

Using bribes and threats in Kingsley, Jane and her men had determined that Grison and Charlie had hopped the train to Yankton. They'd actually been lucky enough to catch the very next train and were only half a day behind them by rail. At the water stop roadhouse, the same water stop roadhouse where Grison and Charlie had met Brandle, they received the news.

A small, mole of a man man from the train company had come into the dining hall and asked for attention. "Folks, make sure you stock up on food here. We're aren't going to stop until Yankton after this. There was a robbery last night on the train ahead of us, so we need to make it through the territory fast." A murmur went through the crowd as people wondered what exactly had happened.

Jane threw down her napkin and stood from the table following the railroad man out the door of the roadhouse dining hall.

"S'cuse me." She called after him. "Sir!"

The man stopped and turned.

"Yes ma'am?" the train man asked as Jane strolled right up to him and got in his face.

"Tell me more about this robbery." She ordered.

"Ma'am, that is railroad business and as such I cannot—"

Jane cut him off by holding a silver badge up, inches from his nose. "I'm a Pinkerton. Tell me about the robbery."

"Ah, yes, sorry, ma'am. I'm afraid I don't know much other than what the telegram said." The railroad man sputtered. "As far as I've heard a group of bandits stopped the train and stole a chest of gold bound for the bank in Yankton."

"That it? I want ALL the details."

The man fidgeted with his pocketwatch, "Ah, well, apparently two men, uh, passengers, had a confrontation with the bandits but most of them escaped. One of the bandits was apprehended after he was bitten by a snake that paralyzed him."

"Doris." Jane whispered.

"What's that?" the railroad man asked.

“Nothing. Continue.” Jane barked.

“Well that’s it. Excepting that the two men who’d had tried to stop the robbery took horses and went after them.”

Jane raised an eyebrow in question, “To get the gold back?”

“Ah, no actually. Apparently the bandits had made off with an item of theirs as well. An item that belonged to the two passengers” The railroad man replied. “So they went after to retrieve it. The train then continued on to Yankton.”

“You in touch by telegram to your office?”

“Yes ma’am. Of course.”

“Tell them you want the approximate coordinates of where the robbery happened. Tell them that this train is going to stop there too.”

“But ma’am, I—”

“Me and my men will get off there and we’ll need our horses from the livestock car. We’re going after them.”

“Well, ma’am, we’re supposed to get to Yankton by—”

Jane putted out a bank note from her pocket. “Here’s one hundred dollars. Make it happen.”

The railroad man looked at the money. He quickly grabbed it from her hand, “Right away ma’am.” Then he turned and ran to the train office.

Jane watched him go, then turned back towards the dining hall. Her mouth a solid straight line of frustration. Grisom had slipped away too many times. She wanted to get within firing range.