

**THE DULL MISS
ARCHINARD**

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The Dull Miss Archinard by Anne Douglas Sedgwick

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ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

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ARCHINARD**

The
Dull Miss Archinard

By
Anne Douglas Sedgwick

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1898

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TO
MY GRANDMOTHER
M. M. D.

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Prologue
PETER ODD

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The Dull Miss Archinard

CHAPTER I.

PETER ODD was fishing. He stood knee-deep in a placid bend of stream, whipping the water deftly, his eyes peacefully intent on the floating fly, his mind in the musing, impersonal mood of fisherman reverie, no definite thought forming from the appreciative impressions of sunlit meadows, cool stretches of shade beneath old trees, gleaming curves of river. For a tired man, fishing is an occupation particularly soothing, and Peter Odd was tired, tired and sad. His pleasure was now, perhaps, more that of the lover of nature than of the true sportsman, the pastoral feast of the landscape with its blue distance of wooded hill, more to him than the expected flashing leap of a scarlet-spotted beauty; yet the attitude of receptive intentness was pleasant in all its phases, no one weary thought could become dominant while the eyes rested on the water, or were raised to such loveliness of quiet English country. So much of what he saw his own too; the sense of proprietorship is, under such circumstances, an intimately pleasant thing, and although, where Odd stood at a wide curve of water, a line of hedge and tall