

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

Oh! the farm was bright, Thanksgiving morn,
With its stacks of hay and shocks of corn,
Its pumpkin heaps in the rambling shed,
And its apples brown and green and red,
And in its cellar its winter store
In bins that were filled and running o'er
With all the things that a farm could keep,
In barrel and bin and goodly heap,
Hung to the rafters and hid away—
Oh! the farm was a goodly sight that day!

And here and there were the Jersey stock,
The sheep and horses—old Prince and Jack—
The turkeys and geese and awkward calf,
And the goat that made the children laugh,
A pair of mules that a friend had sent out
To the farm on experiment,
Pigeons and fowls and a guinea-pig,
Dogs that were small and dogs that were big,
Chickens that were white and black and gray—
Oh! the farm was a pleasant place to stay!

Out back of the house the orchard stood,
Then came the brook and the chestnut wood,
The sawmill where the children play,
The fodder barn with its piles of hay,
The walnut grove and the cranberry bog,
The woodchuck hole and the barking dog,
The watergreen and the robber's cave
(Wherein who entered was counted brave).

The skating pond with its fringe of bay,
Oh! the farm was a pleasant sight that day!
The big home-barn was a place of joy
For the romping girl and the climbing boy,
With beams and mows and ladders to mount,
Horses and oxen and sheep to count;
Hunting of nests of sly old hens,
Tunneling hay and fashioning dens,
Shutting windows and locking the doors,
Letting some work come in with the play—
Oh! the farm was a jolly place to stay!

Oh! the pantry shelves were loaded down
With cakes that were plump and rich and brown,
With apple pies and pumpkin and mince,
And jellies and jams and preserved fruit,
Cranberry sauce and puddings and rice,
The dessert dishes that look so nice,
Yeast cakes, breads and buns so sweet,
A great brown turkey and plates of meat,
Sauces fixed in the daintiest way—
Oh! 'twas a glorious sight that day!

Oh, the farm was bright Thanksgiving morn,
The sun shone clear on the hay and corn,
The guests came early with laugh and shout,
And the boys and girls scattered about,
Seeking the pets they had known before,
Climbing through window instead of door,
Racing from barn to corn-crib or mill,
Shouting and laughing with glee, until
The dinner horn sounded. Oh, I say
'Twas pleasant upon the farm that day!

Uncle Isaac's Matchmaking

"Well, I declare!" said Aunt Nancy Winters, "I never did see a turkey fat up nicer'n that one! I tell you, Pa, it's too good for just you an' me to sit down to. Hadn't we ought to invite somebody to help eat Thanksgiving dinner?" Aunt Nancy paused in her task of stripping the feathers from the turkey in question, and beamed placidly upon Uncle Isaac through her gold-bowed specs.

Uncle Isaac Winters rubbed his hands together gleefully, and a genial smile overspread his face. "Just like you, Nancy, to think about somebody sharin' your blessin's. To be sure, to be sure, have somebody in to help dispose of that feller. Who'll you invite?"

"Well," said Aunt Nancy, reflectively, "I've a notion to ask Marietta; Peabody, poor, lonesome old maid! I don't know as there's a soul in the village that would enjoy a nice piece of breast meat an' sage stuffin' an' Hubbard squash an' ma-hed potatoes an' gravy an' mince pie an' pumpkin pie better'n she would. I do believe she lives pretty slim sometimes."

Aunt Nancy sighed a motherly sigh, and looked thoughtfully at the big turkey lying across her lap. "Pears to me Marietta due a foolish thing when she give Silas Plummer the mitten the way she did years ago. I wish she was married an' settled down in a home of her own. Silas would be a good provider an' Marietta she's a neat housekeeper—neat as wax—an' seems to me they could be real happy together."

Uncle Isaac sat down on the edge of the wood box and looked at Aunt Nancy's kind old face. "S'pose we try an' make a match betwixt 'em," he suggested. "It's high time that old spot of their'n was cleared up. Let's see—it's as much as ten year, ain't it, since they quit speakin' to each other? I say let's ask 'em both to dinner to-morrow an' see how it'll turn out."

Aunt Nancy stared at him in amazement. "Isaac Winters," she said, "be you clean gone crazy? Why, the very idee! A pretty Thanksgiving it would be, wouldn't it, with them two glarin' at each other an' never sayin' a word! My! my! you don't know Marietta Peabody, I guess, or Silas Plummer either, if you think you could pacify 'em at this late day."

