Frontline

typographic styles

the quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog

with vaseline

This is the best cider I've ever had

never too severe

Full character set, 13/20 points with +100 tracking:

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Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end! *I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?'* she said aloud. *I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think-'* (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) *'—yes, that's about the right distance-but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?'* (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)