

WILLIE ROGERS, OR TEMPER IMPROVED

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Willie Rogers, or Temper Improved by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**WILLIE ROGERS, OR
TEMPER IMPROVED**



See page 91.

WILLIE ROGERS,

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TEMPER IMPROVED.

Second Edition.

By Anna Rogers.

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By SAMUEL G. SIMPKINS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

WILLIE ROGERS,

OR

TEMPER IMPROVED.

EVIL FOR EVIL.

‘WHY, Willie! what a face! And what is the matter with that little thumb that you are hugging so closely?’

‘Naughty, naughty old puss!’ cried Willie, in a loud, cross voice—‘you need not hide under the sofa, Mrs. Puss; I shall take my papa’s long whip, and drive you out. You must be put into the dark closet, naughty puss!’

‘Come here, Willie,’ said his mother. ‘Do you see this curious insect on the window?’

‘Oh! mother! it is a wasp. Are you not afraid?’

‘No. If I do not hurt him, he will not hurt

me.' Just then the wasp, in buzzing about, happened to come down on Willie's neck. 'Stand perfectly still, my child,' said his mother, 'and he will not sting you.'

Willie obeyed, but with a very anxious face. Presently the little creature crawled from his neck to his sleeve, and then buzzed away to the window again. Willie's mother opened the window, and brushed him out with her handkerchief.

'How glad he is to be free again,' she said. 'He could not find anything to eat on my Willie's shoulder.'

'He is an ugly thing! I am glad he is gone,' cried Willie. 'Why did you not knock him down, and step on him, mamma? Becky always does.'

'Does Becky do right always?'

'I guess not, indeed! But she says she will not let the wicked wasps come to sting me,—no, she won't! And so she puts her foot on them; but sometimes she takes the tongs, and pinches them, or puts them into the fire.'

'And my kind-hearted little boy does not like to see her do it, I hope.'

‘No, mother; so I don’t. But I thought it was right, because—’

‘Because wasps have stings?’

‘Yes.’

‘But you see they do no harm, if you let them alone.’

‘But I might hurt one without intending to do it.’

‘True. Once I took hold of the window curtain, so; and a little wasp that happened to be on the other side of it, let me know very quickly that he was there, by a sharp prick on my finger. I dropped the curtain, and down fell the wasp at my feet. I did not hurt him. A little vinegar soon made my finger well again.’

‘But, mother! ought you not to have killed him, that he might not sting anybody so again?’

‘If the wasp could speak, what would he say to that?’

‘I don’t know. What would he?’

‘Pretty well, too, Mr. Willie Rogers, if I must be killed lest you should hurt me accidentally.’

‘Well—I wish there were no wasps in the world.’

‘Pretty well, too, Mr. Willie Rogers; I wish there were no Beckies, and no Willie Rogerses.’

‘Very fair, Mr. Wasp!’ cried Willie, laughing, and capering about. ‘Oh, ho! See mother! puss has come out from under the sofa, and is lying down in the sunshine. How comfortable she looks, stretched out on the carpet! Look, mother; my thumb bleeds a little, still, where she scratched me. See that little red bead!’

‘Naughty, cross old puss!’ said his mother, frowning and pouting. Willie looked up in her face with a droll smile.

‘Did I look so, mother? Let me see my face in the cover of your work-box. Oh! I can’t scowl, because I am laughing. I can’t help laughing all the time to think how you looked, making a great lip, so! There—just so, mother!’

‘Did you not think it becoming?’

‘Oh, mother—what a funny woman you are!’

‘But why, Mrs. Puss, should you scratch a kind little boy like my Willie?’

Puss could not answer, so Willie spoke for