"Well," said Uncle Isaac, meekly, "you know best, Nancy! you always know best. I thought mebbe it would work all right, but that's all a fool man knows about such things. Think I'd best hitch up an' drive down to invite Marietta? Jest as soon as you want I should."

"Well," said Aunt Nancy, "that's real good of Marietta. There'll be quite a lot of work fixin' the vegetables an' such, an' I guess she can help me quite a little. I'm real glad she's comin', poor son!"

The next morning when Uncle Isaac, in his Sunday clothes, came into the kitchen and lifted his chin high so Aunt Nancy could adjust his collar button and necktie, the dear old lady said: "If I was you, Pa, I'd look all over the meetin'-house an' pick out the lonesomest-lookin' person there—anybody you think ain't invited nowhere to Thanksgiving dinner—an' ask 'em to come along home with you."

"Anybody," asked Uncle Isaac. "Did you say anybody, Nancy?"

Aunt Nancy started swiftly toward the oven door. "Land sakes! I believe that turkey's boilin' dry," she said, as she opened the oven door with a clang and poured hot water into the sizzling roasting-pan. Her rosy face peered into the big, savory-smelling oven.

"Yes," she said, "ask anybody you think looks lonesome."

Uncle Isaac drove off to meeting with a merry jingling of sleigh bells. He chuckled to himself as he drove along. "I shouldn't wonder if Silas Plummer would be lookin' kind of lonesome to-day," he said. "Great gobs! Who'd ever think I'd take to matchmakin' at my time of life?"

When the Thanksgiving sermon had been preached and the last hymn sung, the congregation moved toward the doors. Silas Plummer buttoned his overcoat and prepared to go his lonely way. But Uncle Isaac, unhitching the old white horse, called to him.

"Hold on, Silas," he said, "don't you want to ride along with me? An' say, by the way, Nancy said she'd like first to have you eat Thanksgiving dinner with us."

Silas Plummer hesitated—and was lost. "Much obliged, Uncle Isaac," he said; "you an' Aunt Nancy are very kind, but I was calculatin' on goin' to the restaurant for my dinner."

"Restaurant nothin'!" cried Uncle Isaac, jovially. "Come, pile in here an' we'll be goin'. Nancy'll be jest tickled to death!"

But privately Uncle Isaac wasn't so sure of that. "Merciful Moses!" he thought, "mebbe I've gone an' put my foot in it. But we'll wait an' see how it turns out. If by Nancy scolds, I'll tell her the poor fellow looked lonesome, an' sure enough he did."

The cutter stopped at the side door with a jingle of bells. Aunt Nancy came to the window and looked out. "Of all things!" she said to herself, "what in the world possessed Pa to go an' do that! My land! what shall I do? Here's Marietta an' there's Silas, an' they won't speak—I know they won't!"

Marietta was in the kitchen chopping cabbage, and did not see the newcomer, who was ushered into the sitting room by Aunt Nancy, whose hospitable soul was filled with conflicting emotions. She resolved upon a desperate move. "Marietta," she said when she returned to the kitchen, "I guess that cabbage is chopped fine enough now. Won't you jest step

into the settin'-room an' put some wood in the stove."

Marietta stopped chopping cabbage and filled her arms with wood from the wood box. She looked very nice in her best black dress and lace-trimmed apron. The warm lichen had given a flush to her cheeks and the pink ribbon at her throat was very becoming.

She went through the dining-room and into the sitting-room. Aunt Nancy, listening intently in the kitchen, heard the sudden dropping of the armful of wood. "My sakes alive!" she said, "whatever shall I do. They'll both get mad, an' go home most likely. Dear, dear, what did Pa go an' ask him for?"

In the sitting-room the wood lay on the rag carpet at Marietta's feet. She stooped to pick it up, but Silas was already gathering the sticks together. In some awkward way their hands touched, and they looked at each other.

"Marietta," he said, "can't we overlook the past? Can't we be friends again?" His earnest dark eyes were looking into hers with the old look. Marietta held out her hands, and he caught them in his. The next moment his arm was around her and she was crying softly upon his shoulder.

He was smiling at her in the old way which used to be so pleasant to her until that misunderstanding came between them. He took her hand and led her into the sunny kitchen where Aunt Nancy was about to take Uncle Isaac to task.

The good old people started in astonishment as Marietta and Silas entered hand in hand. The lovers looked ten years younger.

