The people of the town of New Epsom, or what is approximately the same thing in the records of the census, the owners and employees of the New Epsom Mills, looked upon Mag as crazy. The owners, the superintendent, and the bosses recognized that she was the most diligent and skillful worker they could hire for her pay, and so they employed her; and while the operatives would not acknowledge that a lunatic could do more or better work than they themselves, still, they regarded her as a mild and harmless imbecile, and so did not boycott her.

Therefore she lived.

If either of these states of affairs had been different, she probably could not have survived for any great length of time; for New Epsom was located for the advantage of its water-power alone, possessing no other imaginable attraction, and being so far isolated from civilization that, had Mag been banished from the town by being discharged from the mills, she would probably have died in attempting to reach another resting-place. People had said when the New Epsom Mills were built, that the proprietors of the scheme had a mild form of the disease attributed to Mag, in putting up their buildings in such a disadvantageous place; but public opinion was proved wrong, and these same fathers of New Epsom had flourished financially notwithstanding the cost incumbent upon the transportation of their wares. Mag had been there since the mills had started, twelve years before, coming from nobody could say where, because no one had taken the trouble to find out, and of apparently no particular nationality; for while the face was as typically American (which is certainly a vague type, to say the least) as anything else, her Yankee "yeous" were changed to Irish "yez," and her form of dialect was entirely original with herself.

The town was, of course, an unnatural community, with its absence of forms, its sameness of occupation, its confusion of nationalities, and its many men and few women; but it prospered after a way, because the mills did, and Mag prospered with it in her way. She could hardly be said to have been in demand, as were all the other women in the place, for during her twelve years' sojourn she had received nothing but jeers from the entire population, with perhaps an occasional nod or grunt from some kinder-hearted inhabitant. The men, evidently, did not think her of sufficient beauty of figure or face to recompense the homeliness of her mind. Her sunken cheeks and eyes, prominent cheek bones, tall, scrawny figure, and generally unkempt appearance were certainly not attractive, and so the commoner mill hands called her "Crazy Mag," the more elegant, "Insanity Mag," and