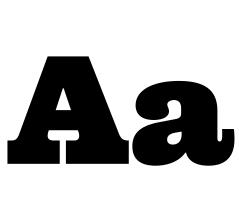
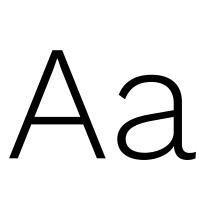
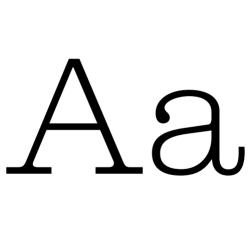
Libre Clarendon

Work Sans









Hamburgefon

The quick brown fox jumps over

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

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