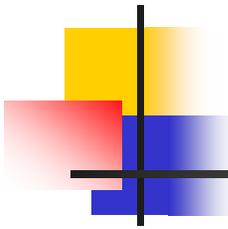


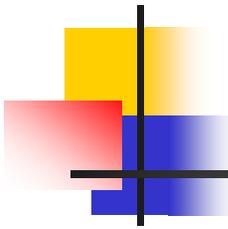
Text Conversion and Encoding

- All kinds of text: printed, typescript, handwritten
- All kinds and sizes of paper: index cards to broad sheet newspapers
- All kinds of languages (real and imaginary)
- All kinds of metadata



How to convert?

- Two choices:
 - Optical Character Recognition Software
 - Typing from scratch



OCR

- Works best on published, post-1950 works
- Most OCR programs can handle different languages, but English is most common
- Problems such as discoloration, bleed-through, page damage such as missing pieces and stains, and stereotyping, all degrade results
- Handwritten OCR?

and gone on unconsciously, had she not heard cries of distress which immediately arrested her steps.

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Marie had scarcely time to ask what the matter was when the old woman exclaimed:

"Oh, Marie! Mooley is dead! Mooley is dead! And now we too shall die!—shall starve to death!"

"How did it happen?" faltered the girl in well-founded fear, for indeed the cow was half their living.

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And she led Marie through the back door of the shed, and along the base of the cliff, until they came to the spot where the body of the cow lay.

Marie knelt down and tenderly stroked the face of her poor dumb friend, and saw that she was dead indeed.

"Don't cry, dear granny! I'm sorry for poor Mooley; but don't you be afraid; we shall not starve! I know they want another laundress at the hotel, and I can take in washing enough to make up for the loss of the milk and butter," she said cheerfully, as she helped the dame back to the hut.

And that same afternoon Marie went back to the village on a double errand—to engage washing from the hotel, and to get the tanner to come and take away the body of poor Mooley.

And she succeeded in both missions.

After this Marie worked harder than ever, for she found

washing and ironing more laborious than milking and butter making, while it was not quite so profitable.

Yet Marie would not, for this cause, let her poor old granny suffer for the want of any of her accustomed comforts. She bought milk and butter enough for their simple meals from a neighboring farmer.

And now her busy life for a few days kept her thoughts from dwelling on the dark, handsome face that had made such an impression on her imagination, especially as she had not seen that face since it first glowed upon her.

But one day, about a week after that first accidental meeting, she went to the village to carry a basket of clean clothes, and she was returning with a basket heavily laden with soiled linen, when, feeling great fatigue, she laid down her burden for a moment, and sat down to rest in the wood.

She threw off her hat to cool her head, and as she did so she saw for the first time, a young man seated on a rock near by, with a portfolio on his knees and a pencil in his hand.

At the same moment that she perceived him, he also looked up.

And with strangely blended emotions of delight and dread, she recognized the dark handsome stranger she had seen at the hotel.

She quietly put on her hat, took up her heavy basket and arose to go.

"Pray do not leave. If I disturb you I will myself move off," said the young man rising.

"Oh no, no, you do not disturb me, but I was afraid—I was afraid—" she stopped and blushed.

"Afraid?" echoed the young man with an interest he could not conceal.

will be there when you meet at night, and you must then, without reserve, state your intention to enter his house and murder him in cold blood, in the course of half an hour. She will then fly to save him, which you must not prevent. In the meantime, I will inform my father that Eveleen, contrary to his express commands, is in the habit of visiting Haviland at his house. He, of course, will disbelieve me at first, when I will offer to give him a proof of it. I will have it so timed, that when he thinks her in bed, he shall find her in the arms of her lover. The result is easily foreseen—she is cast off. Bill Haviland is forced to fly, if a dose of cold lead does not save him the trouble, and I triumph. Is not this a glorious plan?"

"The devil himself couldn't have med a better one," answered Pat, "conshurnin' to me, bud you're an illegant plotter. When'll we commence the play?"

"The sooner the better," answered Bernard, "we must work fast, or we may fail." "Well, thin, I'll be off to Thady Doyle's at once, an' the evenin' after to-morrow, the first act shall take place, an' at tin o'clock the same night, we'll have the grand denouement, as we say in Frinch.—Will that shute you?"

"That will do excellently," answered Bernard, "now away with you and about it!" and so the fiends separated.

