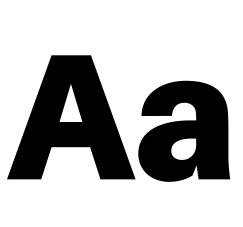
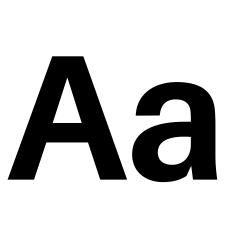
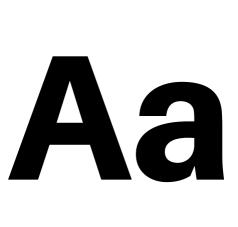
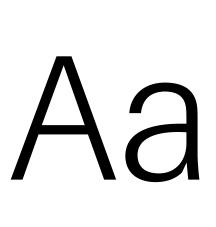
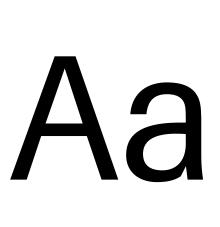
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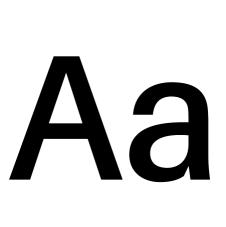


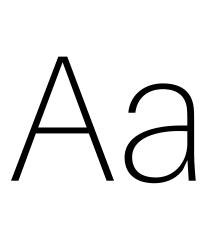




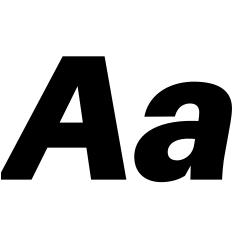






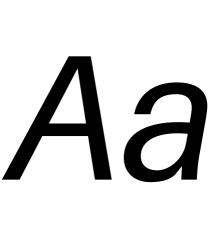


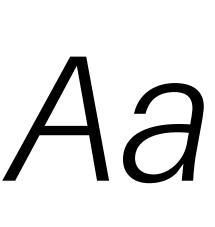


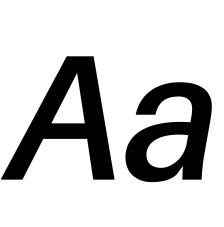


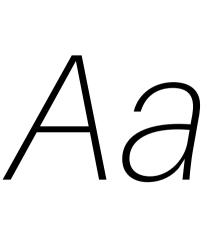


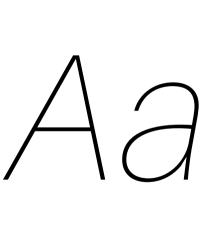












Hamburgefons

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog

Kjøre nášíře Fer Hęrdig. Nyn exec 6 Telädjúple: našíří são żych â ynä hæves à un heme Czy gewer en dłegra že je rým ques nocuk s sing altò przoof þá vola cast. V. Nod aði þá ó cu ate 16 10 45 I am Buffalo Bill's horse. I have spent my life under his saddle—with him in it, too, and he is good for two hundred pounds, without his clothes; and there is no telling how much he does weigh when he is out on the war-path and has his batteries belted on. He is over six feet, is young, hasn't an ounce of waste flesh, is straight, graceful, springy in his motions, quick as a cat, and has a handsome face, and black hair dangling down on his shoulders, and is beautiful to look at; and nobody is braver than he is, and nobody is stronger, except myself.