"Aunt Nancy," said Silas Plummer, "you an' Uncle Isaac have made a real Thanksgiving for me."

"An' me too!" chimed in Marietta, with blushing cheeks. "Oh, Aunt Nancy, we've made it up an' we're as good friends as ever!"

She looked proudly up at the tall figure at her side. Love was in her eyes—love and pride. And in the face of Silas Plummer was a look of happiness which had long been a stranger there.

The dinner was a great success. The big turkey was roasted to a delicious brown, the cranberry sauce was rich crimson, the mashed potatoes white as snowdrifts, and the Hubbard squash a golden yellow. The mince pie was Aunt Nancy's best, and the coffee was of her famous brewing. It was a glorious dinner, and Uncle Isaac said so after the guests were gone.

"But land, Nancy! I believe them two wouldn't have known the difference if it had been plain salt pork an' Johnny-cake. My! my! to think what a good matchmaker I am. It's just amazin', ain't it?"

And Aunt Nancy smiled serenely and said it was.

A Give-Away.
Luschman—"My wife wanted to know all about what I had been doing when I got home last night."
Kludman—"Why didn't you put her off?"
Luschman—"I did, but my condition put her on."

Aunty Not in Leading Role.
Denman Thompson is beloved by the young members of his company, especially the little tots that figure in the scenes of "The Old Homestead."
During a recent New York engagement he wanted to compliment a little fairy on her work and said:
"You've done so well I'd like to give you a big kiss."
"Oh, Mister Thompson," answered the fairy, horrified, "you mustn't, really, Aunty doesn't believe in kissing."

"Never mind, dear," replied Mr. Thompson, "I'm not kissing Aunty."
And the little fairy got the smack.—New York Times.

Telegraph Across Sahara.
The French government has decided to erect an electric telegraph line across the Great Sahara, from South Algeria to the west coast. It is to be laid from In-Salah, via Tidikelt and Tagnout, to Timbuctoo, a distance of about 620 miles. The work is to be completed in about twelve months.—London Engineer.

DO MEN KNOW WOMEN?

To What Extent the Sexes Are Able to Understand One Another.
Edward Bennett has some witty reflections in his "The Passing Hour" notes in the English Illustrated Magazine. He says:

"Solomon, the wisest of men," declared woman to be an enigma. He appears to have studied the sex in batches and to have struck an average. He had scarcely time to study the individual. "But many an honest Darby who possessed a heart as understood more than one Joan. If it is possible to lay down a general principle in such a matter, I should say that where men have failed to understand women it was owing to want of heart, and that where women have not understood men it was due to want of intelligence."

As a matter of fact, it is only in rare moments of self-abasement and devotion to another that anybody cares to admit he or she is understood. "You don't understand me one little bit" is often the last despairing cry of a woman's injured pride to the man who is revealing to her the fact that he knows everything, even that this cry is a patent insincerity.

The man who laments that a woman cannot see how strong is his devotion, that she perverts and twists all his assurances into something quite foreign to their original meaning, will admit some day that she understood him only too well, that his was a nature which required opposition to stir it into activity, and what was mistaken in the business was that he himself was so easily comprehended.

When a man says that the motives of a certain woman are unintelligible to him the explanation often is that she has wounded his pride by showing too plainly that she understands him and acts accordingly. "In other words, her intelligence prompts her to act differently from what is expected of the average woman in similar circumstances, and this exhibition of intelligence is labeled by the man as incomprehensible. It is his nasty pride which is at fault all the time. And this applies just as much in the case of a woman as in that of a man. Men and women have been deliberately throwing dust in one another's eyes for centuries, and the wonderful thing is that they understand each other so well."

BROUGHT JAY GOULD TO TIME.

Woman Made Financier Pay for Her "Watermillions."

While Jay Gould was superintending the building of the old Rutland and Washington railroad, between Rutland, Vt., and Eagle Bridge, N. Y., in the late summer of 1852, it became necessary to cross a large farm in the town of Castleton, belonging to Mrs. Ann Dineen, so a strip of her property was obtained. A fine patch of water-melons on the place was too strong a temptation for the one hundred or more men in the construction gang, and in a day or two the patch was melonless.

Mrs. Dineen complained to Gould, but he disclaimed any responsibility for the acts of the workmen and refused to recompense her for her loss. A day or two later Mr. Gould and one or two of his engineers were obtaining relief from the effects of the hot weather by taking a swim in the Castleton river, when suddenly Mrs. Dineen appeared on the bank. Gathering up all the clothes of the bathers, the woman made a motion as though to throw them into the water and shouted:

"Will yez pay me for thim water-millions now, Mr. Gould?"