Three days had passed since William Haviland had been permitted to speak to Eveleen, and further than the few cold words contained in the laconic epistle sent him by Bernard Wilson, he had heard nothing of her. He had seen her on two or three occasions as she was going to and from old Biddy's cottage, and might have stopped her and asked for an explanation; but he was too proud to do that. He loved her truly, deeply, devotedly—she no longer seemed a child to him, but a woman—and one in whose defence he would have poured forth his heart's blood as freely as water. But he would not speak to her while he thought she misjudged him. He had heard of the report which had been raised concerning him, but he could not trace it to any source, and consequently could not refute it at once. Three long, long days had passed, and he sat at a table in the drawing-room of the house in which he resided, pouring over the pages of a history of the rebellion of '98. No man living entertained a deeper disgust for the class of men of whom he was reputed to be one, than himself. He cared not for what a man's religion was—it was a subject into which he did not feel himself justified in inquiring, and he

would full as soon have been called a murderer, as an informer. His mind was evidently not fixed upon the subject upon which he was reading, for, after turning the leaves over rapidly for a while, he closed the book, exclaiming as he did so, with a sigh—

"If Eveleen is willing to believe me guilty of so heinous an offence, and condemns me without a hearing, she cannot love me as I had fondly hoped she did, and I must leave her without even attempting to make my character clear before her. This is no place for me now. Had she still believed me innocent—as I would her, had her character been in any way assailed—I could cheerfully have borne up under every other misfortune—life had but one joy for me, and that was the assurance of her love—adversity but one pang, and that was the loss of it. She was my world—I had no thought that was not in some way connected with her—my every sense was full of her—the first radiant beams of the morning sun reminded me of her bright glances—her voice came to me in the songs of the wild birds—I heard her whisper in the rustling of the leaves—I inhaled her breath in the fragrant flowers, and I caught the hue of her eye in the bright blue ether—everything spoke to me of Eveleen—now Eveleen is lost to me forever, and the world is blank. O, Ireland—dear Ireland—thou other goddess of my idolatry, I must leave thee too, at least for a time, for thine enemies seek my life, and though I ask no other boon than to die for thee now, yet I must work for thee first."

As he arose from his soliloquy, his ear caught the sound of a quick, light foot-fall, and the next moment he started at hearing the sound of his own name.

"Heavenly Father!" he exclaimed, "surely that was Eveleen's voice!"

He listened eagerly for a few moments, but all was silent as the grave.

"Alas! alas!" he exclaimed, "my excited imagination hears her sweet, plaintive voice in every wind that blows—Oh, Eveleen! dear Eveleen!" he continued, "would that I could in reality again clasp thee to my heart!"

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Eveleen, with eyes starting from their sockets, and dishevelled hair, stood before him.

"Fly! fly! William!" she cried with maniac voice and gesture—"they seek your life!" and the next moment, with tottering step she fell swooning in his arms.

CHAPTER VII.

The heart of William Haviland beat wildly as he gazed upon the pale countenance of the beautiful girl who lay senseless in his arms, and for a moment he could scarcely divest himself of the idea that he was dreaming. Arousing himself at length, however, he pressed her closely to his heart, and imprinting a burning kiss upon her almost colorless lips, he said—

"It may be the last time our lips will ever meet, and even were you conscious, you would not blame me for it—although you love me not—did you but know how wildly I have worshipped you."

As he finished speaking, he placed her in an easy chair, and taking a small pitcher from the table at which he had been writing, he sprinkled a few drops of water upon her white forehead, and soon had the satisfaction of observing symptoms of returning consciousness.

"I do not know what could have brought thee here at such a time," he said to himself, as she slowly revived, "but if you are pursued by those who seek to do you harm, they must reach you over my corpse."

"William!" exclaimed the maiden, as she threw a frenzied glance around the apartment, evidently unconscious of the presence of the young man—"Where are you, William?" She paused for a moment, and pressed her hands against her throbbing temples, as if endeavoring to collect her scattered senses—at length she exclaimed,

"O, now I remember—he was here when I arrived, but they have dragged him hence, and are perhaps even now engaged in his murder! I will follow them—I will go forth into the dark night, and if he but sigh I will hear it even above the voice of the wind—I will supplicate, implore, struggle with the ruffians, and if I cannot save, at least I can die with him!"

She sprang towards the door, and Haviland, in whose breast the suspicion that she had ceased to love him had given place to the most extatic hope, exclaimed—

"Eveleen—dear Eveleen!"

She turned suddenly, and the next moment, with a cry of joy, rushed into his arms.

"You are safe, then," she said, as she gazed into his face with sweet emotion depicted on her angel-like countenance—"safe, and they have not injured you, not even to the extent of a scratch!" and dropping her head upon his bosom, she sobbed convulsively.

"Why has not injured me?" inquired William, kindly, as he gently kissed her—"what fiend has been operating on your too sensitive nature, darling? Speak to me—tell me all—for my senses are confused, my

brain whirls, it almost seems to me that I am under the influence of some spell, or that I am dreaming—if this be indeed a dream, however, it is a sweet one, and would to God the illusion would never be dispelled, for I am holding you in my arms—I can feel the tumultuous beating of your heart against my own, and the world, an hour since to me so cold and cheerless, is bright and beautiful once more."

