companion with the agony of one grasping at the most fragile support for life or safety.

"Nay, maiden, I would not harm thee," said the intruder, in a voice so musical and sad, that it seemed to drop into the listener's ear like a gush of harmony, or a sweet and melancholy chime waking up the heart's endeared and hallowed associations. His features were nobly formed. His eye, large and bright, of the purest grey; the lashes, like a cloud, covering and tempering their lustre. A touch of sadness rested on his lips. They seemed to speak of suffering and endurance, though a word might not pass their barriers. Constance, for a moment, raised her eyes, but they were suddenly withdrawn, overflowing with some powerful emotion. He still gazed, but one proud effort broke the fixed intensity of his glance, and his tongue resumed its office.

"Maiden, I am pursued. The foe are on my track. My retreat is discovered, and unless thou vouchsafe to me a hiding place, I am in their power. The Earl of Tyrone—nay, I scorn the title—is the King of Ulster that stands before thee. I would not crouch thus for my own life, were it not my country's. Her stay, her sustenance, is in thy keeping."

Never did wretchedness and misfortune sue in vain to a woman's ear. Constance forgot her weakness and timidity; she saw not her own danger. A fellow-being craved help and succor; all other feelings gave place, while animated with a new impulse. She looked on the minstrel, as if to ascertain his fidelity. It was evident, however, no apprehension need be entertained, this personage manifesting no slight solicitude for the safety of the unfortunate chief.

"The old lady mine, in the Cleugh," whispered he.

"Nay, it must be in the house," replied Constance, with a glance of forethought beyond her years. "The pursuers will not search this loyal house for treason!" (To be Continued.)

## FOP. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CURRENTS OF AIR AND THE WEATHER.

IN order to fully understand the conditions of the atmosphere, one must carefully notice the following:

Though the sun produces summer and winter, and although his beams call forth heat, and the absence of heat causes intense cold on the surface of the globe, yet the sun alone does not make what we call the "Weather."

If the sun's influences alone were prevalent, there would be no change at all during our seasons; once cold or warm it would invariably continue to be so, according to the time of the year. The sun however produces certain movements in the air; currents of air or winds pour from cold countries into warm ones, and *vice-versa* from warm ones into cold ones. It is this that makes our sky be cloudy or clear; that produces rain and sunshine, snow and hail, refreshing coolness in summer and warmth in mid-winter, as also chilly nights in summer and thaw in winter. In other words it is more properly the motion of the air, the wind, that produces what we call *weather*; that is, that changeableness from heat to cold, from dryness to moisture, all of which may be comprised in one name, weather.

But whence does the wind arise? It is caused by the influence of the sun's heat upon the air.

The whole earth is enveloped with a misty cover called "air." This air has the peculiar quality of expanding when it becomes heated. If you put a bladder that is filled with air and tied up, into the pipe of a heated stove, the air inside will expand so much as to burst the bladder with a loud report. The warm expanded air is lighter than the cold air, and always ascends in the atmosphere.

Lofly rooms are therefore difficult to heat because the warm air ascends towards the ceiling. In every room it is much cooler near the floor than near the top of the room. This accounts for the singular fact that in winter our feet