The promoter's trousers contained a tinny piece worth a large sum and other valuables which immersion would not have benefited, so he agreed to settle for the stolen fruit if she would go to his office the next day. The promise was satisfactory, and Mrs. Dineen retreated in triumph.

"English" in England.
"Phonetic laziness" in the matter of place names is notorious in the north of England, writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle. Lancashire has a curfew of dealing with troublesome names. "After all," writes a correspondent, "there is an excuse for saying 'Oost' instead of Ulverstone in these days of stress and haste, and life is too short to say 'Little Urswick' when you can make yourself understood more easily by 'Lloosk'."

In Cumberland one once asked the way to Aspria. The native did not understand for some time, when it suddenly dawned upon him that I meant "Spethry." Difficulties of pronunciation, however, present themselves to the Londoner much nearer home than Cumberland. In Essex, for instance, I once asked a laborer if he could give me some rough idea as to how far St. Oysth was from any known outpost of civilization. He was a most intelligent fellow, for he scratched his head only four minutes when he exclaimed: "Oh, you mean Toosy!" I supposed I did.—New York Tribune.

Apple Trees in Full Bloom.
NEBRASKA CITY—The apple trees in a number of orchards near this city are in full bloom. Most of the trees here yielded a large crop of apples this season. Lilac bushes are leafing out for the second time this year.

Arta Cattle Company.
LINCOLN—The articles of incorporation of the Arta Cattle company of Box Butte county have been amended. By the amendment the capital stock of the company is increased to \$115,000.

Recovers Stolen Horse.
NEBRASKA CITY—Sheriff Charles E. Shrader recovered the horse and buggy belonging to John Willman that was stolen from this city a week ago. The rig was located at the farm of John Groff, near Weeping Water, where the thief had left it the morning following the theft.

Corn Husking Begins.
EDGAR—The weather has been so fine and dry for the past two weeks that corn is about ready to crib. The crop is going to be of excellent quality.

NEWS IN NEBRASKA

THE STATE AT LARGE.

The republican majority in the legislature, it is said, will be 110.
Mrs. B. C. Marshall, a prominent woman of Arlington, died last week.
Theodore Johnson, a 19-year-old boy of Lincoln, is under arrest for forgery.

The Northwestern running through northern Nebraska, will extend its line to Casper, Wyoming.
Plans are being perfected for an immense grain elevator at Omaha. Its capacity will be 100,000 bushels.

Peter Kruger Nelson, a well known resident of Blair township, fell into a ditch near the town hall and suffered a compound fracture of the knee. The ditch was seven feet deep and the injury is serious.
Webster Sutherland, who was buried in Schuyler last week, was killed in Oklahoma. In a difficulty that he was trying to pacify he was shot, whether accidentally or otherwise is not known.

L. D. Stillman, the York county farmers' institute lecturer, has concluded his work at St. Louis World's fair, where he had charge of the Nebraska dairy exhibit, which was inspected and highly commended.
The state dental board met and issued certificates to the following: Joseph H. Moreau, Gage county; C. G. Manlove, Douglas county; Joseph W. Belser, Cass county; Shelby A. Seal, Hutchinson county, Kansas; W. J. Galbraith, Suffolk county, Virginia; J. E. Hawthorne, Dawson county; J. E. Buckley, Douglas; J. A. Mamphrey, Fillmore county.

A merry fight has been waged in Holt county for sometime on a proposition to divide Holt county on a line directly in the center, running north and south, and to name the west half Meadow county, and then to cut off twenty-four miles square in the southeast corner, to be named Elkhorn county. The voters at the recent election decided against the proposition.

Frank Todd, one of the men confined in the county jail at Nebraska City, on a charge of attempting to rob the bank at Palmyra, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. He has been confined in the steel cell and broke a heavy chair that was in his cell and with the pieces managed to break open a small door in the main cell door. When discovered he was working on the cell door lock.

Suit for damages amounting to \$5,000 has been filed against the city of Lincoln by Margaret E. Stewart. Last September she fell over some skids, which were obstructing the sidewalk near Nineteenth and O streets, one night and broke her arm at the elbow. She claims that the skids were placed there by the agents of the city of Lincoln and were negligently allowed to remain.

