

JAMRACH THE RICH, BEING ANXIOUS to reach the City of Political Distinction before nightfall, arrived at a fork of the road and undecided which branch to follow; so he consulted a Wise-Looking Person who sat by the wayside.

“Take *that* road,” said the Wise-Looking Person, pointing it out known as the Political Highway.”

“Thank you,” said Jamrach, and was about to proceed.

“About how much do you think me?” was the question you suppose I am here for my health?”

### **Dover Text**

As Jamrach had not become rich by stupidity, he handed some money to his guide and hastened on, and soon came to a toll-gate kept by a Benevolent Gentleman, to whom he gave something, and was allowed to pass. A little farther along he came to a bridge across an inlet of a stream, where a Civil Engineer (who had built the bridge) demanded something for interest on his investment, and it was forthcoming. Growing late when Jamrach came to the margin of what appeared to be a lake of black ink, and there the road terminated. Seeing a Ferryboat he paid something for his passage and was about to embark. “No,” said the Ferryman. “Put your neck in this noose, and I will pull you over. It is the only way,” he added, seeing that the passenger would not complain of the accommodations.

In due time he was dragged across, half strangled, and drea





Dover Serif Text Regular

*Dover Serif Text Italic*

**Dover Serif Text Bold**

Dover Sans Text Regular

*Dover Sans Text Italic*

**Dover Sans Text Bold**

Dover Text is the natural companion to Dover Display: where Display is best used big, Dover Text shines at sizes down to 8 points, or 12 pixels. The six styles work together in ways that Caslon and Gill Sans – Dover’s grandparents, you might say – never could.

While normally one would consider sans and serif styles to be a sort of ‘superfamily’, in the case of Dover Text, sans and serif are direct companions. The sans can be used as an emphasis style for the serif, for example, and all the functionality of the fonts is identical. Small caps, tabular numbers and language support are matched completely.

Dover Serif Text is a modern Caslon, and Dover Sans Text is the Gill Sans you’ve always wanted to pair it with. Together, they do it all.

Designer

Robin Mientjes

Publication year

2017

Language support

Over 200 languages (see page 23)

OpenType features

Small capitals

Fractions

Ligatures

Contextual alternates

Tabular numerals

Proportional numerals

Case-specific punctuation

DOVER SERIF TEXT  
@ 28PT/36

WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS  
who was so enamoured of his beauty that  
happened to be, she descended from C  
UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIELD, WI  
on it, she had the unhappiness to see th  
turn to stone from catching a glimpse o  
ascended to ask Jove to restore him; bu  
done a Sculptor and a Critic passed tha

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SANS TEXT  
@ 28PT/36

WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SI  
who was so enamoured of his beauty tha  
happened to be, she descended from O  
BUT, UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIELD, V  
Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness t  
mortal turn to stone from catching a gli  
straightway ascended to ask Jove to rest  
this could be done a Sculptor and a Criti

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SERIF TEXT  
ITALIC @ 28PT/36

*WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS  
Minerva, who was so enamoured of his beauty  
armed as she happened to be, she descended  
woo him; BUT, UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIELD,  
the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness  
beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse  
She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore her  
this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed*

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SANS TEXT  
ITALIC @ 28PT/36

**WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN  
who was so enamoured of his beauty that, all  
happened to be, she descended from Olympus  
BUT, UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIELD, WITH  
of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to  
mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse  
straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore her  
this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed**

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SERIF TEXT  
BOLD @ 28PT/36

**WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS  
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happened to be, she descended from  
BUT, UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIE  
Medusa on it, she had the unhappines  
mortal turn to stone from catching a g  
straightway ascended to ask Jove to re  
this could be done a Sculptor and a Cr**

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SANS TEXT  
BOLD @ 28PT/36

**WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS S  
who was so enamoured of his beauty th  
happened to be, she descended from O  
BUT, UNLUCKILY DISPLAYING HER SHIELD,  
Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness  
mortal turn to stone from catching a gl  
straightway ascended to ask Jove to res  
this could be done a Sculptor and a Crit**

