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 he left the table, and then he died.

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 1887 he settled in the United States, having been of service in the Middle East, and some missing property, is left to "Annis," Sophie Gail, the old lady who has been his principal host in the "Paris Hotel for twenty-two years.

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

Should M. Dupuy depart, a 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, near the Hotel de Paris. There are words with meaning when uttered by a person who has over "lome" the Rocky mountains.

For Louis Dupuy, eccentric and reticent, he turned over with kindness, the gentleman, the student, the philosopher, and the cook and maids, has brought a bit of France and its refinement into the gravel steps and rugged paths of Colorado. More than this, the man himself, is a mystery that is deeper than the secrets of the canons in which he has elected to spend his life. He resides at the portico of the Hotel de Paris. You can tell it is a long way off in the shadow of the aftermoon, for the sun sets behind a purple barrier in the daily of the hills. It is still flooding the plain with golden radiance. And when afterward you think of it, it seems peculiarly appropriate that the last glow should mask the mystery, wrapped in the aura of Josquin on the chapel of the hotel, the highest point in all Georgetown.

"Pist Justice rust ceulum," a motto that has a peculiar meaning for Louis Dupuy.

And with all his learning the owner of the Hotel de Paris is a mystic. He never employs many servants, and in fact, only one, a Frenchwoman, chief of red dress and snowy linen cap and apron. Under his experienced fingers the coffee or steak is broiled to that degree when they will well in the mouth. His coffee—but that deserves a separate encomium. That coffee from Dupuy's porcelain store is another matter. The scene is misty, for there is none of it,—it is as rare as the snows that cap the neighboring peaks and the snow of the mountains. He has a place in the hills, where the world is quiet, and where the coffee is worth the waiting for.

You must confine to the rule of the Hotel de Paris, and if you are acquainted to a course dinner with vegetables and many entrees, and a desert, you will be disappointed. An entree for breakfast, eggs or chops; a beverage that should be served in continental cafes instead of in the Rocky mountains, a hot bird and a cold bottle for luncheon; a steak, veal or fish, with one or two, small dishes, punch, soup and wonderful coffee for dinner, with the thick, appetizing loaf of French bread, the innumerable linen, fine china, Limoges, if you please, glittering silverware and those white hanging glass domes permitting glimpses of Dupuy and the porcelain range, constitutes the meal in the lionized hotel.

And the hotel itself is in keeping.

There is nothing crowded, everything is the embodiment of quiet 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 dinner; with my wines it would have the ceiling open and orange blossoms and roses to fall upon the table!"

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

For this wonderful man has the best and most genuinely stocked wines in the West. His liquor, his wines and cordials come from France and Italy. He has cases of vintages that are priceless.

Louis Dupuy is not only at home over the porcelain store, but there are few who are unacquainted with his knowledge, his wisdom, his art, his skill, and his original in his own theories and conclusions. His book shelves line the walls, books and their floors. Marble busts and statues of his favorite authors gleam from the background of rich hangings and handsome pictures. His eradication is surprising. Montaigne de Montaigne, Kier, Schopenhauer, Voltaire—Dupuy has mastered them. Philosophy is his special delight and nothing so wins his interest and affection as his guests as an interest and an ability to discuss philosophical subjects. He is known to hang on to such an one as dear life. He would follow him to his room and listen to him, subject with his exquisite, himself sitting on the side of the bed. He kept up with the latest writers and critics, and cabled to him as he was at home, Paris, France, where the literature of "vixen crowned Attles." Homer, Virgil, Cicero and those who made Rome great are Dupuy's by heart.