The Burlington railroad is still opposed to the workings of the new revenue law as interpreted by the taxing authorities of York county. Tax Commissioner Pollard of the Burlington tendered a payment of the road's taxes to the treasurer of York county, a sum that he thought was about right, but which did not amount to what had been assessed against the road. The treasurer refused to accept the tender and it is supposed a suit will be started.

The Burlington & Missouri railroad, by its representative, called upon the county treasurer of Butler county for the purpose of tendering to him the amount of its taxes less \$2,581.57, which the railroad company refused to pay on account of alleged excessive valuation of its property in that county. The company made a tender of the money to the treasurer of the amount it was willing to pay, with the assurance that if this amount is not accepted the matter will be taken to the supreme court.

At a business meeting of the members of the Tecumseh Baptist church a call to the pastorate was extended to Rev. F. M. Studevant of Ashland, Neb. It is believed he will accept. The church has been without a pastor for several weeks.

A rate of \$15 has been established by the Burlington from Missouri river points to Denver for the Epworth League convention on July 19. A rate of \$10.75 has been made for the G. A. R. convention which occurs at the same place in September.

Some time since the land owners along the Nemaha river in Otoe county filed a petition with the county commissioners, asking that they create a drainage ditch along that stream so as to prevent its overflow on their lands every year. Shortly afterward a protest was filed against granting the prayer of the petitioners. The matter was taken up by the commissioners and they decided that they would not grant the request. The petitioners threatened to go into court and mandamus the board and compel it to create the ditch and issue bonds for the work.

The postoffice at Benson, Douglas county, was looted a few days ago of \$75. The money was taken during the temporary absence of the postmaster, and a young man who had been frequently seen about the establishment is supposed to be the guilty party.

The rate into Omaha from all points of Nebraska for the state teachers' association has been fixed by the Burlington at on fare plus 50 cents and will be effective December 26 to 28. For points outside the 100-mile limit the tickets will be good until January 2, 1905.

A carrier pigeon belonging to Moffitt & Co., of Fremont, which was purchased by them from a gentleman in Blair, escaped from his coop and went back to Blair.

A Red Cloud dispatch says: Ex-Governor Garber pleased republicans, democrats and populists by coming to the polls and voting. Of course, it is assumed that the old governor voted the republican ticket straight, but populists and democrats alike with republicans were glad to greet the old governor as a fellow citizen and fellow voter again.

FREE RIDE FOR SAVING A TRAIN

Trainmen Also Contribute Small Sum in Cash to Tramp Hero.

HASTINGS—Charitably disposed persons in Hastings raised a small collection for a man who, according to history, had saved the fast Chicago-Denver passenger train on the Burlington from a bad wreck and had been rewarded by the railroad company with a free ride for a few miles. The man was in destitute circumstances and was on his way from Sutton to Grand Island, where he hoped to enter a charitable institution. As he was walking along the Burlington tracks two miles east of Saronville he saw a broken rail. The fast Chicago-Denver passenger was overdue and the man conjectured that should the train run over the broken rail a wreck would be probable. He retraced his steps eastward and flagged and halted the train a few rods from the defective rail. Section men were sent for, who repaired the breach and the train proceeded. He was taken aboard and brought to this city and provided with transportation to Grand Island. He showed the transportation to many people here in confirmation of his story and was proud in protesting that a collection taken aboard the train had amounted to only \$1.50 given by the trainmen. Some believed his tale and another collection was taken here which netted him \$15.40 and sent him on his way rejoicing.

INDIAN LAND TROUBLE.

Various Rulings Made and Law Suit Likely.
HUMBOLDT—Once more the long tract of Indian land near Preston has sprung into prominence and a second effort is to be made to land it. This is the piece upon which Dr. Wells recently filed homestead papers, claiming that it had never been taken up and was open for settlement. Later it will be remembered an Indian agent came up from Kansas and informed the parties interested that the land belonged to the Indians and was not to be considered a part of the reservation thrown open to homesteaders many years ago. As the strip contained about twenty acres, the market value of which was nearly \$100 per acre, the doctor released his claim reluctantly and now it is understood other parties have information direct from the department of the interior to the effect that the ruling of the Indian agent is wrong, that the land belongs to the government and is open to homestead entry, although why it has been overlooked all these years remains something of a mystery.

James Powell, another resident of Falls City, at once filed on the piece and announces his intention of moving upon it and holding it despite the claims of the agent.