SMALL CAPS

DOVER SERIF TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
ENGLISH

AN OFFICER OF THE GOVERNMENT, WITH A GREAT OUTFIT OF MULE-WAGGONS LOADED WITH BALLOONS, KITES, DYNAMITE BOMBS, AND ELECTRICAL apparatus, halted in the midst of a desert, where there had been no rain for ten years, and set up a camp. After several months of preparation and an expenditure of a million dollars all was in readiness, and a series of tremendous explosions occurred on the earth and in the sky. This was followed by a great down-pour of rain, which washed the unfortunate *Officer of the Government* and the outfit off the face of creation and affected the agricultural heart with joy too deep for utterance. A *Newspaper Reporter* who had just arrived escaped by climbing a hill near by, and there he found the Sole Survivor of the expedition – a mule-driver – down on his knees behind a mesquite bush, praying with extreme fervour. ‘Oh, you can’t stop it that way,’ said the Reporter. ‘My fellow-traveller to the bar of God,’ replied the Sole Survivor, looking up over his shoulder, ‘your understanding is in darkness. I am not stopping this great blessing; **under Providence, I am bringing it.**’ ‘That is a pretty good joke,’ said the Reporter, laughing as well as he could in the strangling rain – ‘a mule driver’s prayer answered!’ ‘Child of levity and scoffing,’ replied the other; ‘you err again, misled by these humble habiliments. I am the Rev. Ezekiel Thrift, a minister of the gospel, now in the service of the great manufacturing

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REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
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REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
GERMAN

IN DEN ALTEN ZEITEN, WO DAS WÜNSCHEN NOCH GEHOLFEN HAT, LEBTE EIN KÖNIG, DESSEN TÖCHTER WAREN ALLE SCHÖN; ABER DIE JÜNGSTE WAR so schön, daß die Sonne selber, die doch so vieles gesehen hat, sich verwunderte, sooft sie ihr ins Gesicht schien. Nahe bei dem Schlosse des Königs lag ein großer dunkler Wald, und in dem Walde unter einer alten Linde war ein Brunnen; wenn nun der Tag recht heiß war, *so ging das Königskind hinaus in den Wald* und setzte sich an den Rand des kühlen Brunnens – und wenn sie Langeweile hatte, so nahm sie eine goldene Kugel, warf sie in die Höhe und fing sie wieder; und das war ihr liebstes Spielwerk. Nun trug es sich einmal zu, daß die goldene Kugel der Königstochter nicht in ihr Händchen fiel, das sie in die Höhe gehalten hatte, sondern vorbei auf die Erde schlug und geradezu ins Wasser hineinrollte. **Die Königstochter folgte ihr mit den Augen nach**, aber die Kugel verschwand, und der Brunnen war tief, so tief, daß man keinen Grund sah. Da fing sie an zu weinen und weinte immer lauter und konnte sich gar nicht trösten. Und wie sie so klagte, rief ihr jemand zu: „Was hast du vor, Königstochter, du schreist ja, daß sich ein Stein erbarmen möchte.“ Sie sah sich um, woher die Stimme käme, da erblickte sie einen Frosch, der seinen dicken, häßlichen Kopf aus dem Wasser streckte. „Ach, du bist’s, alter Wasserpatscher,“ sagte sie, „ich weine über meine goldene Kugel, die mir in den Brunnen hinabgefallen ist.“ –

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REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
FRENCH

IL ESTOIT UNE FOIS UN ROI & UNE REINE, QUI ESTOIENT SI FASCHEZ DE N'AVOIR POINT D'ENFANS, SI FASCHEZ QU'ON NE SÇAUROIT DIRE. ILS ALLERENT À toutes les eaux du monde, vœux, pèlerinages, menuës devotions; tout fut mis en œuvre, & rien n'y faisoit: Enfin pourtant la Reine devint grosse, & accoucha d'une fille: on fit un beau Baptesme; on donna pour Maraines à la petite Princesse toutes les Fées qu'on pust trouver dans le Pays, (il s'en trouva sept,) afin que chacune d'elles luy faisant un don, comme c'estoit la coustume des Fées en ce temps-là, la Princesse eust par ce moyen toutes les perfections imaginables. Après les ceremonies du Baptesme toute la compagnie revint au Palais du Roi, où il y avoit un grand festin pour les Fées. *On mit devant chacune d'elles un couvert magnifique, avec un estui d'or massif,* où il y avoit une cuillier, une fourchette, & un couteau de fin or, garni de diamans & de rubis. Mais comme chacun prenoit sa place à table, on vit entrer une vieille Fée qu'on n'avoit point priée parce qu'il y avoit plus de cinquante ans qu'elle n'estoit sortie d'une Tour, & qu'on la croyoit morte, ou enchantée. **Le Roi lui fit donner un couvert,** mais il n'y eut pas moyen de lui donner un estuy d'or massif, comme aux autres, parce que l'on n'en avoit fait faire que sept pour les sept Fées. La vieille crût qu'on la méprisoit, & grommela quelques menaces entre ses dents: Une des jeunes Fées qui se trouva

