

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649138746

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

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

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 Curlytops at Uncle Frank's Ranch *Page 7*

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

BY
HOWARD R. GARIS
AUTHOR OF "THE CURLYTOPS SERIES," "BEDTIME
STORIES," "UNCLE WIGGILY SERIES," ETC.

Illustrations by
JULIA GREENE

NEW YORK
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

c 1915

TS

THE CURLYTOPS SERIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated.

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

THE CURLYTOPS ON STAR ISLAND
Or, Camping Out With Grandpa

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

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

CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY, New York

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

THE CURLYTOPS AT UNCLE FRANK'S RANCH
Printed in U. S. A.

336286B

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	TROUBLE'S TUMBLE	1
II	NICKNACK AND TROUBLE . .	13
III	OFF FOR THE WEST	28
IV	THE COLLISION	40
V	AT RING ROSY RANCH . . .	55
VI	COWBOY FUN	63
VII	BAD NEWS	72
VIII	A QUEER NOISE	87
IX	THE SICK PONY	101
X	A SURPRISED DOCTOR . . .	114
XI	TROUBLE MAKES A LASSO . .	122
XII	THE BUCKING BRONCO . . .	140
XIII	MISSING CATTLE	153
XIV	LOOKING FOR INDIANS . . .	167

C. D. TRANSFER DEC 21 1945

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XV	TROUBLE "HELPS"	175
XVI	ON THE TRAIL	189
XVII	THE CURLYTOPS ALONE	196
XVIII	LOST	209
XIX	THE HIDDEN VALLEY	222
XX	BACK TO RING ROSY	237

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

2 The Curlytops at Uncle Frank's Ranch

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