POK County Farm Sells Well.
OSCEOLA—Colonel Henry C. Hughes, who came into this county quite a number of years ago and settled down in the sand hills of Platte valley and whose land had been assessed at about \$2.50 an acre before the new revenue law went into operation, has just sold his quarter-section and received for it the nice little sum of \$10,000.

Capture Alleged Forger.
BEATRICE—Peter Kuhn, wanted here on a charge of forgery, was arrested at Kansas City. Sheriff Trude left for that place after his man. Kuhn came to Beatrice recently from Denver and after passing a number of forged checks on the business men of Beatrice he disappeared. The officers have been hot on his trail ever since his departure.

More Land for Homesteaders.
NORTH PLATTE—All the land in the tract which was withdrawn from entry within the jurisdiction of the North Platte United States land office, except a narrow strip along the North Platte river, has been thrown open to entry under the Kinkaid act providing for one section homesteads. The date fixed for this land to be thrown open is Feb. 14, 1905. This tract was originally withdrawn under the clause in the Kinkaid act which provides for the withdrawal from entry of lands which are irrigable.

Fremont Cadets Are Recognized.
FREMONT—The school board recognized the newly organized cadet corps by allowing a credit for two years' service in the company. Inasmuch as a previous board practically turned them down this action pleases the boys. The question of department as affecting the general standing of the scholars was discussed at some length and Superintendent Gardner was instructed to see that credits for scholarship standing were not reduced by bad department.

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THE VOTE IN NEBRASKA.

| | Mickey | Berge | Mickey | and Thompson |
|-----------|--------|--------|--------|--------------|
| Adams | 1,871 | 1,852 | 1,648 | 1,623 |
| Antelope | 1,477 | 1,102 | 1,179 | 1,908 |
| Barnes | 80 | 72 | 91 | 139 |
| Blaine | 107 | 71 | 75 | 62 |
| Boone | 1,435 | 1,374 | 1,234 | 1,127 |
| Box Butte | 1,267 | 894 | 425 | 399 |
| Boyd | 927 | 794 | 1,402 | 858 |
| Burt | 1,794 | 972 | 1,402 | 858 |
| Butler | 1,376 | 1,796 | 1,572 | 1,698 |
| Cass | 2,208 | 1,094 | 2,122 | 1,793 |
| Cedar | 1,007 | 1,438 | 1,212 | 1,229 |
| Chadron | 297 | 210 | 272 | 235 |
| Cheyenne | 1,684 | 1,751 | 1,602 | 1,371 |
| Clatsop | 328 | 1,286 | 1,316 | 668 |
| Colfax | 1,554 | 1,582 | 1,111 | 1,498 |
| Cuming | 2,019 | 1,879 | 1,897 | 1,665 |
| Custer | 822 | 736 | 816 | 721 |
| Dakota | 784 | 945 | 843 | 572 |
| Dawes | 682 | 454 | 649 | 410 |
| Dawson | 1,412 | 1,178 | 1,067 | 1,076 |
| DeWitt | 1,314 | 909 | 1,633 | 894 |
| Dodge | 2,219 | 1,909 | 1,928 | 1,990 |
| Douglas | 10,629 | 12,649 | 9,165 | 11,512 |
| Fillmore | 1,691 | 1,746 | 1,644 | 1,573 |
| Franklin | 1,063 | 1,148 | 1,121 | 981 |
| Furnas | 1,211 | 1,148 | 1,121 | 981 |
| Gage | 3,742 | 2,996 | 3,202 | 2,966 |
| Garfield | 454 | 477 | 335 | 490 |
| Grant | 500 | 849 | 418 | 728 |
| Grant | 500 | 849 | 418 | 728 |
| Hamilton | 1,583 | 1,536 | 1,314 | 1,311 |
| Hayes | 294 | 194 | 296 | 214 |
| Jefferson | 1,023 | 1,128 | 1,128 | 1,023 |
| Johnson | 1,948 | 1,121 | 1,524 | 1,156 |
| Kimberly | 1,419 | 1,009 | 1,129 | 889 |
| Keith | 2,208 | 1,438 | 1,212 | 1,229 |
| Kearney | 1,075 | 966 | 911 | 842 |
| Keith | 1,419 | 1,009 | 1,129 | 889 |
| Lancaster | 1,128 | 1,128 | 1,128 | 1,128 |
| Lincoln | 550 | 76 | 169 | 71 |
| Logan | 80 | 76 | 82 | 71</ |