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REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
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REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
VIETNAMESE

NGÀY XƯA, CON TẮM, CON CÁM LÀ HAI CHỊ EM CÙNG CHA KHÁC MẸ. TẮM LÀ CON VỢ CẢ, CÁM LÀ CON VỢ LỄ. BỐ CHÚNG NÓ MẮT RỒI, MẸ CON TẮM CŨNG MẮT RỒI. TẮM Ở VỚI CON CÁM VÀ DÌ GHÈ LÀ MẸ CON CÁM. Một hôm đi đưa cho mỗi đứa một cái giỏ, bảo đi bắt tôm bắt tép. Dì hứa rằng: “Hễ đứa nào bắt được nhiều thì cho yếm đỏ”. Hai đứa cùng mang giỏ đi ra đồng, Tắm bắt được nhiều, Cắm bắt được ít. Cắm bảo rằng: “*Chị Tắm ơi chị Tắm, đầu chị lấm, chị hụp cho sâu, kéo về dì mắng*”. Lúc con Tắm hụp xuống thì con Cắm ở trên bờ trút lấy cả tôm tép của con Tắm vào giỏ mình rồi mang về trước. Con Tắm lên dòm đến giỏ thì thấy mất cả, nó mới khóc hu hu lên. Bụt hiện lên hỏi: “Làm sao con khóc”? Con Tắm kể sự tình cho Bụt nghe rồi lại khóc. Bụt bảo nó dòm vào giỏ xem có còn gì không. **Con Tắm dòm vào thì chỉ thấy có một con bóng mà thôi.** Bụt mới bảo đem thả con bóng xuống dưới giếng mà nuôi; cứ một ngày hai lần, mỗi bữa cơm đáng ba bát thì ăn hai còn bớt một bát để cho bóng. Lúc đổ cơm xuống giếng thì bảo thế này: “Bóng ơi bóng! lên ăn cơm vàng cơm bạc nhà ta, chớ ăn cơm hầm cháo hoa nhà người”. Con Tắm nghe lời Bụt đem thả bóng xuống giếng. Cứ đến bữa cơm nó ăn xong lại mang thùng ra giếng gánh nước, giấu bát cơm vào thùng đem cho bóng. Lúc đổ cơm xuống giếng thì nói như lời Bụt dặn. Bóng nghe thấy chẳng lần nào là không lội lên mặt nước để ăn. Đến sau, mẹ con Cắm biết ý mới cho đi rình. Con Cắm lên đi thấy con Tắm đổ cơm xuống giếng

DOVER SANS TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
VIETNAMESE

NGÀY XƯA, CON TẮM, CON CÁM LÀ HAI CHỊ EM CÙNG CHA KHÁC MẸ. TẮM LÀ CON VỢ CẢ, CÁM LÀ CON VỢ LỄ. BỐ CHÚNG NÓ MẮT RỒI, MẸ CON TẮM CŨNG MẮT RỒI. TẮM Ở VỚI CON CÁM VÀ DÌ GHÈ LÀ MẸ CON CÁM. Một hôm đi đưa cho mỗi đứa một cái giỏ, bảo đi bắt tôm bắt tép. Dì hứa rằng: “Hễ đứa nào bắt được nhiều thì cho yếm đỏ”. Hai đứa cùng mang giỏ đi ra đồng, Tắm bắt được nhiều, Cắm bắt được ít. Cắm bảo rằng: “*Chị Tắm ơi chị Tắm, đầu chị lấm, chị hụp cho sâu, kéo về dì mắng*”. Lúc con Tắm hụp xuống thì con Cắm ở trên bờ trút lấy cả tôm tép của con Tắm vào giỏ mình rồi mang về trước. Con Tắm lên dòm đến giỏ thì thấy mất cả, nó mới khóc hu hu lên. Bụt hiện lên hỏi: “Làm sao con khóc”? Con Tắm kể sự tình cho Bụt nghe rồi lại khóc. Bụt bảo nó dòm vào giỏ xem có còn gì không. **Con Tắm dòm vào thì chỉ thấy có một con bóng mà thôi.** Bụt mới bảo đem thả con bóng xuống dưới giếng mà nuôi; cứ một ngày hai lần, mỗi bữa cơm đáng ba bát thì ăn hai còn bớt một bát để cho bóng. Lúc đổ cơm xuống giếng thì bảo thế này: “Bóng ơi bóng! lên ăn cơm vàng cơm bạc nhà ta, chớ ăn cơm hầm cháo hoa nhà người”. Con Tắm nghe lời Bụt đem thả bóng xuống giếng. Cứ đến bữa cơm nó ăn xong lại mang thùng ra giếng gánh nước, giấu bát cơm vào thùng đem cho bóng. Lúc đổ cơm xuống giếng thì nói như lời Bụt dặn. Bóng nghe thấy chẳng lần nào là không lội lên mặt nước để ăn. Đến sau, mẹ con Cắm biết ý mới cho đi rình. Con Cắm lên đi thấy con Tắm đổ cơm xuống giếng và nói mấy lời như thế, thì nó học thuộc lòng lấy rồi về

