

**TWO WOMEN: OR,
"OVER THE HILLS
AND FAR AWAY"**

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Two Women: Or, "Over the Hills and Far Away" by Lida Ostrom Vanamee

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LIDA OSTROM VANAMEE

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“Over the Hills and Far Away”

BY

LIDA OSTROM VANAMEE

Author of “An Adirondack Idyl”

“The getting out of doors is the
greatest part of the journey.”

—Cowley



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Dedicated
TO MY COMPANION ON THE
DELIGHTFUL TRIP
IN MEMORY OF WHICH THIS STORY
WAS WRITTEN.



TWO WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

"If you long for pleasure you must labor hard to get it."—*Proverb.*

"I DON'T see why two women can't do very much the same thing," and Ada Floyd threw down the book she had been reading aloud and leaned back in her chair. "You see, Mrs. Dodd says she has some one with her—I suppose he is her husband, but I cannot see why two women wouldn't do as well."

"You've said that twice now, Ada," replied her listener, as she sat mending the clothes of both of them, for Ada wouldn't sew if she could help it, and her conscience was made easy by reading aloud. "What do you mean? Go and drive through the

cathedral towns as Mrs. Dodd did,—just two women? Who would let such irresponsible people as women have a horse, and above all, what two women?"

"Why, you and I. Why can't we do it, Gwenie? Now we are going for a first-class vacation this year, that's decided. I've saved four hundred dollars and you have just as much, and really, do you think we could do better than just take this book of Mrs. Dodd's as a sort of guide, and follow in her footsteps?—I mean, of course, after we cross the ocean—to tell the truth, that rather appalls me."

"Oh, that isn't the worst of it," Gwen said as she continued her sewing. "I had almost decided to take that great step or rather sail, and you promised I could plan the first half of our trip. I wonder if we could!—It does seem delightful, and what a change it would be! Let's see, July and August; I can't leave till the fifteenth, you know, and you have two Sundays to sing, unless you get a substitute, and you wouldn't do that, for we must save every penny. I suppose we could be off by

the—say seventeenth, then we would have a good two weeks' drive; that isn't as much as Mrs. Dodd had, but it would do for us. How grand I feel at the thought! Ada, you're a genius. I've always said you were, and now I even believe it myself."

"Gwen, I don't believe I really meant it," Ada said, leaning back against the wall with her hands behind her. "I'm afraid it couldn't be done. Aren't we rather young?" ruefully. "Of course you've been married and can write your name 'Mrs,' but who would believe it? You are only two years older than I, you know, and, alas, I'm only twenty-three. Sometimes I think it would help me if I were older; at least, people couldn't say, 'Your voice will improve,' or 'Your voice is improving!' I am actually so tired of always hearing myself spoken of as in a progressive state."

"It's better than to hear you can't improve and don't improve, I'm sure; but you'll get old fast enough, and I really think we could get along by ourselves