

DEATH OF LOUIS DUPUY,  
MAN OF MYSTERY.

Louis Dupuy, proprietor of the Hotel de Paris, died suddenly Sunday morning of pneumonia, after an illness of several weeks' duration. It was believed he was recovering when a relapse set in.

By his death a part of the secret of his life was revealed and the public became acquainted with his true name—Adolphus Francis Gerard. He revealed this much to some of his intimate friends several years ago, but they were pledged to secrecy.

In 1867 he enlisted in the United States Infantry, but after ten months' service deserted, changing his name. Why, he never told, but there have been many stories.

He came from an old French family, and received an inheritance of about \$50,000, which he spent in a few years of fast life. His only living relative is a half sister, whose home is supposed to be in France. His whole estate, which consists of the Hotel de Paris, a ranch in Middle Park, and some mining property, is left to "Auntie" Sophie Galet, the old lady who has been his principal help in the Hotel de Paris for twenty-two years.

A recent sketch of Dupuy gives his peculiarities and history as follows:

Should M. Dupuy depart Georgetown would lose a portion of its individuality, a character who has spread abroad the fame of the picturesque community at the head of Clear Creek canon, until Georgetown and the Hotel de Paris are words with meaning wherever dwells a tourist who has ever "done" the Rocky mountains.

For Louis Dupuy, eccentric and yet brimming over with kindness, the gentleman, the student, the philosopher and the cook-sans par, has brought a bit of France and its refinements into the granite slopes and rugged passes of Colorado. More than that, the man himself, is a mystery that is deeper than the secrets of the canon in which he has elected to spend his life. He receives you at the porte cochere of the Hotel de Paris. You can tell it a long way off in the shadow of the afternoon, for the sun sets behind a purple barrier in the brief day of the hills while it is still flooding the plains with golden radiance. And when afterward you think of it, it seems peculiarly appropriate that the last glow should make dazzling the heroic figure of Justice on the eopola of the hotel, the highest point in all Georgetown; "Fiat Justitia ruat coelum," a motto that has a peculiar meaning for Louis Dupuy.

The time to see Dupuy is when, seated at the table, you watch him cooking your order on a pure white porcelain stove or range. He is the chef with ruddy face and snowy linen cap and apron. Under his experienced fingers the chops or steak are broiled to that degree when they will melt in the mouth. His coffee—but that deserves a separate encomium. That coffee from Dupuy's porcelain stove is another nectar. The tannin is missing, for there is none of it,—it is as pure as the snows that cap the neighboring peaks and when the lump of sugar saturated with cognac is suspended in tongs above the brown liquid and the blue flame sputters, leaps and gurgles into the cup, the finishing touch to an epicure's meal draws the comfortable feeling of satisfied appetite without criticism, to the host who so admirably fills every want.

You must conform to the rule of the Hotel de Paris, and if you are accustomed to a course dinner with vegetables and many entrees, and pie for desert, you will be disappointed. An omelette for breakfast, game or chops; salads that should be served in continental cafes instead of in the Rocky mountains, a hot bird and a cold bottle for luncheon; a steak, venison or fish, with one or two side dishes, punch, soup and wonderful coffee for dinner, with the thick, appetizing loaf of french bread, the immaculate linen, fine china, Limoges, if you please, glittering silverware and those wide swinging glass doors permitting glimpses of Dupuy and the porcelain range, constitute the meals at the lion-guarded hostelry.

And the hotel itself is in keeping. There is nothing coarse, everything is the refinement of eating and living. A master's hand has contrived it, for your host himself has been responsible for the building and its furnishing. "Oh," said one of Dupuy's countrymen once, "I would have slave girls and music at dessert; with my wines I would have the ceiling to open and orange blossoms and roses to fall upon the table!"

"I," said Louis Dupuy, recently, "make one smell the roses and imagine the slave girls by my wine."

For this wonderful man has the best and most generously stocked wine cellar in the West. His liquors, his wines and cordials all come from France and Italy. He has casks of vintages that are almost priceless.

Louis Dupuy is not only at home over the porcelain stove, but is the host in his library, and there are few to equal it in this part of the country. His is not a vain pretense of knowledge, for the man is a philosopher, deeply read and original in his own theories and conclusions. His book shelves line the walls; buffalo, bear and deer skins cover the polished floors. Marble busts and statuettes of his favorite authors gleam from the background of rich bindings and handsome pictures, engravings and oils. His erudition is surprising. Montaigne de Montesquieu, Kant, Schopenhauer, Voltaire—Dupuy has mastered them. Philosophy is his special delight and nothing so wins his interest and affection to his guests as an interest and an ability to discuss philosophical subjects. He is known to hang on to such an one as for dear life. He would even follow him to his room and discuss that subject with his opposite, himself sitting on the side of the bed. He kept up with the latest writers in America and Europe, and especially Europe. And in the classics he is at home. Plato, Aristotle, the literature of "violet crowned Athens," Horace, Virgil, Cicero and those who made Rome great, are Dupuy's by heart.

And with all his learning the owner of the Hotel de Paris is a misogynist. He never employs many servants, and, in fact, only one, a Frenchwoman, whom everybody calls "Auntie." She waits on the table and makes the beds.

Yet any woman who was his guest, found from her polite host flowers in her room and on her table.

Not much is known of Louis Dupuy's past; it is said that is not his name, but it is not doubted he came from an excellent family. He was born October 12, in Alencon, that small triangular quarter of France whose soil is soaked in blood, and which has created so much English history. Louis is descended, he has admitted, from a long line of military heroes, who gained much prominence during the revolution, and it was only out of respect for the earnest wishes of his mother that he, too, did not follow a military career. He received his early education at the seminary in Senax, a small town noted as being the birthplace of Charlotte Corday (of whom he has always been an ardent admirer) and later in Paris.

Being strong in body, restless in soul, wild in spirits and of a roving disposition, at the age of 16 he ran away from home and went to sea. Shortly afterward his mother died, leaving him a large fortune.

A Georgetown friend who has partaken of many a glass of Chianti with him, says:

"Of a generous disposition, and being possessed of that prodigality for which youth is noted, Dupuy soon squandered his money. But he was glad when it was gone, for he at once felt himself lifted to a higher sphere, where he would have to earn his own living. Independence has always been one of his chief characteristics.

"In 1868 he arrived in America, and being thoroughly familiar with the English language, began to earn a livelihood by translating articles for the magazines from French into English. This, however, was too quiet to suit him, and being imbued with the spirit of adventure he joined the United States cavalry. After serving ten months he deserted and went to Cheyenne, coming to Denver in 1867. Why he deserted has always been a mystery, and Dupuy has scarcely ever reverted to it."

Early in the '70s Louis Dupuy moved to Georgetown. In 1874 while employed in mining on the celebrated Pelican and Dives mines, he was nearly torn to pieces by a delayed shot. The physicians attending him considered the case hopeless, but his physique and vitality triumphed. Shortly after his recovery he planned and built the Hotel de Paris. When not engaged in waiting on his guests he was building the hostelry. During all this time his artistic and literary tastes were catered to. His hotel soon acquired the reputation of being one of the best in Colorado. He had learned the business of cooking in Paris, and had taken his lessons so well that Frenchmen visiting Colorado declare they have been surprised. He is as good as anything going in the gay French capital" has often been said.