DOVER SERIF TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
ICELANDIC

ÞAÐ ER UPPHAF Á SÖGU ÞESSARI AÐ HÁKON KONUNGUR AÐALSTEINSFÓSTRI RÉÐ FYRIR NOREGI OG VAR ÞETTA Á OFANVERÐUM HANS DÖGUM. ÞORKELL HÉT maður; hann var kallaður skerauki; hann bjó í Súrnadal og var hersir að nafnbót. Hann átti sér konu er Ísgerður hét og sonu þrjá barna; hét einn Ari, annar Gísli, þriðji Þorbjörn, hann var þeirra yngstur, og uxu allir upp heima þar. Maður er nefndur Ísi; hann bjó í firði er Fibuli heitir á Norðmæri; kona hans hét Ingigerður en Ingibjörg dóttir. *Ari, sonur Þorkels Sýrdæls, biður hennar og var hún honum gefin með miklu fé.* Kolur hét þræll er í brott fór með henni. Maður hét Björn hinn blakki og var berserkur; hann fór um land og skoraði á menn til hólmgöngu ef eigi vildu hans vilja gera. Hann kom um veturinn til Þorkels Sýrdæls; Ari, sonur hans, réð þá fyrir búi. Björn gerir Ara tvo kosti, hvort hann vill heldur berjast við hann í hólmi þeim er þar liggur í Súrnadal og heitir Stokkahólmur eða vill hann selja honum í hendur konu sína. **Hann kaus skjótt að hann vill heldur berjast en hvorttveggja yrði að skömm,** hann og kona hans; skyldi þessi fundur vera á þriggja náttu fresti. Nú líður til hólmostefnu framan. Þá berjast þeir og lýkur svo að Ari fellur og lætur líf sitt. Þykist Björn hafa vegið til landa og konu. Gísli segir að hann vill heldur láta líf sitt en þetta gangi fram, vill hann ganga á hólmi við Björn. Þá tók Ingibjörg til orða: „Eigi var eg af því Ara gift að eg vildi þig eigi heldur átt hafa. Kolur, þræll minn, á sverð

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DOVER SERIF TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
CZECH

NA PAHORKU MEZI BUKY KOSTELÍČEK S VĚŽÍ NÍZKOU; Z VĚŽE PAK SLYŠETI ZVUKY HÁJEM A SOUSEDNÍ VÍSKOU. NENÍ ZVUK TO ZVONKA JEMNÝ, TRATÍCÍ SE V BLÍZKÉ STRÁNĚ: dřevatě to rachot temný, zvoucí lid do chrámu Páně. A tu z vísky k boží slávě vzhůru běží zástup hojný: veský lid to bohobojný, a dnes Velký pátek právě. V chrámě truchlo: holé stěny; oltář černá rouška kryje, na roušce kříž upevněný; v kůru zpívají pašije. A hle, co se bělá v lese, v černém lese za potokem Nějaká to veská žena, ana v náruči cos nese. I jde rychlým žena krokem, svátečně jsouc oblečena, tam tou strání za potokem – pacholátko malé nese. Běží žena, dolů běží, pospíchá do chrámu Páně: tu nablízku lesní stráně kostel na pahorku leží. *A v úvale ku potoku náhle ubystřuje kroků;* neb jak větřík volně věje, z kostela slyšeti pění: v kůru tam se právě pěje Krista Pána umučení. Běží, běží podle skály: „Co to? Mám-li věřit oku? Což mě moje smysly šálí?“ Stane, ohlíží se kolem – rychle kroky zpět obrací, stane zase, zas se vrací – „Tam ten les, a zde ty klesty, tamto vede cesta polem – vždyť jsem nezbloudila z cesty! Bože, co se se mnou děje! Což zde nejsem u kamena? Jaká se tu stala změna!“ **Zase stojí, zase spěje, celá jsouci udivena, oči rukou si protírá, o krok blíže se ubírá:** „Bože, jaká to tu změna!“ Tu, kde z divokého klestu, od kostela tři sta kroků, veliký čněl kámen v cestu, co se nyní jeví oku? Jeví se tu ženě, jeví vchodem vršek otevřený – vysvětliti sobě neví – kámen v cestu postavený, postavena celá

