THE CURLYTOPS AT UNCLE FRANK'S RANCH OR LITTLE FOLKS ON PONYBACK

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The Curlytops at Uncle Frank's ranch or Little folks on ponyback by Howard R. Garis

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HOWARD R. GARIS

THE CURLYTOPS AT UNCLE FRANK'S RANCH OR LITTLE FOLKS ON PONYBACK





"YOU'VE GOT TO GROAN AND PRETEND YOU'VE BEEN SHOT."

The Curiytops at Unite Frank's Ranch Page 1

THE CURLYTOPS OUNCLE FRANK'S RANCH

OR

Little Folks on Ponyback

HOWARD R. GARIS

AUTHOR OF "THE CURLYTOPS SERIES," "BEDTIME STORIES," "UNCLE WIGGILY SERIES," ETC.

> Illustrations by JULIA GREENE -

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THE CURLYTOPS SERIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

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THE CURLYTOPS AT CHERRY FARM
Or, Vacation Days in the Country

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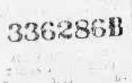
THE CURLYTOPS SNOWED IN
Or, Grand Fun With Skates and Sleds

THE CURLYTOPS AT UNCLE FRANK'S
RANCH
Or, Little Folks on Ponyback

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THE CURLYTOPS AT UNCLE FRANK'S RANCH

CHAPTER I

TROUBLE'S TUMBLE

"SAY, Jan, this isn't any fun!"

"What do you want to play then, Ted?"
Janet Martin looked at her brother, who
was dressed in one of his father's coats and
hats while across his nose was a pair of
spectacles much too large for him. Janet,
wearing one of her mother's skirts, was sitting in a chair holding a doll.

"Well, I'm tired of playing doctor, Jan, and giving your make-believe sick doll bread pills. I want to do something else," and Teddy began taking off the coat, which was so long for him that it dragged on the

ground.

"Oh, I know what we can do that'll be lots of fun!" cried Janet, getting up from the chair so quickly that she forgot about her doll, which fell to the floor with a crash

that might have broken her head.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Janet, as she had often heard her mother call when Baby William tumbled and hurt himself. "Oh, are you hurt?" and Janet clasped the doll in her arms, and hugged it as though it were a real child.

"Is she busted?" Ted demanded, but he did not ask as a real doctor might inquire. In fact, he had stopped playing doctor.

"No, she isn't hurt, I guess," Jan answered, feeling of her doll's head. "I forgot all about her being in my lap. Oh, aren't you going to play any more, Ted?" she asked as she saw her brother toss the big coat on a chair and take off the spectacles.

"No. I want to do something else. This is no fun!"

"Well, let's make-believe you're sick and I can be a Red Cross nurse, like some of those we saw in the drugstore window down the street, making bandages for the soldiers. You could be a soldier, Ted, and I could be the nurse, and I'd make some sugar pills for you, if you don't like the rolled-up bread ones you gave my doll."

Teddy Martin thought this over for a few