"Yes, they were fiends," she said, alluding to the first part of his speech—"horrible fiends! O, William, I listened to a plot for your destruction, the very remembrance of which fills me with terror!"

Eveleen then related to her lover, in as few words as possible, what the reader already knows, and suddenly checking herself in an expression of tenderness as she finished the recital, she said, as she looked reproachfully at Haviland, "But I forgot in my anxiety for your safety that you no longer loved me!"

"No longer loved you, Eveleen?" exclaimed the young man, in a surprised and somewhat reproachful tone, as he drew her more closely to his breast—"O, Eveleen, since the last time I enjoyed the sweet privilege of conversing with you beneath your uncle's roof, your image has been ever present in my mind. When from a restless pillow I have arisen in the morning, my thoughts have been of you—in the oppressive noontide if I wandered through the woods or walked beside a purling stream, you, in imagination, was ever at my side, and when disheartened and weary, I sought my bed at night, condemned by my fellow-man—innocently condemned, Eveleen, I call and are perhaps even now engaged in his murder! I will follow them—I will go forth into the dark night, and if he but sigh I will hear it even above the voice of the wind—I will supplicate, implore, struggle with the ruffians, and if I cannot save, at least I can die with him!"

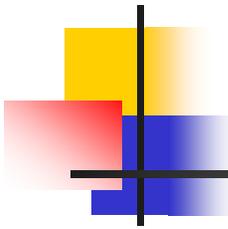
Heaven to witness—the victim of foul slander—still, still, among the dark countenances of the enemies which my imagination conjured up, yoursweet face, like a bright star shining in the midst of the warring elements, smiled luminously upon me, and I sighed when I thought how impotent would be their wrath if you believed me guiltless. O, Eveleen how could you think so meanly of me?"

"So meanly of you, William!" she said, with a puzzled expression of countenance—then, as a light seemed to break suddenly upon her, she inquired, "did you not receive a letter from me?"

"A letter from you," answered the youth, "No, dear Eveleen, I received a cold, laconic note from your uncle, the contents of which he said you endorsed, forbidding me ever again to enter his house or speak to you, this is the only letter which I have received."

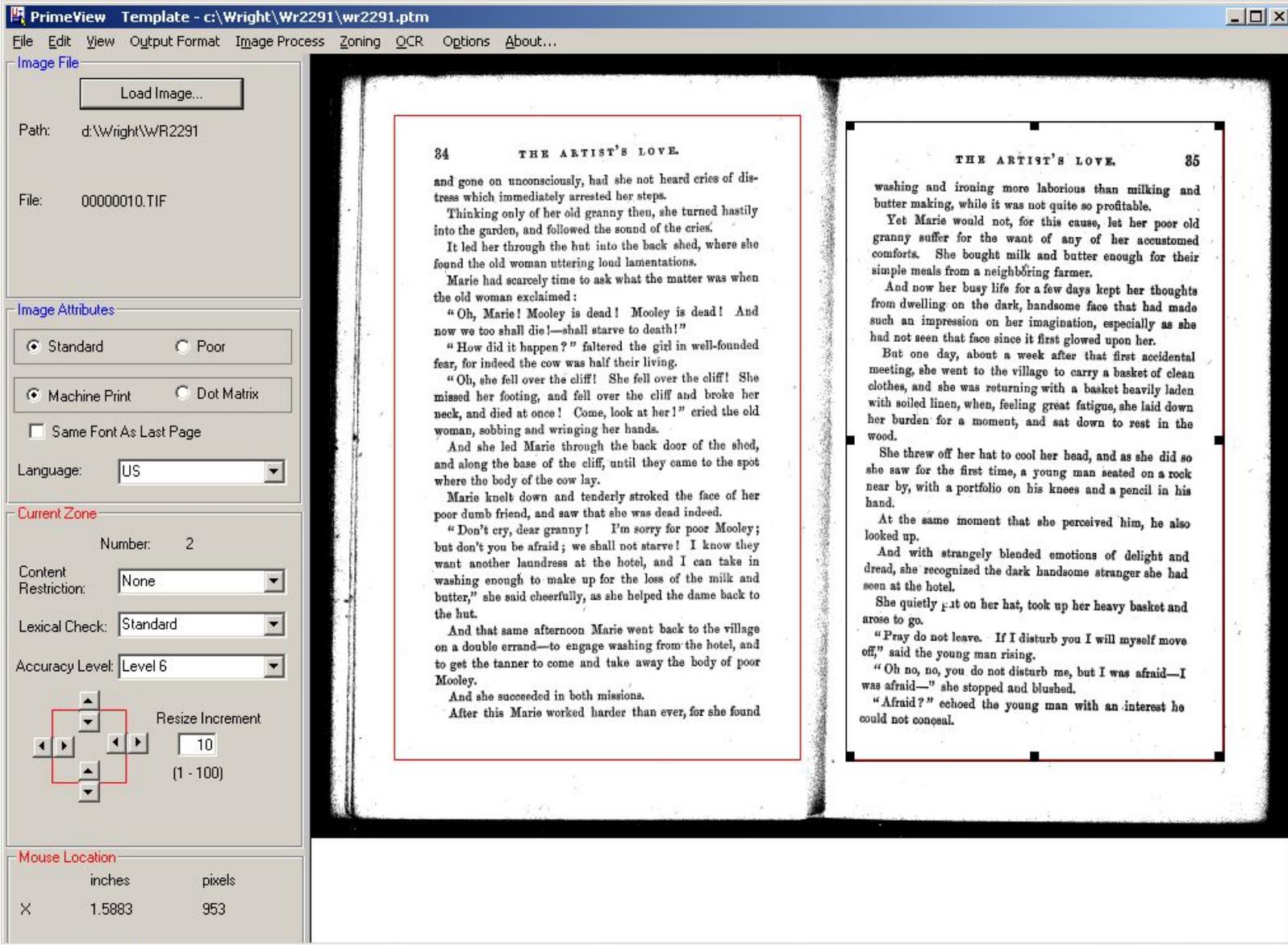
"Then there has been treachery somewhere," said Eveleen, "for my father never wrote it. I am certain old Biddy would not play me false, and my cousin must be the author of this new injury."