DOVER SANS TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
CZECH

NA PAHORKU MEZI BUKY KOSTELÍČEK S VĚŽÍ NÍZKOU; Z VĚŽE PAK SLYŠETI ZVUKY HÁJEM A SOUSEDNÍ VÍSKOU. NENÍ ZVUK TO ZVONKA JEMNÝ, TRATÍCÍ SE V BLÍZKÉ STRÁNĚ: dřevatě to rachot temný, zvoucí lid do chrámu Páně. A tu z vísky k boží slávě vzhůru běží zástup hojný: veský lid to bohobojný, a dnes Velký pátek právě. V chrámě truchlo: holé stěny; oltář černá rouška kryje, na roušce kříž upevněný; v kůru zpívají pašije. A hle, co se bělá v lese, v černém lese za potokem Nějaká to veská žena, ana v náruči cos nese. I jde rychlým žena krokem, svátečně jsouc oblečena, tam tou strání za potokem – pacholátko malé nese. Běží žena, dolů běží, pospíchá do chrámu Páně: tu nablízku lesní stráně kostel na pahorku leží. *A v úvale ku potoku náhle ubystřuje kroků;* neb jak větřík volně věje, z kostela slyšeti pění: v kůru tam se právě pěje Krista Pána umučení. Běží, běží podle skály: „Co to? Mám-li věřit oku? Což mě moje smysly šálí?“ Stane, ohlíží se kolem – rychle kroky zpět obrací, stane zase, zas se vrací – „Tam ten les, a zde ty klesty, tamto vede cesta polem – vždyť jsem nezbloudila z cesty! Bože, co se se mnou děje! Což zde nejsem u kamena? Jaká se tu stala změna!“ **Zase stojí, zase spěje, celá jsouci udivena, oči rukou si protírá, o krok blíže se ubírá:** „Bože, jaká to tu změna!“ Tu, kde z divokého klestu, od kostela tři sta kroků, veliký čněl kámen v cestu, co se nyní jeví oku? Jeví se tu ženě, jeví vchodem vršek otevřený – vysvětliti sobě neví – kámen v cestu postavený, postavena celá jak by od věků zde stála. Jeví se tu, jeví ženě

DOVER SERIF TEXT @ 12PT/16

REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD

NORWEGIAN (BOKMÅL)

DET VAR ENGANG TRE BUKKER SOM SKULLE GÅ TIL SETERS OG GJØRE SEG FETE, OG ALLE TRE SÅ HETTE DE BUKKEN BRUSE. PÅ VEIEN VAR DET EN BRO OVER en foss, som de skulle over, og under den broen bodde et stort, fælt troll, med øyne som tinntallerkener, og nese så lang som et riveskaft. Først så kom den yngste Bukken Bruse og skulle over broen. *Tripp trapp, tripp trapp, sa det i broen.* «Hvem er det som tripper på mi bru?» skrek trollet. «Å, det er den minste Bukken Bruse; jeg skal til seters og gjøre meg fet,» sa bukken, den var så fin i målet. «Nå kommer jeg og tar deg,» sa trollet. «Å nei, ta ikke meg, for jeg er så liten jeg; bi bare litt, så kommer den mellomste Bukken Bruse, han er mye større.» «Ja nok,» sa trollet. Om en liten stund så kom den mellomste Bukken Bruse og skulle over broen. *Tripp trapp, tripp trapp, tripp trapp, sa det i broen.* «Hvem er det som tripper på mi bru?» skrek trollet. «Å, det er den mellomste Bukken Bruse, som skal til seters og gjøre seg fet,» sa bukken; den var ikke fin i målet, den. «**Nå kommer jeg og tar deg,» sa trollet.** «Å nei, ta ikke meg, men bi litt, så kommer den store Bukken Bruse, han er mye, mye større.» «Ja nok da,» sa trollet. Rett som det var, så kom den store Bukken Bruse. *Tripp trapp, tripp trapp, tripp trapp, sa det i broen; den var så tung at broen både knaket og braket under den!* «Hvem er det som tramper på mi bru?» skrek trollet. «Det er den store Bukken Bruse,» sa bukken, den var så grov i målet. «Nå kom-

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DOVER SERIF TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
DUTCH

