

ROSLINDALE

ROSLINDALE

ROSLINDALE

ROSLINDALE

ROSLINDALE

ROSLINDALE

and Roslindale Text!!!

HYPERGEOMETRIC

SUBINTRODUCE

PIEZOMETRY

LYRICHORD

ASSIGNER

FIGURED

Calabrian

Logograph

Sublimation

Anamorphism

Chromatosphere

Magnetotransmitter

40/40 PT

A Scandal in Bohemia

11/16 PT

I HAD SEEN LITTLE of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night it was on the twentieth of March I was returning from a journey to a patient for I had now returned to civil practice, when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall, spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

“My dear Holmes,” said I, “this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a coun-

40/40 PT

A Scandal in Bohemia

14/20 PT

I HAD SEEN LITTLE of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night it was on the twentieth of March I was returning from a journey to a patient for I had now returned to civil practice, when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was

GRAPH

Refresh

PORTO

Sustain

ALLEGHENY

Lexicological

MERCURIAN

Steeplechase

BIRDHOUSE

Equilibrative

A
HISTORY
OF THE
HOLY
ROMAN
EMPIRE

JRIER

Modèle national

rant les années 1970,
pe l'informatique dist
is en plus réclamée pa
stèmes 32, 34, 36, 81C
même temps IBM pas
e-informatique. Après
chines de succès dive

adém çaise

mission qui lui est assig
igine, et qui sera précis
r 1635 par lettres pater
l, est de fixer la langue
donner des règles, de le
compréhensible par tou

Na celém světě se vyrábí
stovky typů sýra. Existuj
více různých systémů dě
sýrů. Různé druhy a příc
sýrů jsou výsledkem pou
mléka různých savců nel

— 365 —

Vegetarian Barbecue Recipes

Red

Roslindale is a text and display serif that takes its inspiration from De Vinne, a typeface named for the famed nineteenth century printer and attributed to Gustav Schroeder and Nicholas Werner of the Central Type Foundry. De Vinne was an oldstyle that couldn't shake its Victorian sensibilities, designed in a time that was so immersed in the upright Modern style that folks seemed to forget what diagonal stress actually looked like. Roslindale smooths out the clunkiness of the original and dials up the contrast, flirting with the slickness of 1970s interpretations such as ITC Bernase. Sure it can be a bit cheesy at times, but aims for a creamy brie instead of a stinky bleu.

Available formats:

Desktop OpenType CFF (OTF)
Web WOFF, WOFF2, EOT
App/E-book OpenType TrueType (TTF)

Designer: David Jonathan Ross

DJR draws letters of all shapes and sizes for custom and retail typeface designs. A native of Los Angeles, he began drawing typefaces at Hampshire College and joined The Font Bureau in 2007 where he honed his bézier-wrangling skills. Now he publishes visually imaginative and technically advanced designs at his own foundry, including Fit, Manicotti, Input, Gimlet, and Bungee. You'll find him in Western Massachusetts with his partner Emily and their two dogs, Sophie and Lily.

Supported Languages include:

Afrikaans, Albanian, Alsatian, Basque, Bislama, Breton, Catalan, Chamorro, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Estonian, Faroese, Finnish, Flemish, Franco-Provençal, French, Frisian, Friulian, Galician, German, Greenlandic, Hungarian, Icelandic, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Kurdish (Latin), Ladin, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Luxembourgish, Malay, Manx Gaelic, Moldovan, Norwegian (Bokmål, Nynorsk), Occitan, Polish, Portuguese, Rhaeto-Romance, Romanian, Romansh, Sami (Inari, Lule, Northern, Skolt, Southern), Scottish Gaelic, Slovak, Sorbian, Slovenian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Tagalog, Turkish, Uzbek (Latin), Vietnamese, Walloon, Welsh.

DJR

P.O. Box 405 www.djr.com
 Deerfield, MA 01342 david@djr.com
 USA +1 339.224.7687

© David Jonathan Ross 2017