

MVB Dovetail™ by David Sudweeks



the Teutonic school of philo
ic analysis was demonstrate
my mother's action. Mr. Cloy
she said, must reconcile him
to exchanging his comfortable
rooms at the St. Peter's Port-
particularly dislike half-fille
tel life, Mrs. Goodwin"—for
shelter of our cottage. He ac
ed. He was then "warned" th
was chef at the cottage. Mot



MVB DOVETAIL IS AN EDITORIALY FOCUSED TEXT SERIF designed by David Sudweeks.

The working idea for the typeface came from a design school letter-making exercise: Take a pair of scissors and a few large sheets of paper, and start cutting. The resulting letters and the action itself of cutting them out of paper informed the type design process, producing strong, simple shapes and an open, inviting texture.

Dovetail's tone is crisp and straightforward. Its classic letterforms, set off with a touch of playfulness, give the design both a practical and spontaneous personality. The text weights capably set copy at a variety of sizes for print and render crisply on screen. Its lightest and heaviest weights perform best at display sizes.

Care has been taken to save the typographer's time with OpenType features including contextual punctuation and symbols to fit mixed-case, small-caps, and all-caps settings, as well as figure sets tuned to each use.



REGULAR

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz {[?!]}“”*

0123456789 0123456789 @\$ç€£¥

ITALIC

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ**abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz {[?!]}“”***0123456789 0123456789 @\$ç€£¥*

BOLD

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ****abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz {[?!]}“”*****0123456789 0123456789 @\$ç€£¥**

BOLD ITALIC

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ***ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ******abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz {[?!]}“”*******0123456789 0123456789 @\$ç€£¥***

LOVE

95

*“Thou art not gone; being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.”*

In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter who said of love—

“All other pleasures are not worth its pains;”

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever and the stars were letters and the flowers ciphers and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

The passion rebuilds the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. The notes are almost articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and he almost fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

*“Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,—
These are the sounds we feed upon.”*

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The heats that have opened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	J	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z	&	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	0	a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p	q	r	s
t	u	v	w	x	y	z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	J	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z	&	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	0	a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p	q	r	s
t	u	v	w	x	y	z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness

A B C D E F G
 H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U
 V W X Y Z & 1
 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 0 a b c d e
 f g h i j k l
 m n o p q r s
 t u v w x y z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	J	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z	&	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	0	a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p	q	r	s
t	u	v	w	x	y	z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the quivering eddies. The air was warm and still.

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival proces-

A B C D E F G
 H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U
 V W X Y Z & 1
 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 0 a b c d e
 f g h i j k l
 m n o p q r s
 t u v w x y z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the quivering eddies. The air was warm and still. Here and there, far away on the further bank in the impenetrable darkness, several

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 0 a b c d e
f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z

16 PT

EXCERPT, EASTER EVE (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT



12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the quivering eddies. The air was

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festi-

A B C D E F G
 H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U
 V W X Y Z & 1
 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 0 a b c d e
 f g h i j k l
 m n o p q r s
 t u v w x y z

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the quivering eddies. The air was warm and still. Here and there, far away on the further bank in the impenetrable

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and

A B C D E F G
 H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U
 V W X Y Z & 1
 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 0 a b c d e
 f g h i j k l
 m n o p q r s
 t u v w x y z

16 PT

EXCERPT, EASTER EVE (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT



12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had

**A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 0 a b c d e
f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z**

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession, every one of them, little and big, washed, renewed and joyful, and every one of them was softly twinkling its beams. The sky was reflected in the water; the stars were bathing in its dark depths and trembling with the quivering eddies. The air was warm and still. Here and there, far

9/13 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the darkness like grim solitary crags. The weather seemed to me magnificent. It was dark, yet I could see the trees, the water and the people. The world was lighted by the stars, which were scattered thickly all over the sky. I don't remember ever seeing so many stars. One could not have put a finger in between them. There were some as big as a goose's egg, others tiny as hempseed. They had come out for the festival procession,

**A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 0 a b c d e
f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z**

16 PT

EXCERPT, EASTER EVE (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT



18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of

**A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 0 a b c d e
f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z**

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

18/25 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water

12/17 PT

I WAS STANDING ON THE BANK of the River Goltva, waiting for the ferry boat from the other side. At ordinary times the Goltva is a humble stream of moderate size, silent and pensive, gently glimmering from behind thick reeds; but now a regular lake lay stretched out before me. The waters of spring, running riot, had overflowed both banks and flooded both sides of the river for a long distance, submerging vegetable gardens, hayfields and marshes, so that it was no unusual thing to meet poplars and bushes sticking out above the surface of the water and looking in the

***A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 0 a b c d e
f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z***

16 PT

EXCERPT, *EASTER EVE* (1886) BY ANTON CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT

ALL CAPS

ABCDEFGHIJKabcdefghijk → ABCDEFGHIJKABCDEFGHIJK

ALL CAPS

¿(ABC)?def123GH@ijk\$€38 → ¿(ABC)?DEF123GH@IJK\$€38

SMALL CAPS

ABCDEFGHIJK&abcdefghijkl → ABCDEFGHIJK&ABCDEFGHIJKL

ALL SMALL CAPS

ABCDEFGHIJKabcdefghijk → ABCDEFGHIJKABCDEFGHIJKLM

ALL SMALL CAPS

¿Abc? def & 123 GHijk \$12 €38 → ¿ABC? DEF & 123 GHIJK \$12 €38

LIGATURES

Offer Muffin → Offer Muffin

LINING FIGURES (DEFAULT)

ABCDEabcde 0123456789 → ABCDEabcde 0123456789

TABULAR LINING FIGURES

ABCDEabcde 0123456789 → ABCDEabcde 0123456789

OLDSTYLE FIGURES

ABCDEabcde 0123456789 → ABCDEabcde 0123456789

TABULAR OLDSTYLE FIGURES

ABCDEabcde 0123456789 → ABCDEabcde 0123456789

ALL-CAP FIGURES

ABCDEabcde 0123456789 → ABCDEABCDE 0123456789

FRACTIONS

1/2 23/87 8/5 239/348 → 1/2 23/87 8/5 239/348

SUPERSCRIPT / SUPERIOR

1o 1a 1st 2nd \$8.95 footnote.18 → 1^o 1^a 1st 2nd \$8.⁹⁵ footnote.¹⁸

SUBSCRIPT / INFERIOR

H2O Polo Tournament → H₂O Polo Tournament

NOTE ACCESS TO USE OF OPENTYPE FEATURES IS SUBJECT TO APPLICATION SUPPORT.



Thanks Igino Marini and Ben Kiel
Type metrics & engineering
David Sudweeks
Cut-paper illustrations & photography

Type This specimen is set in MVB Dovetail.™
Sans-serif headings and captions are
set in MVB Embarcadero.®

Copyright © 2019 Markanna Studios Inc. dba MVB Fonts.

This PDF document is provided to you for evaluation purposes only. You may reproduce this document on a personal printer, and you may distribute this PDF document to others, provided that you do not alter the document and that the copyright and trademark notices remain intact.

MVB is a registered trademark and Dovetail is a trademark of Markanna Studios Inc. dba MVB Fonts. OpenType is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation. Other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

MVB Fonts assumes no liability for unintended inaccuracies or typographical errors that might be found in this document. Product characteristics and product availability are subject to change without notice.



MVBfonts.com