IN DE DAGEN DAT DE ROVERS ROND VIERHOUTEN BERUCHT WAREN, HADDEN ZIJ HUN HOOFDKWARTIER IN DE 'BOMMELSKUIL'. EENS WOONDE DAAR DE roverhoofdman Buntman, die zijn ziel aan de duivel had verkocht. In ruil daarvoor waarschuwde de duivel Buntman als er argeloze reizigers, die de moeite van het beroven waard waren, over de wegen rondom Vierhouten trokken. Buntman was een meedogenloze man die zijn slachtoffers met één klap op hun hoofd dood sloeg. *De meeste reizigers die door hem beroofd werden brachten het er dan ook niet levend vanaf.* Buntman was zo gevreesd dat de boeren niets durfden te ondernemen en dus kon geen reiziger veilig over de wegen rond Vierhouten trekken. Regelmatig kwamen er die dagen in de Veluwse dorpen vioolspelers langs om vioolmuziek te maken voor de dorpelingen om zo een centje bijeen te sprokkelen. **Enkele van deze vioolspelers hadden de macht om met hun viool bepaalde tonen te laten klinken die mensen en dieren deed verstijven.** Eén van deze vioolspelers, nogal klein van stuk, had op dit gebied een grote bekendheid verworven en de Vierhouters vroegen hem dan ook om hulp toen hij weer in Vierhouten kwam. Ondanks zijn kleine postuur durfde hij het wel op te nemen tegen de uit de kluiten gewassen Buntman. De speelman volgde de oude weg van Vierhouten naar Gortel door het dichte bos. Hij droeg flink wat goud bij zich en uiteraard lichtte de duivel de hebberige

DOVER SANS TEXT @ 12PT/16  
REGULAR, ITALIC AND BOLD  
DUTCH

IN DE DAGEN DAT DE ROVERS ROND VIERHOUTENBERUCHTWAREN,HADDEN ZIJ HUN HOOFDKWARTIER IN DE 'BOMMELSKUIL'. EENS WOONDE DAAR DE ROVERHOOFDMAN Buntman, die zijn ziel aan de duivel had verkocht. In ruil daarvoor waarschuwde de duivel Buntman als er argeloze reizigers, die de moeite van het beroven waard waren, over de wegen rondom Vierhouten trokken. Buntman was een meedogenloze man die zijn slachtoffers met één klap op hun hoofd dood sloeg. *De meeste reizigers die door hem beroofd werden brachten het er dan ook niet levend vanaf.* Buntman was zo gevreesd dat de boeren niets durfden te ondernemen en dus kon geen reiziger veilig over de wegen rond Vierhouten trekken. Regelmatig kwamen er die dagen in de Veluwse dorpen vioolspelers langs om vioolmuziek te maken voor de dorpelingen om zo een centje bijeen te sprokkelen. **Enkele van deze vioolspelers hadden de macht om met hun viool bepaalde tonen te laten klinken die mensen en dieren deed verstijven.** Eén van deze vioolspelers, nogal klein van stuk, had op dit gebied een grote bekendheid verworven en de Vierhouters vroegen hem dan ook om hulp toen hij weer in Vierhouten kwam. Ondanks zijn kleine postuur durfde hij het wel op te nemen tegen de uit de kluiten gewassen Buntman. De speelman volgde de oude weg van Vierhouten naar Gortel door het dichte bos. Hij droeg flink wat goud bij zich en uiteraard lichtte de duivel de hebberige Buntman hierover in. Buntman sprong op de weg en vroeg de vioolspeler om zijn



DOVER SERIF TEXT REGULAR @ 9PT/12

WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM OLYMPUS TO woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.

DOVER SANS TEXT REGULAR @ 9PT/12

WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM OLYMPUS TO woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.

DOVER SERIF TEXT ITALIC @ 9PT/12

*WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM Olympus to woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.*

DOVER SANS TEXT ITALIC @ 9PT/12

*WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM OLYMPUS TO woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.*

DOVER SERIF TEXT BOLD @ 9PT/12

**WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM Olympus to woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.**

DOVER SANS TEXT BOLD @ 9PT/12

**WHILE BATHING, ANTINOUS WAS SEEN BY MINERVA, WHO WAS SO ENAMOURED OF HIS BEAUTY THAT, ALL ARMED AS SHE HAPPENED TO BE, SHE DESCENDED FROM OLYMPUS TO woo him; but, unluckily displaying her shield, with the head of Medusa on it, she had the unhappiness to see the beautiful mortal turn to stone from catching a glimpse of it. She straightway ascended to ask Jove to restore him; but before this could be done a Sculptor and a Critic passed that way and espied him.**

## OpenType features

Using OpenType, Dover Text is capable of a few useful tricks, such as contextual replacements of clashing glyphs, smart fractions and some stylistic variations of glyphs.

