

# Hamburgefonsti

The quick  
brown fox  
jumps over  
the lazy dog

Kjøre nášíře Fer Herdig. Nyn  
exec 6 Telädjúple: našíří são  
zych â ynä hæves à un heme Czy  
gewer en dęgra že je rým ques  
nocuk s sing altò przoof pá vola  
cast. V. Nod ađi pá ó cu ate 16 10  
45 En síđa finan, s'ine eûre góra  
küçün så expe ‘yandus quil în  
go delig der sözeć, Ann.' j'écıł,  
Gam gørtin får quentă în brați

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. Yes, a person that doubts that he is fine to see should see him in his beaded buck-skins, on my back and his rifle peeping above his shoulder, chasing a hostile trail, with me going like the wind