At this point in their conversation, their



Two approaches to OCR

- Brute force: PrimeRecognition
< <http://www.primerec.com> >
- Artificial intelligence: Olive Software
< <http://www.olivesoftware.com> >



34 THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

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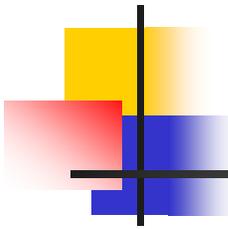
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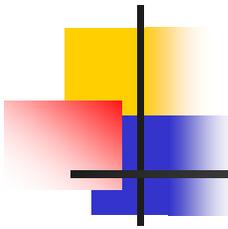
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"I Don't cry, dear granny! I'm sorry for poor Mooley; but don't you be afraid; we shall not starve! I know they



Typing

- Generally outsourced
- High accuracy using double or triple keying
 - Language and quality of original or image are important factors in accuracy rate
 - Standard accuracy rate is 99.995%, or 1 error per 20,000 characters



Encoding

- Some encoding is necessary
- SGML/XML are international standards for encoding:
<http://www.lettrs.indiana.edu/links_rw.html>
- Text Encoding Initiative (TEI) has highly developed guidelines for encoding electronic text, particularly texts in the humanities
<<http://www.tei-c.org>>

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<PB N="59">

<HEAD>CHAPTER V.</HEAD>

<HEAD TYPE="sub">THE GOOD NORTHERN LADY'S LETTER FROM
THE SOUTH.</HEAD>

<EPIGRAPH><CIT><Q><LG TYPE="quotation">

<L>"No haughty gesture marks his gait,</L>

<L>No pompous tone his word;</L>

<L>No studied attitude is seen,</L>

<L>No palling nonsense heard;</L>

<L>He'll suit his bearing to the hour,</L>

<L>Laugh, listen, learn, or teach,</L>

<L>With joyous freedom in his mirth,</L>

<L>And candor in his speech."</L>

</LG></Q><BIBL>—ELIZA COOK.</BIBL></CIT></EPIGRAPH>

<P>[My friend, A. Freeman North, having read the foregoing,
returned it with a hasty note, in pencil, saying, "Please
send me the Aunt's reply, if you have it, or can procure
it." I accordingly sent it, and we have it here.]</P>

<Q><TEXT><BODY><DIV1 TYPE="letter">

<OPENER><SALUTE>MY DEAR

NEPHEW,—</SALUTE></OPENER>

<P>Your letter came while we had gone into the country
for a fortnight. Hattie is much improved, and I trust
will soon be well. I gave her your letter to read. She
told me that she could not find it in her heart to wonder

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- hich the ' original settlers 'are bound to respect.' Think of bleeding Kansas, even, refusing to incorporate negro-**suffrage** in her constitution, when left free to follow the dictates of common sense, a

[CHAPTER IX.](#)

- nies, (which would also be mischievous in the same way) we nevertheless propose to exclude you from this right of **suffrage**, and from separate organizations, for our own defence, and that we may preser

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CHAPTER V.

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THE GOOD NORTHERN LADY'S LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

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