### Contextual Alternates

Qy firers igjen

Qy fīrers igjen

Number Variants: tabular and proportional, lining and oldstyle

DEFAULT 9:00am, March 15th, 1988

9:00am, March 15th, 1988

OLDSTYLE 9:00am, March 15th, 1988

9:00am, March 15th, 1988

Tabular figures are matched across styles: every number, currency sign, even the comma and period are the same width in every font in the family.

TABULAR	₹ INR	67.22	₽ RUB	64.01	₹ INR	67.22	<b>₽ RUB</b>	<b>64.01</b>
	£ GBP	0.75	€ EUR	0.89	£ GBP	0.75	€ EUR	0.89
	¥ JPY	102.57	₺ TRY	2.89	¥ JPY	102.57	₺ TRY	2.89
	₪ ILS	3.85	₸ KZT	337.25	₪ ILS	3.85	₸ KZT	337.25

### Automatic Fractions

The fraction feature, when applied, will automatically find numbers divided over a slash or fraction mark. It ignores date formats like 15/03/1988.

12 1/4

12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

25 7/8

25<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>

123/456

123/<sub>456</sub>

### Small Caps

Small capitals can be applied to lowercase only, or to all letter cases. It also includes most punctuation, numbers and currency symbols.

SMALL CAPS:  
ONLY LOWERCASE  
TO SMALL CAP

ABSURDITY, n. a statement or belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

ABSURDITY, N. A STATEMENT OR BELIEF MANIFESTLY INCONSISTENT WITH ONE'S OWN OPINION.

ALL SMALL CAPS

RATIONAL, adj. devoid of all delusions save those of observation, experience and reflection.

RATIONAL, ADJ. DEVOID OF ALL DELUSIONS SAVE THOSE OF OBSERVATION, EXPERIENCE AND REFLECTION.

### Ordinals, Superscript and Subscript

Ordinals (like in French, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish) are automatically applied in the right contexts. Numbers also come in two types of sub- and superscript, including for scientific notation.

1.a (prima)

2.o (secondo)

3a (terza)

10o (decimo)

Cu<sub>3</sub>(CO<sub>3</sub>)<sub>2</sub>(OH)<sub>2</sub> + H<sub>2</sub>O

1.<sup>a</sup> (prima)

2.<sup>o</sup> (secondo)

3<sup>a</sup> (terza)

10<sup>o</sup> (decimo)

Cu<sub>3</sub>(CO<sub>3</sub>)<sub>2</sub>(OH)<sub>2</sub> + H<sub>2</sub>O

### OpenType Mark Positioning

The OpenType Mark feature provides markers for combining atypical base glyphs with diacritics. So if you need a particular glyph and it isn't in the base set, you might still be able to combine the right set yourself.

H<sup>ˆ</sup>o<sup>ˆ</sup>o<sup>ˆ</sup>o<sup>ˆ</sup>p

W<sup>ˆ</sup>a<sup>ˆ</sup>ve<sup>ˆ</sup>

Fr<sup>ˆ</sup>i<sup>ˆ</sup>ng<sup>ˆ</sup>e<sup>ˆ</sup>,

H<sup>ˆ</sup>o<sup>ˆ</sup>o<sup>ˆ</sup>p

W<sup>ˆ</sup>a<sup>ˆ</sup>ve<sup>ˆ</sup>

Fr<sup>ˆ</sup>i<sup>ˆ</sup>ng<sup>ˆ</sup>e<sup>ˆ</sup>,















## Language support

The standard Tiny Type character set supports over 200 languages using the Latin script. It further supports a vast range of manual combinations of base glyphs and diacritics using the OpenType Mark feature.

