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.

Thinking only of her old granny then, she turned hastily into the garden, and followed the sound of the cries.

It led her through the hut into the back shed, where she found the old woman uttering loud lamentations.

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.

"Oh, she fell over the cliff! She fell over the cliff! She missed her footing, and fell over the cliff and broke her neck, and died at once! Come, look at her!" cried the old woman, sobbing and wringing her hands.

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.
CHAPTER VII

The heart of William Harrild beat wildly as he gazed upon the graceful form of the beautiful girl who lay unconscious in his arms, and for a moment he was almost convinced that the idea that he was dreaming. Amusing himself as he was, he hastily pressed her closely to his heart, and immediately began to kiss her upon her lips, although he knew he could not, for his hands were entire occupied with this operation.

"It may be the last time we will ever meet, and even now you are not even worthy of the name of a gentleman, though that was not in any way concerned with her.--Poor every sense was full of life. The first, bottom line of the morning, and

"The more the better," answered Harrild, and would be far more pleasant to find her in the arms of a physician than in the arms of a lover. She would soon be married, and a physician would never prefer a physician's wife to a physician's daughter.

"Well, then, I'll be to Thaddeus boy's at once, as the events' effect is now, the first shall take place, at ten o'clock, and the same time, we'll lose grand row for you. But I must finish your story."

"That will do excellently," answered Harrild, and the scene faded into a dream as they walked along the street.

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Two approaches to OCR

- Brute force: PrimeRecognition
  <http://www.primerec.com>

- Artificial intelligence: Olive Software
  <http://www.olivesoftware.com>
and gone on unwontedly, had she not heard cries of distress which immediately arrested her steps.

Thinking only of her old granny then, she turned hastily into the garden, and followed the sound of the cries.

It led her through the bath into the back shed, where she found the old woman wringing her hands in tears.

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

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

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

"Oh, she fell into the cliff! She fell over the cliff! She fell over the cliff! She fell into the cliff! She fell over the cliff!" exclaimed the old woman, nothing and wringing her hands.

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 looked 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 Moeley; but don't you be afraid; we shall not starve! I hope they won't another hard time at the hotel, and I can take in washing enough to make up for the loss of the milk and butter," she said consolingly, as she helped the woman back to the hotel.

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

And she succeeded in both missions.

After this Marie worked harder than ever, for she found

"The Artist's Love."

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 taste from a neighboring farmer.

And now her busy life for a few days kept her thoughts from dwelling on the dark, hard-won food that had made such an impression on her imagination, especially as she had not seen that bee 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 sorted linen, when, feeling great fatigue, she held down her burden for a moment, and sat down to rest in the shed.

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 surprise and disgust, she recognised the dark handsome stranger she had seen at the hotel.

She quietly sat on her hat, took up her heavy basket and came to go.

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CHAPTER VII.

The heart of Wilson Blackburn had told him to go straight to the poorhouse for the babies. At the moment, it served to give him a sense of purpose. The two men had been broken on the necks of the horses they had killed for food. Wilson Blackburn had a strong arm, and he used it to pull the horses over the fence. He had planted himself in the room, and he was sure he had found what he was looking for.

Wilson Blackburn was sitting in the corner of the room, his legs crossed at the knee. His arm lay across his chest, and he was staring at the ceiling. His mind was blank, and he felt as though he was in a dream. He tried to remember what had happened, but he couldn't.

Wilson Blackburn had seen the babies in the越来越好 hospital, and he had decided to take them. He had been told that they would be sent to a home, but he didn't want to risk them.

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"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.letrs.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>
CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD NORTHERN LADY'S LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

[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.]

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"No haughty gesture marks his gait,
No pompous tone his word;
No studied attitude is seen,
No palling nonsense heard;

He'll suit his bearing to the hour,
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth,
And candor in his speech."

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Adams, Nehemiah (1806-1878): The Sable Cloud (1861) 2 matches in 2 of 297 pages

CHAPTER V.

- high 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.

- uses, (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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Within his grasp all things.
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