Abenaki, Afaan Oromo, Afar, Afrikaans, Ajië, Albanian, Aleut, Anuta, Apache, Aragonese, Aranese, Aromanian, Arvanitic (Latin), Asturias, Aymara, Azeri, Basque, Belarusian (Latin), Bergamasque, Bikol, Bislama, Bosnian, Breton, Cape Verdean Creole, Catalan, Chamorro, Chichewa, Cimbrian, Cofán, Cornish, Corsican, Creek, Crimean Tatar, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dawan, Delaware languages, Dholuo, Drehu, Dutch, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Evenki, Faroese, Fijian, Filipino, Finnish, Folkspraak, French, Frisian, Friulian, Gagauz, Galician, Genoese, German, Gikuyu, Gilbertese, Greenlandic (Legacy and modern), Guadeloupean Creole, Gwich'in, Haitian Creole, Hawai'ian, Hiligaynon, Hopi, Hupa, Icelandic, Ido, Ilocano, Indonesian, Ingrian, Interglossa, Interlingua, Irish Gaelic, Istro-Romanian, Italian, Jamaican, Javanese, Jèrriais, Kala Lagaw Ya, Kapampangan, Kaqchikel, Karakalpak, Karelian, Kashubian, Kazakh (Latin), Kinyarwanda, Kirundi, Kurdish (Kurmanji), Kven, Ladin, Latgalian (Latin), Latin, Latino sine Flexione, Latvian, Ligurian, Lithuanian, Lojban, Lombard, Ludic, Luxembourgish, Makhuwa, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx Gaelic, Maori, Marquesan (Northern and Southern), Marshallese, Meänkieli, Megleno-Romanian, Meriam Mir, Milanese, Mirandese, Mohawk, Moldovan (Latin), Montenegrin, Murrinh-Patha, Nagamese Creole, Nahuatl, Nauruan, Ndebele (Southern and Northern), Neapolitan, Ngiyambaa, Niuean, Norman, Norwegian, Novial, Nyungar, Occidental, Occitan, Old English, Old Icelandic, Oshiwambo, Palauan, Papiamentu, Picard, Piedmontese, Polish, Portuguese, Potawatomi, Q'eqchi', Quechua, Rarotongan, Romance (+ Rhaeto-Romance), Romanian, Romansh, Romany, Rotokas, Sami (Inari, Lule, Northern, Southern, Ume, Pite), Samoan, Samogitian, Sango, Sardinian, Scottish Gaelic, Serbian, Seychellois Creole, Shawnee, Shona, Sicilian, Silesian, Slovak, Slovenian, Slovio, Somali (Latin), Sorbian (Upper and Lower), Sotho (Northern and Southern), Spanish, Sranan, Sundanese (Latin), Swahili, Swazi, Swedish, Tahitian, Tatar (Modern), Tetum, Tḥçḥ (Dogrib), Tok Pisin, Tokelauan, Tongan, Tshiluba, Tsonga, Tswana, Tumbuka, Turkish, Turkmen (Latin), Tuvaluan, Tzotzil, Ugric, Uzbek (Latin), Venetian, Veps, Vietnamese, Vilamovian, Võro/Seto, Wallisian, Walloon, Waray-Waray, Warlpiri, Wayuu, Welsh, Wik-Mungkan, Wiradjuri, Xârâcùù, Xavante, Xhosa, Yapanese, Yiddish romanization, Yindjibarndi, Yup'ik, Zazaki, Zulu and Zuni.

## About the designer

**Robin Mientjes** (1988) is a Dutch type designer, graphic designer and hobby cook. She lives in Oslo, the capital of cold, wet, rainy, beautiful Norway with her spouse and their dog. She runs the Tiny Type Co., for fonts of any size. Her previous releases are Dover Display and Monumental Grotesk.

## Credits

**p. 1:** Ambrose Bierce, *The City of Political Distinction*

**pp. 3, 4, 5:** Ambrose Bierce, *The Critics*

**p. 6:** Ambrose Bierce, *The Rainmaker*

**p. 7:** Brüder Grimm, *Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich*

**p. 8:** Charles Perrault, *La belle au bois dormant*

**p. 9:** Unknown authors, *Tám Cám*

**p. 10:** Unknown authors, *Gísla saga Súrssonar*

**p. 11:** Karel Jaromír Erben, *Kytice*

**p. 12:** *Norsk folkeeventyr*, samlet av Peter Christen Asbjørnsen (1812-1885)

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**p. 13:** Unknown author, *De Geknielde Man*

Available online → [https://www.beleven.org/verhaal/de\\_geknielde\\_man](https://www.beleven.org/verhaal/de_geknielde_man)

## And finally...

Dover Text is a typographic product owned by Robin Mientjes, doing business as the Tiny Type Co. For more information, visit [tinytype.co/type/dover-text](https://tinytype.co/type/dover-text)

Tiny Type is a young, small type foundry based in Oslo, Norway. It was founded in 2016 to produce loud and proud typefaces with idiosyncratic use cases.

For legal, business and other inquiries, mail us at [inquiry@tinytype.co](mailto:inquiry@tinytype.co)